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Has it dawned on
your home?



A brighter day dawns for the housekeeper.
Sapolio makes home radiant * It brightens
the work and the worker * * It always
"makes light" of housework

SAPOLIO

CLEANS

SCOURS

POLISHES

M^cCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR MAY 1907

COVER DESIGN BY BLENDON CAMPBELL

Painting by Frank E. Schoonover

Frontispiece

To accompany "The Fight of the Copper Kings"

✓ **The Fight of the Copper Kings**

C. P. Connolly 1

The Fight between F. Augustus Heinze and the Amalgamated Copper Company—
The Picturesque Campaign of 1900 and the Reflection of Clark to the Senate—
Beginning of the Great Legal War over the Butte Hill
Illustrated from photographs and a drawing by F. E. Schoonover

One Way of Peace

Paul Kester 16

A Poem

The Entrance of Ezekiel

Lucy Pratt 17

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The Gate of the Seven Hundred Virgins Mary S. Watts 25

✓ **Reminiscences of a Long Life**

Carl Schurz 39

Schurz a Brigadier-General—McClellan's Disastrous Inaction—Impressions of
Frémont, Sigel, Burnside, and Hooker—The Schurz-Lincoln Correspondence—
The Rout at Fredericksburg
Illustrated with portraits

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Illustrated from drawings by E. L. Blumenschein

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Margaret Sherwood 87

Illustrated from drawings by Gertrude Partington

✓ **Mary Baker G. Eddy**

Georgine Milmine 97

The Story of Her Life and the History of Christian Science
V. Establishment in Lynn—First Christian Science Organization—Marriage to
Asa Gilbert Eddy
Illustrated with portraits and facsimiles

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McCLURE'S FOR JUNE



ELLEN TERRY'S MEMOIRS



LAST summer the foremost men and women of England gathered to celebrate Ellen Terry's jubilee and to recognize a wonderful career of fifty triumphant years. Such an honor has been accorded to no other actress of our time. Following upon this event comes the publication of Miss Terry's long expected autobiography, the first chapters of which are full of stories of her remarkable girlhood, and pictures of the great actors of the English theater of fifty years ago. In style, the Memoirs are the woman; brilliant, dashing, whimsical, full of the mirth and fancy which have made her the foremost interpreter of Shaksperian comedy.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.



FROM THE PAINTING BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

THE SLAG DUMP

A NIGHT SCENE AT A BIG BUTTE COPPER REDUCTION PLANT

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ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM
VOL. XXI MAY 1907 No. 1

THE FIGHT OF THE COPPER KINGS

BY

C. P. CONNOLLY

THE FIGHT BETWEEN F. AUGUSTUS HEINZE AND THE
AMALGAMATED COPPER COMPANY—THE PICTURESQUE
CAMPAIGN OF 1900 AND THE RE-ELECTION OF CLARK
TO THE SENATE—BEGINNING OF THE GREAT
LEGAL WAR OVER THE BUTTE HILL

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND A DRAWING BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

F. Augustus Heinze now enters the remarkable warfare that grew out of the development of the Butte Hill, and with him enters another new and masterful power in Montana,—the Amalgamated Copper Company, an off-shoot of the Standard Oil. With their entrance the character of the struggle changed. It had been almost wholly political; it became partly commercial. The legislatures were no longer the chief battleground of the opposing factions in Montana; the fight, although still a dominant influence in State politics, was largely transferred to the courts.

At the time when he really became a factor in the affairs of Montana, F. Augustus Heinze was about thirty years old. Tall, well-proportioned, physically powerful, a combination of the Bohemian and the calculating man of affairs, he displays at all times a grace of pose which one is puzzled whether to characterize as a bit of splendid by-play or a natural quality from birth. With this personality at his command, he has played the boldest game of bluff that the West, accustomed to the methods of desperate challengers, has even seen. His feats of legerdemain in business affairs have dazed his enemies; his boldness, no less than his

eloquence, has governed mobs; his lightning changes of front have hypnotized courts. On occasions when Heinze has appeared as a witness before the Supreme Court of Montana, the sang-froid which he has imparted to some of his equivocations has been so pronounced as to border on contempt. He has smoothed and smiled his way through rigid cross-examinations with the most exasperating evasiveness, leaving on the spectator the impression that he was too keen for his opponents and too crafty for the reach of the ordinary judicial remedy. Heinze has read to me snatches of Ben Franklin's lighter philosophy in the corridor of the Butte courthouse while Judge Clancy was reading a decision in one of his cases involving two million dollars' worth of ore.

To his enemies, Heinze was always the unscrupulous charlatan—"the impossible," H. H. Rogers called him. To his friends, he was a man who, fighting for existence against unscrupulous and powerful foes, reached for any weapon in sight, whether it happened to be broadsword or coupling-pin. Not always having time to weigh calmly what was fair, not always seeming to care what might be the judgments of men who, not understanding him or his

cause, would look upon his downfall with indifference, with pity, or with satisfaction, he no doubt felt that his enemy was as treacherous and as cunning as the Indian, and that any rules of warfare were justifiable under the circumstances.

The Origins of Heinze

According to his own statement Heinze is of German-Irish extraction. He was brought up in Brooklyn, New York, was educated partly in Germany, where he studied extensively in languages, and finished off with a course of theoretical mining at the Columbia School of Mines. After his graduation he spent some time in Colorado making a practical study of mines and smelting. He finally went to Butte, where he secured, in 1889, his first steady employment as engineer for the Boston & Montana Consolidated Copper and Silver Mining Company. By day he ventured the perils of underground employment; at night he donned conventional attire and was a social lion of the town. When not thus engaged, he lounged around the cigar stands and beer halls — the latter, in the absence of something better, being resorts of accepted respectability in Butte — gathering and mentally storing away the information that drifted through the gossip of miners and prospectors. He soon acquired an intimate knowledge of the Butte Hill, the trend of the veins, their pitch and strike, and their probable connection with veins in other properties. In the mining world of Butte he was a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles which his technical education and his foresight enabled him to use afterward.

Heinze early learned that there was an enormous profit in the smelting of ores at the going price in Butte. He conceived the idea of quitting his employment with the Boston & Montana Company and of forming a customs smelting company; that is to say, a company for the treatment of ores of small, independent mining companies and private individuals that were without smelting facilities of their own. He went to New York and had raised almost the required amount of capital, when the Baring Brothers' failure stopped all flotations for the time. Heinze, financially stranded, worked for six months as mining editor of the *Engineering and Mining Journal* in New York. In the course of his work he had charge of a compilation of all the copper statistics

published in the annual number of that journal, and so he learned the name of every concern engaged in the copper business in the United States. He negotiated with these companies and finally found a market through which he could dispose of copper-bearing material profitably, by shipping it to the Eastern seaboard. He bought all the copper-bearing material he could command and made large profits — so large, in fact, that the Lewisohn Brothers, big factors in the copper market, joined him in these speculations.

Heinze's first venture in mining was the Rarus property at Butte — and it is a singular coincidence that a large part of his litigation with the Amalgamated Company afterwards revolved around this claim. He secured a bond and lease on the Rarus, by the terms of which he was to pay \$150,000 for it in twelve months, in case his underground explorations satisfied him that the property was valuable. He worked the mine for a year and made some money, but concluded not to take it. After he had ceased operations on the Rarus, the owners of that property ran into a valuable chute of ore in following up Heinze's workings. Heinze then bought a half-interest in the property for \$200,000 and two months later bought the remaining half-interest for \$200,000 more.

The Raid on Canada

It was after Heinze had got his Rarus property under way that he made his famous raid on Canada and the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company. The episode is interesting because his methods in Canada were so like his subsequent style of campaign against the Amalgamated. Heinze was about twenty-six years old when he went to Trail, a town in the Kootenay mining district of northwestern Canada, and built a small smelter for the treatment of Rossland ores, Rossland being the center of the Kootenay mining district. There was a mine in the Kootenay district called the Le Roi, which afterwards became a famous producer of rich ore. The owners of this mine, many of them, were stock-holders in the Canadian Pacific Company. The Le Roi entered into a contract with Heinze to supply six hundred tons of ore a day for treatment at his Trail smelter. Under his contract Heinze was entitled to damages for each ton of ore less than the stipulated



F. AUGUSTUS HEINZE AND JOHN MAGINNIS

Heinze, who is standing on the right, became at the age of thirty a dominating figure in Montana politics. In his spectacular campaign against the Amalgamated, in which he figured as the leader of the people against the trusts, he succeeded in electing his chosen judges to the Butte courts, where his litigation with the Amalgamated was decided. Maginnis, later Mayor of Butte, was Heinze's chief political lieutenant

six hundred, that the mine failed to supply. When Heinze had secured the contract from the Le Roi owners, he built a railroad from Trail to Rossland. The Le Roi people soon discovered that their ore

supplies were entirely inadequate to enable them to keep their contract with Heinze, and that the young Montana miner, if he exacted his pound of flesh, would bankrupt them.



PANORAMA OF BUTTE

There is hardly a piece of ground in or about Butte Hill which, with ordinary development, has not on freight cars, would fill a train eight hundred miles long, and that the shafts, drifts, and cross-cuts of

The War on Canadian Pacific

Heinze's next move was to beard the Canadian Pacific Railroad in its own exclusive territory. He bought out the *Rossland Miner*, practically the only newspaper in the district, and, picturing himself as a wealthy American, anxious for the welfare of the miners and the people of Canada, began to arouse public opinion against the monopoly and exactions of the Canadian Pacific. The Canadian Pacific felt the scorn of the popular feeling that has seemed to follow Heinze's leadership everywhere, but ignored it. They assumed the stern and exclusive attitude of entrenched power which has always brought into play Heinze's boldest master-strokes.

About this time there came to Heinze's notice an itinerant journalist, one P. A. O'Farrell, afterwards prominent in Heinze's Montana campaign, whose writings usually found a ready popular audience. The scheme to harass the Canadian Pacific, that Heinze outlined through O'Farrell and the press bureau which he controlled, was to build a railroad running from Rossland or Trail to Victoria on the western seaboard, to be called the "Great Western and Columbia." Heinze was looking for a land grant for his railroad. Months before the Canadian Parliament met at Victoria and at the

Dominion Seat at Ottawa, the press of Canada was filled with praises of the young liberator. Heinze took a following to Victoria, that charming but sleepy capital near the strait of Juan de Fuca, where the merchants breakfast at nine and open shop at ten. He found obstacles in his way. In this emergency he gave a banquet to the entire British Columbian Parliament at the Driard House in Victoria. When the echoes of that banquet had died away,— echoes that are even now pleasantly recalled in Victoria, — Heinze secured his land grant from the Canadian Parliament and returned to Trail with flying colors.

The "Great Western and Columbia" was never built. The stock-holders of the Le Roi Mine, fearful of the audacity of the American, brought pressure upon the Canadian Pacific to buy him out. With the threat of another road hanging over their heads, the Canadian Pacific people were only too glad to pay Heinze a good bonus on his Victorian banquet, and Heinze surrendered to them his land grant, his smelter, and his newspaper. It is possible that he would never have left so promising a field; but there were plots hatching in Boston which forced a hasty retreat into Montana. In meeting these plots, Heinze locked horns with the Amalgamated; which brings into the story this subsidiary company of the Standard Oil.



AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY

disclosed evidences of copper. It has been said that the annual output of the Butte mines, if loaded the Butte Hill, if put together, would make a tunnel that would reach from Butte to the Pacific

First Quarrel with Amalgamated

The Boston companies in Butte owned the mining claims adjoining Heinze's wealthy Rarus mine. Word reached Heinze that C. S. Batterman, his confidential mining engineer in Montana, was about to desert him and enter the employ of the Boston companies. This news was partially confirmed by Batterman, who told Heinze that the Rarus mine, for which he had paid \$400,000, was valueless, and that what mineral was in it belonged to the Boston companies, by reason of the fact that the ore bodies in the Rarus "apexed" in the Boston companies' properties. The "apex" theory, the basis of most of Heinze's law-suits, comes in extensively later in this story. Batterman suggested that the best thing Heinze could do was to sell out to the Boston capitalists for whatever he could get. Heinze immediately went to Boston (February, 1897) and saw A. S. Bigelow, president of the Boston companies. He told Bigelow that he did not want any litigation, and, rather than have any, would compromise by the payment of \$250,000. Bigelow replied that the Boston people had been badly treated in Montana; that from their standpoint it was desirable to make an example of some one, and that if they made an example of Heinze they were not likely to be

molested in the future. This is the story, at least, that Heinze has told from the public platform in Montana time and again.

"Mr. Bigelow," replied Heinze, "you have a great deal of property in Montana which is subject to the same kind of litigation as that which you say you will thrust upon me. If your program is fight, you will find I am prepared. Before you and I have finished, I will give you a fight that will be heard of from one end of this continent to the other."

These Boston companies were afterward absorbed by the Amalgamated; and this brings into the story Heinze's bitter enemy — the Amalgamated Copper Company.

Daly's Scheme for Consolidation — Richness of the Butte Hill

Marcus Daly had for many years dreamed of a great corporation that would at some time take over the holdings owned by him and his mining partners and enable him to rest from his labors, which had grown so onerous with the rapid development of the Butte Hill. As the Hill developed, it gave constantly renewed force to the general belief that its wealth was practically inexhaustible. Former Governor J. E. Rickards of Montana told the International Mining Congress, which convened in Butte in September, 1902, that the annual output of the Butte mines, if loaded on freight cars, would



A HEINZE CAMPAIGN CIRCULAR

The reverse bears the legend: "This is the Only Kind of Money Montana Will See If the Standard Oil Amalgamated Copper Win the Election on the 6th of November." These circulars were scattered broadcast

fill a train eight hundred miles long, and that the shafts, drifts, and cross-cuts of the Butte Hill, if put together, would make a tunnel that would reach from Butte to the shores of the Pacific, a distance of nearly six hundred miles. "In sulphur and arsenic, by-products of our copper ores," he added, "there is blown away annually through the smoke-stacks of the smelters fourteen millions of dollars." Clark's mines on the Butte Hill, the Butte & Boston, the Boston & Montana, and Daly's Anaconda Company, used annually 100,000,000 feet of sawed timber; and Daly controlled large lumber interests in the western part of the State. The smelters of Butte and Anaconda consumed daily 3,000 tons of coal; and the Anaconda Company alone owned and operated vast coal fields in Montana and Wyoming.

The City of Butte

Butte, which became the storm center of Montana after the entrance of the Amalga-

mated in the field, has, including its close-in suburbs, a population of 70,000 people. It is named after a big butte, or peak, to the northwest of the town, which rises high above the surrounding hills. There is a fascination about the freedom of its life and the lavishness of its every-day expenditure. A dollar in Butte has less vitality than a dime in the average eastern town of the same size. There is in circulation no coin smaller than a nickel. The customer at the stores of Butte who buys twenty-seven cents' worth of anything pays only two bits or twenty-five cents. If he buys twenty-eight cents' worth, he pays thirty cents.

There is hardly a piece of ground in or about Butte Hill which, with ordinary development, has not disclosed evidences of copper. Shafts sunk in the heart of the city have opened up large quantities of ore. Only within the last year some enterprising miners located a mining claim over the graves of the dead in the cemetery, a mile

and a half from the city. At about the same time the yard of a prominent citizen, in the more fashionable part of the city, caved in, indicating the ever eager search for the treasure somewhere beneath.

The population is drawn from every quarter of the globe. Some one, adapting Stevenson, has called it, "the smelting pot of races." Among the miners, Irish and Cornish predominate. The mining pay-roll is considerably over a million dollars a month. One who descends to the lower levels of the Butte mines, and who, under the glare of electric lights, scans closely the features of the average miner; will be surprised to note that they exhibit none of the dejection of the hard-conditioned Eastern miner. There is general contentment and a spirit of humor, peculiar perhaps to the West, and not often met with elsewhere in the army of toil.

When H. H. Rogers visited Butte, he had examined the map of Butte Hill; and he had been at once impressed with the marvelous opportunity for a copper consolidation which would startle the world. The consolidation

of the copper mines of Butte perfected, he had planned, it is said, to turn to Arizona, to Michigan, to southern California, and then to Spain; and ultimately to build up, with five hundred millions of capital, a copper trust that would more than rival in profits the great Standard Oil itself.

Formation of Amalgamated

During the summer preceding the legislative session of 1899, which elected William A. Clark to the United States Senate, Marcus Daly, H. H. Rogers, and their associates had framed up the incorporation of the Amalgamated Copper Company. Their first plans contemplated the purchase outright, either for cash, stock in the Amalgamated Company, or both, of all the properties on the Butte Hill which they might be able to acquire; and their entrance into the field was undoubtedly intended to serve tacit notice on all independent operators that it would be the part of wisdom to enter the alliance rather than be compelled to succumb after inevitable struggle.

STATION LANDING, 1500-FOOT LEVEL

This mine, one of the richest of the Butte group, is now being sunk to a depth of 2,400 feet





JUDGE CLANCY AND "SWEDE" MURPHY

Judge Clancy, the man on the right, with the flowing beard, had most of the Heinze-Amalgamated cases and decided the ownership of more millions than any other judge of his class in the United States. Heinze fought a hard political campaign for his election, and the Amalgamated won very few cases in Clancy's court

Shortly after Clark's election to the Senate, the legislature passed a bill which enabled two-thirds of the stock-holders of any mining corporation "to sell, lease, mortgage, or

exchange for the whole or part of the capital stock of any other corporation, whether domestic or foreign . . . the mining ground, quartz mills, smelters, concentrators,

reduction works, or other property or assets" of such corporation. Any minority stockholder who dissented might receive the value of his stock, this to be fixed by appraisers appointed by the court. Other than to have his stock appraised and to accept that appraisal, there was no option left to the independent share-holder who was unwilling to sell. The consolidation which this act was intended to legalize contemplated not only the properties controlled by Daly, James B. Haggin, and others, but the properties of the Butte & Boston and the Boston & Montana companies, which, next to the Daly and Haggin interests, were the largest in Butte.

Governor Robert B. Smith vetoed this bill, which was known as House Bill No. 132, on the ground that Standard Oil and the Rothschilds were using it in an attempt to form a copper trust. "It has been rushed through with whip and spur," he said, "and every corporate lobbyist is at its back. The haste with which it has been railroaded through both houses ought to be a warning. They (the Standard Oil Company) control already the lamplights of America, and by controlling the production of copper they propose to control the electric lights of the world."

Clark and Daly Forces Combine

The Clark and Daly forces in the legislature, putting aside the frenzied hatred which had moved them during the election of Senator Clark a few days before, now combined against what influence F. Augustus Heinze could control, to pass the bill over the Governor's veto. Clark was in the alliance for political reasons. The representative of H. H. Rogers in Montana had led Clark and John B. Wellcome, his chief lieutenant in bribing the legislature, to believe that if the Clark faction would cooperate with the Daly interests in passing such measures as the Amalgamated agents wanted to have passed, there was not likely to be any challenge in Washington of Clark's title to the seat which he had bought at such lavish cost, nor need Wellcome worry about the threats of Whiteside, the scourge of the Montana vote-buyers. Those allied with both the Clark and Heinze forces have always insisted that this was the understanding, and their assertion is borne out by more or less convincing facts. John B. Wellcome immediately joined with the

Daly forces in lobbying for this and other measures favorable to the Amalgamated and the Daly interests. A hush fell upon the utterances of such of the State newspapers as were opposed to Clark's methods.

This same legislature launched the Amalgamated Copper Company; for, although it was not organized under the laws of Montana, it had to receive certain concessions before it could carry out its plans. The Amalgamated did not take advantage of House Bill No. 132 after all, for it was believed that the law as passed was unconstitutional. Instead, it became a holding company and purchased a majority of the stock of the companies entering its combine. The bitter complaints of those in other states, who felt that they had been unjustly crushed by Standard Oil, had preceded the formation of the Amalgamated Company; and its entry into the warfare of the Butte Hill did not tend to allay apprehension of brewing trouble. The public did not, however, foresee the character of the struggle that was now to ensue. The feud between Marcus Daly and W. A. Clark it had come to consider a part of the strenuous life of the mountains. But, although Clark and Daly operated mines side by side, the question of the right to the titles to ore bodies had rarely arisen between them, a circumstance in striking contrast to their envenomed political strife. Now, however, there came in upon the courts such a flood of legal contention that the legislature was compelled to create a commission of three members to assist the Supreme Court of the State, and to pass a law creating a third judgeship in the City of Butte. Even with these additions to the judiciary, private individuals were obliged to allow their lawsuits to remain untried until the warfare of seven years between F. Augustus Heinze and the Amalgamated Copper Company had run its wild course and worn itself out.

One legal principle was the keynote of nearly all this litigation,—the so-called "apex theory." To understand Heinze's position, it will be necessary to understand this troublesome feature of Western mining law.

The Troublesome Apex Theory

The prospective mine discoverer goes upon unoccupied Government land and finds a vein—a comb of quartz rock—cropping out of the earth's surface. It has been forced

up, or the surface of the earth has perhaps been worn down to it. The prospector stakes his ground, according to law, so that he has fifteen hundred feet along the course of the vein and three hundred feet on each side of its median line, making a parallelogram fifteen hundred feet in length by six hundred feet in width. On the surface he is shut off completely from exploration or mining in adjoining ground; but if his vein, under the surface, dips or slants to one side or the other, along its fifteen hundred feet, through the side of his own claim into that of his neighbor, he may follow it and take out its wealth — it is his, not his neighbor's. The property is in the vein — the precious ores that lie between the walls — not in the surface ground, which is merely taken up to enable him to conduct his operations on the surface. In ordinary real estate the owner is entitled to anything within his boundaries, above or below; but if a miner in the Rocky Mountain regions has, within the two sides of his claim, the top or apex of a vein, he may follow it outside those side-lines anywhere, though at the ends of his claim he must stop, both above and below the surface. This peculiar law has caused endless litigation in Montana and in the West generally. It has been clung to tenaciously by the law-maker and the public alike, because of the powerful incentive it affords the prospector, to whom the mineral-bearing regions of the West owe so much in the way of material advancement.

Heinze, under this law, laid claim to many immensely valuable ore bodies which were being extracted from their own properties by the Amalgamated Company. He asserted that the tops or apexes of these veins came to the surface within the side-lines of his adjoining claims. He could show the tops of veins within his own side-lines. The question to be determined by the courts was whether these tops or apexes belonged to the veins in adjoining Amalgamated properties, which were being worked out two thousand feet below the surface. To demonstrate this by excavations would not only have cost several millions of dollars, but would have made a hollow, an eggshell, of the Butte Hill. The question was submitted to the judges of the district court, not to a jury, for these cases were what is known in law as equity cases, and the judge not only decided the fact of ownership upon the uncertain testimony of experts employed by

each side, but his decision, barring some error of law in the trial, was final — so far as the question of fact was concerned, always final. The only remedy a losing suitor had was to fight for time by a slow appeal to the Supreme Court, take the chance of having the case reversed, and await the result of the next election, in hope of a change of judges. Heinze went into Amalgamated properties, often without waiting for the decisions of the courts, and took what he declared was his ore. It was proved afterwards in court that the Amalgamated had been guilty, in one instance, at least, of this same practice — its officials were, in fact, fined by Judge William H. Hun, of the United States Court, for taking ore in violation of an injunction.

Clark Selects Heinze for His "Vindication"

F. Augustus Heinze was the man whom W. A. Clark selected as his lieutenant in his campaign of "vindication," upon his return in disgrace from Washington. Clark, in making this combination, wanted the legislature in order that it might reelect him to the Senate; Heinze wanted the Butte judges, who, under the law, and without approval of juries, had power not only to protect him in his lawful rights, but to turn over to him every Amalgamated mining property to which he cared to claim title.

Clark had picked upon a political comrade with the intelligence and adroitness of Daly and with a mental cultivation and a knowledge of human nature far surpassing his own. When he returned to Butte in June, the hand of Heinze had already begun to show. Accustomed to plan his battles in advance, he had mapped out a course of action. Clark was to furnish the money, Heinze to take the center of the stage, and together they were to lead a bold, aggressive assault upon the Amalgamated, with Standard Oil for a battle-cry.

The Miners' Union of Butte had a membership of seven thousand; the Trades and Labor Assembly, governing the downtown labor unions, about twenty-five hundred. Between these two, the destinies of political candidates and policies were ruled. The Amalgamated Company, representing now the old Daly-Bigelow interests, employed about ten miners in Butte to one employed by Clark and Heinze. Clark and Heinze reached controlling factors in the Miners'

Union; and they intimated that a demand for eight hours a day underground, instead of ten, and at the same wages, would meet with a favorable response from them. Daly was ill in New York. The Miners' Union committee waited upon William Scallon, the local representative of the Amalgamated in Daly's absence. Scallon informed the committee that he would submit the matter to the New York office, but that it would be a month before an answer could be received. When it came, the miners were angered by a refusal. Clark and Heinze, in the meantime, had put eight-hour shifts in operation in their mines. On June 13, 1900, Miners' Union Day in Butte, Clark and Heinze rode in a carriage at the head of the procession.

Among the assets that Marcus Daly had turned over to the Amalgamated was the D. J. Hennessy Mercantile Company, a great general store, housed in the best business block in the city. This establishment, where one could buy anything, was known as the "company store," and by its enemies was termed in derision, "the big ship." It was charged by some that the Amalgamated miners were compelled to trade there; by others that if they were not actually compelled to trade there, the miners felt more secure in their positions while doing so. The Clerks' Union was a strong labor factor. Getting into communication with the leaders of this organization, Heinze and Clark induced them to have a resolution passed in their body demanding the closing of all stores at 6 p. m., instead of 8 p. m., the closing hour hitherto. They surmised that this demand likewise would be refused by the Amalgamated, who were, in all their campaigns, always confident of victory over Heinze until the last ballot was counted. Clark and Heinze used painstaking means to see that every other business house in Butte acceded to the urgent demands of the Clerks' Union. The plan worked out as anticipated, the Hennessy Company being the only establishment in town to refuse the demand. The refusal was the signal for a vigorous assault upon the establishment by some union sympathizers. The Clerks' Union paraded the streets carrying placards denouncing "the big ship." Thus, early in the campaign, and by two almost simultaneous strokes, Clark and Heinze had arrayed against the Amalgamated, and in favor of themselves, almost the entire army of organized labor in Butte, the labor center of the State.

The Split in the Democratic Convention

Clark and Heinze's next move was to secure control of the State Democratic Convention. This was begun by having their delegates walk out of the regular Democratic County Convention in Butte, which was ruled by the Amalgamated or old Daly forces. The Clark-Heinze people made the charge of fraudulent primaries and later organized a separate State convention. The meeting of the State Democratic Committee in Butte, preceding the organization of the two Democratic State conventions, was one of the most tumultuous in the warfare between factions in Montana. The anti-Clark forces took possession of the entrance of the Auditorium in Butte, the meeting-place for the regular convention, while the Clark-Heinze forces formed in ranks and marched away to another hall to the strains of stirring music.

The question of approving one set of delegates or the other was "up to" the National Democratic Convention, about to assemble in Kansas City; and to that convention the struggle was transferred. Men of standing from the various states of the Union fought for places on the Credentials Committee, in the belief that a vote for Clark meant a life competence. Montana, as a writer for the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* said, seemed, for the time being, the center of attraction for everybody. By his spectacular speech-making on the streets and in the hotels of Kansas City, Clark once more attracted the attention of the press of the country, which had apparently lost interest in him since his expulsion from the Senate.

The Clark State Democratic Convention in Montana was declared regular by the National Committee on Credentials, and his delegation was seated. This gave Clark control of the regular Democratic organization in the State—which body had already, by resolution, declared for his reelection to the Senate.

Heinze's Spectacular Campaign

The campaign, by this time in full swing, was a fierce and fantastic one. Heinze organized into a political party every remnant of opposition to the Amalgamated. He had at the end of his string the Democratic party, the anti-trust Republican party, the eight-hour Republican party, the Populist party, and the Labor party. The Amalgamated controlled the Republican party of Silver Bow

County, where Butte is situated, and the Republican State organization was friendly. The Independent Democratic party, a State organization, was also formed in the interest of the Amalgamated, ostensibly for the purpose of holding in line the forces in the Democratic party opposed to Clark, but mainly to secure in Butte a local Democratic organization in aid of the Amalgamated candidates for judges. The Amalgamated had subsidized, in large measure, the press of the State. But the public paid little attention to the political farrago of either the Amalgamated newspapers or the ones which remained loyal to Clark. The real press influence of the campaign was the *Reveille*, a little "bob-tailed" newspaper in Butte which Heinze had started, and in which P. A. O'Farrell, the literary Don Quixote of his Canadian campaign, opened a line of peculiarly virulent attack upon Standard Oil.

Acting on the principle that to arouse the public, which in Butte was composed of all nationalities, it was necessary to use every artifice, Heinze neglected nothing. In preparation for this campaign, he had taken unlimited Clark capital to the theatrical rialtos of New York, Chicago, and Boston, and secured the best singers. He had prepared popular songs in which the history of Standard Oil was told in humorous verse. Colonel W. A. Thompson, formerly of the Boston Lyric Opera Company, managed the vaudeville end of the campaign. A traveling theatrical company was offered as high as \$500 a week to permit "Cissy" Loftus to sing one of the Heinze campaign songs between the acts. To these spectacular stage performances was added the work of brilliant cartoonists, imported from the East. Tally-hos rattled up and down the streets, carrying glee clubs whose popular refrain,

"We must down the Kerosene, boys,

We must down the Kerosene,"

to the air of "The Wearing of the Green," was cheered to the echo. Heinze spent a small fortune of Clark's money in lithographs and wood-cuts representing the Amalgamated miners working ten hours in the hot and oppressive atmosphere of the mines, while beside them were their more fortunate comrades working in the Clark-Heinze mines eight hours at the same wage.

Heinze Takes the Platform

Heinze's personal appearance on the platform lent form and substance to the

campaign. He had never delivered a public speech until one night in Butte, early in the campaign, when he took the platform and, throwing away his manuscript, told with real oratorical genius the story of the Amalgamated's attempts to drive him from the State. It was cleverly and masterfully done. When he had concluded, miners who did not dare to cheer, for fear of losing their bread, went away full of unyielding antagonism to Standard Oil. They had the Australian ballot, and they meant to use it. Heinze blossomed out as an orator. Clark had offended the miners, dressed in their regular digging clothes and ready to go on shifts, by appearing on the platform in conventional dress suit at one of the evening meetings. Heinze dressed in the rakish apparel of the Western mining-camp. From the stages of beer halls, from hotel balconies, from the court-house steps, and wherever a platform could be improvised in the open, he addressed the crowds, speaking to them equally well in English and German.

No political orator dared defend Standard Oil and the Amalgamated against the heat of popular indignation which Heinze and Clark had fomented; but the Independent Democratic orators attacked Heinze and called attention to the "looting by judicial process of the Amalgamated properties." The response of Heinze's street orators to these charges was boisterous allusion to the "honesty" of the Amalgamated, and the assertion that if Heinze did not attack the Amalgamated in every quarter, he would soon find himself without wealth and the people without a champion.

This campaign, in short, was probably never equaled for political astuteness or appeal to popular prejudice. "Drive Standard Oil out of the State," became the rallying cry, the catch-word of the streets. So masterfully had Heinze spoken his piece from public platforms, so masterfully had he arrayed facts against Standard Oil, that his larceny of Amalgamated ores was forgiven in the belief that he was fighting a battle royal against a coterie of public enemies and judicial bribers, and was, therefore, justified in the use of any weapons. In Butte, at least, the people paid little attention to Clark. The public eye was focused on this young, daring, resourceful freebooter. They little cared how selfish his motives might be — his fight was their fight. They admired his boldness; they sympathized with his

unequal struggle against a powerful clique that had forced so many other struggling competitors to walk the plank.

Daly's machine, once the best organized political force in the State, collapsed. At the polls, the Amalgamated miners, covertly and openly, went over in squads to Heinze. Bryan, Clark, and Heinze swept the State like the swell of a rolling sea over the gunwales of a listing ship. Both Heinze and Clark attained their objects. The former elected Clancy and Harney, his candidates for judges in the Butte district, and the latter a State legislature pledged to send him to the United States Senate.

This campaign of vindication is said by those best informed to have cost Clark over a million dollars. Throughout the State his supporters spent money recklessly and exhibited large rolls of currency. A vast sum of money was distributed at the local headquarters in Butte. The Amalgamated Company likewise spent heavily. During the campaign Clark told one of his chief political supporters that he did not understand why it was necessary to spend so much money; that he was greeted by immense audiences everywhere.

"Well, Senator," replied the distributor of funds, "you must not mistake curiosity for popularity."

Clark Deserts Heinze—His Election to the Senate

Within a month after the election, Clark, turning his back upon Heinze, was holding political conference with Amalgamated officials on the sixth floor of the Hennessy Building in Butte. Thomas W. Lawson always declared that the true inwardness of Clark's alliance with the Amalgamated was the fact that H. H. Rogers confronted Clark in New York—where the latter had gone directly after the election—with the declaration of two-thirds of the members of the United States Senate that they would again unseat Clark. Whatever his motive, Clark did enter into a compact with the Amalgamated. Heinze afterward publicly charged that he also formed a conspiracy with the Amalgamated officials to secure the passage of an eight-hour law which would be both defective and unconstitutional. In Colorado such a ruse had brought about the labor troubles which later stirred that State so deplorably.

A week after Clark's "vindication" at the

hands of Montana's voters, Marcus Daly died at the Hotel Netherland in New York. Just before his death he sent for his old mining partner, James B. Haggin, and told him that it would be their last talk; that he felt he could no longer struggle against the end. The toil of the world and the bitterness of its feuds were behind him; for weeks he had been drifting back across the years in the placidness of resignation, recalling his early struggles and his poverty.

After the election the Amalgamated put its men on eight-hour shifts, anticipating the passage of an eight-hour law by the legislature, and the Hennessy store closed at six o'clock. The Amalgamated had been overwhelmingly defeated at the polls and had brailed its sails after the storm.

Frank E. Corbett, who had figured in the attempt to bribe the Supreme Court, was elected speaker of the House of Representatives at the next session of the legislature, and on the 16th of January, 1901, W. A. Clark was reelected to the United States Senate. He received fifty-seven votes, three more than his supporters had claimed for him in the preceding legislature two days before the Whiteside exposure. Five days after the adjournment of the legislature, Frank E. Corbett died in Butte, a martyr to the cause of Clark. The excitement of the legislative session, coming upon the heels of the long, bitter, harrying, bribery fight, proved too much for him.

"It is daylight until half-past seven o'clock to-morrow morning," was the cry of the crowd, as they filed out of the Auditorium in Helena, after Clark's election. The Boston & Montana Band of Butte was telegraphed for and arrived on a special train that evening. Charlie Clark had sent out earlier in the evening to purchase all the hotel bars in the city. "Turn them loose," was his command. Champagne and cigars were as free as water. The crowd marched in procession to serenade Senator Clark at the Helena Hotel.

"I thank the people of Helena for their loyalty and friendship exhibited on so many occasions," said Senator Clark to the crowd.

"You gave us the capital, Senator," shouted an admirer.

All this time the fight between Heinze and the Amalgamated had been crowding the Butte courts. The details of this litigation explain why Heinze made his personal fight

for the Butte judges, and especially for the reelection of Judge Clancy.

Judge Clancy: a Political Accident

To understand something of Judge Clancy's Butte career, it is necessary to go back to the campaign of 1896, when the silver interests of the country found a champion in William Jennings Bryan. Those who live in the East remember the force and fierceness of that campaign; but if Bryan succeeded in arousing the East, what must conditions have been in the mining regions of the West? One Western politician was asked by an Eastern friend why he had ever followed such a false light as the silver cause. "Did you ever see a herd of stampeding buffalo on the plains?" he replied. "No? Then don't ask. If you ever get within sweep of their hoofs, you have got to keep in front of the stampede, or you'll be crushed to death." Republican ranks in Montana dwindled from legions to a corporal's guard. Populism ran fiercely, arrogantly riot. The local Democratic and Populist parties in Butte, holding separate conventions, agreed to fuse on certain offices. Among these were the Butte judgeships. The Democratic Convention nominated John Lindsay, a clean, ruggedly conscientious character, for one of these places. The Populist Convention nominated William Clancy, then a portly, curbstome lawyer, of recent advent in Butte. He was from Edina, a small town in northeastern Missouri. A very respectable lawyer had been the choice of a majority of the Populist delegates prior to the Convention, and the leaders of the Populist party had offered Clancy the nomination for justice of the peace. But Clancy, illiterate but cunning, coarse but shrewd, secured the promise of certain delegates to vote for his nomination as judge on the first ballot, urging that a complimentary vote of good proportions would give him a standing in the community: that all he desired was a chance to make a showing in the Convention. Clancy had been a saloon lounge, and the prominence given by a mention from the Populist Convention, he said, would aid him in a professional way. His small following in the Convention urged other delegates to vote for Clancy; it would do no harm, they said; he could not, of course, get the nomination, but a showing of hands might do him some good. The Convention

cast two votes more than a majority for Clancy.

When the news of Clancy's nomination reached the Democratic County Convention, then in session, there was wild indignation. A recess was taken, and Marcus Daly was implored to use his influence in securing a reversal of the action of the Populist Convention, which body, it was said, was already conscience-stricken; but Daly declared that the Democrats had agreed to endorse the nominee of the Populist party, and that the contract ought to be carried out. Daly lived to regret Clancy's nomination more than his own defeat in the capital fight.

The combination of Democrats and Populists swept Silver Bow County at the polls. There were but 1,200 Republican votes cast in the County, out of a total of 15,000, and Clancy was overwhelmingly elected. He took his seat on the bench at the beginning of the year, and for eight years his backwoods humor kept the benches in the rear of his court-room in one continual roar of merriment. His ample beard, the ancient emblem of the Western Populist, flowed in patriarchal opulence down his chest. He had a deep, crashing, bear-like voice, which, when he became angry, growled and thundered through the court-room. He consorted with all sorts and conditions of men, and freely discussed on the street corners his judgment of cases pending in his court. Often he rendered written opinions which he stumbled through in the reading. He tried, at first, both civil and criminal cases. On one occasion he tore up a verdict of murder, returned by a jury in a criminal case against a "hold-up," who had shot and killed one of Butte's leading citizens, and wrote out a verdict of acquittal in his own handwriting.

On another occasion the prosecuting attorney scored him in open court for an instruction practically directing the jury to return a verdict of acquittal in a case of murder, the defendant being one of F. Augustus Heinze's smelter foremen. This performance on the part of the State's attorney put new courage into the hearts of those who had been at one time or another the target of Clancy's judicial abuse. On the following morning one of Butte's old-time lawyers appeared before Clancy, in another case, and, during the course of the trial, stood up to enter an objection to the court's rulings. "Sit down," said Judge Clancy. "I will not sit down," said the

lawyer. "I am here defending the interests of my client, and—" "Sit down," again roared the Judge, and he wheeled round in his chair and pointed his long index finger at the tall figure facing him. The lawyer shot into the seat from which he had risen, his countenance undergoing sudden change. To the right of the lawyer, and about six feet away, was a vacant chair. "Not in that chair," thundered the now irate Clancy, "but in that one," pointing to the vacant seat. The lawyer, losing no time, jumped from his own seat to the one indicated by the Judge, and thereafter maintained a judicious regard for his Honor's rulings.

Some Characteristic Decisions

One day a case was being tried before Judge Clancy, involving the legal title to some mining property. One of the attorneys was arguing against the introduction of the location notice offered in evidence by the other side. This location notice is the grounding of the title to mining claims. The attorney asserted that the location notice was defective, and read from the paper: "Thence from the point of discovery to a corner post marked 'one'; thence to a corner post marked 'two'; and thence to a corner post marked 'three'—" and there the description stopped. "Where did he go from corner post three?" shouted the lawyer. Judge Clancy, who had been leaning his head on his hand and gazing out of the window on that "sand and barrenness" which drove Mary MacLane in distraction from her Butte home, turned round and said: "I don't know, John; but if you're asking me, and this fellow was within a mile of a saloon, I'd guess that he went to get a drink."

Judge Clancy had tried one case in the district court before his elevation to the bench; and for some questionable methods growing out of the case he had been tried in disbarment proceedings. Clancy's defense was that his guilt, which he admitted, was the result of ignorance of the law. On this plea the court had dismissed him with a reprimand. The judge who charged Clancy with his dereliction was afterwards Heinze's chief attorney, and never lost a case before Clancy in which Heinze was interested.

During the years of the judicial warfare between Heinze and the Amalgamated, Judge Clancy closed down by injunction several properties of the Amalgamated Company; on the slightest pretext he granted to Heinze

inspection orders, permitting him to enter the mines of the Amalgamated Company and ascertain what they were doing. He refused the same right to the Amalgamated. On several occasions he levied heavy fines on Heinze's opponents for refusal to obey his orders; sometimes these punitive judgments were sustained by the Supreme Court, more often they were reversed. He would make characteristic Populist addresses from the bench, when these reversals came, telling the Supreme Court of Montana at long range what he thought of them. At one time the Supreme Court issued a supervisory writ directing Judge Clancy to make a certain order in a case, either granting or refusing a right to the Amalgamated, so that the matter might be finally determined in the higher tribunal. When this was brought to the Judge's attention, he announced that he would take the matter under advisement. The Judge had taken other matters under advisement, and they had never been heard of afterwards; it was one way of allowing Heinze ample time to extract valuable ore bodies from disputed ground.

"Under the decision of the Supreme Court, we are entitled to an immediate order," said L. O. Evans, the Amalgamated attorney, who presented the matter in court.

"Well, I'm not going to give it to you," came back the reply from the bench.

"Our only recourse will be another appeal to the Supreme Court," said Mr. Evans.

"You can go to the Supreme Court, or—anywhere else you please," said the Judge.

"This court can be punished for contempt —"

"Go away, go away," shouted the Judge, waving his long arms belligerently toward the lawyer. "You talk like a town fool I used to know back in Missouri. Bailiff, adjourn court."

William Scallon, at the time leading attorney for the Amalgamated, was one day making an oral argument in court in a case involving several millions of dollars. He was cut short by the Judge. "I won't listen to you any longer. I'm tired of this whang-doodling," roared the Judge.

"But, your Honor —"

"That'll do, now; that'll do. If you say another word, I'll send you to jail. I'll have no more of your shenanigan. Bailiff, adjourn court." And, without waiting for the court-crier to make the usual announcement, the Judge left the bench.

The day after Judge Clancy's second election to the bench, he was reposing on a settle at the top of the court-house steps, receiving the congratulations of his friends.

"I've got these shuttle-headed Amalgamated lawyers where I want 'em now," said the Judge. "I'll fix 'em. I'll make bumpin' posts out of 'em."

Judge Clancy tried and decided more litigation of importance than any other judge on the *nisi prius* bench in the United States during the eight years of his term.

"It would require a long investigation to state, or even to estimate, in how many hearings I have been engaged during this litigation in Judge Clancy's court," said John F. Forbis, one of the Boston & Montana lawyers. "It would not be an exaggeration to say that they must have run into the hundreds. In six and a half years we obtained in Judge Clancy's court, in Butte, only two fruitless injunctions. Before Judge Harney, the score of our successes is absolutely blank."

ONE WAY OF PEACE

BY

PAUL KESTER

TO live within walled gardens,
 Once again to bound my life
 This side the distant
 Woodlands and blue hills;
 To know
 Neither the mystery of the river's source
 Nor where it widens to the open sea,
 To seek only the short beaten paths
 Where the dew clings
 To cowslips after dawn.
 To find no new way out
 Upon the uplands,
 Never to measure
 Eternity's long ways
 Up to the distant stars,
 Never to know the meaning of the sun's fierce fires
 Except upon brown cheeks.
 Never to greet the rushing tumult of the storm
 With kindred tumult;
 Only to know the breath
 That shakes
 The orchard petals down
 Upon the low bent grass
 Or drives the shadows
 Of flecked clouds
 Across the sunny
 New mown meadow lands:—
 Has peace a surer price?



THE ENTRANCE OF EZEKIEL

BY

LUCY PRATT

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



NOW, of course," explained Miss Jane Lane to her protégé, Ezekiel Esquire Jordan, as they advanced up the steps of the Whittier School at Hampton Institute, "of course, I don't even know that they will admit you here."

"Yas'm," agreed

Ezekiel, apparently perfectly agreeable to any outcome whatsoever.

"No, of course, we can't tell at all," went on Miss Jane, determined to be consistently pessimistic, "not until we have seen and talked with the Principal on the subject."

"Yas'm," agreed Ezekiel again. And they advanced into the Assembly Room where the Principal was apparently just waiting to receive them.

After a few brief preliminaries in regard to general educational qualifications and possibilities, the applicant and his guardian were escorted to a room which was called a "grade." And there the Principal made a few timely suggestions to the teacher in charge, and then returned to the Assembly Room.

Miss Jane accepted the chair politely offered by Miss North from the North, and Ezekiel accepted the only vacant seat and desk in the room.

"We are very full," explained Miss North in an agreeable aside to Miss Jane, "very full just now. Ezekiel, we are just having



a reading lesson — about a dog. About a little boy and his dog. Just take this book. Yes. Right there."

"Yas'm," replied Ezekiel, regarding the picture, and quite at ease and at home in his new surroundings, "'tain't look much like no r'al live dawg, is it?"

"Why, I don't know. Don't you think so?" rejoined Miss North, in tactful tones; "perhaps it doesn't look just like the dogs that you have seen."

"No'm. I ain't niver seen no dawg look dat-a-way," went on Ezekiel sociably, "cuz —"

"H—m, yes. Will you begin once more, William? And remember what a nice, loud voice you have, William."

William rose importantly, and with his chest protruded like a West Point cadet's, announced in a loud, warning shout:

"Hyeah are Naid an' 'is dawg!"

"Why, yes," agreed Miss North. "That was certainly very clear. Someone else give me the same story. Archelus."

"Hyeah are Naid an' 'is dawg!" challenged Archelus in a still louder shout of warning.

"Yes, Ned *and his dog*," suggested Miss North. "Now, just once more, and let us hear ev-ery letter."

It came like a last call of danger from which there was positively no escape.

"Hyeah are Naid *and his dawg*!"

Miss Jane looked a trifle uneasy, as if she expected Ned and his dog to burst in at any moment.

"I kin read de nex'," put in Ezekiel, still cheerful and sociable.

"Can you? Very well, Ezekiel. And perhaps not *quite* so loud, please. . . ."

"H—m. Yes. Very good," encouraged Miss North.

Ezekiel looked quite elated.

"Miss Jane learn me 'ow ter read," he explained, "Miss Jane an' Mis' Simons. Mis' Simons a w'ite lady where I wuk las' year."

"H-m. That was very nice, wasn't it? Thomas, will you go on?"

"Miss Jane, she ain't learn me same way's Mis' Simons, nudder, cuz Mis' Simons, she

learn me outen a li'l' ole kine o' dark book where she foun' up in de akkit, she say. An' it's all 'bout all diffun kine o' things. 'Bout a li'l' boy where's so triflin' an' lazy, say he ain't gwine school — an' 'bout —"

"Yes, never mind about that now, Ezekiel. Will you go on, Thomas?"

"An' 'bout a ole man, too. So ole 'is back is bent. Say 'is back is bent wid yeahs.

But Miss Jane, she ain't learn me outen dat li'l' dark book. No'm. She learn me outen a mo' like dis yere kine. Say she gotten it fum a lady where teach school. An' it's all 'bout —"

"Yes. But we must go on with the lesson, Ezekiel. You see, we don't talk at all during the lesson."

"Yas'm. Miss Jane allays tell me dat too. Say I mustn'

say nary word lessen she ax me."

Miss Jane, who was looking painfully ill at ease here, tried the effect of a surreptitious but speaking motion toward her protégé.

"Say she ain't gwine bother no mo' wid me nohow, lessen I kin pay mo' 'tention w'en she speak. An' she learn me one story 'bout —"

"Ezekiel!" put in Miss North, with forceful assurance, "I want you to listen *very hard* now to the others. William, go on."

As they filed out at noon, Miss Jane approached Miss North in anxious perplexity.

"I don't know that you will be able to keep him, Miss North," she began; "I don't know that you will be able to do anything with him at all. He is a peculiar child," she went on, in resigned but conscientious tones. "I don't like to say he has *no regard* for truth, I shouldn't like to say that, Miss North, but at times he seems to be



a victim of a most extraordinary imagination."

Miss North looked at Miss Jane with a quick, half sympathetic, half amused smile.

"How long have you been interested in him, Miss Lane?"



"Since I came down from the North two years ago," explained Miss Jane. "He worked for me occasionally in little ways at first, and I realized how neglected he had always been."

"And who is this Mrs. Simons that he speaks of?" asked Miss North, with a broadening smile of amused reminiscence.

"Mrs. Simons, I judge, was a Southern woman," explained Miss Jane, with just precision; "a woman living not far from Norfolk, I believe, who was evidently very good to him. Come here, Ezekiel," went on Miss Jane, turning to a small figure which had just appeared in the door-way; "we are wondering if you can come to school here and do just the way the other children do."

"Yas'm, I kin do de way de udder chillen do," murmured Ezekiel, half shyly, half smilingly.

"I hope so, I hope so," encouraged Miss Jane, with sudden fortitude, "and I shall come back again after school this afternoon to find out whether they can keep you — to find out whether they can *keep* you here, Ezekiel," she repeated impressively.

"Yas'm."

With various other expressions of facts, fears, immediate hopes, and ultimate possibilities, Miss Jane made her adieu with a final sounding note of prophetic reminder.

"And I shall come back after school, Ezekiel, to find out whether they can *keep* you."

The children were in their seats again, and Miss North was again before them.

"Now you are going to listen so very carefully to the story which I am going to read,"

she was explaining, "that you will be able to write it for me in your own words when I have finished."

"How yer mean, write it fer yer in yer own words?" inquired the new pupil politely.

Miss North explained again.

"And it is about some children who live in a very cold country," she added; "about some little Esquimaux children."

The others looked quite intelligent, having varied recollections of having heard something of that sort before.

"Yas'm, yer read one story 'bout li'l Esquimaux chillen befo', an' 'bout it's so cole dere dey ain't eat nary thing 'cep'n' ole buckets o' ker-sene, an' bottles o' grease, an' taller can'les, an' —"

"Not *exactly* right, William; but they must take a great deal of oil, mustn't they, because oil makes the body warm."

"Yas'm," agreed Ezekiel, "Miss Jane gib me whul bottle o' oil once, time I fell offen de poach an' twis' my knee an' my laig. Say ef I rubs it in r'al good, she reckon I'll feel better. But cert'nly seem like de mo' I rubs —"

"Yes, we don't care to hear about that now, Ezekiel. This story is about little Esquimaux children. You may pass the book around quickly and look at the picture before I begin to read."

Ezekiel was still appreciative.

"Jes' looker de dawg all harness up! Look sump'n like de story 'bout Naid an' 'is dawg. I know a story 'bout a dawg too. 'Bout a li'l boy an' 'is dawg. An' li'l boy —"

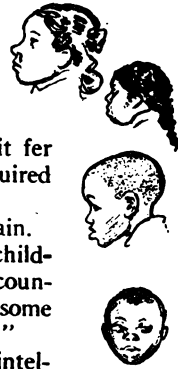
"Be quiet, Ezekiel." And Miss North's voice arose to the demands of the occasion as she began the story.

"I kin tell de story to yer," continued Ezekiel, as she finished. "I kin —"

"Ezekiel! Sit down! This is to be *written* work."

Ezekiel sat down and regarded his ink-bottle with rueful concern.

"I ain't niver write dat-a-way," he mumbled. "Miss Jane, she 'mence learnin' me





wid ink, too. But praesen'ly she say she cyan' hab me messin' an' spillin' dat-a-way, an' 'tain't no use ter ax. So she jes' reckon I kin manage ter git along wid a pencil. Dat boy sniffin' 'is ink like he ain't no sense," he added critically.

"Ain't sniffin' no ink nudder!"

"Yer is too, an' 'tain't gwine do yer no good nudder, cuz —"

"*E-ze-kiel!*" Miss North's tone was unmistakable. "You are to *stop* talking! Why, what do you think I can tell Miss Jane this afternoon when she comes to ask whether we can keep you?"

Ezekiel subsided, alarmed.

"Don't you know that school isn't the place for talking?"

"Yas'm. Miss Jane tole me so too. Say school ain't no place fer talkin'."

"Very well. And when Miss Jane comes this afternoon, I *hope* that we can tell her that you can stay."

"Yas'm, cert'nly hope so too," agreed Ezekiel, still perceptibly alarmed, "an' I — I kin *tell* yer all 'bout de story, Miss No'th — ef I cyan't write it."

"Never mind about the story. I should like to see if you can sit ab-so-lute-ly quiet while the other children are writing."

"Yas'm."

"Have you finished, William?" she inquired. "Will you read it to the others?"

William responded fully and satisfactorily, and Ezekiel raised his hand politely.

"I kin tell a story like dat er one," he announced. "I kin tell anudder story, too."

"Will you read yours, Frederick?" went on Miss North.

Frederick finished, and again Ezekiel raised his hand politely.

"I kin tell a story," he announced again.

"Will you read yours, Archelus?" continued Miss North.

And Archelus finished.

And this time Ezekiel forgot to raise his hand.

"I kin —"

But the door opened, and Miss Doane's voice interrupted.

"Miss North, may I see you, please?"

It sounded prophetic of the unusual, and Miss North glanced at Miss Doane. Then she glanced at the children.

"Will you take very good care of yourselves?" And finally her glance fell on the new pupil.

"Ezekiel," she began, with sudden appreciation of the psychological moment, "you may *tell your story now*."

"Yas'm." And Miss Doane and Miss North went on, and Ezekiel arose.

"ONCE 'twas a li'l boy," he began; then he stopped and glanced around just long enough to collect his thoughts satisfactorily. "Once 'twas a li'l boy, an' fus' thing w'en he's bawn, dey reckon dey'll call 'im *Methus'lah*. But den dey 'cides, after all, *Methus'lah* soun' kine o' ole. Cuz co'se li'l boy, he ain't ole 'tall, fus' thing w'en he's bawn, so dey 'cides ter change, an' jes' call 'im *Manuel*. An' dey gotten 'im

a li'l shiny bell ter shek w'en he feel r'al bad, an' a li'l plate ter eat offen, an' a li'l coat all trim eroun' wid li'l fur edgin' ter keep 'im warm, an' den—den—dey jes' all tuk sick, an' nex' he know—dey's all daid. 'Is mamma, an' 'is papa, an' 'is li'l brudder, an' 'is uncle, an' 'is li'l sister where's name Pearliney, an' 'is gran'pa where's so ole he's deaf an' dumb, an' 'is li'l nephew where's so li'l he cyan' see nuthin' w'en he's spoke to, an' —"

At just this point Miss North unexpectedly returned and stood just inside the door, waiting for the speaker to finish.

"Yas'm, an' 'is li'l nephew where's so li'l he cyan' see nuthin' w'en he's spoke to. So 'Manuel, co'se he ain' no kinlef' tall. So he's jes' 'blige ter keep on livin' dere all 'lone. An' some-time in de night, w'en de win' gits a-w'istlin' a n' a-r'arin' 'roun' de house, he 'mence ter feel kine o' lonesome, an' bu'y 'is haid 'way down in de baid clo'es, say :

" 'Oh, cert'nly is lonesome yere! Oh, cert'nly is lonesome yere!'

"An' nex' time ole win' come a-r'arin' eroun' de house, it's de trufe it's a-w'istlin' jes' like dat, too.

" 'Oh, cert'nly is lonesome yere! Oh, cert'n'y is lonesome yere!'

"But in de mawnin' co'se 'Manuel feel better 'bout it. An' praesen'ly he got outen de baid, say :

" 'I reckon I'se 'blige git me a li'l dawg.'

"So he eaten' 'is breakfus' offen de li'l plate where dey got 'im fus' day he's bawn. an' put on 'is li'l coat all trim eroun' wid li'l fur edgin', an' start off down de road.

"An' fus' thing he seen 's a ole yaller dawg a-tippin' off down de road on free laigs.

" 'Heyo! li'l boy say, an' come 'long jes' a-pantin'

" 'Heyo, dawg!' 'Manuel say agin; 'ef 'tain' ter much trouble, I'd like fer yer ter come live wid me. Cuz my kin's all daid.'

"An' ole yaller dawg jes' look at de li'l boy like he ain't jes' know w'at ter say, an' start off down de road so fas' it's de trufe yer cyan't see nary thing 'scusin' jes' a li'l dash o' yaller where he been.

"An' co'se 'Manuel feel kine o' bad it come out dat-a-way, too. But he ain't sayin' nuthin' an' jes' keep on trabblin' down de road.

"An' nex' he know he seen a li'l w'ite dawg a-settin' up on de road on one laig an' a-fannin' 'erself wid 'er tail. So 'Manuel, he jes' step right up an' say :

" 'Heyo, li'l w'ite dawg! Ef 'tain't ter much trouble I'd like fer yer ter come live wid me. Cuz my kin's all daid.'

"An' li'l w'ite dawg set up on one laig agin an' keep on fannin' 'erself wid 'er tail. an' speak right out in a r'al kine o' li'l high up voice, say :

" 'Yas suh! Yas suh! Cert'nly is proud ter 'blige yer!'

"So co'se 'Manuel an' de li'l dawg jes' turn right 'roun' an' go runnin' back 'ome tergedder.

"An' nex' time ole win' come a-w'istlin' 'roun' de house in de night, li'l boy jes' stick 'is haid outen de clo'es, sing out :

" 'Oh, we ain't 'fra d ter-night, cuz yer cyan' git in!'

"An' den li'l dawg join in, an' dey bo'e sing out :

" 'We's livin' yere tergedder, an' yer cyan' git in!'

"So ole win' jes' turn 'roun' an' run away agin eroun' de corner same way she come

"An' li'l dawg's name Fanny. An' she allays keep on fannin' wid 'er tail jes' same way's befo'.

"An' one mawnin' 'Manuel wek up, say :

" 'Fanny, I ain't feel so well 's mawnin', say, 'cuz I dream so bad in de night.' Say, 'I dream 'bout you, too, Fanny, an' w'at yer s'pose! Yer jes' stan' up dere where yer is now, an' turn into a li'l teeny spurtin' fount'n dawg, jes' like dat-er-one over yonder





in de bu'yin' groun', where allays keep on spurtin' outen 'is mouf. An' fus' I knows yer begins spurtin' a li'l' spout o' water right plumb at me. An' I say, "Stop, Fanny! Ain't yer no mo' sense?" An' yer jes' keep on a-spurtin' at me in a li'l' stream ez study 's ef I ain' spoke. An' I say, "Stop, Fanny! Ain't yer see w'at yer's doin'?" But 'tain' no use. Yer jes' keep on a-spurtin' in same li'l' kine o' study stream, like yer's fixin' ter drown us bofe. An' praesen'ly I jes' jump up an' say, "Well, yer ain' gwine drown me no-how! Cuz I'se gwine git right outen yere, yer deaf an' dumb li'l' ole fount'n dawg, yer!" It's jes' de wuds I say, Fanny, an' I meks fer de do'. But doan't yer know, 'tain't nouse, cuz de water's gittin' so deep all eroun', I'se jes' drowndin'! An' same li'l' stream keep on a-spurtin'. "Oh, my!" I say, "yer's drowndin' me, Fanny! Yer's drowndin' me!" An' same li'l' stream keep on a-spurtin'. "Oh, stop, Fanny!" I say, "I'se mos' drown now! I is!" I say, "I'se all drown now, 'scusin' my—" An' 'fo' I'se spoken de sentence, my haid's went, too, an' it's de trufe 'tain't nuthin' lef' o' me 'tall. Nuthin' 'tall. Cuz I'se drownded—daid. An' yit same li'l' stream jes' keep on a-spurtin'."

"Oh, my! Ain' dat tur'ble!" Fanny say, w'en li'l' boy tell 'er 'is dream.

"Cert'nly wuz!" he say, 'cert'nly wuz

tur'ble. An' I been feelin' r'al po'ly ebber sence,' he say. 'An' seem like I feels wus eve'y time I looks at you, Fanny,' he say. 'Cuz I jes' cyan' seem ter help 'mag'nin' yer's fixin' ter turn inter a li'l' spurtin' fount'n.'

"Co'se li'l' dawg feel r'al bad w'en she hyeah dat, too. Say:

"'Oh, frien' an' master!' (li'l' dawg allays call 'im frien' an' master w'en she speak). Say, 'Oh, frien' an' master! I 'clare I ain't! I 'clare I ain't fixin' ter turn inter no li'l' spurtin' fount'n!'

"I doan' want ter hyeah no imperdence 'bout it, nudder,' Manuel say. 'An' I tells yer, yer prob'ly *is* jes' natchelly fixin' ter turn inter a li'l' spurtin' fount'n.'

"'Oh, but I ain't!' Fanny say, 'I 'clare I ain't, li'l' frien' an' master!'

"'An' 'tain't no use cryin' an' ca'yin' on no sech a way,' Manuel say. 'An' now I 'spec I'se 'blige turn yer outen de house fer de res' o' de mawnin'. Cuz meks me feel po'ly eve'y time I looks at yer.'

"Den Fanny, co'se she keep on cryin' an' ca'yin' on, an' say she cyan' go outen de house, an' 'Manuel say she mus', an' Fanny say she cyan', an' 'Manuel say she mus', an' start off chasin' 'er 'roun' de room, an' outen de do', an' cross de ya'd, an' down de road—twell praesen'ly, seem like 'Manuel jes' 'blige' keep on runnin' after Fanny cuz he cyan' stop. Cuz he call out:

"'Stop, Fanny! I ain' gwine chase yer no mo'!"

"But she jes' keep right on, an' 'Manuel after 'er, down de road an' cross de fiel'—dey cyan' stop no-ways—cross de fiel', fas'er an' fas'er, twell dey come right out siden de ribber. An' w'at yer s'pose? *W'at* yer s'pose! Fanny, she jes' jump right in! It's de trufe! She jes' jump right in!"

"An' 'Manuel, he jes' stand dere lookin' after 'er where she jump, like he cyan' move.

"'Oh, yer's drowndin' me!' she call out, jes' like li'l' boy's dream, only it's Fanny





where's drowndin' now; 'yer's drowndin' me! Oh, I's mos' drown now!

"An' praesen'ly she go clare outen sight.

"An' yit 'Manuel jes' keep on stan'in' dere like he cyan' move. Twell nex' he know, he seen li'l' dawg's tail comin' right up outen de water, an' he hyeah 'er call out fer de las' time:

" 'Oh, li'l' frien' an' master! I'se *all* drownded now 'scusin' my-ta-il!'

"An' 'Manuel jes' start up an' call out:

" 'No, yer ain't! No, yer ain't! Is yer?'

"An' he wait jes' tremblin' fer de answer.

"But 'tain't no answer come, cuz Fanny's drownded. An' 'tain't nary thing lef' 'cep'n' de tip en' of 'er tail a-fannin' an' a-fannin' jes' a li'l' teeny bit 'bove de water, wid de breeze.

"Co'se 'Manuel feel awfui bad w'en he seen w'at he done, too. An' he jes' drag 'isself back 'ome agin an' se' down an' pitch right in an' cry. But seem like dat mek 'im feel wussen he is befo'. So nex' he gotten 'im a li'l' fish pole an' start out agin. An' he se' down on de bank by de ribber, an' he putten a li'l' poke chop on de en' o' de line, an' he fro it out in de water an' sing out all kine o' shekkin' like:

" 'Oh, Fanny! It's a li'l' poke chop on de en' o' de line! Ef yer could only jes' tek a li'l' bite! It's a li'l' poke chop on de en' o' de line, Fanny!'

"But 'tain't no answer, an' all he seen's jes' li'l' dawg's tail a-fannin' an' a-fannin'.

"An' he jes' keep on settin' dere wid 'is pole, an' de li'l' poke chop on de en' o' de line, but he ain' nuver hyeah nuthin', an' all he ebber seen's jes' same li'l' en' of a tail



a-fannin' an' a-fannin' jes' a li'l' teeny bit 'bove de water, wid de breeze."

"Is that the end of the story, Ezekiel?" Miss North's face struggled a bit ineffectually to compose itself, and Ezekiel sat down surrounded on all sides by speaking glances of admiration.

"Yas'm, dat's de en' o' de story," replied Ezekiel. And at just this point the door opened, and Miss Jane Lane walked into the room.

Ezekiel, with startled recollection, looked suddenly, momentarily alarmed, and half rose from his seat.

"'T wa'n't all—jes' a—'twa'n't jes' a—*true* story," he whispered eagerly, explanatively, advancing toward Miss North. "'T wa'n't jes' a *true* story, Miss No'th!"

Miss Jane! It's a—a kine o' mek 'bieve story I jes' done tole 'em! Jes' kine o' mek 'bieve! But Miss No'th, she done tole me I kin, ain't yer, Miss No'th! Yer tole me I kin tell it! Ain't yer?"

Miss North's voice was inscrutable.

"Yes, I told you that you could." And the children, in a long, winding file marched out.

"Well, how has he done, Miss North?" inquired Miss Jane, looking quite prepared for the worst. "Do you think that it will be possible to keep him? Can he stay?"

Again Miss North's face struggled to compose itself as she looked first at Miss Jane and then at Ezekiel, still standing before them in alarmed, apprehensive, quivering surrender.

"Yes—" she answered, "he can stay."



THE GATE OF THE SEVEN HUNDRED VIRGINS

BY

MARY S. WATTS



It was a wearying journey. All day long the diligence toiled forward, attended by such a pillar of dust as went before the Egyptians; all day long it creaked, floundered, jingled, under a merciless sun, over certainly the worst roads in Europe; and all day long our driver discharged blast after blast of unavailing rhetoric at his beasts and flourished a gad calculated to inspire with respect any animal less sodden in evil than a mule. We grilled patiently on the hard, slippery, leather cushions of our chariot, from the pastoral hour of five o'clock in the morning, when we left Château Charny, until eight that night, when Valmi was reached. Valmi can be approached only by diligence, the theory (and practice) of rapid transit not having yet penetrated to this quarter of the globe; its road sets at defiance even the motor-tourist, spite of scenery and associations. We bounced, swayed, and jolted until eleven, when we halted for luncheon at the inn of the "Golden Fleece," Arrietz. Helen remarked that the only "fleece" about it was the dexterous operation performed on ourselves. "A franc apiece for that abysmal omelet!" she said; "no native would have been asked that much. But these people have Americans spotted as far as they can see us!" At three in the afternoon, we "raised" Marigny, in the nautical phrase, and came to anchor before the Café Deux Agneaux. "There's a satirical suggestion in these names," said Helen. "Two Lambs — here we are!" But the Two Lambs supplied us with fairly eatable bread and cheese, and thin red wine, for an immoderately small sum, only a sou or two, I think; and a fresh-looking, comely peasant woman with a sturdy little boy in her hand came and watched us eat, commenting audi-

bly on our shoes and shirt-waists, which she bade the child observe, travelers being rare upon that road. She asked whither we were bound, and, on being told: "Ah-h-h, Valmi!" she echoed, quite ecstatically, "figure to yourself, madame, it is all by the sea, and they have fish — *but* such fish!"

As the hot afternoon wore away, a change grew upon the landscape. The hills were all at once mountains, not lofty, yet severe with pine-groves and abrupt cliffs. In the valleys between their feet were pleasant fields of corn, orchards and vineyards; and a little river linking through the meadows. There was a poignant tang of salt in the air. The sea was not farther than five miles now, our driver said; and, pleased at our interest, he began to enlarge his conversation, hitherto confined to the mules. The whole shore and neighboring countryside, he told us, were sprinkled thick with caverns and deep glens, a great place for smugglers and piratical adventurers in the old days. *Tonne Dieu!* We ought to hear some of the tales they told about those pirates! He? No, he could not remember any of the stories, but his brother Pierre — there was a man, now! *Vlà!* If we liked, he would send Pierre to see us at our hotel in Valmi. Madame would perhaps need a guide, anyhow? Was Pierre a guide? *Tè!* Oh, no! Pierre was not; Pierre did not do anything. What should such a man as that do? Sometimes, it was true, he showed people about the city; and he had known Pierre to take — eh, whatever they wanted to give. For, do you see, madame, you cannot hurt people's feelings by refusing. Pierre would not do that; Pierre had a great soul. Eh, but yes, he was a man, that Pierre! He knew every stone of Valmi and could tell you stories as long as this whip. *Vlà!* Go on, then, sac-cr-red sons of thunder!

"All nonsense!" said Helen vigorously. "They play into one another's hands all the time. I don't believe we need a guide any more than we do another foot apiece!" I shook my head. My niece Helen is a self-reliant and adventurous spirit; she will undertake to go anywhere, serene in the assurance of ultimately getting *somewhere*, either to her appointed place, or, as she is fond of saying, to some other just as good. For myself, as I am equally fond of saying, I want to go where I *want to go*. But, unfortunately, there never was a person so totally unblest with any sense of location; I am of those who get up in the night and fall out of the window or down the backstairs. And when, at length, we reached Valmi, long after dark, the aspect of its steep, tortuous, ill-lighted streets was so bewildering, and the points of the compass shifted about with such appalling infirmity of purpose, that Pierre (had he known it) was as good as engaged before, we were set down at our hotel door.

"Only for a few days," I pleaded, in response to Helen's jeers, "until we get used to the place. Then we can dismiss him. Besides, Baedeker says tourists are obliged to hire a guide for the old palace; it's not safe to wander about the ruins alone."

"Oh, but we're not alone," said she, with an impish twinkle. "Isn't P. Virgilius Maro along?" and we both laughed. I am afraid we are very simple people, and easily amused. P. Virgilius Maro is an ancient and honorable joke with us. That shabby gentleman in a brown calf coat has been my valued companion for years; his age defeats scandal. And, latterly, I devised a more convenient fashion of carrying him, by barbarously splitting favorite parts of the volume, notably the Aeneid, into liths or sections of one book each, rendering P. Virgilius much more portable and handy.

Valmi was impossibly theatrical; it would have furnished an incomparable setting for Elizabethan drama. Except for the changes wrought by gradual decay, the town (for good reasons, I have re-christened it, and you shall look in vain for "Valmi" on any map) could scarcely have altered its contours in the last three hundred years. There was a telegraph-office — these eyes beheld it; and we were told that some one in the city, some high official, owned an American clock. But think then, madame,

a clock American! Save in these two instances, what we like to call the march of improvement had passed Valmi by on the other side. And this was the stranger because it was a seaport town, in constant touch, one would have thought, with the changeful world. Once its old stone quays roared with commerce; now only a few sad little ships stole out and in upon the tides. I suppose, however, that my second visit will find Valmi thoroughly commercialized; there was a dealer in curios already established, bird of ill-omen! Soon people will be selling Oriental brass and embroideries and Mexican silver jewelry in the tiny dark shops, and other people will be calling it "quaint," an adjective which I am proud to say I have not yet used — nor shall.

Pierre, the ornamental, the lotos-eating, presented himself the next morning. He was a swarthy, good-looking vagabond, in a velveteen jacket with silver buttons, a red cap and sash, and little gold ear-rings, the very figure of a stage bandit. After the first payment — or, shall I say, tribute? — we hardly expected to see him again; but he appeared punctually the following day, and thereafter showed himself more faithful and diligent than one could possibly have hoped of so magnificent a creature. Under his guidance we saw the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Bon Salut, and the cloisters; the ancient Fish-Market, decorated with amazing stone dolphins; and the royal palace, for once there were kings in Valmi. It was a vast, wandering pile, mostly roofless, covering an acre or so of cellars, dungeons, oubliettes, about which Pierre told us some grisly tales. In the desolate gardens he showed us the dried basin of a fish-pond, rimmed with marble, where some unlucky royal baby, neglected by its nurses, had tumbled in; and the carp had almost eaten it before the poor little body was found.

"And what did they do to those careless nurses, Pierre?"

He turned his thumb to the ground with a gesture and grimace of hideous significance. A great actor was lost to the world when Pierre elected to spend his life leading tourists about Valmi. We understood without further words. They had buried them alive.

The palace stood on an eminence dominating the view to land and sea for many miles; and, on one side, the ground sloped away steeply to the shore; so steeply that, perching on the ruinous old-palace wall, we could

see, in a rift between the houses, a stair plunging down, which, Pierre said, led to a place they called the *Quai Reine-Marguerite*. There these dead-and-gone royalties were wont to take ship when bent on either business or pleasure. One of them, in the last days of Valmi, had escaped a mob of bloody-minded revolutionists, flying down these steps on horseback, like General Israel Putnam, that hero of another revolution. Pierre's stories were worth remembering; they would have made the fortune of a writer of romance. But Helen interrupted him in the middle of this one to ask: "What are those two towers close together down there to the right?"

He said he could not see any towers; it was a long while before he could be made to see them, although they stood out prominently above the roofs. Then he shrugged and said, "Oh, *those!*" He had not dreamed *mademoiselle* meant *those!* They were nothing; some ruins by the city wall. He turned his back on them and resolutely went on with his story.

"He was mad because I interrupted his ridiculous yarn about the Princess What's-her-name," Helen said. "Did you ever see anything so childish?"

We stayed in Valmi nearly three weeks; it was not later than the second or third day that Mr. Weingartner swam into our ken. With him, Romance (of a sort) entered our humdrum lives; and it is worth while noting in what an extraordinary guise Romance may sometimes be clothed. We came upon him in a black little shop on the Rue Saint Ignace — that curiosity-shop of which I have spoken. There he stood, with his hat pushed towards the nape of his neck, an umbrella (impeccably rolled) clamped fast between his knees, a cigar clamped in the corner of his mouth, and his mind clamped, figuratively, on the knotty French phrase-book. Around him hung, stood, or lay in heaps on the floor old brass bowls and cups, old needlework delicately yellowed, old carved furniture, old swords and bits of armor, old pottery of shapes and colors to make a painter throw up his hat and rejoice. In the background the dealer agitated vainly with a stiletto (dated 1560 on the blade) in one hand, and a brass hunting-horn, its smooth curves wound with faded green silk cord, in the other. "Gimme time, gimme time, John William Henry," he was saying,

"I can't find it right first dash out of the box. Let's see: a necktie, a pair of socks, a pair of gloves, a pair of suspenders, a pair of shoes — nope, 'tain't there. Here's another. I want: a bath, *ung bang* — well, I do, but not right away this minute. Toilet Articles, see Page 52. I want: a towel, a cake of soap, a bath-tub, a foot-bath, a sitz-bath, a comb, a brush, a buttonhook, a wash-basin, a cuspidor — foiled again! Once more: A Visit to the Doctor. I have: a fever, a chill, a cold, a sore throat, a boil, a toothache, a backache, a headache — next will be a visit to the Morgue, I guess, — hold on! Now we're getting down to pay-dirt. I want: a pill, a powder, a gargle — nixie. This book is N. G. Or else the word *bottle* don't exist in the French language."

He stuffed the pamphlet into his pocket and eyed the shopkeeper with humorous resignation.

"Here's your Podunk, Missouri, or North Illyria, New York," whispered Helen, who comes from Chicago; "don't one see funny Americans over here, though?"

He looked up at that moment, catching sight of us, flushed, hesitated, waved the dealer aside impatiently, and evidently bracing himself to the deed, spoke:

"Beg pardon, but you're United States, ain't you?"

Helen stiffened into a cardboard dignity; but a respectable middle-aged woman may overlook some conventions. I said, "Yes."

"I'd have known it anywhere, by your looks," he said candidly, "but I saw your names on the hotel-book this morning. I'm staying here, too. I guess there ain't any other tourists here, it's such an out-of-the-way place. I'm one of Cook's. These tourist parties ain't such a much. The way they go around sort of puts me in mind of Christian Endeavorers, at home. I shook the outfit last week and came on here by myself. You can do that on your ticket, you know. I have to join 'em again at Bul-lone. I'm from Chicago, same as you."

Helen's face was a study.

"Pretty good little old town, Chicago," said he affectionately. "It just about spreads over anything I've seen here and tucks under the sides. My name's Weingartner — Weingartner's Perennial Fountain-Pen Fluid, I guess you've heard of *that*."

He stood before us, a little awkward, nervously smiling, eager to hear the kind speech of home, yet plainly doubtful whether

a perfect gentleman should thus introduce himself to perfect ladies. It would have been brutal to rebuff him. I am somewhat afraid of Helen; she is twenty-one and knows so much more than I do; and, indeed, she afterwards informed me, with bitter satire, that I could have been polite, but I did not need to be cordial. "Funny little hotel we're at, ain't it?" he said, glowing under the influence of my reprehensible cordiality; "not very up-to-date, but then nothing is, here. I'd like to find some place in this God-forsaken country where a person could get batter-cakes and syrup for breakfast. You ladies going to see the sights? I know my way all around here."

"We have a guide, thank you," said Helen, in a tone which should have withered Mr. Weingartner on the spot. But he only looked surprised.

"Guide? What do you want with a guide? Why, I don't know a word of the language, and I go everywhere, without any trouble. Just bull right ahead, you know."

"Not always without any trouble, Mr. Weingartner," said I.

"Well, I ain't the first man that's had trouble over a bottle, ma'am," he said, grinning. "You know this is a sort of a second-hand shop, and I thought maybe I could pick up some little trick in the way of an old-fashioned bottle that I could have copied and use for the Fluid. Something the ladies would think kind of cute, you know. I do that pretty near everywhere. Look here, I had this made in Paris." He brought out a neat, nickel-plated cylinder about six inches long, with a pear-shaped bulb at one end. "Just try to open that, will you?"

I tried in vain, while Helen strolled around the shop, glowering helplessly. He took it from me with a smile and snapped the bulb end open and shut several times. "See. That's how. It's to hold the twenty-five-cent size bottles," he explained, "and, when it's closed, you can throw it across the street without breaking 'em. Good idea for traveling, hey? That's Pe-air outside, ain't he? The diligence-driver wanted me to hire him, but I said not any; I guess I can worry along by myself and save my dollar-and-a-half per. Say, you get him to show you that old gate that's got the bass-relief of women walking along the top of it. That's the funniest ever."

Relations were rather strained between Helen and me, as we followed Pierre, until

the chastening she gave me put her in a good temper, as is frequently the case. We asked Pierre about the gate with the procession of women described by our new acquaintance.

"Women, madame?" he said vaguely. "But yes, we are coming to the Gate of Saint Mark, and that has a figure — but not a woman. *Tonne Dieu!* This poor Saint Mark, to be taken for a woman! He has a gown on; that is what misled this monsieur, no doubt."

There was, in fact, a colossal statue of the saint with his lion by his side, on a sort of shelf projecting from the top of the gate; it was a beautiful stone archway, draped with vines. The sea-air, I suppose, kept all the foliage here a lively green; and there was a picturesque and highly unwholesome mold on the buildings.

"This can't be the gate he meant, Pierre," said Helen. "That figure don't look the least like a woman. What are the other gates?"

He said there were a great many, oh, but a great many! Five or six, and there had been more, but three were battered down a hundred years ago, during the Vendée. Did *ces dames* know about the Vendée? Vê! He could tell us a story about that time — and he plunged into it forthwith.

Mr. Weingartner's last words had been, "See you later," and see us later he did, every day and all day, to Helen's indignation. The girl was civil to him, not for his sake, but for her own, because she *was* a lady, as she majestically informed me, and would not have two sets of manners.

"Oh, *you* don't care," she said savagely; "you think he's a type, and you'd just as lief study him. The man's *impossible*; I simply cannot *stand* him! Goodness, there he comes now!" We hurried along, but he overtook us at the next corner, beaming and breathless, wiping the inside of his straw hat with a large, spotless handkerchief. Mr. Weingartner was a very clean man; and also, what he himself would doubtless have called a "neat dresser." One envied him the easy, well-fitted comfort of his clothing.

"You two walk the fastest of any ladies I ever saw," he said; "and do you know, ma'am," here he addressed me, "you cross the street different from any lady I know. Most of 'em get out in the middle, and then they don't know whether they better cover short stop or second base. And while they're jig-stepping, along comes a fire-engine or a

trolley-car or an automobile—Bing! Friends will kindly omit flowers. Beg pardon, ma'am, but don't you write? I see you going around with that book all the time."

He meant P. Virgilius!

"Well, I write myself, off and on," he said, when I had confusedly acknowledged that I did sometimes. "Got into it writing ads for the Fluid. Last year I had a book out, 'Why?' Just that, you know, 'Why?' Inside it was all why this and why that. I made twenty-five hundred dollars with it. I'm going to write another, 'Because,' same style. That kind of book is a strong seller. Where you ladies going to-day?"

"Nowhere," said Helen hastily. "We — we're just taking a little exercise, and then we're going back to our room to rest."

He was distinctly disappointed. "I thought maybe I could take you to some of these places," he said wistfully. "There's that flight of steps down behind the palace. It's where the old kings and queens used to go piking out with their crowns and scepters and take a swim. Seen it yet?"

"We really can't go to-day, Mr. Weingartner," said Helen humanely — for her, that is, "I'm sorry, we're both tired. Anyway, we saw the steps from the palace wall."

"Oh, that ain't any place to see from. They're right by that gate I was telling you about. It's got two towers and a span between. I judge you haven't seen that either, if you haven't been down to the steps. You better let me take you. Pe-air'll never get around to it, the gate he's going."

Helen ruthlessly dragged me back to our huge, bare, stone-floored cave of a room. It was about as dry, well-lighted, and cozy as the average basement laundry. I protested, but she was inexorable.

"What is it you object to about Mr. Weingartner, Helen?"

She turned her youthful, measuring eye upon me. "Now you're studying *me*!" she remarked acutely. "What I object to about Mr. Weingartner is *Mr. Weingartner*!" And after this epigrammatic deliverance, she added, "He's slangy, for one thing."

"Every one that has any respect or affection for the English language is slangy at times —"

"Oh, you always can say something like that!" said the girl, with contempt. "It's really not as clever as it sounds. You know he's slangy. He's — *the* — *limit*! What are you laughing at, now?"

In my serious moods I felt sorry for our poor countryman. For, whatever she thought of him, it was plain that he was very much taken with Helen. Anything more hopeless could not well be imagined; she was engaged, and, apart from that, she would not look upon him as a possible husband under any circumstances. The young man, to borrow from his own vocabulary, "meant business"; otherwise he would not make such an effort to be polite and attentive to *me*. That is a specific symptom. It was too bad; I had to fall back on the time-tested saying: "Men may die and worms may eat them — but not for love!" He would get over it.

The immediate result of our enforced seclusion this afternoon was a profound study of the guide-book on Helen's part. And before very long she unearthed some interesting particulars. "Why, look at this," she exclaimed. "We've been missing something worth while all this time. This must be the place Mr. Weingartner is always talking about. It's starred in Baedeker, and it sounds attractive. 'Porte des Sept Cent Vierges (Gate of the Seven Hundred Virgins), situated at the northeastern extremity of the city, on the Rue Reine-Marguerite, leading to the Quai of that name, the principal connecting-street between the Upper and Lower Towns at one time, now almost disused. An interesting medieval relic, the center of many legends. Its capacious dungeons,' etc., etc. I'll speak to Pierre about that. We ought to see it."

But, as it happened, Pierre, being arraigned the next day, put on a manner of much mystery and embarrassment. He shrugged, he shook his head, he made a dozen apologetic and deprecatory gestures. Yes, certainly, it was a fine gate, a pearl of gates, but — mademoiselle did not, could not comprehend. He would explain, only — to get there, one had to pass — and, in effect, there were in the neighborhood — of course, if *ces dames* insisted —! *Enfin*, he would speak at large to madame, if she liked, but to mademoiselle, never!

He might have said more, but Helen's agile feminine mind had already jumped — no, bounded, like a Rocky Mountain sheep, to a conclusion. She returned to me with a shocked face. "It's plain enough," she said, "the place isn't respectable. Pierre said no decent people would be seen going

there; at least, he didn't say so in so many words, but that's what he meant."

So no more mention was made of the Gate of the Seven Hundred Virgins, until Mr. Weingartner again brought up the subject. I had to tell him of our investigation. He took his cigar from between his lips and stared at me in incredulous astonishment.

"Not respectable! Well, I like that!" he ejaculated. "If I'm any judge, it's forty times more respectable than the Rue Saint Lazare, where he took you the other day, where the pawnshops are. Half the houses are shut up and empty; you don't see any people. It's as quiet as Sunday-at-the-farm. There's a kind of dump in one place where the citizens do considerable landscape-gardening with garbage and dead cats—but that's nothing, you see that right in the principal streets. I guess the Health Inspector don't get around oftener than once a day in Valmi. Respectable! Well, I guess I ought to know—any man that's born and brought up in Chicago—!" He paused, knitting his brows; then he gave voice to a thought that, strangely enough, had come to all three of us at the same moment. "Strikes me Pe-air's kind of leery of taking people to that gate!"

The upshot of this was that Mr. Weingartner finally had his desire and escorted us to see the Gate of the Seven Hundred Virgins, in absurdly high spirits. Helen and I were even on the score of undue cordiality now; it was she who accepted his invitation before I could say a word, with a weird and unnatural affability. And I took some satisfaction in reminding her that if she made a convenience of him, she must be prepared to be kind to him. "I'm going to be kind to him," she answered, and gave me an unreadable glance, "just as kind as you are!"

The Rue Reine-Marguerite, to uninstructed eyes, looked neither respectable nor the reverse. It was dead, that street; it had no soul, whether to sin with or to save. Grass grew between the cobbles. The houses were empty and falling into ruins; their hearths had been cold this hundred years. Even we, with our harsh, Yankee levity, our incongruous talk, could not touch to life its spiritless old echoes. Instead, it began to sit heavy on 'us all, in spite of Mr. Weingartner; and I, for one, thought, when we turned a bend and came upon the Gate,

with the living water of the bay showing distantly under its wide-flung arch, that I had seldom seen so comfortable a sight.

There were two monstrous towers coupled together by a closed-in gallery over the archway; under it might still be seen the sockets wherein the great iron valves of the Gate had once swung. A tribe of beggars had taken possession of this old rookery, with a shambling hut built against the ancient city wall and roofed with boards and bits of sacking. Two women were washing clothes on a terrace, the place clattering with their talk; their dull-blue and Isabella-colored rags fluttered on a line strung between a pair of stone pillars. There was a man asleep on a bench near by, with his hat over his face. The women stopped a moment, gazed at us, then the shrill duet broke out afresh.

"The Virgins are on the other side," said Mr. Weingartner. "Hello! There's a steamer!" He pointed, and we made out the vessel at some distance from the harbor entrance, an attenuated smudge from its funnel defacing the sky.

"That's the first steamship I've seen around here," he said. "She's almost standing still. Some tramp, I guess."

We turned to the Gate. Across the entire outer face of the gallery-part (I do not know its architectural name) was a gigantic frieze, carved in what must have been at one time high relief,—the Virgins. The style of the carving was, of course, archaic; childishly direct, full of a rude sentiment. There was movement and dignity in these up-and-down Noah's Ark figures. One could see that it was meant for a march of triumph; and there was something brave and uplifted in its simplicity.

"What on earth is that thing they're each one holding?" Helen wondered; "a sword?"

"Looks like a baseball bat," suggested Mr. Weingartner.

I thought it might be a palm leaf.

"This place must be beautiful by moonlight," said Helen abruptly.

What put that into her head? Mr. Weingartner had cut a little pocket-calendar in an instant. "It must, indeed, Miss Helen," he said; "let's see. 'Moon rises 8 hrs. 25 min.' That's to-night. What do you say we come down and see it about nine or half-past when it's got up in the sky, hey?"

"I think it would be lovely!" said Helen, with wholly unwarrantable enthusiasm. Had she proposed to dislodge the moon and

remove it from the heavens, I could not have been more surprised. This was being kind to him with a vengeance! Never before had the duties of a chaperon so weighed on me. I thought I saw a malign sparkle in her eye. And Mr. Weingartner looked inanely pleased.

"You'd just as lief, wouldn't you?" he asked me timidly; "just us three?"

I may fairly say that, speaking as an aunt with a marriageable niece, my world reeled! Three! The weather-beaten old she-dragon that guarded her was being invited to bear a hand in this Romeo-and-Juliet business! I had expected to go anyhow, writhing in the Nessus' shirt of propriety; and, lo, they wanted me!

"I hope Pe-air won't get next to the scheme," remarked Mr. Weingartner. "He's a butter-in, Pe-air is."

"Here's Pierre now!" said Helen.

"Told you so!" said Mr. Weingartner, under his breath.

Our ex-guide came up, a little winded by rapid walking, but smiling and civil as ever.

"You have seen the Gate, madame?" He smacked his lips and fell into an attitude of reverent admiration. "Ah-h-h, but it is the beautiful, the superb gate! And of an antiquity! Imagine you, madame, a thousand, *two* thousand years, maybe! That is prettily well old. Vè!" He pointed to the frieze. "Behold, the Virgins! They are all there — all the Seven Hundred, you may count them. And, observe, every one has her arms and legs complete — except where they have been broken off, and then you can see the place! It is of a completeness! In all that crowd, a pair of legs for every head! Not one forgotten, not one slighted! And conceive the difficulty! Seven hundred heads! Fourteen hundred legs!" He remained posed before this triumph of the sculptor's art in contemplative ecstasy.

"What do they keep in those old towers?" asked Mr. Weingartner.

"*Tonne Dieu!* Nothing at all, monsieur. They are all falling down inside."

"Look pretty solid to me," said Mr. Weingartner, who seemed to make a point of not believing Pierre, on principle, "and the doors are locked good and hard. I tried one of 'em the other day."

"But, monsieur, it is to break the neck if one goes in there! They lock the doors for that reason precisely."

"Huh!" said Mr. Weingartner.

Pierre gave him up and turned hopefully to me.

"There is a story about that Gate, madame, about the Virgins — if you would like —?"

"Does it tell what they're holding in their hands?" asked Helen.

"Eh, yes, mademoiselle, and more, much more besides —"

"Here's a place for you to sit down in the shade, ma'am," said Mr. Weingartner. "I can make a cushion of my coat —"

He had it half-way off; but I refused, not as pleasantly as might be, I am afraid. I was not such a Mrs. Methuselah as all that, if I was Helen's aunt. He sat down beside us, on a patch of grass, and Pierre, standing in front, a dramatic figure in that drop-curtain landscape of sunshine, ruins, and distant sea, began:

"Madame, you know that statue of King Louis the Crusader, that I showed you in the middle of the Place du Roi, on horseback, looking toward Jerusalem, with a lance in his hand? Every year, at the feast of Corpus Domini, the little girls that make their first communion come in procession from the church and lay wreaths of olive and of parsley around the horse's hoofs — that is as high as they can reach, the little girls — Well, madame, it was in his time that all this happened. That was many, many hundred years ago, oh, but many centuries. King Louis went away to the Crusade, and all his knights and nobles with him, so there were only women and little children and old men left in Valmi. The city had a stout wall then, and nobody was afraid. But after a while a wild, roving king came down from the North with many long black ships, and bearded fierce men — they were Danes, madame, I do not know if you have ever heard of Danes in America. They drank blood, as I have been told. The king's name was Eohric. He anchored his ships off there beyond the point — it was there then as now; and landed his men, and they came up to take Valmi. But there were very brave people in those days, and they shut all the gates and came out upon the walls, and the women made kettles of boiling pitch and poured down, and the old men served the cannon — Bim! Boum! And the boys fired off the muskets — Tr — rr — rrat! Tr — rrrrat! —"

"Cut it out, sport! They didn't have guns in those days," said Mr. Weingartner.

"Never mind, it was catapults and arrows, I suppose," I said. "Let him go on."

"All right, ma'am," said he, patting a fold of my dress soothingly, "what you say goes."

"So the Danes, at first, could make no headway at all, madame, and they were sore and angry. And the young women came and stood on the walls and called out to taunt them: 'Eohric, King of the Danes, why do you not come into Valmi?' But, madame, they laugh best who laugh last. By-and-by they had nothing more to eat in the town, and the Danes would let nothing come in. They were starving, these brave citizens, and they killed rats and mules and ate them, and the children cried for bread. That is to make one mad, madame, when the little children suffer! At last Eohric, the King, sent in word: 'I will go away and trouble you never again, if you will send out to me and my men all those young women that came and mocked me from the battlements, and all the other young women. But if you will not send them, I will lay Valmi waste with fire and sword and take the young women away into slavery and kill all the rest of you.' So, madame, the elders held a council and talked a long while — because, do you see, the position had its difficulties. On the one hand they would all be killed, and the young women made slaves — and, on the other, they would all live, but the young women would still be — *bien*, madame, it was a point, that! It took thought!"

"A-o-reek kind of had 'em coming and going, didn't he!" said Mr. Weingartner.

"In the end, the old men sent word to Eohric that he could have the young women. For, you see, madame, somebody must live, there were children to grow up, and — and — there would, after a while, be more young women. There were seven hundred of them in the town, and the next day they all marched out —"

"What!" shouted Mr. Weingartner, "they gave up the girls?"

"Monsieur, yes — one cannot have an omelet without breaking eggs!"

"Well, they were a pretty bum lot of old men, that's all I've got to say!" said Mr. Weingartner, reddening with indignation.

"Monsieur, I have no doubt you would not have done it, but, *quelle pitié!* You were not living and in Valmi then!" said Pierre, with fine irony. "They all wore long white dresses, and each one carried a sharp sword in the folds of her clothing, to kill the man she should be allotted to, or, if that might not be, to kill herself. And they sang hymns to the Virgin and made prayers: '*Mater purissima, ora pro nobis! Sancta Virgo virginum, ora pro nobis!*' like Père Antoine when he says the litany, madame. Then there came up a great fog out of the sea, and the people that stood and wailed and wrung their hands on the wall could not see, no, not ten paces from the wall. But they heard thunder and fighting, and words of command in many great voices, and saw flashes of scarlet and swords through the fog. Then, when evening came, the mist all rolled back, and there was the battlefield by the sea, and the dead, torn, trampled bodies of Eohric and his followers to the last man — but no Virgins. While they looked and wondered, the troop of girls came back just as they had set out, only with chaplets of flowers and hawthorn-boughs in their hands. When every one ran and embraced them, crying for joy, they were like people waked from a dream. They said, 'What is it all about? Here are dead men and a bloody field, but we saw nothing of it. There were no Danes here, as we thought, but only fresh fields and hedges. Now we will go and hang up our wreaths to the Virgin, and then we will sleep, for we are tired.' But, madame, when they got to Notre Dame, the Cathedral, there were the statues of the Holy Mother and the saints all hacked and blood-stained, and broken armor and swords flung down, and the garments of the images caked with sweat and dust! So they knew there had been a miracle, that the Blessed Virgin and the saints had come down from Heaven and saved the girls and delivered Valmi. Then they built the Gate, and here it stands to-day, to prove what I tell you. And, for another proof, they say, sometimes about the midsummer, like this, on a foggy night, the Virgins come down from the Gate and walk this way on their old march. Tè! I have known two, three, who have seen it!"

"Pipe-dream!" said Mr. Weingartner, rising. But I think he gave Pierre some money. As we walked back along the Rue Reine-Marguerite, Helen leading the way, for, whenever she decently could, she left

Mr. Weingartner to my entertainment, he said to me in an undertone: "You know what I said about Pe-air sort of gum-shoeing around and breaking in whenever he had a chance? Well, you saw how he followed us to-day. And I'm pretty sure he's the man I saw following me when I came down here by myself the first day or so I was here. I didn't know his looks so well then, and, at the time, I thought it was only some beggar. I'm telling you because I—because I—" he stopped short in some confusion.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Weingartner," I said, "but we don't need Pierre now anyhow. We've dismissed him."

"I guess that's just as well," he said; "but, ma'am, there's another thing. There ain't much gets by me, without my seeing it, and I've got a hunch there's something going on here, q. t., you know. You saw that fellow asleep on the bench this afternoon where the women were washing? Well, he wasn't asleep at all. He was watching us under his hat the whole time!"

The moon came up per instructions, as Mr. Weingartner said. We watched it rise that evening from a little balcony outside the dining-room windows where, on fine days, they served our meals. There was a yellow-and-white striped awning spread upon a sort of wooden gridiron to protect us from the sun or the night air; and we ate at charming little round tables painted apple-green. We had no view of the bay, for the hotel looked landward; but Valmi lying all aslant on the hillside, it was pretty to see tier on tier of red roofs and blazing windows at sunset; and, as night drew on, lights pricking out against the dusk. Mr. Weingartner came and sat by us, smoking, after dinner.

"I had a cup of nice, strong, old-vatted chicory and a fried boot-heel for my dinner," he observed gravely. "They called it coffee, and rag-oo, or burgoo, but I'm giving it to you straight. Say, it's a foggy night. Look at the moon."

There was a dull, iridescent ring about it; and we could see dim vapors drifting, fold on fold, over the house-tops.

"There is some fog every night," Helen said; "I've noticed it. This is a very damp place."

"It'll be worse on the bay-side than here," Mr. Weingartner remarked. He looked at his watch and stood up, settling those neat clothes with a man's slight shrugging move-

ments. It occurred to me for the first time that he was a well-made man, straight and active; I suppose he was rather good-looking in a way. "Are you ladies ready?"

On the other side the fog was much heavier, as he had predicted. It dimmed the few lights along the streets, so that walking was not always easy; and, standing at one end of the Rue Reine-Marguerite, one might see tall wraiths of mist coil and dissolve and reshape against the farther dimness with a mysterious precision.

"Good night for the Virgins," said our cavalier.

"Oh, it *is* beautiful!" Helen cried out at that moment; for we had just come in sight of the Gate. It soared above us into the pallid twilight with a grave strength of outline. One small street lamp on the brow of the arch sent out half a dozen brave Lilliputian lances of light athwart the mist. The beggars' hut, the sordid rubbish of its surroundings, were all confounded in shadow. Immemorially old it looked, staunch and faithful; I think it somehow touched and awed us. We went through the arch; looking seaward, the vapors were not too heavy for us to distinguish the bay tracked here and there with lights. "That must be that steamer, where you see those red and green lights — they're too high up for any of the craft around here," Mr. Weingartner said. "She's lying a good deal nearer in. Ain't it funny about harbor-lights — on the boats, I mean? They're the same, and hung the same way, all over the world. You wouldn't find 'em any different from here in the bay of Hong-Kong."

We walked out in the middle of the road and backed away to get a good view of the Gate. "Oh, the top of it's all in shadow," I exclaimed, disappointed. "You can't see the frieze. But maybe the effect will be better when the moon gets higher. Why, where's Helen?"

"Over there," said Mr. Weingartner, with a vague gesture. "Come down this way; the farther off you get, the better you can see it."

"I hope Helen won't get turned around in this fog," I said. "If I were alone, I never could find my way home in the world."

We walked a little farther. "You ain't alone; you're with me," said Mr. Weingartner. "I guess Miss Helen's *on*. She's a mighty sweet girl, and bright, too. Runs in the family, I expect."

Oh, he *was* impossible! What ought I to do if he opened up on Helen to me? Heavens! *Opened up!* A week or so more of him would wreck the best-built edifice of English style in the world. What he would have said next, there is no telling, for, just then, Helen called out. She was in the road, a little behind us. "Look!" she said, in a high, gasping voice, "Look!"

I looked towards the Gate.

They came, the Virgins. Two by two, a procession, tall, white, and soundless as the fog specters among which they moved. The archway filled and discharged them, a measured stream. The swords were in their hands. They came. Straight towards us. Unhurried, inescapable.

I do not describe my sensations, because I do not remember to have had any sensations. I was in a stupor of terror, or mere surprise, call it which you choose. In common with the rest of the world, I have liked to fancy myself playing a high part in some heroic situation — but I know better now than to expect of myself presence of mind or even ordinary common-sense. They came, the Virgins! And then —

Well, then, Mr. Weingartner rose to the occasion with the promptness and energy which have, no doubt, contributed to making Weingartner's Fountain-Pen Fluid famous. They were not fifteen yards away when he swept Helen and me behind him, with a sudden movement of his left arm, not ungente, but of a convincing strength. And, with the same magic directness, his right hand traveled to the efficient, the ready, the deadly American pocket. Something twinkled in the moonlight, something clicked. I had never seen that motion, outside of a cow-boy melodrama; but, amazing as it sounds, the Virgins had! They understood it! Their advance slackened, wavered, stopped utterly. A retrograde movement undulated through their ranks! They were prudent Virgins! After a pause, during which my mind groped up and down for thoughts and found none, a Virgin emerged from the front ranks, already fallen into a disordered group, and thus she spoke:

"Monsieur, we do not wish to hurt you, but *ces dames* must be taken *quelque part*, and you must come —"

Mr. Weingartner opened his mouth and

delivered a volley of clicking short words like a repeating rifle.

"See-you-to-hell-first!" And then, as two or three made a step forward, he trained the revolver on the first speaker. "Halt!" said he venomously.

They halted.

"Monsieur," said the Virgin, twittering, "pour l' amour de Dieu, ne tirez pas! Un coup de pistolet, un seul, et la garde civile viendra!" He wrung his hands, he made wildly imploring gestures. "Pensez à votre mère, monsieur, et ne tirez pas!"

This is the simple truth. Twenty armed men stood cowed and aghast before one! Somebody burst into a shrill cackle of laughter. Upon reflection, I believe this person was myself. Another phenomenon now took place. A very high, wide Virgin detached itself from the multitude, and, advancing, remarked huskily:

"Don't shoot, cap. You and th' ladies air as safe as — as the Democratic majority in South Ca'lina. If you git to sloshin' 'round with that there gun, the p'leece'll git down on us, and then th' whole thing'll blow up. That's what Pe-air's trying to tell you."

Mr. Weingartner, without removing his aim from Pierre, spoke out of the side of his mouth:

"Can you talk their hinky-dink?"

"Sure."

"Tell 'em to line up to one side, and if one of 'em stirs, I'll blow the head off him."

"Brother," said the other solemnly, "there ain't no needcessity. They know *me*. If I land on one of 'em oncet, it'll be th' same as if a chimney had fell on him. He won't be a smear. Wait till I git my nightie off."

He de-rolled his white shroud and stood forth, a monument in seaman's trousers and a red flannel shirt. The others watched him, apparently in a semi-hypnotic state — like myself. He addressed his associates in a language unknown to the human race, I should have thought, but it had the desired effect. They took position at the side of the road.

"Pe-air!" said Mr. Weingartner, and motioned him to a place about a yard in front of him. Pierre obeyed.

"Now you tell 'em that you and I are going to take the ladies home, and Pe-air's going to walk in front of me this way until we're out of sight, then he can come back and go on with this thirty-third degree fool

business, whatever it is. And you tell 'em if one of 'em gets gay when my back is turned, it'll be all day with Pe-air. See?"

"Mister," said the other, "Pe-air ain't no such package of gilt-edge securities as you think. He ain't never been quoted above thirty to my knowledge, and I wouldn't wonder if he'd slumped about fifteen points quite recent. However—" again he harangued the Virgins. They seemed to understand.

"You take that fair-haired lady," said Mr. Weingartner to our ally; his voice softened as he spoke to us. "Are you all right, ma'am? You—you don't feel faint, do you?"

"I can walk, I'm all right," said I. "I never fainted in my life." He took his arm away and offered it to me instead.

"Now then," he said to Pierre, "you walk!"

"Monsieur——"

"Walk, damn you!"

Pierre walked.

We carried out Mr. Weingartner's program to the letter. I think the Virgins must have stood as still as their stone originals. Pierre was dismissed at the turn and went posting back to his followers with no more words.

"Mister," said the big man, as we resumed our journey, after watching him out of range, "you done right. I had to talk that way, because some of 'em understand a little U. S. But if you hadn't put up such a good front, you an' th' ladies wouldn't 'a' been safe, not one minute. An' then, of course, they knowed one shot 'ld blow th' gaff to th' gardsy veal—th' p'leece, you know. That was lucky for you, too."

"I think it was lucky for us you were there," said Helen. She was dangling from his arm like a tassel.

"Miss," said he, with conviction, "it was."

"I wish you'd tell me your name," said the girl. "I want to write about it to Papa."

"It's so long since I was baptized, I plumb fergit it," he said seriously. "But Paducah, Kentucky, is where I was raised, an' I'm thinkin' o' gittin' a 'ack o' Congress to call myself that—Paducah, George W. Paducah. Then I kin always look on th' map an' find out who I am, when I git one o' my lapses o' mem'ry."

Helen understood; she asked no more questions. And when we reached the house,

she did a very pretty thing. She has—she had—a tiny miniature of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, painted on ivory and set around with pearls for a brooch. A dozen people have asked her if it was not a portrait of herself in fancy dress. At the door she gave her hand to her massive escort.

"I am glad to have known you, even for this short time," she said. "And I shall never forget you. And I feel proud of my countrymen to-night. I want you to take this, because it's the nearest thing I have to a picture of myself, and I like to think of your having it." She reached up and fastened the rich little trifle on the breast of his red flannel shirt. She meant the words, and her young voice quavered as she thought of home. Oh, my country, if I forget thee——!

Paducah was so embarrassed he could only stammer. The little scene did credit to them both. At the foot of the steps, as we turned to go up, we saw him remove the pin and carefully bestow it in his hip-pocket—to the destruction of sentiment! There was not much romance about Paducah.

Valmi looked so placid the next morning from my breakfast-table on the balcony, one might have fancied it knew of no such things in life as plots and pistols. Yet not for the first time had those ancient stones answered to armed men and desperate words. I had to smile when I remembered how well the setting had become the scene. My mind stopped short at the mystery of the Virgins; who they were, and what they were about, I did not even care to guess. In fact, I was tired and had not slept well had not slept at all, to be accurate. As we were playing our gay, careless summer play, of a sudden the grim face of Tragedy looked forth between the music and the lights; and I found the adventure none the less gruesome for being also grotesque.

Mr. Weingartner stepped through the glass doors and threaded his way towards me among the apple-green tables. A week earlier, twenty-four hours earlier, no one could have persuaded me that the sight of him would stir me with a throb of relief and thankfulness. He looked a trifle jaded; yet crisp, clean-shaven, and untroubled as usual. "Well?" he said, and drew up a chair.

"Mr. Weingartner," I said, "why did you go back there last night?"

"Back where?" he asked shamelessly, pretending not to understand. Then he added ingenuously, "How did you know I went back?"

"I saw you and Paducah from my window. I had a notion that was what you meant to do, when you didn't follow us inside. And I stayed awake until I heard you come in. That was about three o'clock, I think."

A startling change came into his face. He turned red; he turned white. He made an impulsive movement towards me, then checked himself, dropping his eyes.

"Were you laying awake last night worrying about me, ma'am?" he asked hoarsely. "What did you do that for?"

"Because I wouldn't have been half a woman if I hadn't," said I fiercely. "As if I could have helped worrying! Why did you risk your life that way?"

"Oh, risk my life! I wasn't risking my life with that bunch. I wanted to know what in thunder they were up to, that's all." He picked up a ribbon of my dress and passed it through and through his fingers. "Say, I think your clothes are so pretty," he remarked, with entire irrelevance. "But I guess it's you wearing 'em, it ain't the clothes."

Well, he was impossible! But, for all that —

"Then you know, now, all about it, I suppose? What the Virgins were, I mean. Pirates, robbers, smugglers?"

"You've missed," he said, chuckling. "Nope. At least, you might call 'em smugglers, but not the brandy and kid-glove kind. I guess the bottom dropped out of that business seventy-five years ago. Nope. You'd never guess, if you lived to be a thousand, and guessed every minute of your time. Why, those were real, live swords they were carrying, and some of 'em had guns with ammunition, cartridge-belts, navy revolvers on the side. They were shipping 'em all as per contract to William P. Castro, James W. Amador, Hiram H. Bolivar & Co., South America."

I looked at him bewildered.

"You don't see?" he said, twinkling with laughter. "One of these little tin-pot republics they have down there. The one-sixteenth of the populace that hasn't revolted yet is getting ready to, and some guy over here is staking 'em to the munitions of war. They've got to keep it dark, you know; if the French government or their

own got wise there'd be a dickens of a time. Paducah told me about it. You notice I'm not mentioning any names. That wouldn't be quite square. Paducah's all right; he's one of these fellows that kind of floats around and gets into everything. He's fourth-assistant-deputy-deck-swabber on that steamboat (remember that tramp we saw in the bay?) and they sent him ashore yesterday morning to take account of stock. Say, he said it was the worst job he was ever up against. You see, their agent has been shipping the stuff in here by the car-load for the last two weeks; they've had it spread out all over the country in caves and holes, so if any of it was found anywhere they'd kind of have a get-away stake somewhere else, see? The idea was, they were finally to get it all together in the cellars under that old Gate and have it ready to deliver when the steamboat came along. When Paducah was telling me all this, I says, 'Well, why in Sam Hill did they pick out Valmi? Couldn't they get terminal facilities anywhere but here?' 'Why wouldn't they pick out Valmi?' says he. 'Look at the town — look at the people — ain't they all dead ones? It's the safest town this side of the pearly gates. Who's straining their minds here about the down-trodden masses of the Republic of Casta Diva?' says he. 'Nobody. There's hardly ever any tourists even, except one or two like yourselves. They've got Rip Van Winkle beat a block.' Pe-air's chairman of the committee on entertainment; he's a natural-born pirate, that fellow, if he had a little more get-up-and-get. He had to see about getting the baggage here and billed to South America and way-stations. Every time anybody got within shouting distance of that Gate, Pe-air pretty near threw a fit. They worked at night, mostly, and Paducah says they kept the Virgin outfit on hand to scare off any townspeople that might come along. Trouble was, you see, we didn't scare worth a cent. 'Why, look here,' says I, 'did you know we were coming down? We fixed it all up to see the place by moonlight when we were there in the afternoon, and I thought that fellow on the bench was rubbering.' 'That's what he was there for,' Paducah says. 'He's one of 'em that savvy's a little English, but there's a whole lot he don't know; he didn't catch on to your plan. No, pardner,' says he, 'you and your girl and the little one that give me the sunburst was a surprise-party.

Lemme tell you,' says he, 'it was this way: I come ashore in th' morning and found everything wrong-end-before. These mutts ain't any more idea of organizing than the reform candidate for mayor of South Succotash, Mass. They keep right on talkin' after they've quit thinkin', and they quit early. Our agent picked out Pe-air for the likeliest man to run the Valmi end of the business. They had to have somebody, you know. The idea was that Pe-air was to have so many heelers at so much per. Well, then, what does Pe-air do but get together the star collection of thugs and strong-arms; you never see anything like 'em outside of Joliet, Ill. I was plumb disgusted when I see 'em,' says Paducah. 'I ain't any use fer 'em, but I can't help myself. I'm up against it, [as here-in-before stated. I've been with 'em all day, an' I guess these hot sports have begun to find out there ain't much differ between me an' Old Pap Trouble; they're afraid if they ain't real good, I'll wig-wag th' "Lucania" to send ashore th' rest o' th' Trouble family. Likewise, I'm th' channel whereby they'll git th' long green. When you an' th' ladies turned up about nine-thirty, we was all ready to issue from our dungeon-cells into th' gladsome light of day, each one with a armful o' boodle. We had to begin early, or we'd never git through, you know. An' Pe-air was dead set on th' Virgin rig; that'll do more than anything else to show you what kind o' geezers they are over here. If you had 'a' been French, you'd be running still,' says Paducah. 'That's what they was figgerin' on. An' then they know they can't git up any kind of a rough-house, without stirrin' up th' gardsy veal. But they was plenty ready to stick a knife in your back when you was soft-sodderin' around out there'— I'm just saying it like he did, you know," finished Mr. Weingartner, coloring. And, indeed, he had imitated Paducah to admiration.

"Then your life *was* in danger," I said. "I don't see how you dared to go back after that."

"Pshaw, what would I be afraid of? Paducah told me all this while we were walking back. When we got there, they had about a wheelbarrow-load of sabres dumped on the Key Rain-Margaret, and that was as far as they had got! The skipper of the 'Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse' had landed a party of three or four husky-looking coons, in command of the second-mate, to hustle

'em along. The mate was a white man, about seven feet high, with a gun strapped around his waist; and when we got there, he was using language and a marlin-spike with equal freedom. 'Fine evening, bo!' says I. 'Heavenly, if it wasn't for the fog and the place and the people and a few other trifling objections!' He held up a lantern to look at me. 'Who in Hades are you?' he says (only that's not what he said). 'Shh! Don't give it away!' says I, 'but I'm Silent Sam the Snake-like Sleuth of Savannah. Want any help?' 'Oh, sugar!' says he (but that wasn't the word), 'do I want help? Get busy, or get out!' So I took off my coat and started in."

"What!" I shrieked, "you helped them?"

"Sure I did. Why not? It was pitiful to see 'em. They had the shells and cartridges and uniforms packed in boxes, but the guns and side-arms were sort of stacked up loose. 'Wouldn't that give you the Willies?' says Paducah. And, say, you ought to have seen those guns. They were the kind my dad carried at Chancellorsville back in '62 or thereabouts. 'They don' know any better,' Paducah said, 'and what's the use of telling 'em? Let 'em sleep.'

"Of course, we made more or less noise while we were working, and the a-leet that resides along the water-front and on Garbage-park came and looked on after a while; but I guess they were all friends and relatives of Pe-air and the rest, for they never offered to tip it off to the police. We cleaned up the last boat-load about half-past two, and then the mate and Paducah and I hunted up a soda-water fountain and had a drink. I liked those fellows."

I gazed at Mr. Weingartner silently, marveling within me at the Eternal Boy—marveling and envying!

"I guess you think I'm dippy," he said, with a diffident grin.

"I was wishing I was a man," I said.

He nodded comprehendingly. "We hit it off pretty well, don't we?" he said; and there came a look into his face that reminded me he was no boy, but a man.

"There was something I wanted to speak to you about," he began, in a different voice. "I'm—I'm thinking of—of getting married—if the lady'll have me, that is. I think maybe she—she likes me pretty well, from little things she's said. You know her. I—I guess I've showed how I feel, plain

enough. I believe Miss Helen knows, though of course I've never said anything to her about it —"

"Mr. Weingartner, I'm so sorry," I said. "My niece is engaged. And I don't think she knows how you feel, or has had any idea of encouraging you. Helen isn't that kind of a girl."

He looked at me with an extraordinary expression. He had been nervously turning his hat between his hands, and now clapped it on the table with some emphasis.

"Helen — *nothing!*" said he. "It's you I'm talking about"; and followed this up by a fervent statement, the like of which I have not heard in twenty years.

They say every woman knows — but every woman does not know. I had a painful quarter of an hour with Mr. Weingartner. I reminded him that he had only known me ten or twelve days. He said ten or twelve years wouldn't have made him more certain. I represented to him that a person who goes mooning about the country with a dismembered Virgil under one arm is not likely to make a practical housewife. He said he was willing to chance it. I pointed out that I must be at least five years older than himself. He said that didn't make any difference, he guessed he was old enough to know what he wanted.

"I know you'd — you'd like it after we were married," he said earnestly. "You know we get along first-rate together. We like the same kind of things — we both write, even. And you could have anything you wanted. I'm well-fixed, you know, I've got plenty. And the Fluid's pretty solid — it's a money hatcher, that stuff. My mother wouldn't have to live with us, if you didn't want; I could get her a nice flat somewhere. You can have two girls and send the wash out. I'll put on a dress-suit for dinner every evening, if you like, even when it's just ourselves. I know you're used to having things tony."

Let no one think this was amusing. It was not. If I had been Helen's age, I might have known better how to deal with him, perhaps. But my youth is long dead and decently coffined; I felt an inhumanity in disturbing those poor ashes. Let 'em sleep! In the end, I made the highly original remark that this need not keep us from being friends.

He got up. "Oh, friends!" he said savagely. "Don't give me that old gag!"

Here, mercifully, Helen appeared on the balcony. She saw everything, of course; but, like a well-bred woman, and a genuinely kind and sympathetic one, she seemed to see nothing. She began and kept up a pleasant trickle of talk, until we had both somewhat recovered our poise.

"Shall we go to see any more gates today, Mr. Weingartner?" she gaily asked him.

"I'm going to see one," he said gloomily. "I leave by the diligence at noon."

Helen expressed what I believe was a sincere regret. And the conversation halted dismally. She cast about and started a new topic.

"I didn't know you went around armed, Mr. Weingartner."

He surveyed her vaguely. "Armed? Me? Why, I don't."

"But you had that revolver last night, and very luckily, too. Did you take it because you had suspicions of Pierre?"

I was pleased to see the ghost of his natural cheerfulness flit over Mr. Weingartner's features.

"Oh, *that!*" he said. "Look here!" He repeated the Wild-West gesture and produced — the nickel-plated holder for that indispensable liquid, Weingartner's Perennial Fountain-Pen Fluid, twenty-five-cent size bottles!

"Stood 'em up, didn't I?" he said, with a faint smile. "I just happened to think of this. The bluff wouldn't have worked with a gang of toughs from some of our precincts — but these dagos! I believe Paducah and I could have won out if it had come to a show-down. They ain't in it with Americans!"

Skoal to the Westland! *Skoal!* Thus the tale ended! I have never seen the hero of it since. In my quiet journey through the world, I do not meet with many Mr. Weingartners; yet he was only one of thousands. And I thought I saw in him not a little of the shrewd simplicity, the kind humor, the hearty spirit of his native land.

One thing more. Mr. Weingartner has got over it. There was an elaborate notice of his marriage in all our papers the other day. Men may die, and worms may eat them, but not for love.

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

SCHURZ A BRIGADIER-GENERAL—McCLELLAN'S DISASTROUS INACTION—IMPRESSIONS OF FRÉMONT, SIGEL, BURNSIDE, AND HOOKER—THE SCHURZ-LINCOLN CORRESPONDENCE—THE ROUT AT FREDERICKSBURG

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS



THREE days after the emancipation meeting of the 6th of March, I returned to Washington and made my report to Mr. Lincoln. He was in high spirits over the event which on the preceding day had taken place in Hampton Roads. It was the epoch-making naval battle between the "Merrimac" and the "Monitor,"—the introduction of the iron-clad war vessel to the history of the world.

When I saw Mr. Lincoln, his mind was still so full of the great event that it gave him evident delight to tell me the whole story. He described so vividly the arrival of the first tidings of disaster, and his own and the several cabinet ministers' dismay at the awful prospect thus opened, and their sighs of relief when the telegraph announced the appearance of "the little cheese-box" which drove the rebel Goliath off the field, that I have been for years under the impression of having been personally in the President's room when it all happened, and the despatches successively arrived. A careful scrutiny of circumstances convinced me at last—to my regret, I must confess,—that I was not at the White House that day, but the day following. This is one of the cases which have made me very anxious to verify my memory by all attainable outside evidence, in writing this story.

Before leaving Mr. Lincoln, I gave him as good a report as I could of our emancipation meeting on the 6th of March, and of the

general situation in New York. Mr. Lincoln expressed his satisfaction with what had been done and trusted that the public discussion of the subject would go on so as to familiarize the public mind with what would inevitably come if the War continued. He was not altogether without hope that the proposition of indemnifying slave-holders, which he had presented to the Southern States in his message of March 6th, would find favorable consideration, at least in some of the Border States. He had made it, he said, in perfect good faith; it was, perhaps, the last of the kind, and if they repelled it, theirs was the responsibility. I remember how grave he looked when he said this. The merry twinkle which had glimmered in his deep-set eyes when he told the story of the little cheese-box had altogether given way to an expression of deep melancholy, and he added: "An awful responsibility either way."

Schurz Relinquishes Spanish Mission to Join the Army

The conversation then turned upon my own personal situation. I repeated to Mr. Lincoln that I wished to resign my position as Minister to Spain; that it was an intolerable thought to me to lead a life of ease and luxury and comparative idleness while the Republic was fighting for its life, and most of the men of my age were in the field at the post of danger; and that now, our relations with Spain being in a satisfactory condition, and my business of reporting to him on the

public sentiment in Europe, and of lending a helping hand in quickening the anti-slavery current, being substantially done, I was anxious to enter the army. Mr. Lincoln said that, remembering how reluctantly I had gone abroad last June, he had thought about this himself and had talked with Mr. Seward about it. Seward had told him that he was very well satisfied with my services; that I had won for myself a good position near the Spanish Government; and that he wanted me to go back to Madrid. Would I not consider the matter further for a week or two, or as long as I liked, and see Mr. Seward myself? This, of course, I could not decline to do. Mr. Seward, when I called upon him, was very kind, even complimentary, invited me and Mrs. Schurz to dinner, and urged me strongly not to give up the mission,— which was very gratifying to me, inasmuch as he originally, for very good reasons, had opposed my appointment. But in all our conversations he did not, with a single word, mention the subject of slavery, an omission which I could not but think significant and disquieting.

The more maturely I debated with myself the question of returning to Spain, the more firmly I became convinced that in such times the true place for a young and able-bodied man was in the field, and not in an easy-chair. I waited a reasonable time, so as to avoid the appearance of treating Mr. Lincoln's kindly admonition lightly, and then I told him that my mind was made up. "Well," said he, "I hope you have not forgotten that you are giving up a large salary and a distinguished and comfortable place, to take one that pays little and will bring you plenty of work and discomfort and danger. Have you talked the matter over with that handsome, dear wife of yours?" Mr. Lincoln had seen Mrs. Schurz several times, and had apparently been much pleased with her appearance and conversation. "Yes," I said, "she thinks that it is pretty hard, but she is a good patriot." "If she agrees," said Mr. Lincoln, "then I do. I expected you to come to this decision, and I shall send your name to the Senate with the next batch of brigadiers, and I trust we can find you a suitable command." I was delighted and thanked him most sincerely.

The military situation in the spring of 1862 was one of great uncertainty. The Union arms had achieved some important successes in the West and on the Atlantic coast.

Gen. George H. Thomas, a Virginian by birth, but a faithful Union man, had defeated a superior force of Confederates at Mill Springs, Kentucky. General Grant had taken Forts Henry and Donelson. Our victory at Shiloh spread consternation throughout the South and so encouraged the most sanguine optimists at the North that they confidently predicted the speedy end of the War. An expedition under General Burnside occupied Roanoke Island and thereby opened a large part of the North Carolina coast. Our victory at Pea Ridge, under Curtis and Sigel, drove the forces of the Confederacy from Missouri. The capture of New Orleans followed in April.

General McClellan

But while the arms of the Union thus advanced in the West and the South, the Army of the Potomac, organized by General McClellan, lay idle in front of Washington. General McClellan was then thirty-six years old. He had passed through West Point, had served with credit in the Mexican War, had, in time of peace, been distinguished by various public employments, had witnessed part of the Crimean War as a representative of the American Army, had left the service with the rank of captain to take private employment as an engineer, and was president of a railroad when the President called for volunteers. Living at Cincinnati, he was regarded by prominent citizens of Ohio as the proper man to lead the State troops, and the National Government, advised by General Scott, who knew McClellan and esteemed him highly, promptly made him a major-general and entrusted him with a comprehensive command. He conducted some successful operations in West Virginia against rebel forces, consisting of a few regiments, and after our defeat at Bull Run received the command of the Army of the Potomac, and eventually of all the armies of the United States. The people fairly yearned for a hero and were ready to ascribe to the one who appeared now on the scene all possible attributes of genius and character. McClellan was a man of handsome appearance, winning manners, and fine soldierly bearing. The Government gave him its full confidence and allowed him complete freedom of action. The railroads poured an abundance of volunteer regiments into Washington and swelled the army forming there into a mighty host. In organizing



President Lincoln and General McClellan in McClellan's headquarters,
after Antietam

that host and putting it into the best attainable state of discipline, the young general was in his element. Neither did he neglect the spectacular part of the business. People came from afar to see him at the head of a brilliant staff, to which princes and counts from abroad were attached, galloping from camp to camp and holding reviews and inspections. He was the "young Napoleon," the pet of the nation. The soldiers adored him, and the commanding officers were attached to him with warm, personal devotion.

The army under McClellan's command was by far the strongest and finest that had ever been assembled on this continent.

When the work of preparation had been going on for two or three months, and the Army of the Potomac continued to lie idle within the forts and entrenched camps surrounding Washington, in the face of the fortified batteries which the Confederates had defiantly placed within sight of it, a murmur of impatience arose in the country. . . .

Irritation at McClellan's Inaction

The situation at last became actually inexplicable. The summer and autumn months, the season of healthful air and good roads, came and passed, but McClellan did not stir. The winter came, and in spite of snow and ice and bad roads, the Western armies marched and fought, but "all quiet on the Potomac." The impatience of public opinion rose to something akin to exasperation. Mr. Lincoln, whom I visited from time to time, did not speak to me of the vain efforts he had made to urge General McClellan into action, but when military affairs were mentioned, I could clearly perceive that he was very much troubled. It was like an outburst of desperation when he issued his

"General War Order, No. 1" that "the 22d day of February, 1862, be the day for a general movement of the land and naval forces of the United States against the insurgent land and naval forces." There was an abundance of "movement," and of successful movement, too, in other parts of the country, even before the 22d day of February, but McClellan's splendid army continued to stand still for some time after that day as if rooted in the ground. McClellan persistently asserted that his force was lamentably inadequate to an attack on the enemy in his front and pressed upon the

President the transfer of his army to the lower Chesapeake and an operation thence upon Richmond, a plan which Mr. Lincoln finally accepted. That he did not, during that long period of hesitancy on the part of McClellan, which was full of contrarieties

and disappointments, remove that general from command, is one of the most debatable points in Mr. Lincoln's conduct of the War. Perhaps he had no more promising officer to put in McClellan's place. Perhaps he felt himself restrained by important political considerations. McClellan was a Democrat. The Democratic party had taken up his defense, and it was thought desirable to avoid occasions for political jealousies and splits.

Suddenly, on the 9th of March, the startling news



GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN

"He was the 'young Napoleon,' the pet of the nation"

arrived that the Confederates, under command of General Johnston, had evacuated the position in front of the Army of the Potomac and retired behind the Rapahannock. McClellan started his whole army in pursuit, but did not reach the rear-guard of the Confederates, who had been preparing their retreat for some time and were well ahead. McClellan subsequently asserted that the Confederates had left their position for the reason that they had been informed of his design to attack Richmond by the "Peninsula" between the James and the York Rivers, and that Johnston had hastily



GENERAL JOHN C. FRÉMONT

Schurz' first commander in the Civil War

removed his forces for the defense of the capital of the Confederacy. But this fiction has been thoroughly exposed by the documents contained in the Confederate Archives, which show conclusively that the rebel force

in front of McClellan, instead of outnumbering the Union army opposed to it, was not even half as strong, and was ill-disciplined and poorly provided.

General McClellan had hardly started on

his Peninsular Campaign, when he stopped again for weeks before a long line of rebel entrenchments, defended by a small force which might have been easily broken through by a resolute attack. And then his morbid delusion that the enemy greatly outnumbered him on the field of operations began again, and he vociferously complained that he had not men enough; that the naval forces did not coöperate with him; and that the Government withheld from him the necessary support — while, in fact, his forces were vastly superior in strength to those of the enemy in his front, and he might have triumphantly executed his plan, which originally was in itself not a bad one, had he made prompt, resolute, and vigorous use of his time and his means. And finally, after much heroic fighting on both sides, McClellan, at one time within sight of the steeples of Richmond, retreated before what he called the “superior forces” of the rebels and congratulated himself upon “saving his army.”

On the 11th of March President Lincoln issued an order creating three military departments, that of the Potomac, under the command of General McClellan; the “Mountain Department,” embracing the country west of the Department of the Potomac and east of a north-and-south line drawn through Knoxville, Tennessee, to be commanded by General Frémont; and the Department of the Mississippi, west of the Mountain Department, under General Halleck. Soon after my nomination for a brigadier-generalship had been confirmed by the Senate, I was ordered by the War Department to report to General Frémont for duty.

Lincoln's Humor

While I was waiting in Washington for my confirmation and assignment, I had again to undergo the tribulations of persons who are supposed to be men of “influence.” The news had gone abroad that in America there was a great demand for officers of military training and experience. This demand could not fail to attract from all parts of the globe adventurous characters who had, or pretended to have, seen military service in one country or another, and who believed that there was a chance for prompt employment and rapid promotion.

One of the many foreigners who sought my intercession was a young German count whose identity was vouched for by a member of the Prussian Legation. He had a long row

of ancestors whom he traced back for several hundred years. He was greatly impressed with the importance of this fact and thought it would weigh heavily in securing him a position in our army. If he could only have an “audience” with the President and lay his case before him, he believed, the result could not be doubtful. He pursued me so arduously with the request for a personal introduction to Mr. Lincoln, that at last I succumbed and promised to introduce him, if the President permitted. The President did permit. The Count spoke English moderately well, and in his ingenuous way he at once explained to Mr. Lincoln how high the nobility of his family was, and that they had been counts so-and-so many centuries. “Well,” said Mr. Lincoln, interrupting him, “that need not trouble you. That will not be in your way, if you behave yourself as a soldier.” The poor Count looked puzzled, and when the audience was over, he asked me what in the world the President could have meant by so strange a remark.

Another saying of Mr. Lincoln, of a similar kind, made the rounds at the time and was very much enjoyed. I cannot vouch for the truth of the anecdote, but it is so strikingly “Lincolnesque” that there is a strong probability in its favor. I have never seen it mentioned anywhere, and so I may be pardoned for inserting it here. It was to this effect: An Englishman, who had traveled far and wide over the United States, called upon Mr. Lincoln and told him of the impressions he had received of various parts of the country. Speaking of social conditions and habits, he said, among other things, that to his astonishment he had heard that many gentlemen in America were in the habit of blacking their own boots. “That is true,” said Mr. Lincoln. “But would gentlemen in your country not do that?” “No, certainly not,” the Englishman replied with emphasis. “Well!” said Mr. Lincoln quietly, “whose boots do they black?”

It is not my purpose to give, in what now follows, anything pretending to be a valuable contribution to the military history of the Civil War. I shall rather confine myself to the description of some personal experiences, with occasional glimpses of important historical events.

As soon as I had received my order to report for duty to General Frémont in the Shenandoah Valley, I called upon Mr. Lincoln to take leave. He was most kind, wished

me "good luck," and said in parting — as he had done when I started for Spain — that he wished me to write to him freely whenever anything occurred to me that I thought he ought to know. This I soon had occasion to do. After a somewhat adventurous journey I joined General Frémont's army at Harrisonburg, Virginia, on June 10, 1862, and reported myself for duty.

Frémont was then operating in West Virginia, protecting railroads and putting down guerrillas, when the renowned rebel general, Stonewall Jackson, made his celebrated raid into the Shenandoah Valley, driving Banks before him to the Potomac and apparently threatening to cross that river and to make an attack upon Washington. This, however, Jackson did not attempt, but, having succeeded in gathering up stores and in disturbing the plans of the Washington Government, he turned back and rapidly retreated up the Shenandoah Valley. Frémont was ordered to intercept, and, with the coöperation of Banks' and McDowell's troops, to "bag" him. This required some forced marches which Frémont failed to execute with the expected promptness, a failure which incurred the dissatisfaction of the Administration in a marked degree. Frémont, having failed to "bag" Jackson, followed him, however, up the Shenandoah. He had a sharp but indecisive engagement with the enemy at Cross Keys near Harrisonburg, whereupon Jackson went on to rejoin the main rebel army near Richmond, and

Frémont fell back to Harrisonburg with the intention of retiring further down the Shenandoah Valley to Mount Jackson.

Ceremony at Frémont's Headquarters

I arrived at Harrisonburg late in the evening of June 9th, a day after the action at Cross Keys. There were confused reports about the results of the fight, some telling of a "glorious victory," others of a bloody disaster. On the morning of the 10th, I started to join the army, but I soon met officers bringing the news that General Frémont had ordered a retrograde movement and would arrive in town in a few hours. Presently troops began to come in, marching in rather loose order. The men looked ragged, tired, and dejected. I heard a good deal of



CARL SCHURZ

At the time he entered the Federal Army

hard swearing in the ranks in various tongues, English, German, and Hungarian,— signs of a sorry state of mind. A troop of neat-looking horsemen appeared, patiently making their way through the throng and stopping at a house which, as I was informed, had been taken for General Frémont's headquarters. It was the General himself, with his staff. As soon as they had dismounted, I presented myself with my order of assignment. To be admitted to General Frémont's presence was a matter attended with some ceremony. There had already been complaint at St. Louis, as I learned, that General Frémont was "difficult to be seen." He was surrounded by a body-guard consisting mostly of Hungarians, brave soldiers who,

on occasion, did excellent service, but who also contributed much to the somewhat unusual "style" which was kept up at Frémont's headquarters. As I afterwards observed, Frémont himself had a taste for that sort of thing. When I was finally introduced by Colonel Zagonyi, one of the Hungarian aides-de-camp, the General received me kindly and at once promised to have a suitable command arranged for me without delay. It was my first meeting with Frémont. I saw before me a man of middle stature, elegant build, muscular and elastic, dark hair and beard slightly streaked with gray, a broad forehead, a keen eye, and fine, regular features. It has been said that there was much of the charlatan in him, but his appearance at that time certainly betrayed

nothing of the kind. There was an air of refinement in his bearing. His manners seemed perfectly natural, easy, and unaffected, without any attempt at posing. His conversation, carried on in a low, gentle tone of voice, had a suggestion of reticence and reserve, but not enough to cause a suspicion of insincerity. The whole personality appeared rather attractive — and yet, one did not feel quite sure.

What he told me of the miserable condition of his troops I found to be but too true when I reviewed the regiments that were to constitute the two little brigades of my division — two regiments of New York volunteers, the 54th and 58th, two from Pennsylvania, the 74th and the 75th, one from Ohio, the

61st, and one from West Virginia, the 8th, besides two batteries of artillery and a company of cavalry. Most of the infantry had belonged to a division commanded by Colonel Blenker, a former Prussian officer, which, on the 1st of April, had been detached from the

Army of the Potomac and ordered to join Frémont in the Mountain Department. For weeks it had wandered westward, most of the time over wretched roads, sometimes, it seems, without clearly defined direction, in districts of country where "you could not find forage enough for a mule," ill-equipped and ill-provisioned. In substantially the same condition they took part in Frémont's ineffective attempt to intercept Stonewall Jackson and in the battle of Cross Keys, where they

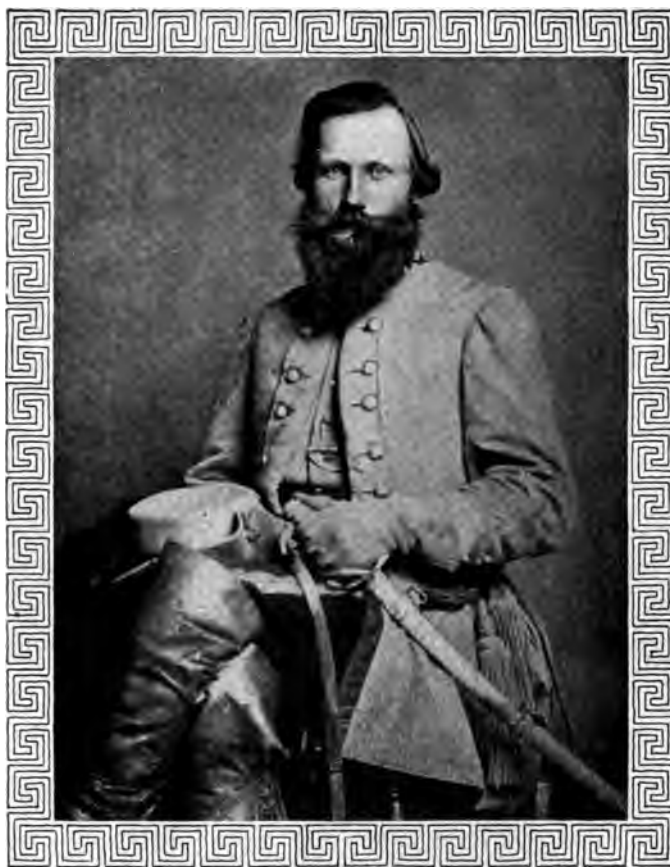


GENERAL FRANZ SIGEL

"Fighting mit Sigel" was a popular cry in the early days of the War

fought bravely. And in that condition some of them passed under my command. . . .

On June 26th President Lincoln issued an order providing that "the forces under Generals Frémont, Banks, and McDowell, including the troops now under Brigadier-General Sturgis at Washington, shall be consolidated and form one army, to be called the 'Army of Virginia,' and to be under command of Major-General Pope." Of this army the troops of the Mountain Department were to constitute the first army corps, to be commanded by Major-General Frémont. Upon receipt of this order General Frémont promptly asked the President to relieve him of his command, for the reason that the position assigned to him was



GENERAL J. E. B. STUART

"I could not help feeling myself attracted by that young enemy looking so gay and so brave"

"subordinate and inferior to those hitherto conceded" to him, and because the subordinate command to which he was now assigned would "virtually and largely reduce his rank and consideration in the service of the country." Secretary Stanton replied that the other major-generals, Banks and McDowell, had cheerfully consented to serve under the orders of a junior in rank, but Frémont's request was at once complied with, and, as no other command was conferred upon him, he disappeared from the scene of military action. Two years later he emerged again from retirement for a little while as a candidate for the presidency, nominated by a small conventicle of radicals dissatisfied with Mr. Lincoln's administration. And later he was heard of only as a business speculator, leading a precarious existence, vibrating between that of a multimillionaire and a pauper. Finally he died

in obscurity, leaving behind him a dim, shadowy myth of quondam glory as the great "Pathfinder" and the first Republican color-bearer.

West-Pointers Hostile to General Sigel

In the place of Frémont the President appointed General Franz Sigel as the commander of the first army corps of the Army of Virginia. The German-American troops welcomed Sigel with great enthusiasm, which at least the rank and file of the native American regiments seemed to share. He brought a splendid military reputation with him. He had bravely fought for liberty in Germany and conducted there the last operations of the revolutionary army in 1849. He had been one of the foremost to organize and lead that force of armed men, mostly Germans, which seemed suddenly to spring out of the pavements of St. Louis, and whose



GENERAL AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE

Who commanded the disastrous attack on
Fredericksburg

prompt action saved that city and the State of Missouri to the Union. On various fields, especially at Pea Ridge, he had distinguished himself by personal gallantry as well as skilful leadership. The popular war-cry "fighting mit Sigel," had given his name an extraordinary vogue. Thus General Sigel seemed to enter upon his field of activity in the East under the most propitious circumstances. But in the course of events I have become convinced that in respect to his personal interests, as well as his usefulness, he made a great mistake in leaving the West.

In the West there were comparatively few "West-Pointers" to take the larger commands. The volunteer element was overwhelmingly predominant, and the relations between the two classes of officers naturally assumed a more democratic character. In the East the number of "West-Pointers" was much larger, and their esprit de corps more pronounced and exclusive. They would tolerate with good grace the appointment to high grades or the promotion of civilian volunteers who were men of local importance, or who had distinguished themselves. But when a volunteer general, and a "foreigner," too, was transferred from the



GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER

Although a bitter critic of the Administration, he
was appointed by Lincoln to supersede Burnside

West to the East as a man of superior qualities and military competency, who might perhaps teach them something, it went much against their grain, and that man was apt to be looked upon as a pretentious intruder and to encounter very watchful and sometimes even rancorous criticism. Moreover, General Sigel was not well fitted to meet the difficulties of such a situation. He possessed in small degree that amiability of humor which will disarm ill-will and make for friendly comradeship. His conversation lacked the sympathetic element. There was something reserved, even morose, in his mien, which, if it did not discourage cheerful approach, certainly did not invite it. . . .

On the 8th of August we received marching orders. Although the subordinate commanders knew little of the ulterior purposes of our movements, the general situation of affairs was understood to have become critical.

McClellan's great "Peninsular campaign" dragged discouragingly on. The Army of the Potomac no longer threatened Richmond, and General Lee who, in the meantime, had been advanced to the head of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, felt himself free

to enter with his main forces upon offensive operations menacing Washington and to invade the North. General Halleck was put in the place of McClellan as General-in-Chief of the armies of the United States,—an appointment which inspired the people and the troops with little confidence and no enthusiasm.

Pope's Tactless Proclamation — Sigel's March to Culpeper

The Administration had selected for the command of the "Army of Virginia" General Pope, who, indeed, on some occasions, had rendered fine service in the West, but whose elevation to so important a post caused much head-shaking among military men. Halleck resolved to withdraw the Army of the Potomac from the Peninsula and to bring it to Pope's aid. General Pope managed at the very start to make an unfavorable impression by one of those indiscretions which an untried leader should be most careful to avoid. He issued a proclamation "to the officers and soldiers of the Army of Virginia," in which he said such things as these: "I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies; from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary and to beat him when he was found; whose policy has been attack and not defense. I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system and to lead you against the enemy. It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily. Meantime, I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find so in vogue amongst you. I hear constantly of 'taking strong positions and holding them,' of 'lines of retreat,' and of 'bases of supplies.' Let us discard such ideas," and so on. There was in this a good deal of boasting, not altogether well founded, and some almost contemptuous criticism of Eastern officers and soldiers, not altogether merited, and well apt to stir up among these a feeling of resentment. In less than two months the boaster was to repent every word of it. In July, Pope, having three army corps, Sigel's, McDowell's, and Banks', at his disposal, was aiming at Gordonsville and Staunton and thus at the railroad forming the important artery of communication between Richmond, the Confederate capital, and the West, and pushed some of his forces under Banks forward to Culpeper. But Stonewall Jackson, with 25,000 men, advanced against Banks,

who had only a greatly inferior force on the ground, and met him near Cedar Mountain. Sigel was ordered to hurry to the support of Banks. We broke camp at Sperryville on the afternoon of August 8th and marched all the night through. The night was hot, but the next day much hotter. After having rested a little while at Hazel River, we continued in the morning our march to Culpeper, where we arrived at two P.M. It was my first experience of a march with the thermometer up high in the nineties. It must have been well above eighty at the moment when the sun rose — like a huge, angry, red-hot ball. By nine o'clock his rays blazed down with inexorable fierceness. There was not a cloud in the sky and no breath of air stirring. The dust raised by the marching column hardly rose above the heads of the men and enveloped them like a dense, dark, immovable fog-bank, inside of which a black, almost indistinguishable mass struggled onward. As we expected to meet the enemy, I had instructed the commanding officers of brigades and of regiments to keep the marching column well closed up and to prevent straggling as much as possible. No doubt, they did their best. But as the sun rose higher, and the heat grew fiercer, discipline gave way. The men, burdened with their knapsacks and blankets, their guns, and their cartridge boxes, heavy with ammunition, their faces fairly streaming with sweat, their mouths and nostrils filled with an earthy slime, their breasts panting with almost convulsive gasps for breath, their eyes wide open with a sort of insane stare, dragged themselves along with painful effort. Each man, feeling the heat increased by the nearness of his neighbor, sought to have the comfort of as much elbow room as possible, the column lost its orderly compactness and spread over the fields to an irregular breadth. Wherever there was a run of water, or a well, or a pool, hundreds would rush to it and tumble over one another to slake their ferocious thirst. Hundreds threw away their knapsacks and even their blankets. Scores dropped by the wayside utterly exhausted.

Banks Outnumbered and Defeated

Between four and five o'clock we heard the booming of artillery in the direction of Cedar Mountain. It was the expected battle between Banks, on our, and Stonewall Jackson, on the Confederate, side, and we were to

hasten to the support of Banks. We had hardly marched two miles from our resting place when we met a number of straggling fugitives from the battlefield, who told us gruesome stories about "terrible slaughter," about "Banks' army having been all cut to pieces," and about the rebels being "close on their heels in hot pursuit." We tried to stop and rally the runaways, but with small success. A regiment with its colors, and a number of officers came on in an evidently demoralized state of mind, but still maintaining something like order. There were, however, only some two or three hundred men in its ranks. The officer commanding it said that the battle was lost, that they had been overwhelmed and driven from the field by vastly superior numbers, and that he was without orders. Seeing our troops marching on in good shape, he seemed to take heart and stopped his hasty retreat. We learned that General Sigel, who was ahead of us with the advanced guard, General Milroy's brigade, had also succeeded in gathering up some of the dispersed troops and especially two batteries of artillery in full retreat, the commanders of which willingly placed themselves under General Sigel's orders. When we had caught up with General Sigel, the cannonading still going on, he put General Schenck's and my division in position, but the rebels ceased their attacks, and the fight stopped without our becoming actively engaged.

General Banks had, indeed, been badly beaten, after a gallant struggle against a hostile army outnumbering him four to one, but the victorious Jackson, becoming aware of the strong reinforcements massing against him, withdrew across the Rapidan. On the 11th we had a day's truce between the two armies for the purpose of caring for the wounded and burying the dead. Confederate and Union officers met on the battlefield of Cedar Mountain and exchanged polite compliments. The famous cavalry general, "Jeb" Stuart, a figure of martial elegance, was one of the Confederate generals. I am sorry I did not have any conversation with him, for I could not help feeling myself attracted by that handsome young enemy looking so gay and so brave. . . .

On the 2nd of September General McClellan was assigned to the "command of the fortifications of Washington and of all the troops for the defense of the Capital." Three days later General Pope was relieved of his

command, and the "Army of Virginia" was merged in the "Army of the Potomac." Of this army General Sigel's corps became the eleventh. Between the 4th and 7th of September General Lee crossed the Potomac for the purpose of invading Maryland, and in Washington an army was hastily put together to march forth and beat him. General Sigel's corps was kept within the fortifications for the immediate protection of the capital city. . . .

Antietam and the Emancipation Proclamation

On the 17th of September the battle of Antietam was fought, of which McClellan might have made a victory of immense consequence, had he not, with his usual indecision and procrastination, let slip the moments when he could easily have beaten the divided enemy in detail. As it was, General Lee came near being justified in calling Antietam a "drawn battle." He withdrew almost unmolested from the presence of our army across the Potomac. But the battle of Antietam became one of the landmarks of human history by giving Abraham Lincoln the opportunity for doing the great act which crowned him with eternal fame. There is something singularly pathetic in the story — and it is a true story — that Abraham Lincoln, harassed by anxious doubts as to whether the issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation, already once postponed, would not cause dangerous dissension among the Northern people, at last referred the portentous question to the arbitrament of Heaven and vowed in his heart to himself and "to his Maker" that the proclamation should certainly come forth, if the result of the next battle were in favor of the Union. And so, after the battle of Antietam, the great proclamation, in Lincoln's heart sanctioned by the decree of Providence, did come forth, and it made our Civil War before all the world not only a war for a political union, but also a war against slavery.

The effect produced by the appearance of the proclamation did much to justify the previous hesitation of the President. In the first place it did not at once bring about the confusion in the internal conditions of the Southern States that had been expected by the anti-slavery men who advised the measure.

In the North the Emancipation Proclamation was used by Democratic politicians to

denounce the Administration for having turned the "war for the Union" into an "abolition war," and much seditious clamor was heard about the blood of white fellow-citizens being treacherously spilled for the sole purpose of robbing our Southern countrymen of their negro property, and all this in direct violation of the Federal Constitution and the laws. While this agitation on the whole affected only Democratic partizans, it served to consolidate their organization and to turn mere opposition to the Republican Administration into opposition to the prosecution of the War. On the other hand, it greatly inspired the enthusiasm of the anti-slavery people and gave a new impetus to their activity. Moreover, it produced a powerful impression in Europe. It did, indeed, not convert the enemies of the American Union in England and France; but it created so commanding a public sentiment in favor of our cause that our enemies there could not prevail against it.

But the political situation at the North assumed a threatening aspect. Hundreds of thousands of Republican voters were in the army, away from home. Arbitrary arrests, the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, and similar stretches of power had disquieted and even irritated many good men. But—more than this—our frequent defeats in the field and the apparent fruitlessness of some of our victories, like that of Antietam, had a disheartening effect upon the people. Our many failures were largely ascribed to a lack of energy in the Administration. The consequence was that at the November elections in 1862, the Democrats achieved some startling successes, winning the States of New York and New Jersey, and a good many congressional districts in various other important States, and boastfully predicted that the next time they would obtain the control of the national House of Representatives. Many of the sincerest friends of the country's cause and of those in power became alarmed at the situation and impulsively held the Administration responsible for it. And not a few of them, to ease their minds, could think of nothing better to do than "write to Mr. Lincoln."

Severe Criticism of Lincoln—The Schurz-Lincoln Correspondence.

In Nicolay & Hay's biography of Lincoln (Vol. VII, p. 363), the situation is thus described: "In the autumn of 1862, Mr.

Lincoln was exposed to the bitterest assaults and criticisms from every faction in the country. His conservative supporters reproached him with having yielded to the wishes of the radicals; the radicals denounced him for being hampered, if not corrupted, by the influence of the conservatives. On one side he was assailed by a clamor for peace, on the other by vehement and injurious demands for a more vigorous prosecution of the War. To one friend who assailed him with peculiar candor, he made a reply which may answer as a sufficient defense to all the radical attacks which were so rife at the time." That "one friend" was I.

I had, while in the field, carried on a more or less active correspondence with my political friends to keep myself informed of what was going on in the country. I had also, while stationed near Washington, visited that city and conversed with public men, among whom were Secretary Chase and Senator Sumner. The impressions I received from my letters, as well as from my conversations, were very gloomy. There was a discouragement in the popular mind which urgently demanded successes in the field for its relief. It was under these circumstances that I wrote from my camp to Mr. Lincoln, giving voice to the wide-spread anxiety as I understood and felt it. I thought myself all the more at liberty to do so since Mr. Lincoln, when I joined the army, had asked me personally to write to him freely whenever I had anything to say that I believed he should know. I have never again seen that letter and do not clearly remember all it contained. One of its main points, probably, was that in view of the suspicious current in the army and among the people, the Administration should select for the discharge of important duties only men whose heart was in the struggle and who could, therefore, be depended upon. Perhaps I intimated, also, that the Government had been too lax in that respect. Mr. Lincoln's prompt reply took me to task for my criticism in his peculiarly clean-cut, logical style, and there was in what he said an undertone of impatience, of irritation, unusual with him—this time, no doubt, induced by the extraordinary harassment to which he was subjected from all sides.

This letter was selected by Nicolay & Hay for publication in their history as a specimen of Mr. Lincoln's answers to his critics at that period, and, curious to relate, more

than thirty-five years later it was used by my opponents in political debate — perhaps for want of a better argument — as a weapon of attack to show that I was an utterly impracticable person who would never be satisfied with anything or anybody and who had even forced so good and amiable a man as Mr. Lincoln to break off his friendly relations with him. Nothing could have been further from the truth. In fact, I know of no instance more characteristic of Mr. Lincoln's way of treating occasional differences with his friends. Two or three days after Mr. Lincoln's letter had reached me, a special messenger brought me another communication from him, a short note in his own hand, asking me to come to see him as soon as my duties would permit; he wished me, if possible, to call early in the morning, before the usual crowd of visitors arrived. At once I obtained the necessary leave from my corps-commander, and the next morning at seven I reported myself at the White House. I was promptly shown into the little room upstairs, which was at that time used for cabinet meetings, and found Mr. Lincoln seated in an arm-chair before the open grate fire, his feet in his gigantic morocco slippers. He greeted me cordially as of old and bade me pull up a chair and sit by his side. Then he brought his large hand with a slap down on my knee and said, with a smile: "Now, tell me, young man, whether you really think that I am as poor a fellow as you have made me out in your letter!" I must confess, this reception disconcerted me. I looked into his face and felt something like a big lump in my throat. After a while I gathered up my wits and, after a word of sorrow if I had written anything that could have pained him, I explained to him my impressions of the situation and my reasons for writing to him as I had done. He listened with silent attention and, when I stopped, said very seriously: "Well, I know that you are a warm anti-slavery man and a good friend to me. Now let me tell you all about it." Then he unfolded, in his peculiar way, his view of the then existing state of affairs, his hopes and his apprehensions, his troubles and embarrassments, making many quaint remarks about men and things, all of which, to my regret, I cannot remember. Then he described how the criticisms, coming down upon him from all sides, chafed him, and how my letter, although containing some points that were well-founded and useful, had

touched him as a terse summing up of all the principal criticisms and offered him a good chance at me for a reply. Then, slapping my knee again, he broke out in a loud laugh and exclaimed: "Didn't I give it to you hard in my letter? Didn't I? But it didn't hurt, did it? I did not mean it to, and therefore I wanted you to come so quickly." He laughed again and seemed to enjoy the matter heartily. "Well," he added, "I guess we understand one another now, and it's all right." When, after a conversation of more than an hour, I left him, I asked whether he still wished that I should write to him again. "Why, certainly," he answered; "write me whenever the spirit moves you." We parted better friends than ever.

Burnside's Confession of Unfitness

While Sigel's corps was camped within the defenses of Washington, events of great importance took place. A fortnight after the battle of Antietam, one of the bloodiest days of the War, which McClellan claimed as a great victory, the President visited the Army of the Potomac, which was still lying idle in Maryland. After his return to Washington the President ordered General McClellan to move forward, but McClellan procrastinated in his usual way three weeks longer, while the Government as well as the Northern people fairly palpitated with impatience. When McClellan at last had crossed the Potomac, and then again failed in preventing the Confederate Army from crossing the Blue Ridge and placing itself between the Army of the Potomac and Richmond, the President removed him from his command and put General Burnside in his place.

The selection of Burnside for so great a responsibility was not a happy one. Burnside had, indeed, some operations on a comparatively small scale to his credit. At the battle of Antietam he had stormed a bridge which has retained his name, perhaps even to this day; and storming and holding a bridge seems to have — ever since Horatius "held the bridge" in the old days of Rome — a peculiar charm for the popular imagination. He was also a very patriotic man, whose heart was in his work, and his sincerity, frankness, and amiability of manner made everybody like him. But he was not a great general, and he felt, himself, that the task to which he had been assigned was too heavy for his

shoulders. When the Army of the Potomac had crossed into Virginia, our corps was sent to Thoroughfare Gap to guard the left flank of our army, and so it happened that I was present at a little gathering of generals who met General Burnside after his promotion to congratulate him. If I remember rightly, it was at a little hamlet called New Baltimore. Burnside, in his hearty way, expressed his thanks for our friendly greeting, and then, with that transparent sincerity of his nature which made every one believe what he said, he added that he knew he was not fit for so big a command; but, since it was imposed upon him, he would do his best, and he confidently hoped we all would faithfully stand by him. There was something very touching in that confession of unfitness, which was evidently quite honest, and one could not help feeling a certain tenderness for the man. But when a moment later the generals talked among themselves, it was no wonder that several shook their heads and asked how we could have confidence in the fitness of our leader if he had no such confidence in himself. This reasoning was rather depressing, because so natural, and destined soon to be justified.

Fredericksburg

The complaint against McClellan having been his slowness to act, Burnside resolved to act at once. The plan of campaign he conceived was to cross the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg and thence to operate upon Richmond. His army of about 120,000 officers and men, which was then in splendid condition, he divided into three grand divisions and a reserve corps — the "Right Grand Division," under General Sumner, to consist of the 2nd and 9th corps; the "Center Grand Division," under General Hooker, to consist of the 3rd and 5th corps; and the "Left Grand Division," to consist of the 1st and 6th corps, under General Franklin. The "reserve corps" was to consist of the 11th corps and some other troops, under the command of General Sigel. The whole campaign was a series of blunders, mishaps, ill-conceived or ill-executed plans, and finally a horrible butchery, costing thousands of lives. On the 17th of November, Sumner's corps arrived at Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, and the rest of the army followed within two days. But the pontoon trains for crossing the river did not appear until the 27th. Meanwhile, General Lee had

drawn his forces together and strongly fortified his position for defense. Only on the 11th of December did Burnside begin to lay his pontoon bridges and cross his troops for the attack. Sigel's "reserve corps" remained on the left bank of the river, where we could overlook a large part of the battlefield — the open ground beyond the town of Fredericksburg, stretching up to Marye's Heights from which Lee's entrenched batteries and battalions looked down. In the woods on our left, where Franklin's Grand Division had crossed and from where the main attack should have been made, the battle began December 13th, soon after sunrise, under a gray, wintry sky. Standing inactive in reserve, we eagerly listened to the booming of the guns, hoping that we should hear the main attack move forward. But there was evidently no main attack; the firing was desultory and seemed to be advancing and receding in turn. At eleven o'clock Burnside ordered the assault from Fredericksburg upon Marye's Heights, Lee's fortified position. Our men advanced with enthusiasm. A fearful fire of artillery and musketry greeted them. Now they would stop a moment, then plunge forward again. Through our glasses we saw them fall by hundreds, and their bodies dot the ground. As they approached Lee's entrenched position, sheet after sheet of flame shot forth from the heights, tearing fearful gaps in our lines. There was no running back of our men. They would sometimes stop or recoil only a little distance, but then doggedly resume the advance. A column, rushing forward with charged bayonets, almost seemed to reach the enemy's ramparts, but then to melt away. Here and there large numbers of our men within easy range of the enemy's musketry would suddenly drop like tall grass swept down with a scythe. They had thrown themselves upon the ground to let the leaden hail pass over them, and under it advance crawling. It was all in vain. The enemy's line was so well posted and protected by a canal and a sunken road and stone walls and entrenchments, skilfully thrown up, and so well defended, that it could not be carried by a front assault. The early coming of night was most welcome. A longer day would have been only a prolonged butchery. And we of the reserve had stood there while daylight lasted, seeing it all, burning to go to the aid of our brave comrades, but knowing also that

it would be useless. Hot tears of rage and of pitying sympathy ran down many a weather-beaten cheek. No more horrible and torturing spectacle could have been imagined.

Burnside, in desperation, thought of renewing the attack the next day, but his generals dissuaded him. During the following night, aided by darkness and a heavy rain-storm, the army recrossed the Rappahannock, without being molested by the enemy. This was one of the instances in which even so great a general as Robert E. Lee failed to see his opportunity. Had he followed up his success in repelling our attack with a prompt and vigorous dash upon our shattered army, immediately in front of him, right under his guns, he might have thrown our retreat into utter confusion and driven the larger part of our forces helplessly into the river. We heaved a sigh of relief when we had escaped such a catastrophe.

General Burnside bore himself like an honorable man. During the battle he had proposed to put himself personally at the head of his old corps, the 9th, and to lead it in the assault. Reluctantly he desisted, yielding to the earnest protests of his generals. After the defeat he unhesitatingly shouldered the whole responsibility for the disaster. He not only did not accuse the troops of any shortcomings, but, in the highest terms, he praised their courage and extreme gallantry. He blamed only himself. His manly attitude found a response of generous appreciation in public opinion, but the confidence of the army in his ability and judgment was fatally injured. The number of desertions increased alarmingly, and regimental officers in large numbers resigned their commissions. A little later 85,000 men appeared on the rolls of the army as absent without leave. Burnside, deeply mortified, at once resolved upon another forward movement to retrieve his failure. He intended to cross the river at one of the upper fords, but a severe rain-storm set in and made the roads absolutely impassable. The infantry floundered in liquid mud, almost up to the belts of the men, and the artillery could hardly be moved at all. I remember one of my batteries being placed where we camped over night on ground which looked comparatively firm, but we found the guns the next morning sunk in

sandy mud up to the axles, so that it required all the horses of the battery to pull out each piece. The country all around was fairly covered with mired wagons, ambulances, pontoons, and cannon. The scene was indescribable. "Burnside stuck in the mud," was the cry ringing all over the land.

Hooker in Command—Renewed Confidence

A further advance was not to be thought of, and, as best he could, Burnside moved the army back to its camps at or near Falmouth. It was fortunate that the condition of the roads rendered Lee just as unable to move as Burnside was, for the demoralization of the Army of the Potomac had reached a point almost beyond control. The loyal people throughout the country were profoundly dejected. There seemed to be danger that the Administration would utterly lose the confidence of the country. A change in the command of the Army of the Potomac was imperatively necessary, and the President chose General Hooker.

If Burnside lacked self-confidence, Hooker had an abundance of it. He had been one of the bitterest critics of McClellan and Burnside and even of the Administration — perhaps the loudest of all; he had even talked of the necessity of a military dictatorship. But he had made his mark as a division and corps commander and earned for himself the by-name of "Fighting Joe." The soldiers had confidence in him, and also some — although by no means all — of the generals. Lincoln, as was his character and habit, overlooked all the hard things Hooker had said of him, made him commander of the Army of the Potomac in view of the good things he expected him to do for the country, and sent him, with the commission, a letter full of kindness and wise advice. Hooker was a strikingly handsome man, — a clean-shaven, comely face, somewhat florid complexion, keen blue eyes, well-built, tall figure, and erect, soldierly bearing. Anybody would feel like cheering when he rode by at the head of his staff. His organizing talent told at once. The sullen gloom of the camps soon disappeared, and a new spirit of pride and hope began to pervade the ranks. By the 30th of April, the Army of the Potomac attained an effective force ready for duty in the field of more than 130,000, with over 400 pieces of artillery.

THE ELEMENTAL

BY

EDWARD S. PILSWORTH



BILLINGS sat in the snow and watched the freight train disappear around the bend.

"Hell of a game," he muttered, as he scrambled to his feet. "To take a man's last four cents and then can him off. I wonder where I am." When discovered by the trainman, Billings was asleep in an empty; his offer of four cents was accepted, then he was bounced. The day was biting cold, and every snarling gust of wind searched a fresh hole in his clothing; the snow chilled his feet; his teeth rattled against each other. Night was falling, and he had no resting-place.

"Got to get somewhere," he muttered. "Wish I had some of that coin I blowed. Well, here goes for luck."

He struck away down the railroad track, intent to find a farm-house, the snow percolating through the rents of his shoes upon the dirty toes, and his feet slipping on the ties. Drawing the dilapidations of his garments tight around him, he shuddered in their insufficiency, as his desponding figure slouched along. The jeering wind cut in between the abortive collar and his neck, and Billings indulged in commensurate profanity.

After a little he stopped and gazed around. The distance was hazy with hoar, for it was too cold to snow. A thin ripple of smoke filtered up to the dismal skies. For a while he stood, then plunged into the snow toward it. A sunken fence wire caught his toe and pitched him headlong; the barb lengthened the rip in his right shoe, and more chilly flakes insinuated themselves. He arose and struggled forward, falling into ditches and staggering wildly over stubble. Once, as he trod on deceptive ice, it broke and let him down; when he scrambled out, he was wet to mid-thigh, and the splintered ice had plowed a jagged furrow in his leg; he bound his neckerchief around it, the blood staining his dirty fingers.

He whimpered as he dragged himself along, cold and hungry, almost frozen; but the house was looming closer, and with it food and shelter. His feet were void of feeling, and his hands numb, as he rattled with his elbow on the door.

A woman, thin and faded, of a colorless individuality, opened it. She carried a child, about fifteen months old, in her arms, and Billings could see she was very near her trouble.

"Well," she harshly queried, "what do you want?"

"I'm a honest man, lady," he answered, with his professional whine, "out of work; and cold and hungry. Could you help me to a bite to eat and let me sit by your fire to warm myself?"

"No," replied the woman. "We don't want no tramps around here." She said it more with indifference than animosity. "I ain't got nothing for you," and shut the door.

Billings' experience was catholic, and he should have been prepared, but the woman impressed him with such a terrible forlornness, that he had expected better things. When he heard the lock click as she turned the key, despair obtained the mastery, and he sat on the steps, his head in his hands.

He was aroused by a tapping on the window and, with hope reawakened, raised his head. The woman was motioning to him, and he went close to understand.

"Lady," said he, "I'm starving, and I'll work for what you give me. Help a poor man to a little food, missis."

"Go away," she ordered.

"I'll do the work first," said he desperately. "Christ, madam, do you want to murder me?"

"If you don't leave, I'll set the dog on you," was her answer.

The man gave up: such flinty indifference staggered him, some way it assorted so ill with the decorous gravidity of the woman.

With weighted footsteps he stood a moment pondering, then directed his course

toward the barn. A dog came and looked wonderingly at him as he examined the door; it was locked. The dog came closer and licked the bloody cloth around his leg; then, as the man bent for a stone to smash the staple, bit him. Billings cursed with horrible profanity and forced his frozen limbs stumblingly away.

The legs of his trousers were stiff with ice where the water had frozen upon them, and below the knees he had no feeling, save for a little tingle back of his wound. Sometimes he would stagger runningly, then, if his foot struck an inequality, he stumbled; occasionally he fell. Automatically he blasphemed; when he discovered himself, he intentionally continued.

Presently, he knew not how, he found himself close to some snow-laden pines; he crawled beneath in the hope of shelter, sitting hunched together in a bundle, his frozen hands within the ragged coat. Then he started upright, for some one had laughed. Excitedly, he hunted; no one was near. Then, in wild surprise, he heard it again and knew it for himself. Was he going mad? He thought he would if he stayed there, so he got up and wandered away.

It was dark by now, and he knew little of his direction, or whither he went; times he hit against things, once he bumped into a tree, twice fell over fences, and the barbs tore deeper gashes in his rags. Then he found a little lean-to, one side and a roof upheld by posts, and underneath a heap of snow. Unthinkingly he disturbed it, and below was straw. In this he huddled for a space, but the chill caught his marrow, and he felt himself nodding. With a jerk it entered his mind that this meant death, and he arose and recommenced his stumblings. His stomach was faint, and he reached and swallowed a handful of snow; the deadly cold within him grew terrible. He was stumbling over a stubble field, the corn-stalks scratching his weary legs, when he suddenly stumbled down a slope and saw the tracks of wheels.

Something dark was close to him upon the road, and he seemed to hear the wailing of an infant; looking close, he saw it was a woman carrying a child, without head-dress or cloak or decent outside covering.

"Madam," said his chattering voice, "for God's sake, tell me where I can get a piece of bread."

The woman pushed by with the crying

baby. The tramp stood a moment, vaguely wondering, then followed, just as he had done many times with prosperous men in cities.

"Lady," he continued, "I am a starving man. Tell me where I can get some shelter."

The woman did not answer, and suddenly it was borne to Billings that it was she and not the infant who was crying. A curious feeling shook his faculties, a strange commotion seemed to stir some life within his frame; here was one more helpless than even he, because she was a woman. He marveled slightly at the odd emotion.

"Lady," said he, stumbling close, "kin I do anything for you?"

The woman turned a startled, swollen face, dimly discernible in the gloom, and Billings saw it was the woman who had refused him earlier in the evening. She stood and tried to speak, but succeeded only in producing racking sobs; suddenly she let her arms drop, and Billings, he knew not how, caught the baby and saved it from a fall.

"My husband," said she at last, "came home drunk and turned me and my child out of doors."

"The hell you say," said the man. He felt he could gage her sufferings by his own. "He didn't mean to do it, eh?"

"Yes. He struck me, and pitched me through the door."

"And he a man. Well, I'll carry the kid a bit. Where do you want to go?"

"I ain't got nowhere to go."

"Let's go back and see if he'll let us in."

"He might. P'raps he ain't so drunk now."

The woman walked in strange, contorted attitudes, and every now and then would interrupt the silence with a plaintive moan. They reached the farm-house in a little while and hammered long before receiving a response. Then a window opened, a man leant forth; there was a flash, a detonating report, and Billings heard the charge of a shot scatter along the porch.

With a wild cry he whipped around the house; he wondered that he still held the baby. A few seconds, and the woman joined him; Billings thought about her trouble so near, and his heart filled to a strange pity.

"Say," he said, "ain't you cold?"

"I am chilled clean through." She was taut with the cold.

The man heaved a deep sigh and, remembering her condition, discovered a strange humanity.

"My coat ain't much good," said he, "but you better take it."

"Wrap it around the child," she answered.

"The kid's all right; put it on yourself."

The cold night wind searched fearsomely through his wretched undercoat and vest,—he had no shirt,—and the little spurt of life the coming of the woman had aroused was flickering out.

"We got to get somewhere," he said presently. "We can't stand here; you'll freeze, and the kid'll freeze, and I'll freeze; and that crazy brute inside may come out and blow off some more lead. We just got to get somewhere."

"Let's go down to the barn," she replied.

"You bet. Got a key?"

"I can open it," she answered, preceding him with a decorous propriety.

As they crossed the yard, the dog came and smelt his legs, but though it growled, assumed no further hostilities. The woman produced a key and opened the padlock.

They groped an entrance within and climbed to the haymow, where, with a deep sigh of content, Billings passed the child to the woman and dropped to the straw. Warmth, warmth, he would soon be warm. He threw it over him, burrowed in it, and buried himself, all but his face. Then, with the return of heat, came frightful pains, and he groaned and thrashed around in agony. The woman took no notice. As he tumbled about, his hand struck something and smashed it; he felt as well as he could, with his frozen fingers, and discovered that it was an egg.

With horrible avidity he licked his hand, sucked the straw, felt around and found a dozen more. Thinking nothing of good or rotten, he crushed them in his mouth, smashed them in his teeth, and swallowed shells and all. Six or eight he served thus, then told the woman.

"What!" she said, "you ain't eating

them, and eggs so high? They's mine; them are what I have for my own."

"But, Lord, I'm starving. I ain't eat to-day, and I'm cold and hungry."

"Well, you ain't got no right to them; they're mine, I tell you."

"All right," said Billings, "I'll quit." Even he, tramp and hobo, shuddered at the elemental selfishness of the woman.

For a time there was quiet, broken now and then by a short moan from the woman. Billings felt that the eggs had done him good and dozed as much as his pains would allow, but feeling was returning to his limbs, and the gash in his leg pained terribly. The frozen trousers were thawing and had become a sop of wet. Then the child began to cry, and the woman began a patient, monotonous crooning; the sound seemed to irritate instead of soothe, and the infant broke forth into wild shrieks of terror.

"Can't you do nothing for the kid?" asked Billings.

"He wants his bottle, and it's in the house," she answered; then, continuing, "I wonder if Joe would let me in."

"Let's try, anyhow," he replied, and they groped their way down the steps and out of the door.

The wind blew chill to the man, and his feet burned like fire when the snow bit them; he winced with agony as they shuffled to the house. The woman knocked at the door, but they received no answer, and after repeated hammerings she pushed it open and tremblingly entered.

After a space she returned.

"He is asleep," she said. "Here is your coat, give me the child," and then, without a word of thanks, reentered the house and shut the door in his face.

He gazed upon it vacantly, then, with a jeering laugh, put on his coat and limped away toward the barn.

"Well, I'll be damned," said he, as he snuggled once more in the straw. "Here goes the rest of them eggs, anyhow."

A LITTLE WIDOW

BY

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

AUTHOR OF "SOMEBODY NICE FOR CELIA," "THE WAGES OF SALVATION," ETC.



THE centers of culture have their women's clubs, their Lenten lectures, classes in this or that, morning bridge, matinées, and afternoon teas, so Zenith included and combined them all in its Ladies' Aid Society; obliterating the boundaries separating these various manifestations of the eternal feminine, but retaining the spirit of each.

A narrow interpretation of the name and purpose of the organization might seem to limit its activities to the worthy, if uninteresting, altruism of the good Samaritan; but to the initiated this would appear as the unimaginative, uninspired reading of a purist in phrasing.

Although ostensibly what its name proclaimed, the Society was also a forum for the discussion of the hour, and a foyer for the display of fashions. It not only served as a weekly excuse for such feathers and furbelows as Zenith could muster; it was also an exchange for borrowing and lending, for "news and pottage," the gossip of the bazaar; and this was but the half, for the keen edge of interest was constantly whetted by its politics, its cabals, its intrigues, which not infrequently flamed into swift debate and impassioned and acrimonious oratory.

Reduced to its last analysis, the Aid Society was easily symbolized as the feminine brain of Zenith, passionately protected from the rough, disintegrating touch of man, who for some reason regarded it as a menace to his material comfort and mental supremacy and ever sought, but vainly, to dissolve it.

But perhaps its meaning, its hold upon the affections and its place in the life of Zenith are more clearly presented in the words of Mrs. Thomas, one of the most prominent members, than by any contradictory and halting descriptions.

"How'd ever us poor women bear our lives without the Aid Society?" she was wont to ask. "It gives us somethin' to dress up for once a week, an' somethin' to sharpen our wits on an' loosen our tongues over at the same time. Besides, we're a-doin' for the heathen in the uttermost parts of the earth, an' the poor that's always with you — when you don't set the dog on 'em."

At the present time Mrs. Thomas was voicing her devotion to the organization more loudly than ever, for it was the mellow season of fruitage, the season for the distribution of plums. To explain — it was the fall of the year, a time set apart for the annual disbursement of the funds of the Society for materials which, during the winter months, were made up into garments by the efficient members. Some of these articles were packed into missionary boxes and sent to remote quarters of the globe, while others were distributed to the sick and destitute nearer home.

This, the most important event of the year in the Society, meant the appointment of a committee of ladies who should take a day from their household duties and journey to Mt. Tabor, a mining town ten miles distant, there judiciously to expend the moneys entrusted to them; for Mt. Tabor boasted a shop which was not a mere combination of post-office, grocery, and feed store, with a few bolts of calico and flannel upon its rough shelves; but a shop which flaunted the name and, in a measure, presented the appearance of a department store. This Mecca was always spoken of as "over to Hayman's."

But a day or two before the called meeting of the Society, when the selection of a committee was to be determined by ballot, a rumor, arising from some unknown source, but spreading like the proverbial wild-fire, had it that a committee, composed of the President of the Society, Mrs. Evans, and four or five of her intimate friends, had

virtually appointed itself and was already engrossed in making out a list of the materials to be purchased. This rumor, whether founded or unfounded, was received with a disappointment and consternation which spent itself in sound and fury.

"Oh, shucks!" said one phlegmatic sister, after listening to these breathings of ineffectual ire from a new and active member, "what's the use of all this roaring? If Mis' Evans an' her click has resolved to be the committee, why, we can all regard the matter as settled. Go they will."

"My patience!" returned the new-comer in Zenith, exasperated to the point of plain speech, "you're all terrorized. Of course they're goin', if the rest of you are willin' to sit back an' let them; but this committee, as I understand it, is not appointed, but elected. Now, how's Mis' Evans an' her crowd goin' to be elected if we don't vote for 'em? Why, we got the game in our own hands. We'll canvass a little on the quiet, get our folks in line, and elect our own committee. Nothing easier."

The old resident swayed back and forth in her rocking-chair and viewed the speaker curiously. "I guess you don't know what you're talkin' about," she said simply. "Mis' Evans is smarter than greased lightning, and she's went an' got up on — oh, what's this here thing? — parliamentary law. Some of the rest of us tried it; but we couldn't make head or tail of it. She always gets ahead of everybody else. And now, when any question comes up before the Society, she'll listen very patient — when things is goin' her way; but if the opposition dares to speak, she's down on 'em with both feet, rapping the table with that new tack-hammer she bought for the purpose, an' callin' out sharp: 'No question before the house,' or 'not in order,' or somethin' like that; an' she's got her crowd to working so slick that it's 'meeting adjourned,' 'second the motion,' 'adjourned,' before you can get your breath."

The new-comer listened with scornful incredulity and, to do her justice, did make a daring and spectacular, if ineffectual, effort to free the subsidized society from the yoke of Mrs. Evans and her "click": but in her attempts to break boss rule, she suffered the cruellest disillusion of the reformer: that swift, poignant shock of seeing her most ardent adherents melt from her standards, fail her utterly at the crucial moment when

she called for their support; and while she still strove to rally her forces, the erect, impassive little President, sitting nonchalant and unconcerned in her chair, with poised gavel, had, by some rapid and bewildering reading of parliamentary law, carried all before her, elected her committee, and was receiving congratulations before the opposition quite understood how it had all happened.

Following the usual precedent, on the ensuing Saturday the Committee, in what was regarded by the opposition as offensively jubilant spirits, took the train for Mt. Tabor with the important list of materials to be purchased written out large and plain on a full sheet of white foolscap paper and carefully tucked away in Mrs. Thomas' hand-bag, she being the only one of the party who possessed such a receptacle.

Mrs. Evans and her four intimates occupied two seats facing each other, while the Missionary, Frances Benson, a member of the Committee by courtesy, sat alone across the aisle. Mrs. Landvetter had scarcely entered the car before she drew from her pocket her inevitable lacework, and now sat by the window, her eyes fixed on her flying needles, and her mouth pursed counting the stitches. Mrs. Evans sat beside her, trim and upright, neat as a pin, her hands crossed in her lap, and her little feet, of which she was inordinately proud, barely touching the floor. Opposite was Mrs. Nitschkan, whistling softly through her closed teeth, her knees crossed, her soft hat on her lap, and her hands in the pockets of her coat. And then, Mrs. Thomas, a Venus colossal, joyous excitement in her blue eyes, tremulous smiles on her lips, smoothing mechanically her tight-fitting black kid gloves, which she kept in tissue-paper for funerals and great events like the present. Occasionally she paused to dispose more carefully, over the back of the seat, a rusty crêpe veil depending from her hat, and to settle more firmly the pink bow at her throat.

"Marthy Thomas," said Mrs. Evans suddenly, after gazing at her friend for some time in critical disapproval, "it don't seem to me just in taste for you to be wearing a crêpe veil down your back and a pink bow in front."

Mrs. Thomas looked at her for a moment in grieved surprise, and then her face assumed an expression of childish resentment.

"I don't see why not," she combatted. "I think it looks awful nice," appealing to the unsympathetic audience of her friends. "This pink bow," touching it with one black-gloved finger, "sort of shows that I'm in the world again, and," bridling coquettishly, "am open to offers, while this crêpe veil shows I ain't forgot poor Seth in his grave, an' can afford to mourn for him right."

A discussion of the propriety and legitimacy of these subtle intimations of the state of Mrs. Thomas' feelings and her attitude toward the world might have continued indefinitely, had not a diversion been created.

A tall, thin man with a worn and lined face, eyes deeply sunken in his head, and an expression at once satirical and sad, sauntered through the car, paused to speak to Frances Benson, and, after a word or two, took a seat beside her.

"My Land!" whispered Mrs. Thomas, in agitated consternation. "If there ain't Walt Garvin sitting down beside Missioner! That don't look just right to me."

"I guess there's no doubt but what he's the wickedest man in the county, and he's sure the richest," returned Mrs. Evans complacently, gazing at him with that admiration which is the tribute strength pays to strength, ambition to ambition.

"Vat makes Walt so bad?" asked Mrs. Landvetter, looking up from her knitting a moment. "I ain't neffer heard of his doing anything so fierce."

"He's an atheist or near it," returned Mrs. Evans, "and it ain't what he's done that's so bad, it's what he thinks."

"That's it," agreed Mrs. Nitschkan robustly. "Perfessers can slip through the straight an' narrer gate now an' then, an' kick up their heels in pasture, an' it don't count against 'em like it does against sinners."

"Missioner acts mighty pleasant to him," ventured Mrs. Thomas doubtfully.

"She's got to be." Mrs. Evans spoke sternly, regarding the Missionary with that protecting, tolerant awe, the tender impatience the Marthas of this world feel for the Marys. "She's wrestling for his soul, and," with a meaning glance, "she ain't being pleasant to him in your way, Marthy."

But the journey was but ten miles long, and, before Mrs. Thomas could attempt to refute the imputations of friendship, the train pulled in to Mt. Tabor; Mr. Garvin

assisted the ladies to alight, bowed, and went his way, and the Committee proceeded up the sunshiny street which led to "Hayman's," with the momentous work of the afternoon before them; but slowly they went, and somewhat heavily. Something of the alert briskness, the fresh enthusiasm with which they had started out, had vanished; a silence fell; and each seemed occupied with her own thoughts, and scarcely had they gone two blocks when Mrs. Thomas paused irresolutely and then stood still, her soft, indefinite features expressing a mulish obstinacy.

"I don't see why we got to begin right now," she complained. "Why can't we have a few minutes to ourselves? Experienced shoppers like us can go through that list like locusts through a pea-vine." She turned her mutinous gaze upon her companions; but, for once, she failed to encounter the censure she expected, and realized instead that they were regarding her with an almost admiring approbation.

"There's some sense in what Marthy says," remarked Mrs. Evans, turning briskly to the Missionary. "We ought to arrange this thing so there'll be some system about it. Now, all of us ladies has probably got some little errands of our own to 'tend to, an' here we are with time to burn before us. Let's see. It's just one o'clock now," looking up at the clock in the square, wooden belfry of the little church, a gray, squat, unlovely tower standing out clearly from its background of deep blue sky and rugged mountains. "Now, why wouldn't it be a good plan for each of us to take an hour to 'tend to any little thing we may have on our minds, and agree to meet at 'Hayman's' at two o'clock sharp? We got to take the half-past five o'clock train for home, and that'll give us just three hours to go through the list, an' you girls know that it ain't really going to take us one hour."

This plausible statement was warmly confirmed. Only the Missionary wavered, but her hesitating objections were quickly overruled, and almost before her lingering doubts were voiced she saw her companions rapidly disappearing in various directions and found herself standing alone in the village street, with an hour's time before her, to make what use of she would.

Slowly, then, and rather aimlessly, she walked along the broad board sidewalk, to

pause presently before the window of the one book-shop the village boasted. While standing there gazing earnestly, if unseeing, at the dusty and fly-blown contents, she heard her name spoken in a familiar voice and turned quickly to find Garvin again at her side.

"Not shopping?" he asked in surprise.

"No," she replied. "The others had some errands to do, so we are all to meet at two o'clock at 'Hayman's.'"

"But two o'clock is an hour away. Come," persuasively, drawing his watch from his pocket, "we have plenty of time for a little walk, and I have been wanting to show you a view from that mountain yonder." He indicated with a wave of the hand a mountain which rose steeply at the end of the village street and blocked the continuance of that thoroughfare. "It beats any view in Zenith."

The Missionary hesitated. "Shall I have time?"

"Of course," he reassured her. "It's only about a ten minutes' climb. Come."

She yielded with a smile. Who could have resisted the invitation of this afternoon in late October? The air was mild; there was a soft languor in the touch of the wind on one's cheek; the earth lay in a sort of dreaming brightness, and the hillsides were like vast, changing mosaics of color, inwrought, overlaid, inlaid with the gold of the aspens, the crimson and flame of the maples, the green gloom of the pines; and from farther purple mountains rose the white peaks sharply, coldly distinct against the deep, bending blue of the sky.

This was the scene that Garvin pointed out to Frances Benson as they reached the objective point of their climb, and as she looked upon it her dark eyes glowed in their depths, and her lips curved in sudden, rare smiles. There are certain temperaments so susceptible to color that it acts upon them as an intoxicant, and Frances Benson's was one of these. "Oh, the glory of it! The wonder of it!" she whispered. Then, as if seeking relief from the almost unbearable splendor, she turned her gaze down toward the little town, peaceful and bright in the afternoon sun.

"Things look more tidy here than in Zenith"; she caught self-consciously at the commonplace, abashed by her recent emotion.

"They surely do," Garvin answered.

"By the way," diffidently, "I noticed last Sunday that the church looked pretty shabby. Do you think they'd let a sinner like me have it painted?"

She clasped her hands impulsively and looked at him with grateful, delighted eyes. "Oh, if you only would! You say that you notice that the church needs painting. Well, I notice that you are there almost every Sunday now, and I—I—am so glad."

He twisted his mouth in a queer little smile as he looked at the sun-drenched ranges.

"M—m, yes," he said dryly, "I'm always there when you're going to preach."

"Oh, I can't preach." She was really abashed now, the color tinged her cheek, and she drew back and spoke deprecatingly. "I just talk a little, just of the things that come to me to say," she explained eagerly.

He looked at her with wonder, even a curious, speculative awe. "That is why we come," he said. "If you gave us a real sermon, I guess none of us would be there. We've heard too many of them," with a short laugh. "It is you we wish to hear."

"Oh, no," with a deepening of the eyes, a strange, incredulous smile, as if she spoke from some secret conviction. "It isn't me. It's The Word that's drawing you."

"Maybe it is," he answered, influenced for the moment by her belief. "Maybe," he sighed, and then smiled in amused scorn of himself. "Well, well, let it go at that, anyway. Then you think I'll be allowed to paint the church?"

"Indeed, yes. Look at the shadows on the hills, Mr. Garvin! You can see them move. Oh," — with a start — "it must be nearly two o'clock. Oh—h—h," looking at her watch, "it is half-past two. What will they think of me?"

She hastened down the hill at such speed that he could scarcely keep pace with her, and with a mere, preoccupied nod left him at the door of "Hayman's"; but to her shamefaced relief, after making a tour of the shop and questioning clerks and proprietor, she discovered that none of the other members of the Committee had yet arrived. In order that no time might be wasted in seeking her when they did appear, she returned to the street and, standing just outside of the doors, awaited her coadjutors.

Minute after minute passed, the shadows lengthened, the wind grew chill, yet still Frances Benson kept guard alone, starting

at every footfall, occasionally consulting her watch, her face growing each moment more anxious and dejected. At last, long after three o'clock, Mrs. Evans rushed down the street like a small cyclone.

"Oh, Missioner," she gasped, clutching Frances Benson's arm with her strong, little hands, "I jus' stopped a moment at Mrs. Whalen's, — the dressmaker, you know, — to talk to her about the best way to make up my new dress, an' she got to showin' me some patterns an' talkin' about the styles. She's just been down to Denver, you know. Well, they's a complete change in sleeves in the last month; an' she got to showin' me how to get the new flare into the skirts and all; an' 'fore I knew it, sure's you're alive, it was after three o'clock. My land! I don't know when I ever did such a thing before. Where's the other girls?" without pausing to take breath. "In buying, I suppose?"

"They haven't come," said the Missionary, in a tired, flat voice. "You're the first."

Mrs. Evans fell back a step or two. "They ain't come!" she repeated shrilly, as if the thing were unbelievable. "Ain't come?" in a crescendo of incredulity. "An' Marthy Thomas has got the only list the ladies made out, in her hand-bag. Oh, why didn't we take a copy? We might have known that Marthy'd do something like this. She ain't no more to be depended upon than the wind. Did you happen to read over the list, Missioner?" clutching at a straw.

"Just once," answered Miss Benson, "but it doesn't help me. I can remember it in a general way, but that's all. I don't recall it well enough to buy a spool of thread."

"No more do I," groaned Mrs. Evans.

"How would it do," offered the Missionary tentatively, "to ask Mr. Hayman to keep his store open to-night? Then, if we find we can't get through before train time, we can hire a conveyance and drive to Zenith this evening."

This suggestion was scarcely made before it was acted upon by Mrs. Evans; but she presently returned from her diplomatic mission in what, for her, was a crestfallen state.

"He says," dejectedly, "he'd like to accommodate us; but they's a surprise party at his house to-night. His friends are going

to surprise him with a gold watch and chain, and he's got to go home 'specially early to get cleaned up and study over his speech of thanks. I asked him if he wouldn't keep open an hour or two to-morrow; but he passes the plate in church, and he says he wouldn't break the Sabbath that way to oblige nobody."

Her companion sighed. "I guess there isn't anything to do but wait, then."

"There sure ain't," returned Mrs. Evans, with her usual decision.

At first they talked a little; but as the minutes were slowly ticked away by the open watch in the Missionary's hand, they fell to silence. A wagon laden with hay or ore occasionally lumbered past, a pedestrian, now and again, turned to gaze at the two lonely watchers; but still they waited, a somber and weary pair.

Mt. Tabor is closely encircled by mountains, and when the sun drops suddenly behind them like a great, flaring disk jerked by a string, night comes on quickly.

The deepening twilight and the cold wind from the peaks increased the anxiety of the watchers. The crawling minutes ticked themselves monotonously away, and the tension was growing almost unbearable, when Mrs. Evans suddenly peered forward. "I thought so," she said in tones of relief. "Here comes Landvetter."

"Hello, girls," cried that huge Teuton jovially. Then, with unusual volubility, "Vere vas de odders? Still buyin'? I vas a liddle late; but I t'ought dat didn't make no difference, since all you ladies vas so goot buyers. Ven ve find dat ve haf dat hour, I yust stopped in to Miss Kemmerer's. I ain't seen her for two, tree months, und I find dat her daughter Minna, she is yust home from de old country mit so mooch laces in so many patterns. Mein Gott!" with a fat chuckle, "I did not know how de time pass ven I get to lookin' at dem. Vell," noticing at last that something was wrong, "vat's de matter?"

"Matter!" exclaimed Mrs. Evans. "Matter enough! Marthy Thomas ain't showed up yet with the list."

"Hein?" cried Mrs. Landvetter, in uncomprehending bewilderment. "You ain't bought nutting! Marthy ain't come mit de list! Mein Gott! Mein Gott! Vat ve goin' to say to de S'ciety? Dey was kickin' enough about lettin' us come anyway. Und nutting bought, nutting bought!" She shook

her head slowly from side to side, repeating the words as if trying to grasp their import.

"Here comes Mrs. Nitschkan," broke in the Missionary hopefully, as that cheery Amazon rolled down the street through the gathering gloom.

"Gosh A'mighty!" called the gipsy, when she was within hailing distance; "what you all huddled here for, like so many wet hens? All done, an' waitin' for me? Well, you got to excuse me, girls, but I just thought I'd let the rest of you go ahead with that buyin'. I'm no good at that kind of work. I tell you what, though," laughing, "I've had the great afternoon. I hadn't hardly left you all, when who should I run across but the Thompson boys. They've just took a lease on the 'Pennyroyal,' you know, an' they wanted me to go up an' look it over. Well, I know the history of that mine from way back. 'She's got a bad name, boys,' I says, 'but I always believed she hadn't never been worked right.' Well, I went through some of the new drifts with 'em, and I chipped off some specimens." She pulled two or three of these from her coat pocket and fingered them affectionately. "They sure look mighty good to me. Well, it'll soon be time to start for home. Where's Marthy?"

"Yes, where is Marthy?" broke out Mrs. Evans shrilly. "That's what more of us than you, Sadie Nitschkan, would like to know. We ain't bought one thing," her voice rising hysterically.

"You — ain't — bought — one — thing!" repeated Mrs. Nitschkan, in stupefied astonishment. "You ain't bought one thing! Say it again, Effie."

"No, we ain't," snapped Mrs. Evans. "However should we?" — exasperated beyond endurance — "when Marthy Thomas has cavorted off, Lord knows where, with the only list we got, in her pocket."

Mrs. Nitschkan almost collapsed; her powerful and strongly knit frame became limp and flaccid. "Gosh A'mighty!" she whispered weakly, leaning against the wall. "That beats all; but," rousing to the necessity for action, "something's got to be done. Time's short. Can't we just go in and buy any old thing, Effie? Anything's better'n going back empty-handed. You know how the Society went on about our bein' a standin' committee, an' how we just had to railroad things through to get

here at all. Say, Effie," pleadingly, "there must be some way out. Why, us ladies'll be shamed before the whole of Zenith."

"Oh, don't talk to me," cried Mrs. Evans, goaded beyond control, the tears starting to her hard, bright eyes. "There ain't nothin' to do. This is a judgment on us fer bein' such a pack of fools as to trust Marthy with that list."

Mrs. Nitschkan, with the nearest expression to worry that her face could possibly assume, drew a stubby pipe from her pocket and thoughtfully prodded the tobacco into it with her thumb. Still abstractedly, she lighted a match, and then suddenly dropped it from the shielding hollow of her hand, as she cast one quick glance up the street.

"Here she comes now," she cried.

Eagerly they bent forward, to a man, and then simultaneously drew one long, heartfelt sigh.

Through the dusk might be seen approaching the slow and reluctant figure of Mrs. Thomas. There was a frightened expression in her wide, blue eyes, there was confusion and apprehension; but there was also the reminiscent gleam of excitement and a joyous irresponsibility, which faded speedily in the chilling atmosphere whose belt she presently entered.

There was no word to greet her, only the cold reproof, the bitter indignation of three pairs of eyes.

Mrs. Thomas fumbled with the buttons of her coat and swayed slightly from side to side, the corners of her mouth drooping like an accused child's.

"I guess you girls all thought I never was goin' to show up; but you're all such smart, experienced buyers that I knew you wouldn't need me. I s'pose you're all through now?"

"Was you quite aware, Mis' Thomas," — Mrs. Evans' voice was as cold as ice and sharp as a two-edged sword — "Was you quite aware that you had walked off with the list, the only list that us ladies had to go by, as you very well knew?"

Mrs. Thomas' jaw dropped, the pink of recent happy experience faded from her cheek, she cast timid eyes quickly over the little band, and then fell into the blunder of explanation. "Why, why — after you all had left, agreein' to meet in an hour, I met Willie Barker, an' he says, 'Come into my drug store an' have a ice-cream sody,' an' I went, an' he set up the sody an' a big box

of candy, chocolate creams an' caramels, and — and — then he had his new horse an' buggy hitched in front of the store, an' he wanted me to let him drive me up the road a piece — an' —"

"And of course" — Mrs. Evans' face was white, her eyes were blazing, her lips set in a thin line — "you had to cavort off with a spindle-shanked, knock-kneed, mush-brained jack-rabbit like Willie Barker, with no thought of the shame you was bringin' on the Committee. You know," passionately, "that to get here at all, we had to hustle like Injuns an' work every scheme that's known in parliamentary law. You know that I set up nights studyin' my manual, an' seein' how I could throw dust in the eyes of them that wanted to down us. Oh-h-h!" She drew in her breath with a long, hissing sound and clenched her hands in impotent indignation.

"I didn't mean no harm," wailed Mrs. Thomas, wiping her streaming eyes on the back of her hand, a movement hampered somewhat by the fact that her handkerchief had been fashioned into a bag to hold the remaining chocolates, and was tied tightly to her thumb. "I clean forgot the old list. I—I—" accepting the Missionary's proffered handkerchief and sobbing audibly and unrestrainedly, "I don't see why you're all so hard on me."

"I'd like to take a stick to you," growled Mrs. Nitschkan savagely. "Good land! What do you want to flirt around with Willie Barker for? Can't you never leave the boys alone? What for did you have to go an' bring this trouble on us? If you hadn't no respect for the rest of us, you might have thought of Missioner."

"You ain't no call to talk to me like you was a she-bear, Sadie Nitschkan, an' I ain't a-goin' to take your sass," retorted Mrs. Thomas, goaded to some show of defiance; but her weak burst of petulance died, and she cowered against Miss Benson, as Mrs. Nitschkan's small eyes narrowed, and she began the ominous preparation of rolling up her sleeve.

"We mustn't be too hard on her," interposed the Missionary. "I—I wasn't on time, either. I—" with an effort — "was walking with Mr. Garvin."

"Yes, but you was tryin' to save his soul," quickly interposed Mrs. Evans, "while Marthy Thomas was just foolin' an' playin'. Don't go for to excuse her, Missioner.

She —" with a glance of scorching scorn — "wouldn't know how to go about savin' the soul of a flea."

Mrs. Thomas wept afresh at this indictment of spiritual incapacity.

"Ah, we mustn't be too severe," pleaded Frances Benson, encircling the culprit's generous waist with her arm. "I was no better," with a pale smile. "I forgot the time, too."

But Mrs. Evans was deaf to this desire of her idol to step from her pedestal and was determined to keep her there at all hazards.

"'Course you didn't," she cried. "You was in a hand-to-hand grapple with the Devil, an' you hadn't no time to think. When a sinner like Walt Garvin's in question, Satan's doin' some mighty pretty fightin' to hold him."

"Wasn't all you ladies on time?" asked Mrs. Thomas eagerly, a hopeful suspicion dawning in her eyes.

Mrs. Evans froze her with a glance. "It ain't goin' to do you a mite of good to try an' ferret out the sins of others. Your own is scarlet enough. Maybe," as if generously conceding a point, "one or two of us was a minute over time; but that's nothin' to do with you."

"Listen!" said Mrs. Nitschkan authoritatively, bending her ear toward the ground. "I thought so," with an air of finality; "the train."

As if to confirm her statement, a whistle sounded in the distance.

It was a sad little group that slipped aboard the railway coach ten minutes later and took their seats in silence and dejection; a silence and gloom which lasted until more than half the distance was traversed, and was only broken by what seemed an irrepressible giggle from Mrs. Thomas. Doubting the evidence of their senses and appalled by this unseemly mirth, the Committee turned shocked and astonished eyes upon the penitent.

The color had come back to her cheeks, and the light to her eyes. "Say, girls, what do you think? While we was out ridin' this afternoon, Willie flashed an awful cute motto on me. It was on cream-tinted paper, an' it had a red an' blue border, an'," simpering consciously, "it says in black an' gold letters, 'A Little Widow is A Dangerous Thing.'"

The Committee was too stunned for speech. For the first time in her existence, Mrs.

Landvetter dropped her knitting and, indifferent to the fact that it had fallen to the floor, sat staring at Mrs. Thomas and murmuring: "You can't neffer tell." Mrs. Nitschkan had fallen back, speechless for the moment; then she uttered, "Gosh A'mighty!" in an awed whisper and allowed her glance to travel slowly over Mrs. Thomas' well-cushioned six feet of womanhood. "A — little — widow!" she muttered huskily.

Even the Missionary stared and sighed.

Mrs. Evans alone remained oblivious. Throughout the journey she had sat with her arms folded on her chest, her chin sunk, her eyes fixed unseeingly upon the floor; but as the train pulled into Zenith, she lifted her head with one of her quick movements, the old alert intelligence and resolution in her face. Her glance passed over the disgraced Mrs. Thomas and rested upon her coadjutors, and then she addressed them briefly as might Napoleon his generals:

"I bin a-thinkin' whilesome was yelpin'" — Mrs. Thomas cringed — "an' I come to this conclusion: that there's always pretty nearly a remedy for a thing, or there's none. Now, I think I got the remedy; but I'm a-goin' to ask you ladies, one an' all, to keep your mouths shut. If folks come botherin' round to find out what all we done, you just tell them to wait till the meetin' Monday afternoon, an' they'll see. I've got a kind of plan workin' in my head."

Relief showed in every face. A long experience had taught her friends to place a rather implicit confidence in this mistress of resource.

"But, Mrs. Evans," objected the Missionary gravely, "don't you think it's the only square thing to do, and far better, just to tell the truth to the ladies on Monday afternoon?"

They all exchanged alarmed glances. Such a course would be a virtual abdication of empire.

"No, I don't," returned Mrs. Evans shortly. "I ain't thinkin' of any such thing. You mind that fortune-teller we went to, Sadie Nitschkan? Well, do you remember she looked at my hands, an' she says: 'You're bound to get into scrapes, 'cause you're one of them active temperaments that's got to be always helpin' others; but you won't never get into a scrape,' she says, 'that you can't swim or fly out of.'"

"You bet that's so," affirmed Mrs. Nitschkan devoutly. "Now, Effie," as they stepped from the train, "we're a-puttin' our trust in you. If you can pull us out of this bog, you're goin' beyond yourself; but you can depend on the rest of us to throw off the scent any nosy coyotes that comes snuffin' around."

This agreement the Committee adhered to; but on the momentous Monday afternoon, when they assembled for the meeting, they seemed to have grown thinner and paler over night. There were worried lines upon their faces, their eyes looked heavy, as if from lack of sleep. Only Mrs. Evans wore a placid demeanor and a calm brow. There was no trace of care in her expression, although, as Mrs. Nitschkan intimated to Mrs. Thomas, this was a straw which must not be regarded as indicating too correctly which way the wind blew.

"You know Mis' Evans," she remarked, "an' if you don't, I do. Why," dreamily, "I can just see that woman on the Day of Judgment. St. Peter'll be readin' off her sins, an' she'll never quail. She'll stand there, maybe with Hell yawnin' at her feet, just lookin' him straight in the eye. An' I'm tellin' you now, after a ten minute talk with Effie Evans, he'll take off his hat an' let her pass. Managers like her is needed in Heaven, I guess. Specially there, I shouldn't wonder, considerin' all the flabby brothers an' sisters that seems dead sure of goin'."

The members of the Society had all entered and taken their places, before the little group, consisting of Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Landvetter, and Mrs. Nitschkan summoned courage to follow; but fairly inside, they could scarcely restrain their astonishment at the sight which awaited them. In the center of the room was a large table piled high with bolts of flannel, muslin, prints, etc., while ribbons, tape, and thread overflowed them. At the head of the table stood Mrs. Evans, her face set, her eyes stern. With a slight bow to the Society, she opened the meeting.

"Ladies of the Aid Society, I wish to call the attention of the members of this organization to the goods here on the table. The Committee heard some of the spiteful things that's been said about it, and following these remarks, we didn't feel that we cared to put ourselves in a position where we'd have to put up with such criticism; so instead

of buyin' accordin' to the list, we simply ordered the goods sent over here on approval, which is the latest, and what's always done where folks is up-to-date an' has any glimmerings of style about them. So, Ladies of the Aid Society, it's up to you. There's the goods, there's your list," — throwing it upon the table with a superb gesture. "You can select what you want. Mr. Hayman is here himself, over there in the corner, to measure things off, an' he's got his horse an' wagon outside, to cart 'em back when you're through with 'em.

"An' now, there's just one last word I want to say, an' it's this": — she paused effectively — 'us ladies of the Committee has been a good deal hurt an' cut up by the action of certain members of the Society. I shan't mention no names, but I guess everybody knows who I mean. There was a good deal of ugly talk about us tryin' to be elected on the Committee because we wanted to jant off to Mt. Tabor an' do our own fall buyin'. Well, those of us that wasn't hurt to the heart's core was fightin' mad, an'

if saner counsels hadn't prevailed, there'd been a window or so broke on Sunshine Avenue. But the Committee held itself aloft an' tried to do its duty in a humble way. Now, none of us wants to hurl stones, but we can't help but feel that it's up to certain sisters who are well known to us to apologize to the Committee that's suffered this insult an' done the best it could anyway.

"An' furthermore, I wish to state that by goin' to Mt. Tabor Saturday, Missioner — Miss Benson — secured a offer from Walt Garvin to paint the church within an' without. That's all."

She resumed her seat with an air of wounded pride, hauteur, lofty scorn for her detractors, and dove-like forgiveness, ineffably blended.

"What I always been tellin' you?" breathed Mrs. Nitschkan huskily in Mrs. Thomas' ear. "Ain't I always been right?" — digging her sharply in the side — "Why, that woman, that little Effie Evans, no bigger than a minute, could give Gabriel pointers on how to toot his horn."

THE ROAD AT NIGHT

BY

WILLIAM LUCIUS GRAVES

INTO the valley flows my road
 Into the starlit valley, dim as a dream,
 Whither, swift thro' the voiceless, odorous night
 Eager, I follow, I follow.
 Caught in the wayside grass at my hurrying feet,
 Palpitant there in the dew,
 Palely gleams the firefly's living gold;
 Delicate wings brush for a breath my cheek,—
 Elf-kiss in the white moth's velvet flight
 As he hastes to the fainting lure of the amber moon
 Drowning in mist at the mountain's shadowy rim.
 Firefly's glinting lamp, and kiss o' the moth,
 Wind from the valley dying among the pines,
 Star-shine steady and clear on my dream-dim road,—
 Then, ah then, at the end,
 Your step in the throbbing dark,
 Your voice, belovèd, your outstretched, quivering hands,—
 You at the end!

CHICAGO AS SEEN BY HERSELF

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE for April published the result of a careful investigation of the government of Chicago. It now publishes the following article, giving a picture of the conditions of life in Chicago, which have developed as the natural result of such a government. It would be impossible to secure a more authentic description of these conditions. This portrayal of them is not made by one man, or by an investigator who spent merely a few weeks or months in the study of local affairs; it is the work of scores of well-trained observers of life in Chicago, many of whom have spent years in learning the ways of the city, and all of whom have every reason to understate rather than exaggerate the conditions they describe. The indictment of the civilization of that city, given herewith, is not only most serious in itself; it is made doubly impressive by its sources.—EDITOR.



HE epidemic of crime with which the year 1906 opened in Chicago aroused the citizens to a degree of indignation almost unprecedented in its history. During the twenty-four hours ending at ten o'clock on the night of January 6th, tragedy of almost unparalleled enormity held sway in Chicago and its immediate vicinity. The list of "bloody Saturday's" crimes and casualties comprised two murders, two probable murders, seven suicides — two of those who took their lives were men who brutally slew women they professed to love — five deaths by explosion, and five from other violent causes. As an added gruesome circumstance, a murderer was sentenced to be hanged.

"Human life," said a public prosecutor, "is the cheapest thing in Chicago."

On January 12th murder — once more with an inoffensive woman as the victim, and this crime more atrocious than any of a startling series that preceded it — again laid hold of Chicago. The latest victim was Mrs. Franklin C. Hollister, thirty years old, church singer and religious worker, who left home in the afternoon to sing at a funeral, and whose body was found the next morning on a heap of refuse in an enclosure behind a high board-fence at 368 Belden Avenue. A coil of copper tightly encircling the woman's throat, several bruises upon the face, torn and disheveled garments, and disordered hair told the police at once of a fiendishly brutal murder.

After this crime a general feeling of apprehension passed over the city. All the influence of the local churches was put forth in an effort to rouse citizens to a realization of the criminal menace which overshadowed Chicago. The subject was of all-absorbing

interest in the community. The sense of outrage welled up everywhere. In Lake View, on the north side, there was talk by residents of leaving the city, so terrified had they become over the danger to themselves and their families. "It has come to a point," said a business man, in an informal meeting of citizens to discuss the hold-ups, murders, and crimes in this section, "where no one is safe — especially our wives and children."

Private Police Force Organized

Indeed, fearing for the safety of their women-folk in another residence quarter of the city, where police protection was inadequate, husbands and fathers in Sheridan Park and Buena Park initiated a coöperative system of defense. A vigilance service was established under the name of the Sheridan Park Protective Patrol, which furnished uniformed guards for unattended women to and from street cars and the elevated stations, and to and from the markets and stores of the neighborhood. In addition, day and night protection of premises was furnished, and instruction in the safeguarding of property and in dealing with burglars was given for the special benefit of defenseless women.

It was the testimony of hundreds of women living in this part of the city that they had never seen a policeman pass the house. Those living on a business thoroughfare like Halsted Street or Evanston Avenue, or those within view of a patrol box were the only persons accorded this novel sight; the residence streets themselves were practically unprotected.

"It's got so now, you have to watch for daylight burglars just as much as the night kind," said Captain Richard Levis, who was in charge of the Sheridan Park Patrol.

"They don't work alone or in pairs, necessarily; they are getting so strong they work in threes and fours and bring a wagon. Sometimes the people in the surrounding flats see four husky men moving out the furniture of the family on the ground floor and stacking it in a wagon in an alley. The next day they are surprised to hear that the 'movers' were burglars."

Captain Levis gave out the following series of "Don't's for Defenseless Women":

"Don't let mail accumulate in vestibule mail boxes. Have the janitor remove it when you are away, or it will serve as a notice to flat workers that you are out and the coast is clear.

"Don't leave directions to your grocer on the back door. This is another tip to the burglar that you are out.

"Don't open the door to any one after dark without knowing who it is. Call through the tube or ask behind the locked door.

"Don't trust a stranger because he is well dressed. The immaculate thief is dangerous; the ragged one generally is harmless.

"Don't trust the locks. Most apartment locks are toys: a burglar can 'jimmy' them in half a minute without noise. Get special bolts.

"Don't leave the house without making sure that all windows are fastened. Leave all curtains up with possible exception of bedroom. This often fools a burglar.

"Don't be impolite to a burglar if you find one in the house. Invite him to take it all, and the first chance you get, run to a neighbor and call the police.

"Don't scream in the presence of a burglar or hold-up man. If he is an amateur, he may lose his presence of mind and hurt you.

"Don't walk close to a building after dark; give an alley a good margin."

Women in Danger on the Streets

The chief alarm was over the great number of attacks on women. It has ever been our proudest boast as a people that in this country woman is respected and protected as she is in no other. That boast was becoming an empty one in Chicago. Women had not only been annoyed and insulted in great numbers on the streets, within a very short time, but many of them had been robbed, and not a few had been murdered. In the year before the Hollister tragedy there were seventeen murders of women in

Chicago, which attracted the attention of the city.

The danger of attack and insult from rough characters, which an unprotected woman runs in venturing upon the streets of Chicago after nightfall, is great. From an investigation made by the *Tribune* at this time, it appeared that scores of these outrages upon unattended women had taken place recently in certain quarters of the city. The public did not hear of them because the police effectually suppressed the news of them. Furthermore, it appeared that reports of attacks on women were dismissed practically without investigation or attempts to bring the malefactors to justice. In the case of Mrs. Bertha Tyorka, who died January 15th as the result of a brutal assault, although all the details of the attack were reported two hours after its occurrence, no action was taken by the police until two hours after her death two days later. Efforts were then made to keep the real cause of her death a secret, and the report of "sudden death" was sent to the Health Department.

Plague Spots and Nurseries of Crime

It is not without reason that Chicago has gained the unwelcome reputation of being a paradise for criminals. The influx of outside crooks with desperate records is steady, and about equal to the exodus of those who have turned a trick and slipped out, to remain under cover in some other city until the noise over their crime has subsided.

In addition to this, the facilities for breeding the local criminal in Chicago are extraordinary. For example, in the territory bounded on the east by the Chicago River, on the west by Wood Street, on the north by Harrison, and on the south by 16th Street, murderers, robbers, and thieves of the worst kind are born, reared, and grown to maturity in numbers which far exceed the record of any similar district anywhere on the face of the globe. Murders by the score, shooting and stabbing affrays by the hundred, assaults, burglaries, and robberies by the thousand, — such is the crime record each year for this festering place of evil which lies a scant mile from the heart of Chicago. It is here that the locally notorious Mortell McGraw faction won the record for killing officers in fight after fight; and here that the McCalls lived, who defied the law, until five

years ago. When it is told that children six years old are often arrested for participation in burglaries, it will readily be seen that no great time elapses between the exit from the cradle to the entrance to the felon's cell.

Another plague-spot is the 38th police precinct, which is bounded by Division Street on the north, the river on the west and south, and the Lake on the east. In the first fifty-one days of 1906, 872 arrests were made there, and ten per cent of this total were of serious offenders, charged with crimes exceeding misdemeanors. In this precinct there were then 386 saloons. With an estimated population of 31,164 in the precinct, the saloons reached one for every eighty residents, and this included women and children. The most dangerous hold-up point in Chicago is in this section, the Clark Street bridge over the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad yards. In one instance of a hold-up in this vicinity, one of the two stick-up men remarked, as they turned to leave their victim: "He's trying to remember us; let's give him the guns." They gave him the guns; and he only escaped with his life by simulating a death-agony.

Vice and depravity are openly traded in as a commodity in Chicago, and the streets of a district traversed daily by at least one-third of the city's population are its marketplace. The district is bounded by Sangamon, Halsted, Lake, and Monroe Streets and is known as the West Side levee. This public emporium of immorality and degradation exists by virtue of a regularly organized "protective association," whose members laugh at law, successfully defy those who have tried to cope with them, and, through some mysterious influence, are enabled to continue their traffic with a license and abandon that makes of the West Side levee an open brothel.

In the section known as "Little Hell," a network of dives, grimy hotels, and concert halls, lying between LaSalle Avenue, and the river on the north side, is another center of evil. Here officers supposed to patrol beats are found drinking openly with white-aproned bartenders after closing hours. On the south side orgies go on until four and five o'clock in the morning, and policemen are seen in the saloons. Police Chief Collins admits that he is unable to obtain from his subordinates truthful reports

concerning the extent to which the saloon-closing ordinance is violated.

In various sections of the city "rowdy gangs" of boys and young men collect in crowds on corners to scuffle and fight among themselves and insult and annoy others. They range from little groups of boys belonging to respectable families, who gather on the sidewalks and make impudent remarks to, and throw dirt upon, passers-by, to crews of youth of low bringing-up, whom vicious dives, debased associates, and depraved and rowdy habits have fitted for the most odious and desperate crimes.

The public dance halls are the shame of Chicago. These halls have proved the first step for the highwaymen, the women of the "red light" district, and vicious characters in general. It is here that many young girls go whirling down the road to ruin in twostep time. Hundreds of girls in the corrective institutions can trace their first steps in delinquency to these halls, where drink and degeneracy are inseparable evils. There is a law that prohibits the sale of liquor to minors, and it certainly applies to dance halls, but it is not enforced.

Talk of Vigilantes and Lynchings

The movement to change existing conditions centered, during the late winter, upon an effort to increase the size of the police force. "We need a thousand more men," said Chief Collins, "to protect the life and property of the citizens adequately." This was generally recognized to be true. Even in the most populous and frequented districts, a policeman was a rare sight. Nobody had a sense of security in the street, either in the business districts or the residence quarters.

"The way things are going now" — said Alderman Kohout, who championed the cause of a larger force, to the city council, "how many more murders like that of Mrs. Hollister are you going to have? I tell you this is an emergency — more of an emergency than that of last summer, when we added to the police force during the teamsters' strike. Is not the virtue and the honor and the life of your mother or sister more important than escorting a lumber wagon through the streets of Chicago?"

In the meanwhile crime continued. On the night of February 27th five Chicago

women were set upon and beaten by highwaymen, and some of them robbed. On the same day the Grand Jury returned indictments against four persons for murder and against seventy-one for assaults to kill or to do bodily injury, for burglary, and for robbery. The men who were caught by the police and indicted for robbery and burglary were outnumbered by the men who had committed these offenses and had not been caught by the police. The Grand Jury believed the condition called for searching inquiry.

The people, goaded to desperation by the brutal attacks of thugs on weak women, talked of organizing for their own protection. The police did not catch or scare the criminals; they neither prevented crime nor caught the criminals to punish them. The people saw no hope in them and turned to the thought of vigilantes and lynching as a last resort.

A Murder Every Other Day

There was no marked betterment in the conditions through the spring, and in May there was another "wave of crime." And with the renewal of outbreaks of thug-gery against women, in the public streets of Chicago, there came again talk of movements to hold indignation meetings and of vigilance committees.

At this time the startling assertion made by Attorney Mackenzie Cleland, in an address on the prevalence of murder and other crimes in Chicago, called forth denials from official sources. Mr. Cleland estimated that a burglary was committed in the city every three hours, a hold-up every six hours, a suicide every day, and a murder every day. Assistant State's-Attorney Olsen said these figures were greatly in error in some particulars. Coroner Hoffman pointed out that the statistics as to murders were much exaggerated, as the records of his office showed that during the first one hundred and twenty days of the year there had been only fifty-seven murders in Chicago. However, a city that had fifty-seven murders in one hundred and twenty days — practically one murder every other day — had no reason to feel relieved. The plain truth which Chicago had to face was, that lawlessness and criminality were still widespread, and that as yet the legal agencies for preventing crime were not sufficiently effective.

Attention was naturally called again to

the police force. When the previous series of atrocious crimes against women roused the people of Chicago in the late winter to insist that their government really govern, the City Hall had declared that the police force was too small, and that if the city had only a thousand more policemen, women could go about unmolested by lustful thugs, and human life could be made passably safe in Chicago. The City Hall had been provided the money to pay more policemen, and it had the thousand more or was getting them. Yet there was another "reign of crime," with "the drag-net out," — but catching nothing, — and so again the necessity for more indignation meetings and vigilance committees. A list of the criminals who have committed dreadful crimes in Chicago and have slipped through the fingers of the detectives would make a good-sized book and be a shameful record of incompetence. The department not only does not pursue criminals; it is openly charged with protecting them and sharing their gains.

The most searching inquiry ever made into police conditions was that conducted three years ago by Captain Piper, a man of West Point training, and formerly assistant deputy-commissioner of police in New York. Captain Piper evinced the proper attitude toward the whole subject by directing his investigation primarily to the question of what patrolmen were actually doing on their beats, and he discovered there a condition of actual chaos and neglect. He found that the whole matter of patrolling beats was the subject of a systematic pretense — that officers simply left saloons and other loafing places long enough to pull their boxes at the proper time, and then disappeared until time to pull them again.

"Official Highwaymen and Thieves"

During the summer the frequency of hold-ups and assaults abated, as it usually does with the large exodus of criminal population into the country. The most interesting event in police circles was the trial of Inspector Patrick J. Lavin on the charge of having directed the robbery of the jewelry store of Bernard J. Hagaman, of Wentworth Avenue, in 1901, for which Patrick P. Mahoney, a patrolman under Lavin, had been sent to the penitentiary. The Inspector was acquitted of this charge, but immediately after resigned from the

force. A letter to the Civil Service Commissioners, giving the desk-sergeant's view of this trial, spoke of certain commanding officers in the police department as "official highwaymen and thieves." "They are cruel and desperate as a man-eating tiger," the letter continued; "they stop at nothing, not even at death, to revenge themselves on any member of the department who is opposed to them. Get rid of this band of official highwaymen and give the honest policeman a chance to redeem Chicago and himself in the eyes of the civilized world."

Annual Winter Harvest of Crime

In spite of the increased police force, by the middle of October Chicago's annual winter harvest of crime was on in earnest. Thugs, burglars, thieves, and murderers were gathering in from all parts of the country and plying their trade almost openly. The city again abounded in loafers and thugs well known to the police as such, but favorably known to the slum politicians. The records showed that crime had not diminished in the least. On the contrary, at the beginning of the winter there were more criminals in Chicago than were ever there before, and the police showed themselves totally unable to cope with them.

"Don't Shop After Dark"

There was a small army of purse-snatchers and pickpockets who came into the business district with the crowds at Christmas time. Chief of Police Collins gave, among others, the following prescriptions for women shoppers, who should be attacked by one or more of these :

"Don't let the hold-up man scare you to death; keep your wits and forget to faint, and the chances are that you will not lose your pocketbook.

"Keep your wits about you at every moment while you are in the crush.

"Don't linger about the counters of the stores.

"Don't scream if you find your purse is being snatched in one of the big stores; it only creates a panic and gives the thief an opportunity to disappear.

"Don't wait too long before starting for home; there are more hold-ups after dark than in the daytime."

An Invasion of Tramps

In January of this year, in spite of all the agitation for law and order, the influx

of rough characters to the city reached a record height. More than 20,000 men, including beggars, tramps, and nomadic workmen, attracted to Chicago by the open winter, were thronging the streets and choking the cheap lodging-houses. Crimes by street beggars included the beating down of a citizen with a piece of gas-pipe by a tramp, because he was refused alms, and setting fire to a dwelling by another man for the same reason. Men of this class were present in hordes; the streets were filled with tramps; and keepers of the cheap lodging-houses reported that the number of their guests was the largest ever known at that time of the year.

Hunting Women as a Sport

The dangers of the Chicago streets, which result from these conditions, are described by Mrs. W. C. H. Keough, a member of the Chicago Board of Education, in an article contributed to the *Chicago Tribune*, discussing the assaults on women in 1906. She says:

"Hunting women and hitting them on the head with a piece of gas-pipe seems to be the favorite sport of the Chicago Man. The man lies in wait for his prey as an East Indian hunter awaits the approach of a tigress. It is considered rare evidence of sportsmanship to capture the prey near her home, just as it is regarded as a proof of supreme skill when the hunter slays the tigress near her lair.

"It is time," continues Mrs. Keough, "for Chicago women to arouse themselves from their lethargy and demand protection from the city against the men who hunt down helpless women on the public streets. It seems to be becoming a mere pastime for rowdies, hoodlums, and thugs to attack and insult women on residential streets, inadequately or inefficiently patrolled by police. These ruffians engage in hunting women as sportsmen go out into the forests to bag wild game. They walk for hours along unprotected, shadowy streets, looking for their victims. When they sight a lonely woman, unattended, and powerless to defend herself against the brute force of sinewy arms, they take up the trail. They follow her until, unawares, she walks into the darkness of a deep shadow on a street that is asleep. Then they spring upon her as a hunter springs from ambush when his prey has come within range of his rifle.

"Sometimes they hit her on the head with a bludgeon; sometimes they hold a cloth, saturated with chloroform, to her nostrils; sometimes they bind and gag her and carry her into the seclusion of an alley shed; sometimes they strike her with their bare fists or with brass knuckles. It makes little difference which method they use. They attack her, beat her, leave her senseless on the street, or kill her.

"Generally she resists, and they kill her. Often they shoot her down without warning, as a man rises from his boat among the tall grasses and brings down a duck. After they have 'bagged' — using the term of the huntsman — they kill her, rob her, or do worse than rob.

"Then what do they do? Enjoying the absolute protection afforded them by the existence of an inadequate and inefficient police force, they walk away from the scene of their crime as unmolested as a hunter returning to camp with his spoils. The dead body is found; or the attacked woman, if Divine mercy stays the hand of death, returns to consciousness and proceeds slowly, haltingly, painfully to her home. All the way home — whether she is a block away or a mile — she does not perhaps meet another person, scarcely ever does she encounter a policeman. At home, between sobs and the palpitations of her fluttering heart, she tells her story, — a story of being hunted on a public street of the second largest city in the freest country on earth — hunted like a dog.

"The police are notified. Sleuths are sent hither and thither. A suspect is arrested. He proves an alibi and is discharged from custody; another arrest and another alibi. That is the way it goes.

"The hunters engage in their 'sport' unmolested. It is cheaper to hunt women in Chicago than to kick a stray dog or beat a heaving horse. The risk of being caught and fined is not so great. It is easier to hunt women in the streets of Chicago than to hunt game in the closed season. There is no danger of meeting the game warden. Hunting women seems to be growing in favor as a sport in Chicago.

"The cry that women should not go unaccompanied along the streets of Chicago at night is a cry to which every woman should turn a deaf ear. It should be remembered that thousands upon thousands of women in Chicago are compelled by their financial conditions to go out into the world and put their shoulders to the task of earning a living. Thousands of women are employed at occupations which call them from their homes after nightfall; few in Chicago's great army of women workers are able to get home from the shops and factories and offices where they are employed until after dusk. They cannot obey the injunctions to remain indoors after dark without giving up hope of earning a living. They must be out after dark. Protection must be afforded them. It is an easy matter for the woman of leisure to stay at home when her husband cannot go out with her. It is easy for this woman to advise her sisters to stay within the protecting walls of their homes if they want to escape violence at the hands of the hoodlums that infest the streets. The club-woman, the society woman, the woman of husband and family, the woman in comfortable circumstances must outreach a helping hand to the less fortunate sister who cannot afford to stay at home, no matter at what peril or at what cost she ventures out."

THE foregoing article is constructed entirely of extracts from Chicago newspapers, covering a period of about fourteen months. These extracts are selected from the large amount of material which has been printed in that time, concerning the prevalence of crime in that city, and the alarm created by it. They have been given verbatim. They are not garbled, nor are they the most terrible that can be found. Chicago has an able, clean, and, generally speaking, a non-sensational press. This is a picture of Chicago as presented by these newspapers. Following will be found the origin of every paragraph in the article:

Paragraph 1, *Tribune*, January 16; *Record Herald*, January 7. Paragraph 2, *Tribune*, February 25. Paragraph 3, *Record Herald*, January 14. Paragraph 4, *Tribune*, February 5; *Record Herald*, February 23; *Record Herald*, January 14.

PRIVATE POLICE FORCE ORGANIZED:—*Tribune*, February 5.

WOMEN IN DANGER ON THE STREETS:—Paragraph 1, *Inter-Ocean*, February 10; *Record Herald*, January 14. Paragraph 2, *Tribune*, February 5; *Tribune*, January 17.

PLAGUE SPOTS AND NURSERIES OF CRIME:—Paragraph 1, *Tribune*, February 25. Paragraph 2, *Tribune*, February 11. Paragraph 3, *Tribune*, March 18. Paragraph 4, *News*, October 22.

Paragraph 5, *Tribune*, January 30. Paragraph 6, *Tribune*, January 17. Paragraph 7, *Tribune*, February 14; *Record Herald*, February 14; *Tribune*, February 14.

TALK OF VILIGANTES AND LYNCHINGS:— Paragraph 1, *Tribune*, January 18; *Tribune*, February 14. Paragraph 2, *Tribune*, January 16. Paragraph 4, *Tribune*, March 1. Paragraph 5, *Record Herald*, February 23.

A MURDER EVERY OTHER DAY:— Paragraph 1, *Inter-Ocean*, May 14. Paragraph 2, *Record Herald*, May 17. Paragraph 3, *Inter-Ocean*, May 14; *Chronicle*, August 15 and October 2.

Paragraph 4, *Tribune*, January 18.

OFFICIAL HIGHWAYMEN AND THIEVES:— *Journal*, October 15.

ANNUAL WINTER HARVEST OF CRIME:— *Journal*, October 20 and November 23; *Inter-Ocean*, November 10; *Journal*, November 28.

"DON'T SHOP AFTER DARK":— *Record Herald*, December 17.

AN INVASION OF TRAMPS:— *News*, January 11, 1907; *Post*, January 11, 1907; *Tribune*, January 12, 1907.

HUNTING WOMEN AS A SPORT:— *Tribune*, February 11.

EDITORIAL NOTE

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, in this and in the preceding number, has presented two portrayals of life in Chicago. The first was a study of its system of civil government and its results; the second an account, taken entirely from its own reputable newspapers, of the conditions which exist as the fruit of that system. The matter was summed up editorially last year by the Chicago *Tribune*:

Chicago has become a "snug" harbor for criminals. The tramp of the fields, the desperate characters from the Lake ports and other cities come here to ply their trade in winter. Chicago has come to be known over the country as a bad town for men of good character and a good town for men of bad character.

The reason for this condition is vicious political influence in the administration of justice. On February 2nd the grand jury, while discussing the prevalence of gambling-houses and disorderly saloons in the city declared: "It is our deliberate judgment that such a brazen exhibition of lawlessness cannot continue without official connivance."

The system which brings about this maladministration is perfectly well understood in Chicago. It is discussed continually in the editorials of its daily papers. The *Inter-Ocean* says, for instance:

If Chief of Police Collins is really determined to chase out the loafer and the thug, it need not

take all winter to accomplish it. It can be done speedily, if the officers and men of the police department are first convinced that the doing of it will not bring punishment to them rather than reward. The city abounds in loafers and thugs well known to the police. The fact that they are "well-known" to the police as loafers and thugs, while favorably known to the slum politicians, must not be permitted to deter the men on the police force from performing their duty. Family, social, and political connections with the loafers and thugs must be ignored if Chief Collins really intends to redeem the city from the reign of the confidence man, the footpad, the highwayman, and the burglar.

And the *Chronicle*, under the heading, "The Vice Trust":

What are people to think when nameless and almost invisible parties go to the purlieus of vice in a certain locality and give them an option between selling out and being closed up by the police; and when, after refusing to sell, they are in fact closed up by the police; and when, after being closed up, other parties take their places and carry on the same haunts of vice in the same way without police interference? People must draw their own inferences, but there are those who do not hesitate to say that there is a regular combination in this city, with a large financial backing, which does this thing, and that it can, at will, cause the police force to shut up certain places of vice or to protect them.

Put plainly and simply, the fact is that crime and vice have been breaking down orderly civilization in Chicago because the ward politician, and not the people, has been able to dictate the administration of law.

A FIGHT IN ONE ROUND

BY

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHNEIN



HIS is Nicholas Snyder's story. I say it is his story because, although many things happened in his life that might be turned into interesting narratives, this that is to be related is the tale of the one big event — the really important deed — the crisis of his life — the keystone of the arch of his career. In all men's lives there is the one great deed. Great in significance, I mean; for in itself it may be a cavalry charge, or a dance,— a smile — a crime — a gesture of the hand. In Snyder's case it was a fight. Which was natural. He was a born fighter. If he had not got married when he did,— or, rather, to the girl he did,— everybody knows he would certainly have turned out to be one of the finest middle-weight pugilists of the day. And yet, if Nick had not married, he would not have had on his hands — and on his heart, and brain, and soul — the fight of which I am to tell you.

Nick was absolutely alone in the world before he married Mamie Grant. He was twenty-two years old; five feet ten inches; he was built compactly of hard muscle, bone, lean flesh; he was good-looking — and he knew it. He was absurdly vain. In the ring, a blow in the face enraged him more than a harder buffet in the body. But he had nobody to think of save himself. He was not like the run of pugilists: training for a fight one month and full of drink for two. He took such a joy, pride, pleasure in his skill with his hands, feet, legs, arms, eyes — and what brain was developed in him at that time — that he was always in training, always fit. He had been picked out of the street gangs — which infested the old Tenth Ward — by Alderman O'Brien, the district leader and general sport, who kept the big meat and grocery market; and so far he had won every fight he had taken on. The

money he gained he could not keep. As they say in the ward, he was an "easy mark" — which is to say, he was generous — to all the "grafters," "shysters," and "bums" of the district, who flattered him and drank up his money. All he seemed to care about was fine clothes; and yet, in them, despite his somewhat strutting airs, he was as shy as a boy of sixteen.

Probably his good clothes and good looks, though, were what first attracted the eyes of Mamie Grant; for it was obvious in many ways, to a sensible girl like Mamie, that Nick was in a class apart from the majority of the "tough" boys who followed the sport of the squared circle. Mamie was a cashier in O'Brien's market. She, too, was without a family. She boarded with her aunt, a querulous woman broken down with the burden of many children, who grossly overcharged the girl; while Mamie's uncle, a cooper, was loafing half the time, because she had a good job, and why should he want any?

Mamie's heart followed the glance of her clear blue eyes. As for Nick, in the vernacular of the ring, he was jolted down and out,— 'way over the count,— and when the bell tapped again, it was the wedding bell. But literally there were no wedding bells, for they were married at City Hall by Alderman O'Brien, who gave Mamie a ten-dollar gold piece, and Nick a job as driver of one of his delivery wagons. Don't in haste commend the alderman's generosity. He counted—as did all the sports of the ward— on Nick's virtuous abjuration of the game waning as waned the honeymoon; and in the meantime, Nick's attachment to his business was good for the business. Fame was fame, in the Tenth Ward as elsewhere: there was money in it.

Nick, however, did not go back to the ring. Never, surely, had there been a bachelor who took with greater gusto, relish, appreciation — with more solid comfort, in

a word,— to domestic life, its peace, bliss, humdrum, than did Nick Snyder, sometime middle-weight bruiser and all around sport. Mamie kept for some time her place in the cashier's box. Nick got good wages. They had a four-room flat not far from the market. It was furnished "regardless"—as Nick boasted; "an' not on the bum instalment plan, neither. See?" And Mamie had a piano, on which she played in the evenings the songs from the illustrated supplements of the Sunday newspapers, whilst Nick watched her proudly.

By and by he had more cause for pride,— ten pounds of cause, in fact: a boy baby who went on growing at such a rate that he weighed twenty pounds when he was four months old. Oh, a bruiser; and hard as nails. Nick asked nothing better than this. He implored men visitors to feel of that kid's muscle—"why, sure, just take a grip—you can't hurt him, naw!" And he went around the district on his team, with his chest of a prize-fighter thrust out a foot before him; and on the back stairs of the tenements he would stop and yarn by the ten minutes with the old ladies and married women, as he delivered goods, talking baby—baby—baby. And he was utterly, wholly, intensely devoted to his Mamie, his pale rose of the street. She was worthy of his love and devotion. A good girl, and honest; kind; her heart filled with thoughts of her husband and boy. And she was fair. A slight—too slight— young woman, she was dainty and small; her long, heavy hair curled in golden brown; her skin was soft, smooth, white. There was a flush in her cheeks at all times; a clear, vivid suffusion of color; a tell-tale flush, but neither Nick nor Mamie knew at what it hectically hinted. But they were destined to know—yes, in time they found out the meaning of the flushing blood in the rose-cream cheeks.

And the time for that and for sundry other bitter, cold, bare, ruthless truths came upon them apace; for "to everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." Their three years of married life were years of plenty, peace, prosperity, happiness, love. Now came other sides—more of the many shapes of this Protean figure, life.

First of all, Nick fell sick; he, the athlete, the strong man who had never before known the imprisonment of the sick-room. Typhoid fever came upon him. He wanted to

go to the hospital, so that his Mamie should be spared trouble and work. But this she would not hear of. Too sweet to be foregone was the joy of the watch, the ward, the vigil, the work by the side of her lover-husband. Triumphantly she nursed him through the long, hard time of illness; and then she paid the penalty; for when Nick was convalescent, she collapsed. And her illness was that of which she bore the sign-manual in her cheeks: that tell-tale, hectic flush just beneath the delicate temples, in which there were delicate, hollowing shadows,— temples which grew more delicate and more hollow day by day. She recovered, seemingly, and for the time; but she was not really strong again. Dr. McGuinness shook his head ominously, but said nothing as yet to Nick, obeying Mamie's passionate prayer to him. Nick went back to his place in the market, bearing on his heart the burden of the knowledge that every cent of their savings was gone; that they were in debt; and that his Mamie—his pale rose—was drooping, drooping.

And a week later he lost his job.

Nor could he find another one, for the winter was that bitter one that will live long in the memories of the working people of that city as the winter of the labor troubles. The factory hands, with many other trades, had been newly organized into unions, and there came fight upon fight. There were strikes. There were lockouts. There were boycotts. There was the importation of scabs, leading to assaults in dark streets, open fights, arrests, imprisonments. There was the defaulting treasurer of a union. There were all the cruel, grim, sorrowful, bad deeds and scenes of a labor war crudely and savagely managed on each side. And in the midst of it was poor, bewildered, rather stupid, blundering Nick Snyder, out of a job, without money, with a sick wife and a two-year-old boy baby—with the lustiest of appetites—to look out for. Business house after business house failed when the mills shut down. Little tradesman after little tradesman went to the wall and, forced from the ranks of merchants, became members of the army of the unemployed. Alderman O'Brien was no small tradesman, but he had to join them just the same. O'Brien had adventured his fortunes on the stormy seas of high finance, and he had gone swiftly and tumultuously, dazed with despair and whisky, to shipwreck. He had speculated heavily

in the stock of a new company, the promoter of which had secured the aid of the political machine to force a bill, granting the company a franchise on most favorable terms, through the legislature. O'Brien had been given "the tip." "I'll get aboard the band wagon," said Alderman O'Brien. But the Governor, forced by public opinion, had vetoed the bill, and the stock went tumbling — down — down — smack to nothing at all. And that's where O'Brien went.

Nick Snyder went out on the street.

His fight was on.

All that had gone before, as he dimly yet strongly recognized, — his illness; the loss of his savings, — were as mere preliminary bouts, or warming-up exercises for the struggle with fortune. Here was the moment of the real conflict. He was stripped now. Yes, he was naked — he was simply himself. His job gone — his money gone — no one to turn to; but Mamie, and Nick, the boy, turning to him.

Snyder said: "I guess it is up to me."

The fight was on.

As in old days when, confronting in the ring some formidable opponent, there had been times when he had been surprised by the awkwardness, the hesitation, the indecisiveness of that opponent's attack and defense, in the beginning of the bout; so now he found that he was, as it were, sparring for place, for a chance to get in a winning blow, in this, the beginning of his spiritual fight. He did not come at once to close fighting — infighting, as they say, — with his grim and grisly enemy, Want. For a few weeks there were odd jobs here and there; he earned enough money to buy food and coal, although week by week he went behind with his rent. The landlord said nothing as yet; he was willing to give Nick his chance; but the landlord, too, feared shipwreck and could see the breakers. He owned only two tenement houses, and worked at his trade of baker; and there were mortgages on both houses.

It was the beginning of dreary winter. There was a monotonously gray, cold sky from which day by day fell flurries of snow and snarls of angry rain; and at night frost fixed the mud in the streets into stiff black ridges, which next day the feeble sunshine turned into sticky mud again. A dreary brumal season. A time of gloom.

The corner druggist was a sporting character, an admirer and old-time follower of

the ring fortunes of Nick, but even the druggist, following the example of grocer, milkman, and, at last, the landlord, had something to say to Snyder to make him wince and pull his jaws tighter together.

The druggist said: "Nick, I hate to say a word — but your bill is running up pretty stiff — Gee! there is more than ten plunks for cod-liver's oil alone. I got bills to meet, myself, Nick, so I wish you'd do what you can for me."

Nick said, flutteringly: "But, say, you'll fill this prescription for me again, won't you, Doc?" His face was chalky white. The druggist frowned, turned his head, and spat with ostentatious vehemence into a corner. He answered, "Why, sure, I will, Nick, — God knows I don't want to bone you, Nick, but —"

Snyder went to the pawnshop that day (first visit of many) and got rid of all his old ring clothes, boxing-gloves, a silver cup or two, and raised eight dollars for the druggist and secured his promise to give credit to the extent of ten dollars more, if the need lasted. "Mame simply has to have the stuff, Doc, or I wouldn't ask you."

That night snow fell heavily, and in the morning Nick sallied out to earn a little money shoveling it. Owning no shovel of his own, nor daring to buy one yet, he had to depend on borrowing shovels where he got a job, and was thus badly handicapped. He tramped miles through snow and slush. He was out all day, for sixteen hours, — and he earned sixty cents.

When he returned that evening, snow was again falling. He arose early next morning; but other men were before him, men who the night before had read the notice posted on the big doors of the car barns of the Miltonville Street Railway Company, to the effect that three hundred men would be employed as snow shovelers.

Nick heard the rumbling bass — profound — troubled — of the voices of a crowd and went around the corner. Three hundred men! There were at least a thousand men thronged in the wide space before the car barns. It was not yet six o'clock and was still dark. An orange-colored moon was sinking behind the fringe of willow trees in the vacant lot behind the car barns. There was a foot of snow on the ground. Around the big doors at one end of the barns the men were struggling and swaying to get nearer. Other men were pushing into the crowd

from the outskirts. Nick asked the reason for this scene. When he found out — when he heard that the pay would be a dollar and a half a day while the work lasted, he drew a deep, quick breath; narrowed and hunched his broad, lean shoulders of a prize-fighter; and pushed his way into the crowd, toward the door. The door opened. Three men in uniforms, dimly visible in the light from the inside of the barn, held shovels in their hands and began to swear in amazement when they saw the crowd. They attempted to deal the shovels out one by one. Impossible. The crowd was mad — it was lusting for the day's work — the day's money — represented by these shovels. The men on the outside pushed, scrambled forward, hurled themselves in like football players. And those before the door could not go away with their shovels. One of the men in the barn began to laugh.

He said to the others: "Close those doors, quick! That crazy gang will be inside here next you know, raising hell. Close the doors and pitch the shovels through the side window. First come first served. It's a free for all. If we want to get work started to-day, we can't monkey away our time here."

Nick — jammed in amid the men near the door — heard the words and turned his face toward the window, a wide window on the side of the barn, not far from the door. Now it opened, and the shovels came out in bunches of six and eight. With a roar, the crowd surged away from the door and formed another whirlpool — a vertigo of possessed men — maniacs, for the moment, in their fixed idea. A free for all fight began. Men threw themselves on their hands and knees in the batter of mud and befouled snow, trampled and sloshed by the frantic feet of the unemployed, and tried to crawl between the legs of those in front, to where the shovels lay. They fought each other for the shovels. They clinched and wrestled and hung together in groups of five or six, surrounding any man who held one of the coveted shovels. Their voices arose in hoarse, panting oaths — cries, inarticulate and furious, — snarls and growls, as of the brutes, that tear, one at the throat of the other. Shovels were brandished in the air, to come down broken and splintered, or crashing upon heads. Blood began to add a tinge of scarlet to the mud, the slime under foot. Alarmed, the men in the shed telephoned for the police, but they

were long in coming. Men crawled out of the hurly-burly, limping, wounded, bruised — heads hanging in defeat. There were several groaning and blaspheming forms in the muck. A sickly daylight came into the sky. Then there was the tramp of heavy footsteps, and the police arrived. And the police, with clubs in their hands, used the clubs, and they separated the goats from the sheep. The sheep were authorized workmen of the Miltonville Street Railway Company, which had the sole right to run tracks through the streets of the city, a right granted in a franchise that cost nothing — save the purchase of a few aldermen. They were authorized by the right of the strong; coming out of the fight with shovels in their hands. The goats — the goats were the six or seven hundred defeated ones — were disturbers of the peace. The ambulances took away those who could not tramp.

Nick was among the chosen, — the sheep, — an authorized workman, by the right of might.

He earned his dollar and a half. That night, when he took the money home, and after he had bought food and a little coal, he told Mamie of the morning's struggle.

Mamie said: "You are so strong, Nick. Oh, if you could only get a steady job — you can work better than any man in the town. You were bound to get one of those shovels." Nick said: "You bet I was. I'm all to the good when it comes to a scrap like that. But, Mame, — I hated to do what I had to do."

Mamie asked, "What was that?"

Nick said: "I had to punch a fellow who tried to give me the strangle hold. Then his nerve dropped, and he began to squeal and say he had a wife and children at home."

Mamie began to cry, and that caused the coughing to break out. She had a night worse than any yet. She was so pale and wide-eyed and still in the morning, that Nick groaned as he prepared to go out. The boy baby was strong enough. There had always been food for him. But he was so boisterous and heavy that his care was a great burden on Nick's Mamie — this pale rose of the street.

But Nick had to go out. On the stairs he met Dr. McGuinness — the "old sport," beloved in the district, who was still visiting his patients in the tenements, although the bills were mounting; and well he knew that many a one would be left unpaid.

The doctor said, "Nick, that wife of yours has got to go to the hospital — or — but, pshaw! what was I about to say?"

With a very white face and suspended breath, Nick stammered, "Spit it out, Doc, — every word of it."

"I was going to say that you'd have to take your wife out of this city — it's too low — the air is bad — she needs fresh air and plenty of it; but what's the use of telling you things like that? You can't do it."

Nick said, "You were going to say something else, too, Doc."

The doctor said, "Yes, I was. Mrs. Snyder is in a very bad way, Nick, — its consumption that's coming on her."

Nick drew in his breath and went to the city hospital. Impossible for another patient to be received there. Impossible for any of the hospitals to receive any more free patients. There were private rooms, of course, — Oh, yes, there were private rooms; some as cheap as ten dollars a week.

Snyder ranged the streets that day like a gaunt, angry wolf. And that day he got a job. Fifteen dollars a week — and board — and lodging! The teamsters were one of the unions on strike, with the freight handlers in the big station; and that day the railway company began to hire strike breakers. Nick's friends were many in the ranks of the strikers. Without ever having thought much on the subject, Nick was one with his friends. Now, however, he was a strike breaker — he was a scab. Fifteen dollars a week! Ten would pay for a room in the hospital for Mamie. Two more would pay for board with the Grady family for the kid, little Nick. He would have three for himself. He would get his grub from the company, and his bed in the shed, turned into a barrack and guarded by police, in the freight yards. He would save these three dollars each week, and, as times bettered, when he got a decent job, he would have a little sum to help start things again; and then — thank God! — he would see to getting Mamie out of this town of the bad air, into a warmer and dryer climate. The Doc said that would fix her. She was not far gone. All right, then, — he was sorry to be a scab — but he guessed he would be a scab, all right.

The quiet, saturnine-faced superintendent of the freight yards was very willing to hire Nick. He needed men of his build,

muscle, — with that firm set of the jaw, and those steady eyes.

Nick only hoped one thing, viz: — that he should be kept in the yards. But fate ordered otherwise. He was put on the seat of a two-horse team and sent out with a load of freight. And he had to drive through Front Street!

The railway company had managed its end in the fight with ability. The police, its ally, bungled. There were only eight or ten policemen in the whole length of Front Street when Nick drove out of the yard. There should have been fifty. The commissioner of police had promised fifty. Somebody had blundered.

When Nick Snyder heard that roar of a thousand angry men that beat into his face like a wind of storm, his heart leaped in his breast. From his high seat he looked down into infuriated, distorted, hot-eyed, open-mouthed faces. Fists were shaken at him. A stone or two, a big stick, came hurtling.

"Scab! Scab — why don't you join the union?"

"Scab!"

"Scab!"

"Scab — scab — 'ab — 'ab — sc' — 'ab — 'ab! — Smash the dirty scab!"

His horses were stopped, they were held, rearing and plunging. Nick tried to whip them on. It was vain. A big man climbed into the wagon. Hoarse with rage — scarlet with hot blood in his fat and huge Germanic face, he took hold of Nick's coat-tails, and, in his blind passion, ripped the coat to the collar, bawling: "You scab! Why don't you join the union?"

Then others rushed upon the wagon before Nick could knock down his assailant. Loosing his voice and his passion at last, Nick shouted, in a voice heard through the street:

"I'll tell you why I am a scab — if you want to know! I've been out of work for three months. I've got a wife down with consumption — you sons of —! I've got a kid that wants grub!"

Mixed and equally furious shouts overbawled his own. In the frenetic outburst you might have heard such words as these coming from many: "You —! Do you think you're the only man with a sick wife and kids? Come off that wagon! Scab!"

And they pulled him down. The horses

were cut out of the traces and were allowed to run. The wheels of the wagon were smashed with a big sledge-hammer. The axles followed. The huge dray settled down with a crash, wrecked, its burden spilled into the muddy snow.

They let Nick go. He tried to get back into the freight yard. The frantic superintendent shook his fist in his teeth and cried: "You chump — you're fired! Hain't you any sense in your head? Why didn't you pull back when you saw — Oh — you —!" And the gate was slammed to.

Nick was out of a job again.

He said nothing. He thought little. His sole thought was, "I got to get money — I got to get Mamie a chance!" He had eaten little for days. His head was hot. But he walked erect and with firm feet. He went the rounds of the city streets again. He didn't earn a cent. He was going by a saloon, when he was hailed by a man wearing the clothes of a soldier, and he recognized Hank Durlan, who had enlisted a year ago and was home now on leave, to see his mother. Hank wanted to buy a drink; and Nick accepted a glass of beer, for thus he would be on a footing to avail himself without shame of the ragged-looking free lunch. There was talk, listless and reserved on Nick's part; beery and voluble on the side of the soldier.

"B' gad, Nick," said the soldier; "I am sorry to hear that Mamie is sick. Me mother was all to the bad, too, this last year; but she's all right now — and, s'elp me — how do you s'pose she got cured? Why, that fool kid brother of mine, Tommy, — that we all thought was crazy, because he never took his nose out of a book, — fixed the old woman. Sure. Now, wouldn't that bump you? But gee, I'm glad. Yes, sir, — have another, Nick? — yes, sir; the old lady's lungs were going all to the bad; an' Tommy, he read somewhere about keeping people like that out in the open air, cold or hot, and fixing them; so what does Tommy do, but read some more about it, and he simply mesmerizes me mother into doing what he says, and he took her up on the top of Pulpit Hill — Sure! You know the place. He fixes up a shanty near the big rock — it's there yet — and lives with me mother; the other boys chips in and pays for grub, and I'll be — if she isn't fine and dandy now."

Nick looked at him with blazing eyes. He questioned. There was little more to

be learned from the soldier. Nick swung out and away. He sought out Dr. McGuinness. He talked with him. Then he went homewards. On the corner of the street he met his landlord. The latter asked for the rent.

Nick said, "If I had it, you would get it. I ain't got it. You can't get it."

The landlord said: "You've got to get out, then! That's all there is to say about it — you got to get out — do you think that I can afford to keep —" And he ran on and on, pitiable, babbling, frightened; angry, with the anger of the weasel who must defend his own hole. Nick left him and went in to his Mamie — his rose of the street — a woefully pale, a drooping, a fading rose.

Nick said to her: "Mamie — what do you think about that cough of yours?"

She looked at him with a smile shining through tears and answered: "Nick, I see you know. I've known for some time. It's all right, Nick!"

He dashed his fist of a prize-fighter upon the bare table and said, "It ain't all right — I won't stand fer it — No, not on your —" he stopped short, with his mouth open. He had been about to swear on her life, to say, "not on your life." And her life — why, Mamie's life was going out before his eyes. She caught at his hand and kissed it.

He said, "Mame — we got to get out — we're turned out into the street. Now, will you do just what I tell you to do?"

"Nick," she replied, "whatever you say goes!" The talk of her girlhood, the words of the street, came to her now, instead of the softer words she had drawn from her books.

"That settles it," he said. "Dress in your warmest — in all your clothes — and dress up the kid."

She moved to obey. Nick went into the kitchen. He rolled up a parcel of cooking utensils and what food there was in the house. He made a great bundle of a mattress and bedclothes — what they had left, and it was small, — and put it all together. He took whatever else there was — one chair, the table, a few other articles, and sold them. He thus secured one dollar and thirty cents. It was their fortune. He gave her minute instructions when and where to board a certain street car and where to get off. She was to start in three hours. Then he swung his bundle about him and kissed and left Mamie and the boy. He heard her hollow cough follow him down the tenement

stairs. He marched on, his face to the south.

Over the city, to the south, above the mills and tall chimneys and houses squatting on the low ground on the shores of the river which was the soul of the commercial life of the place, a hill of seven hundred feet elevation, with a singularly shaped rock on its summit, jugged up, some six miles from the City Hall. The fantastic rock gave to the hill its name: the Pulpit Hill. Over its crest, down its further slope, and thence into a wide region, stretched farm country. And to that hill Nick Snyder bent his way. He walked fast. He felt the weight of his bundles grow leaden, pound by pound; but he would not spend car-fare to the foot of the hill. Up the hill he toiled. He found the old, tumbledown shed that the boy had built for his mother, and there Nick deposited his burden, and at once went down the hill again. On the road he had a dreary wait, but at last a car stopped, and Mamie and the boy alighted. Nick swung the boy to his shoulder. A light snow had begun to fall. The boy was cold and hungry and cross. He cried. Nick growled him into silence. His other arm he put around Mamie's waist, and they went up the hill. She looked at him earnestly from time to time in their painfully slow ascent, but asked no question. At last they came to the hut.

Nick said, "Here's where we're goin' to live for a spell."

Mamie said, "What — what — you — say — goes, Nick." And her low, weak voice died on the last word, and she fell; she had fainted.

Nick's great lungs vented a shout that rang across the gloomy hillside, across the waste of bare bush, brown and dismal in the mean light, protruding above the dim, level whiteness of snow.

"Oh, have I killed you, Mame? Great God! Mame! Mame!"

But she opened her eyes, and she smiled — yes, she smiled, and she would have smiled had the destroyer of delights and sunderer of lovers been bending over her. "The boy is hungry, Nick," she said. "Get him a cracker out of the bag in my pocket."

Nick fed them both. He had a bottle of milk in the bundle. He had bread and eggs. He made a fireplace with stones. He gathered brush and with a hatchet cut wood and built a fire. He cleaned out the hut. He toiled like one possessed, to make the place

habitable. Then he went down the hill again, to a store a mile away, where he bought oil for a lamp he had, and more provisions; returning with forty cents left of their fortune.

Before night fell he climbed to the very top of the hill and surveyed the country, seeing two or three farmhouses scattered in the radius of a mile or two.

With daylight he was on foot, and after breakfast he set out for the farmhouse nearest and asked for work. The farmer briefly told him there was none — he never employed tramps. But Nick, looking around to see the next house, caught the eyes of the farmer's wife, who was standing in the door, with a child playing behind her. He walked up to her. He looked into her face. She gasped and started back — for in his eyes were all the fever and fighting and praying and struggling emotions of his soul. And he muttered, "Fer God's sake, lady! . . ."

She ran by him to her husband. "Harry — you know you want to cut the wood on the north patch — give him a job — he looks strong."

Nick got the job. The farmer paid him a dollar that night and offered to let him sleep in the woodshed; but Nick said, "I have to go home. Will you sell me some of your eggs and some milk?"

"Eggs are forty-five cents a dozen, now," said the farmer, "an' I don't know as I've got anything for you to take the milk along in — where do you live?" This question was exploded at the end of the rambling, slow speech, as after the soft purring of gunpowder along a fuse a firecracker bangs; but the curiosity of the farmer did not touch Nick. He was thinking of Mamie and the boy. He must hurry — home!

"I live over there, up the hill," he said, vaguely waving his arm. "Will you let me have the eggs and milk? I'll bring back the can in the morning."

"Yes," said the farmer's wife. As Nick strode off with great steps, through the early dark, toward the brow of Pulpit Hill, they watched him from the farmhouse door with wondering eyes.

That night the cold weather came on in earnest. All through the long hours chill blasts of icy air swept through the hut, that yawned with cracks in all directions, built as it was simply of boards, ill-matched, without plastering or paper. Mamie coughed and coughed and coughed; and the sounds



“‘BUT, MAME,—I HATED TO DO WHAT I HAD TO DO’”

cut at Snyder's heart like so many knives. The boy, wrapped up warmly, slept without a sound or stir. Nick had built up a rough bunk upon which he had laid the bed; and he held Mamie in his arms all night. The starry sky gleamed, a great parallelogram of velvety black and brilliant stars, through the doorway, and sometimes against its shimmering splendor there passed vague, wan shadows of flimsy cloud or vapor, like phantoms of the cold. They could hear afar the roar of the town — the deep, hollow, abrupt shouts of engines in the yards, the grinding of wheels, and a low, humming diaphonic undertow of sound that was the nocturnal voice of the city — voice made up of a hundred thousand voices, sounds, cries, oaths, sighs, prayers, exclamations. Near at hand there was no sound save at times the rustling, crackling whisper of a breeze through some bush or shrub hard-frozen. Once, after a hard fit of coughing, Mamie smiled into Nick's face and said, "Well, dear, I guess if fresh air is good, we got all we can manage, now."

Nick said, "Mamie, you feel *sure* that it will cure you — for I *know* it will — it's *bound* to cure you — the Doc *said* it surely would."

But Snyder kept to himself that McGuinness had also added, "Or kill her. Yes, Nick, it is kill or cure."

And to Nick, as the days went on, it seemed manifest that the cold was killing his rose. Day after day she waxed more feverish and coughed harder and more constantly; and Nick, as he went to his wood-chopping, — working, toiling for very life, — left his soul behind him on the mountain-top and worked as something moved by an irresistible mechanism — silent, grim, imperturbable.

Defeat — a whipping — a knock-out blow — seemed ready, seemed, indeed, about to fall. He was on his last legs. His breath was growing short. He was becoming groggy. He could hold out against this implacable foe — pugilist Fate! — but little longer. It was not that he was a quitter, not because there was in him an undermining streak of yellow; but this opponent was too strong, too savage, too relentless, too untiring, too resourceful, and was gradually beating him down, down, down.

All day he worked, and by night he slept in intermittent naps; for every time Mamie coughed, or moved, or moaned in her sleep,

he was awake in a trice, listening, heart-held with anxiety. He felt upon himself the burden of her life. He had brought her here, and to poverty before this, by the mere act of tying her destiny to his. He had never realized before the extent and the depth of this, his responsibility. Not only her life, but the boy's life, called out of space, were given into his hands. In the old days there had been no such thoughts, because there was no need. Everything had gone so smoothly. And they might so have continued, if laborers and employers had not fallen to fighting. But they had. And now all that Mamie and the boy could hope for in the world must come through him. Such thoughts went through his head in a vertigo of swirling emotions, rather than as well-defined words suggesting each its thought. At times a strange trembling swept through his frame, his hands would shake, and his head twitch backward; but he would subdue the trembling and control the twitchings and turn all his mind again to Mamie.

Thank God that it did not storm! was the constant cry in his heart. Cold the days, and colder the nights continued, but with a deep, clear coldness and little wind. When Nick went away to his work in the morning, Mamie obeyed the commands laid upon her with exactest obedience. The boy had a long cord tied to his waist and was allowed to tumble in the snow, or play within the hut to his heart's content. Mamie, wrapped about with blankets and bedclothes, lay on the frame constructed by Nick outside the doorway, near the fireplace, with a big pile of wood near her hand, which she could throw piece by piece upon the fire. She would lie there nearly all the morning. At noontime Nick would race home to her and beat up an egg in milk and make her drink and eat of bread in warm milk, the raw-beaten egg, and, sometimes, of soup he made himself. So, too, would the afternoon pass until Nick's home-coming. And thus a month went by.

Nick toiled homewards one evening when frosty stars were beginning to scintillate in the high, clear vault, and a line of crimson was slowly fading from the western sky above the town. He heard Nick, junior, calling to him lustily. This life had been good for the boy. No doubt of that. Nick senior's heart throbbed for a moment. Then he heard Mamie's voice. He had reached the hut.



“EVERY TIME MAMIE COUGHED . . . HE WAS AWAKE IN A TRICE, LISTENING, HEART-HELD WITH ANXIETY”

She said, "Nick—I've wanted to tell you something for some days—but I was—was—afraid——"

He shrank back—back, and for the first time in his life he knew what the word shudder meant; he shook from head to foot. What did this mean? Was the knock-out blow coming now? "Afraid? What are you scared of, Mame?" he asked.

She said, "I didn't want you to have false hopes, Nick,—but, Nick—dear Nick—I really think I am beginning to feel better—to feel stronger. I have been eating more—Nick!"

They flew into each other's arms. "Don't hurt me!" she gasped, as she felt his grip close around, and then he let her go. He turned in his tracks, his head uplifted, his eyes blazing, his face full of hot blood, and he fell into the attitude which of old applauding men had seen him assume as victor in the ring. Below them, far below in the valley, the lights of the city were spread, and Snyder thrust out his fists toward it—the amorphous monster below there, crouching in the valley of the shadow.

From the elevation on which he stood, his great figure was projected clearly and almost gigantically against the dim, red, western

glow above the city, to the eyes of two men and a woman toiling up the hill, from the country side. There was the farmer, the farmer's wife, and Dr. McGuinness. The latter, unaware of the location chosen by Snyder for his desperate experiment, the last stand in his fight, and made uneasy and positively anxious,—for he had liked pale Mamie well,—had at last traced the family to Pulpit Hill and had called at the farmhouse that very evening, just a little while after Nick had left there. A few words to the farmer's wife; and then he had plumped out the story of Mamie; and when the farmer's wife heard that a sick woman—and a child!—were on the hillside, she almost screamed, and ran for hat and cloak.

"There's the feller himself, Doctor!" the farmer cried, as Nick leaped upon the mound above the hut, and McGuinness pounded and panted on, the farmer's wife close at his heels.

They came upon a singular sight when they thrust their heads above the level of the little plateau.

The red camp-fire was blazing with a clear light before the hut, in front of which lay the couch from which Mamie had arisen to welcome Nick home. The boy, young Nick, was standing with sturdy 'ittle legs parted

"Up the hill he toiled"





A FIGHT IN ONE ROUND

widely; intently and silently watching his father. Mamie was in front of Nick, with uplifted, imploring hands, crying to him softly, "Nick! Nick! Nick!"

Nick Snyder was fighting. Heart, nerves, body, soul, all strung to a snapping tension for so long a time, now coördinated in a final expression of his fighting blood, acted upon, spurred, animated and electrified by Mamie's words and the wild hope they voiced. His senses were submerged in the delirium of the nervous collapse toward which he had been steadily going for weeks; and in the moment of breakdown, old instincts took the whip hand of his unloosed forces. He held his left hand straight out before him, the arm slightly crooked at the elbow; and the arm sawed backward and forward across the breast and up and down the side; his head was warily pulled down so that the hard-set, protruding jaw was sheltered by his sharply hunched left shoulder; his left leg, bent and loose at the knee, was pawing the snow before him, and the right leg was behind him; and now, suddenly springing from the right foot, he shot his left fist out, straight, then with a sudden drop its direction was changed, and the right hand was hurled forward instead in a terrible blow — the real object of the feint. And with the blow he bawled: "There! Take that! Yeh had me licked, did you? Heh? But I guess not. Come on, now,— come on — come on! I'll put you out of business. You can't down *me*! I'll win out! Put yer dough on *me*, boys. And as fer *you*, take that!"

It was another tremendous blow he swung; and by the glare in his bright eyes, it was plain that he had his foe clearly before him. Yes, there it was: the form made up of all the forms, and in this delirious moment become objective, of all the things he had been fighting: Hunger — Want — the Cough! There it was, menacing, vindictive, but palpably cornered at last, in shape to be seen and struggled with as a man longs to struggle, breast to breast and eye to eye — fist against fist! There it was, the Foe, the Enemy, the Thing that had slowly from its vantage-ground of the realm of the invisible been beating him down, down, down! And now it was here, under the stars, in the open, in final opposition contending with him — and already crippled by the blow he had given with the amazing force lent to him by the words of Mamie. And with all his soul in arms, Nick sprang forward in the ultimate,

decisive conflict, the crisis of the bout, the apogee of the culminating round. His panting breath sang with loud hoarseness on the frosty air. He boxed with amazing swiftness, strength, ferocity, persistence. There were swings; there were right and left hand hooks, jolts, punches; there was rushing, and there was side-stepping of the nimblest; there was a rain of short-arm jolts, chops, wallops, stabs; and there were terrible straight blows from the shoulder rained in:— all of them scientifically enumerated for the tale's sake in the future by that old sport, Dr. McGuinness, even as he toilsomely pushed his way forward through the snow.

Watching her opportunity, Mamie had run in under the terrible arms and clung to Nick's waist. "Dear Nick! Nick!" she pleaded. "Hush. Don't swear. I may be wrong, you know. Oh, you frighten me, Nick!"

But he broke away from her, his eyes flaming: "No, you ain't wrong!" he loudly shouted. "Don't stop me—out of the way! Wait a minute. . . . There!" He had darted forward and again struck out into the empty air. "There!" he said again, and stopped, panting — looking down upon the snow. "Hear the gong? They're countin' him out! One! Two—don't you move!—Three! Four!" Tensely, slowly, he enunciated the words, following the stroke of the mystic gong he heard striking, tolling, triumphantly knelling the overthrow of the Enemy; and all the while closely, eagerly, warily eyeing the ground. Then burst an echoing, tremendous shout from his laboring breast:

"Down and out! Knocked out! Mame — Mame! I've won! By God, I win out — A fight in one round without a let-up, Mame; and — and — I — win — win — out!"

And the last words fluttering faltering on his lips, his eyes closed, the tension of his form relaxed, and he sank into the snow. Mamie threw herself upon his breast; but — Oh, how she thanked God in that instant! — Dr. McGuinness uplifted her and placed her in the arms of the farmer's sobbing wife, while he bent over Nick.

"What? and are you cryin', Mrs. Snyder? Tut! Tut!" said the little doctor cheerily; "sure, didn't you hear Nick say he won? Of course he did — he's all right — and upon me soul, and the Blessed Virgin, Mamie Snyder, I think that ye are all right, too!"

He was talking to give cheer at any price, was the little doctor; but he spake true words.



THE GENTLE ROBBER

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY GERTRUDE PARTINGTON



ONCE there was a robber bold — not that he looked bold, for he had the gentlest of manners and the most persuasive tongue. It was with a certain manly shyness that he approached his victims, and his voice was very low and soft as he convinced them how greatly to their interest it would be to hand over their purses, so that many went on through the green forest paths with empty

pockets, it is true, but with eyes full of tears of gratitude for the benefactor who had held them up.

"Pray don't mention it!" said the Robber Chief, as he deprecatingly thrust into his wallet the purses he had taken and heard the out-poured thanks. "It is nothing, nothing! You would have done as much for me at any time if you had" — he never finished his sentence, but the wistful admiration of the man with empty pockets always added the right clause — "if you had had the brains."

Now the Gentle Robber, it need hardly be said, was highly successful in his chosen calling, or, as he put it, "the holy saints had given him rich possessions." He had started out moderately in a remote corner of the forest, as became a young and unassuming retail cut-purse, but soon his domain extended from his own retired dell to the adjacent glade, and the merry outlaw who had prospered there gave up the business and became a scrivener's clerk. It was not long before the Robber Chief owned the whole forest: the title-deeds, to be sure, belonged to the Abbey, which lay in a fat green meadow at the edge of the wood, but the monks could not work the forest as the robber could, and whatever harvest of gold and of silver, of jewels, of rich cloths from the packs of merchants of the East was to be gathered there, this one man reaped in his own apologetic way, which always seemed to beg pardon of those who were despoiled, for doing them so much good at one time. Soon the country round the forest was his, and yokel, franklin, and squire, Sir Bertram from the Castle and the Prior from the Abbey, began to render him accounts, and it came to pass that the Archbishop at the capital city, Mertoun, and the King upon his throne, and the strong nobles about him trembled at the robber's name, for the waves of his power flowed out until they met the waves of the sea.

Dearly the Gentle Robber loved his work in all its aspects, and he was master of its least details. A brave fight with a sturdy yeoman going home from market with a half-year's gains was joy to him, and merry in his ears was the sound of the thwack, thwack, thwack of the oaken staves as they fell on head and shoulders; an encounter with a rich merchant's train brought him naught but exhilaration, and the deft, swift hand that emptied pack and purse thrilled as it went about its chosen task. There was slow, sensuous pleasure in stripping off the garments of knight and of squire and leaving their limbs uncovered to the cold. Daintiest amusement of all was the spoiling of widow and of orphan: something of the ascetic lingered in the bosom of the Robber Chief, and rare and delicate was the task of emptying the scantily furnished larder, of carrying away the worn clothes, and the single jewel saved from the wreck of happier days. He found delight in feeling about his knees the clasp of the thin arms of the naked orphan as it wept for food, for genius knows no dis-

tingtion of small and great, and yeoman and squire, knight and merchant, widow and orphan alike, thrilled him with a sense of his power, and through their cries sang in his ear the word "success."

In the course of time it came to pass that he became the chief support of the kingdom which he had caused to totter as he swept its riches into his own bulging pockets. When he came to court, as he sometimes did, wearing grave apparel and showing a modest face, the King leaned lovingly upon him; was he not financing the war with Binnamere and causing a half-dozen universities, which had but lately come into fashion, to rise in different parts of the land? The Archbishop conferred weightily with him in quiet corners; was he not building the great cathedral which was to be the glory of the city throughout coming ages?

"Nay, nay, nay!" said the Archbishop, waving a white, jeweled hand as the Chief began to divulge some of his larger plans. "Tell me not of thy wicked schemes! Thy methods I must condemn utterly, but if thou bringest me the money, well, I can at least see to it that it be not used for bad purposes. And speaking of money, we need for the walls of the apse a hundred bags of gold. Dost think thou couldst manage it?"

"Ay," said the Gentle Robber, and that night he despoiled nine men, killing three that resisted longest, for he was a great lover of Holy Church, and a devout believer, nor could she ask of him any service that he would not perform.

Now, the lust for gold is a strange thing. There be that gather it together into stockings and go hungry and dirty to the day's end for gold, and that is the miser's lust. There be that win it and spend it again freely for delicate food and fiery drink, and this is the sensualist's lust. There be that get it by cruel means and scatter it abroad on church and hospital, and this is the philanthropist's lust, which possessed the Robber Chief. Gold and jewels were piled so high in his forest cave that he could not see out of its window, and he hardly knew whether winter snow or the shadow of flickering leaves lay on the ground, nor could hungry church nor greedy halls of learning lessen his piles of treasure enough to let the sunlight in.

Far on the edge of the kingdom to eastward lived blunt Sir Guy of Lamont, and



his son and heir was a young squire, Louis, by name, who had grown up much alone, wandering in the greenwood that circled the castle. Strong of arm and lusty he grew, yet cared not for the hunt, for he was friend to fox and hare, and the wild deer knew and loved him. Living close to spreading oak and delicate beech, among green leaves and nesting things, he began to wear the look of those who see more than meets the eye, and knight and franklin chaffed him as he sat apart while they grew merry over mug of ale or glass of wine in

his father's hall. As he dreamed his dreams and thought his thoughts, rumors of the deeds of the Robber Chief floated to his ears, and he was sorely puzzled. It was a wandering merchant who brought the tale, spreading out his stuffs of velvet and of silk over table and settle and chair, and showing three great fresh sword cuts on his arm, as he spoke :

"Andrew, my brother, lost his head in the encounter, and it was severed by a single blow, but I escaped, though there be few that may."

With that he recounted all the tales that he had heard in his wanderings of the wrongdoing of this man, and they were many. Sir Guy listened with "Zounds!" and "'S death!" but the youth said never a word of pity or of blame; yet, when the story-teller had finished, he marveled at the lad's eyes. They were gray eyes, with lashes dark and long, and the look in them was as the look in the eyes of a gentle beast when he is hurt to the death; then came to them the sudden fire of the avenger of misdeeds.

"My hour has come to fight," said young Louis of Lamont to the great stag that licked his hand that evening in the forest as the sun went down in golden haze. "Men do not know this cruel wrong; I must go to tell them, and mayhap lead them forth with banner and with sword."

Early the next morning, when all were making merry at the hunt, he set the face of his snow-white steed to westward and rode down long, green, leafy ways and across a great level plain toward the setting of the sun. In doublet and hose of scarlet, laced with gold thread, he was comely to see, with a white plume in his velvet cap, and thick hair of yellow, clipped evenly at his neck, and on his face the beauty that shines out from a light within. All day he journeyed on, yearning to meet alone the Robber Chief, whom he pictured as a man brawny of arm and of evil countenance, wherein black brows hid the sinister eyes, and a black beard covered a cruel mouth; and the lad longed with the lusty strength of untried youth to measure swords with this terrible foe. That night a woman gave him shelter at a wayside hut and told a tale of the Chief that chilled the young man's blood; the next night, as he lodged at a hall, deeds yet more cruel were recounted to him; and ever as he came nearer the heart of the kingdom, he found the air more rife with tidings of the Robber Chief's ill doings.

"They do not know," he said, lightly touching spur to his steed. "The King and the Archbishop do not know of these wicked things. Ave Maria, Ave Maria, let me but come in time to lead men forth!"

At the edge of a great forest he met, one day, a tired-looking man on a tired horse. The rider was neatly clad in sober gray and was both freshly shaven and neatly combed. Across his saddle lay a great bag of something that was wondrous heavy.

"Halt!" said the man, with a pleasant glance from his mild blue eyes. Then blood rose red to the young squire's cheek, and anger too great for any words lighted in his eyes, as his hand went to his dagger, and he urged his horse forward. It was a brave fight that he made, while the two steeds drew near and parted and drew near again, but a slender, white hand with an iron grip reached deftly and snatched the dagger from his hand, nor could he reach the short sword which he had so proudly belted to his side; and the strength of his adversary was as the strength of ten.

"Nay, be not foolish," said a soft voice, as the lad struck out with stinging fist; "'tis but thy purse I ask, and it would grieve me to do thee wrong. The purses of the kingdom belong to me."

"Now, by what right?" cried Louis of Lamont, between set teeth, his cheeks flaming deeper red.

"By the right of having brains enough to get them," answered the robber. Then he pinioned the lad's arm to his side and thrust a deft hand into his pocket, drawing out a purse of wrought gold.

"It will be to thy best advantage if thou canst but see it that way," he said courteously.

In the mind of the other the vision of dark, beetling brows and red, hairy cheeks was fading.

"Thou — thou art the Robber Chief," he stammered. His adversary bowed.

"It is thou who didst murder Baron Divonne, and who didst starve the Squire's daughter of Yverton with her seven children, and —" So great was his horror of the tales that flocked to his tongue that he failed to speak them, but a light as from the wings of the Angel of Judgment shone from his eyes and brow.

"The question is not, 'Shall I take thy purse?'" the Chief said gently. "I have it. The question is, 'How shall I dispose of it to the best advantage?'"

"It isn't that! I do not want the purse," said the young man scornfully; "but how canst thou traffic in crime?"

"I have little time for talking," said the Gentle Robber, with a hurt look on his face; he was extremely sensitive to adverse criticism. "Now I must be off. This great bag of gold is for the orphan hospital at the Abbey. If I may mention it without boasting, it derives most of its supplies

from me," and he looked wistfully for approval.

"Its supplies of orphans?" demanded Louis of Lamont with his stern young lip curved in scorn; but the face of the other was as the face of a man who has failed to teach a great lesson of good.

As the lad rode on through the forest, his head was bent as if a hand had struck it and had laid it low, but coming into the open he saw far off, across the valley, the spires of the capital city, Mertoun, and its many red roofs gleaming by the blue river, and his heart throbbed within him for thankfulness and joy.

"Hasten!" he cried to the beast that bore him. "Yonder in that strong city be strong men to help me right ill deeds, and a minute gained may save some woman's life, or spare the bitter crying of a child."

His eyes were filled with a vision of the knights that would go out with him to war for the right, with the waving of plumes and the flaming of banners, in their hearts the anger of God for cruel wrong; and a yearning for coming combat tugged at the muscles of shoulder and of arm.

The palace of the Archbishop was moated, and there was a drawbridge there, and within, as on a green island, rose walls of fine gray stone, with window arch and doorway delicately carved. There was one at hand who took his steed, and one who led the way for him, and anon he found himself in a sunlit chamber where the Archbishop stood looking out upon the great cathedral which was rising stone by stone, with its blue-clad workmen standing against a bluer sky.

"What is it, my son?" asked the Archbishop, when he saw a young squire standing before him, worn, dust-stained, with anger burning in his eyes.

"Sire," said the guest, bending low, "I have hastened thither to tell thee of great wrongs."

"They shall be redressed," said the Archbishop, laying his hand upon the lad's head.

"There is a man," said Louis of Lamont, kneeling, his lips white with wrath, "who doeth cruel wrong and bringeth folk to death, and it must needs be that none in high places know, for he goeth unpunished."

"He shall be found and placed in my lowest dungeon," said the Archbishop fiercely. "Now tell me what he hath done."

"On my way hither I lodged with a poor woman who told me that he had slain before

her eyes her husband and her sons, and all for a cup of silver coin that stood upon the mantel."

"A cup of silver coin!" groaned the Archbishop. "He shall hang."

Then he told of the murder of Baron Divonne, and of the Squire's daughter of Yverton, who was starved with her seven children; and he told all the tales that the wandering merchant had brought with his cloths of cashmere and of silk. As he spoke longer, the face of the Archbishop grew anxious, and when he finished, saying, "Men call him the Gentle Robber," black care sat upon the brow of the host.

"Delay not," pleaded Louis. "Give me armed men, for thou hast said that he shall die for his sins, and I have the blood of fighters in my veins."

"Nay, child," said the Archbishop. "Not so."

"Thou hast promised!" he cried in amaze.

"Ay," he made answer, "but I knew not then that the offenses were so many and so great, or that the enterprise was — ahem! — planned upon so large a scale. That makes all different."

"That makes the need to punish him a thousandfold greater," stammered the lad.

"Tut, tut!" said the Archbishop, with the solemn smile he wore at mass. "Thou dost not understand: logic is ever lacking in the young."

"Should not stripes be laid upon him for each cry he hath drawn forth? Should he not lay down his life, if that were possible, for each life he hath taken?"

"I had thought, when I heard the first tale, that he should die for the single crime," the Archbishop made answer, "but the case is altered by the later facts. 'A life for a life,' saith the Scripture, but naught of a life for a dozen or threescore, or an hundred, as the case may be."

Then a flame of anger shone out in the lad's face, and he waited.

"My son," said the Archbishop tenderly, "thou art young and ignorant, yet will I try to teach thee something of right ways of thought. In judging, all depends upon the point of view, and matters that look often black at first statement grow white or gray when thoroughly understood. Let us look upon this question in another aspect. Dost see yonder great cathedral rising?"

Though the youth made no answer, the Archbishop saw that he was looking at



John T. Dwyer
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"FOR SOME HALF SMILED AND HID THEIR SMILES AS BEST THEY COULD"

the gray stones and at the blue-clad workmen.

"'Tis God's house," said the Archbishop, "nor may it arise save through the gifts of this man. Wrong hath he done, but all is forgiven for that his gold is bent to holy purposes."

"But wrong he doeth still," said Louis of Lamont, in the stern voice of youth.

The Archbishop coughed behind his hand even while he spoke.

"There is much in the ways of Providence that we may not comprehend. God moveth in a mysterious way."

"Had the Robber Chief ceased from his crime and shown true penitence—" began the lad, but the Archbishop interrupted.

"God hath need of the man and of all the gold that he will bring, that institutions of learning and holy places may arise in the land."

"God may be worshiped by wood and stream," said the youth, in the still, small voice of one who knew; "nor hath he need of gold that is the price of suffering and pain and tears"; and so he turned and left the Archbishop and went down the steps, worn and weary, with dust on his crimson garments, and shame on his spirit, and the light of his face grown dim.

It had come back to its shining, however, the next day when he went before the King.

"It may well be that there is one bad man who hath power," he said to himself, "and he the Archbishop; but God would not grant that all be so," and hope beamed again from his eyes.

"'Tis the son of my old friend, Guy of Lamont, sayest thou?" cried the King, as he raised the lad's chin with one royal finger. "By my troth, 'tis his father's face again, but different."

"Sire," said Louis, as he did reverence, "I have come to tell of cruel wrong, and to win from thee a promise of redress."

"Thou shalt have it!" cried the King, with his hand upon his sword. "Friend or child of my friend went never yet uncomfited from the foot of my throne. Speak thy wrong."

Then the youth told him all that he had told the Archbishop, and added thereto other tales, and hope shone sternly in his eyes.

"Send forth with me a band of thy men-at-arms," prayed the suppliant. "Even now, perchance, are orphans made that might have grown tall in happiness save for this man's lust for gold."

Then the King looked about, and his face grew dark with anger, for some half smiled and hid their smiles as best they could with jeweled hand or velvet sleeve; some showed fear at seeing this thing which was not breathed at court boldly brought to light.

"Boy," said the King sternly, "hast no respect for them that be appointed to sit in high places, nor awe before an anointed King?"

"Yea, sire," answered Louis, marveling.

"Dost come before my throne with slanderous tales of one on whom I lean heavily and lovingly?"

"Sire," he said bravely, "thou dost not know his cruel deeds. He hath robbed and killed to the sickening of the heart."

"Mayhap," said the King, "but he hath carried all before him with great success, and so is the case altered. 'Tis a man of whom we have great need, and the young should not speak ill of older folk."

Then Louis of Lamont said never a word, but rose to his feet staggering, for the knowledge he had gained of men came as hard blows about the ears, and bending low he turned away.

"Stay!" cried the King. "Thy offense is great: thou hast spoken ill of a public benefactor, yet if thou wilt hold thy tongue, nor repeat thy silly tales, I will make thee one of my courtiers, and thou shalt go brave in velvet and in jewels."

But the youth shook his head and went forth alone from the presence-chamber; all looked after him, with smiles and jeers and whispered words of scorn.

"S death!" cried the King. "'Tis a madman fit but for a dungeon, yet, for the sake of my old friend, Guy of Lamont, can I not cast him there."

The lad groped his way unevenly down the marble steps of the palace as one gropes in a path that is full of pitfalls and has suddenly grown dark, and he wandered, not knowing where, through the dark streets, until he found himself in the square before the great cathedral. Here many were passing with hands full of flowers, red roses and tall, white lilies and blue blossoms that grow pale among the wheat, for it was the feast-day of a saint, and they went to deck the altar which stood within unfinished walls, that men might worship there under the blue sky.

"I will tell them," said the lad, so he stood upon the cathedral steps and repeated all the tale, and blossoms red and blossoms

white were dropped at his feet, as men and women clustered about to hear.

"Ay!" they cried out, "we go hungry for this man, but who shall deliver us from him? Horses and armor could we find, perchance. Wilt lead us to him?"

Then of a sudden he smiled, and ceased speaking because of the choking in his throat; but after, he took up the tale and told it in the market-place and before the Palace of Justice and wherever he could gather folk together.

As days passed, all this came to the ears of the King and of the Archbishop and of the nobles of the court, and grave head met with grave head, and both were shaken solemnly in conference over this new peril which threatened the kingdom. One morn there went throughout the city a crier, who called aloud and read from a parchment in his hand to let men know that Louis of Lamont, son of Sir Guy, was excommunicate from Holy Church with full ceremony of bell, book, and candle, for slander of one of her greatest sons. Henceforward no man should give him shelter, no woman food or drink, lest they too come under the ban; and should he speak future evil words, his life would be forfeit.

Yet one who loved him, and there were many, hid him, and the next day and the next he wandered in the streets, begging men to rise in vengeance against the Robber Chief. On the third day he was taken by armed men, and the decree went forth that Louis of Lamont should, after three days, be burned at the stake in the square of the Palace of Justice. The youth smiled when he heard his doom; almost he was glad to escape from a world which he had not logic enough to understand.

So the day came when he should die, and it was a Friday of midsummer. In the center of the square stood an iron post to which criminals were wont to be tied, and to this they bound him. Close about him were heaped fagots of wood and dried branches, and within he stood in a motley garment, and the look upon his face was as the coming of the day. All about was a great press of people, merchant and butcher and cloth spinner, and peasant folk from the country round; and on a dais, built high for better seeing, were knights and ladies and nobles of the court, with the King himself, and the Gentle Robber at his side, trimly clad in sober gray and gently smiling.

It was a soft day of golden sun, and the sky was blue above the place, and the least wind sighed softly as if for pity as it breathed about the iron stake and played with the yellow locks of the young Squire's hair and moved the red folds of the shameful garment that they had placed upon him. Lifting his face, he leaned his cheek against the wind, for it seemed to him a breeze that had played among the beech leaves in the ancient forest by his father's hall, and in taking leave of it he said farewell to his hound and to the woodland paths and to his father's face.

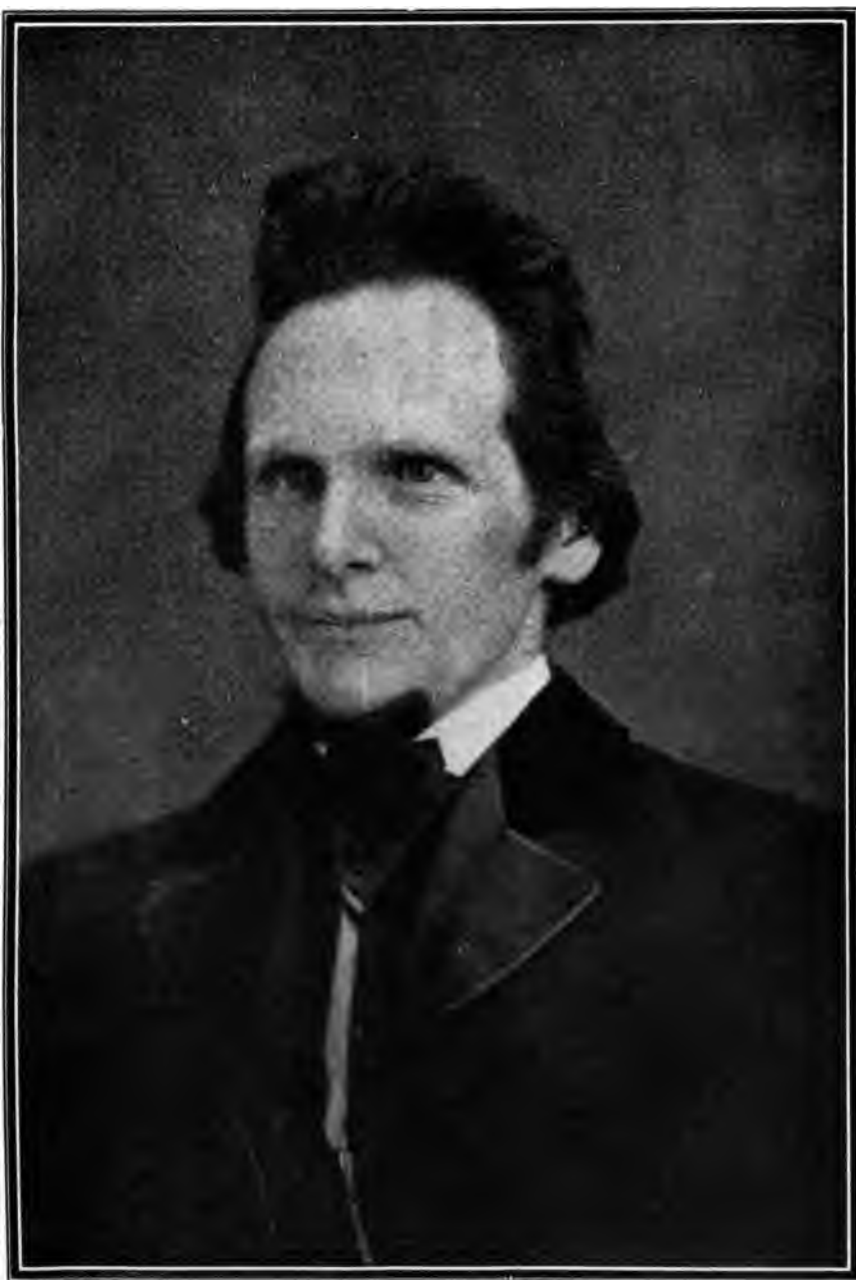
Now came a ghostly father, with a torch that flamed backward against the blue day, and in the name of God and Holy Church he bent and kindled the fagots. Then was there quick tumult and rush and stir through the square, for all rushed forward to see and to hear, and little maids were sorely trampled in the press by the great feet of smith and of husbandman, and women's aprons were badly torn. None cared, for all knew that saving grace was to be won for their own souls if their eyes but caught a glimpse of an heretic that was being burned to death, and when the fire leaped high into the air, they crossed themselves and gave God thanks. There was a flame in the young martyr's face that was not as the flame that leaped about him; but smoke and fire were speedy with their work, and his head bent over his breast, his body over the chain that bound him, and as his soul went free, folk breathed deeply in relief, saying that an evil-doer was dead. Upon the dais the King's broad face showed satisfaction; the Archbishop lifted his eyes to heaven, thanking God, then let them rest on the gray stone walls of the cathedral, glad that now naught should prevent the walls of God's house from rising. In all the great crowd, none other was so devout and so thankful as the Gentle Robber, and his mild blue eyes were moist with tears as he whispered to the King:

"'Tis marvelous, the ways by which Providence brings evil-doers to justice; ever the right prevails."

Then all went to the cathedral, knight, squire, and lady in velvet and in silk, the Archbishop in holy robes of purple and of white, and common folk in blue jean and plain linen, that special mass might be said in praise for this great deliverance, and the *Te Deum* sung.



"A GLIMPSE OF AN HERETIC THAT WAS BEING BURNED TO DEATH"



ASA GILBERT EDDY
Third husband of Mary Baker G. Eddy

MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY

GEORGINE MILMINE

V

MRS. EDDY AND HER FIRST DISCIPLES



THE first six years of Mrs. Glover's life after her return to Lynn were a critical period in her history. Here she was at last working under favorable conditions, and her activities took on a more serious and resolute tone. During this time she became regularly established as the teacher of Moral and Physical Science (afterward Christian Science), published her long-delayed book, and brought about the first Christian Science organization. The student of her life here begins to feel in her the concentration and direction of energy which precedes any considerable achievement.

When Mrs. Glover left Stoughton early in the year 1870, she went directly to the home of her friend, Miss Sarah Bagley, in Amesbury, Massachusetts.

During her former stay in Amesbury, more than two years before, she had undertaken the instruction of a boy in whom she saw exceptional possibilities, and who was destined to play an important part in her history. When she first met Richard Kennedy, he was a boy of eighteen, ruddy, sandy-haired, with an unflinching flow of good spirits and a lively wit which did not belie his Irish ancestry. From his childhood he had made his own way, and he was then living at Captain Webster's and was working in a box factory. Mrs. Glover recognized in his enthusiastic temperament and readiness at making friends, excellent capital for a future practitioner. He studied zealously with her while she remained at the

Websters', and when she was compelled to leave the house, Kennedy, with Quixotic loyalty becoming his years, left with her. After she went to Stoughton, Mrs. Glover wrote to him often, and whenever he could spare the time from his factory work, he went over from Amesbury to take a lesson.

When Mrs. Glover returned to Amesbury in 1870, she regarded Kennedy as the most promising of her pupils; he was nearly twenty-one, and she felt that he was sufficiently well-grounded in the principles of mind-cure to begin practising. Mrs. Glover accordingly made up her mind to try again the experiment which had failed in the case of Hiram Crafts: to open an office with one of her students, and through him advertise her Science and extend her influence. She herself had not up to this time achieved any considerable success as a healer, and she had come to see that her power lay almost exclusively in teaching. Without a practical demonstration of its benefits, however, the theory of her Science excited little interest, and it was in conjunction with a practising student that she could teach most effectively. She entered into an agreement with young Kennedy to the effect that they were to open an office in Lynn, Massachusetts, and were to remain together three years.

Establishment in Lynn

Early in the summer of 1870 Mrs. Glover and Richard Kennedy went to Lynn. They stayed temporarily at the home of Mrs. Clarkson Oliver, whom Kennedy had known in Amesbury, while he looked about for suitable offices. He heard that Miss Susie

Magoun, who conducted a private school for young children, had just leased a building on the corner of Shepard and South Common Streets and was desirous of subletting the second floor. Miss Magoun, now Mrs. John M. Dame, of Lynn, remembers how one June evening, when she was looking over the building to decide upon the arrangement of her school-rooms, a very boyish-looking



RICHARD KENNEDY

The Amesbury boy whom Mrs. Eddy took to Lynn and made her first partner. His success in mental healing gave Mrs. Eddy her first start toward a career

young man appeared and nervously asked whether she intended to let a part of the house. He said he was looking for offices for a physician. Miss Magoun, misled by his youthful appearance, at once supposed that he wanted the rooms for his father, which caused the boy some embarrassment. He told her that the five rooms up-stairs would not be too many for him, as he should bring with him "an elderly woman who was writing a book," and they would each need offices and sleeping-rooms. Miss Magoun

liked the boy's candor and liveliness and told him he might move in. He drew a sigh of relief, telling her that so many people had refused him that he had almost lost heart. Even when Miss Magoun's friends prophesied that she would lose her rent, she did not repent of her bargain; and she never afterward had occasion to do so. Miss Magoun's first meeting with Mrs. Glover occurred some days later, when her new tenants came to take possession of their rooms. As she was hurrying through the hall to her classroom, young Kennedy stopped her and introduced his partner. Mrs. Glover bowed and at once began to explain to her astonished landlady the Quimby theory of the universe and the non-existence of matter.

Richard Kennedy's Success

Kennedy's sign, which was put on a tree in the yard, read simply: "Dr. Kennedy." The rooms up-stairs were very plainly furnished, for Mrs. Glover had no money and her student very little. They bought only such articles of furniture as were absolutely necessary, covered the floor with paper oil-cloth, and put up cheap shades at the windows. Much to Miss Magoun's surprise, patients began to come in before the first week was over, and at the end of the month Kennedy was able to pay his rent promptly. By the first of September the young man's practice was flourishing. Miss Magoun's school was in excellent standing, and the fact that his office was in the same building recommended the young practitioner, while she herself was glad to say a good word for him whenever she could. It became a common thing for the friends of discouraged invalids to say: "Go to Dr. Kennedy. He can't hurt you, even if he doesn't help you." His offices were sometimes so crowded that he would have to ask his patients to await their turn below in Miss Magoun's parlor. The children in the school were fond of him, and he often found time to run down-stairs about dismissal hour and help Miss Magoun and her assistant get the younger pupils into their wraps and overshoes. He knew them all by name, and sometimes joined in their games.

Crystallization of Mrs. Eddy's Ambition

Mrs. Glover herself, during these first months, remained much in the background, a solitary and somewhat somber figure, applying herself to her work with ever-increasing

seriousness. For the first time she was free from pecuniary embarrassments, and she concentrated her energies upon her teaching and writing with a determination which she had never before shown. She seldom went out of the house, was usually silent at Miss Magoun's dinner-table, and the school children, when they met her in the hall, hurried curiously past the grave, abstracted woman, who never spoke to them or noticed them. Far from relaxing in an atmosphere of comparative prosperity, she was impatient of the easy-going friendliness of the people about her. She was contemptuous of the active part which Kennedy took in the social life around him, and resented his having much to do with Miss Magoun's young friends. She continually urged him to put aside every other interest and concentrate himself wholly upon Science. She was annoyed at the women patients who came often for treatment, and when she saw them sitting in the front office awaiting their turn, she sometimes referred to them as "the stool-pigeons." She began in these days to sense the possibilities of the principle she taught, and to see further than a step ahead. She often told Kennedy that she would one day establish a great religion which would reverence her as its founder and source. "Richard," she would declare, looking at him intently, "you will live to hear the church-bells ring out my birthday." And on July 16, 1904, they did — her own bells, in her own church at Concord.

The feeling of at last having her foot in the stirrup seemed to harden and direct Mrs. Glover's ambition as adversity had never done. She had something the world had waited for, she told Kennedy, and she meant to make the world pay for it. She often declared that she had been born an unwelcome child, and that from the first every man's hand had been against her. Although she was in her fiftieth year, Mrs. Glover had by no means reached the maturity of her powers. During these early years in Lynn she becomes in every way a more commanding and formidable person. Since she no longer had to live by her wits, certain affectations and ingratiating mannerisms became less pronounced. The little distinction for which she had fought so tenaciously and which she had been put at such shifts to maintain was now respectfully admitted by all her students — and by some even reverently. She began to dress

better. Her thin face filled out, her figure lost its gauntness and took on an added dignity. People who were afraid of her complained that her "hawk-eye" looked clear through them, and persons who admired her compared her eye to an eagle's. Once relieved of the necessity of compelling attention from hither and yon, she conserved her powers and exerted herself only when



MARY BAKER G. EDDY

From a photograph taken in Lynn in 1871

she could hope for a commensurate result. In following her through the six years prior to 1870, one is struck with her seeming helplessness against herself and against circumstances, and with the preponderant element of blind chance — often mischance — in her life. Before she had been in Lynn a year, she had come to work with some sort of plan, her students were persons of good standing, and her life was more orderly and effective than it had ever been before. Success, from her first taste of it, was the making of Mrs. Eddy. From the moment she was in a position to command, she began to make headway. Her power was one of personality,



THE SOUTH COMMON INSTITUTE

Miss Susie Magoun's private school. Richard Kennedy and Mrs. Eddy had their offices on the second floor of the building. In the picture Kennedy is looking from one of the second-story windows

and people were her material;—her church, which so persistently denies personality, is built upon it. Her abilities were administrative rather than executive, and without a cabinet she exemplified the old fable of the impotence of the head without the body.

Early Students

Most of Mrs. Glover's first students were persons whom Richard Kennedy had cured or friends of his patients. The case of two young men in her first class will serve to illustrate. Mrs. Charles S. Stanley, who was suffering from tuberculosis in an advanced stage, was greatly benefited by Kennedy. She entreated her husband and half-brother to take instruction under Mrs. Glover, and they did so. Her husband at first felt that he had an aptitude for the subject and eventually became a practising student. As to the half-brother, George Tuttle, however, Mrs. Glover felt that there she had cast her

seed upon stony ground; and certainly he must have been an incongruous figure in the little circle which met in her rooms to unlearn matter. A stalwart, strapping lad, he had just returned from a cruise to Calcutta on the sailing vessel "John Clark," which carried ice from Boston Harbor to the Indies. The young seaman, when asked what he thought he would get out of Mrs. Glover's class, replied that he didn't think about it at all, he joined because his sister asked him to. He even tried, in a bashful way, to practise a little, but he says that when he actually cured a girl of dropsy, he was so surprised and frightened that he washed his hands of Moral Science.

Mrs. Glover's course consisted of twelve lectures and extended over a period of three weeks. Her students were required to make a copy of the Quimby manuscript which Mrs. Glover called "The Science of Man," and although they were allowed to keep their copy,

they were usually put under a formal three-thousand-dollar bond not to show it. As soon as the student had taken the final lesson, Mrs. Glover addressed him or her as "Doctor" and considered that a degree had been conferred. Often she wrote her students a congratulatory letter upon their graduation, addressing them by their newly acquired title.



CHARLES S. STANLEY

Whom Mrs. Eddy sued for unpaid tuition, and who declared that her instruction was valueless

The members of her first class in Lynn each paid one hundred dollars for their lessons. They also agreed to give Mrs. Glover a percentage on the income from their practice. Tuttle and Stanley executed an agreement with her which was substantially in the following words:

"Lynn, Aug. 15, 1870. We, the undersigned, do hereby agree in consideration of instruction and manuscripts received from Mrs. Mary Baker Glover, to pay one hundred dollars in advance and ten per cent annually on the income that we receive from practising or teaching the science. We also agree to pay her one thousand dollars in case we

do not practise or teach the above-mentioned science that she has taught us. (Signed) G. H. Tuttle, Charles S. Stanley."

Disagreements with Tuttle and Stanley — Stanley Dismissed from the Class

Trouble arose between George Tuttle and Charles Stanley and their teacher, and Mrs. Glover dismissed Stanley from the class. Although he afterward practised mental healing with some success, it was not with Mrs. Glover's sanction, and he finally became a homeopathic physician. In 1879 Mrs. Glover brought a suit in equity in the Essex County Court against Tuttle and Stanley for unpaid tuition. Judge George F. Choate,* the referee in the case, at his death left among his papers his book of minutes on this case of "Mary B. Eddy vs. G. H. Tuttle et al" — very full notes, written out in long hand, which throw a good deal of light on Mrs. Glover's methods of teaching and on her relation to her pupils. Judge Choate's notes on Stanley's testimony are in part as follows:

I went to Mrs. Eddy for the purpose of taking lessons — She pretended to teach me — She never taught me anything — I never told anybody I practised her method.

I was acquainted with Dr. Kennedy in Lynn. He practised physical manipulation. He first led me to commence practice, etc. — My wife was doctored by Dr. Kennedy — My wife told me Mrs. Eddy wanted to see me. I went, and Mrs. Eddy said she was about starting a class for others like me — She said she had manuscripts, not books, etc. She said she taught setting bones and obstetrics — she said she could teach me in six weeks to be as good a physician as any in the city. She wanted \$100. I said I was too poor and could not pay — I left. My wife and I went again in the evening, and she urged me — finally I paid her \$25 advance. Then I saw Tuttle with a manuscript. He said to get one to copy. I got paper. I asked her to postpone my lessons till, etc. — She said you don't require to eat in order to live. I said yes. She said she had got so far that she could live without eating. She called me and Tuttle to a room, showed me a paper. When she asked us to sign, I objected — She said when we had learned this and the other one (manuscript) which she would have for us, she would go with us and find a place, etc., and on these conditions, i. e., that she would teach us obstetrics, setting bones, and would go with us and find place etc.,† I signed the agreement.‡

She said she always went with students to see them well located, that she required this agreement — that she furnished other manuscripts, that this one was only a commencement.

* George F. Choate of Salem was for many years probate judge in Essex County, Massachusetts. He was a member of the distinguished Choate family, his father being an own cousin of Rufus Choate.

† Presumably a place in which to begin practising.

‡ The text of this agreement is given above.

She turned me out of the class at the end of three weeks. She told me I couldn't practise her method anyway because I was a Baptist — We were to have a six weeks' course, and it was at end of two weeks she told me to leave.

Finding that I could have a good effect upon my wife when she was sick and would have severe coughing spells, I thought likely I could have a



GEORGE H. TUTTLE

A young seaman who had just returned from a voyage to Calcutta, when he entered Mrs. Eddy's class. He shipped on the "John Clark," which carried ice from Boston Harbor to the Indies, and in this picture wears the water-tight clothes in which he helped to handle the cargo

good effect upon others. I saw what was in those manuscripts and asked her when the others she spoke of were coming. I asked her what to do if called to a person with a broken limb — She said if so, tell them there isn't any broken limb, that it is all belief, etc.

The testimony of George H. Tuttle, in the same suit, is recorded in Judge Choate's minutes as follows:

In 1870 I knew Mrs. Eddy — was a student of hers. My sister was being attended by Dr. Kennedy, and through my sister I was induced to go up to Mrs. Eddy's with Dr. Stanley and my sister. We signed an agreement — This is the agreement — She showed us how all diseases could be cured and that there was no sort of disease that she could not cure — Said that she would make us more successful than any physician.

The instructions were simply that we were to understand the teachings of the manuscript and that fully understanding it we should be able to heal all disease — We took lessons for a week and a half to two weeks, in the evenings only, — but every day, I think — There used to be an abundance of talk between her and Stanley — Considerable misunderstanding — about payments — and about his religion. She said that he couldn't be a success in this line so long as he adhered to the Baptist faith.

She said she could walk on the water — Could live without eating — He disputed with her — Offered to stand it without eating as long as she, and she backed down — She was to enable us to heal *all* diseases — bone-setting — obstetrics — and to treat everything successfully, — and she was to go with us and see that we had success.

She used to hold up consumption and tell us that there was no such thing as lungs — no liver — and they were all imagination — She became dissatisfied sometimes with him (Stanley) and sometimes with me — Finally she recalled the manuscripts, claiming that she wanted to make some alterations. I haven't got mine back, but she gave me another one finally. This is the one. Our instructions ceased — She had taken our manuscripts, and we were literally turned out — I learned from Stanley that he had been dismissed.

We went to see her and demanded our manuscripts — Did not get them — She complained of him, said she was dissatisfied — that he had fallen from grace and was going back on it — was attracted to the Baptist belief, etc., and he could not go on — Dr. Stanley and I went up together for the manuscripts. I don't remember the talk, but there were faultfindings.

She was dissatisfied with him — because he didn't pay — and with his dullness and inability to comprehend it (her Science) — In the first place she had held out to us that the knowledge of her principle and the possession of this power would surely attract patients to us, so that we couldn't fail to get patients — She said she had seen the dead raised — I didn't know if dead could be raised — I in part believed that those apparently dead had been raised.

I got treatment by Dr. Kennedy — In as much as she sent us out to Dr. Kennedy for a (practical) example, I suppose, — She taught rubbing, putting hand in water and upon the stomach, etc.

She claimed that Stanley must surrender everything, surrender the Baptist as every other creed — At the time we went for our manuscripts we were both turned out — Stanley gave her a piece of his mind — told her she was a fraud, etc.

I never regularly practised, because I never understood it.

Stanley said to her she was a fraud in getting the manuscripts back and generally — He was very mistrustful throughout. I don't think he had studied even the three weeks out.

She said she would give us other manuscripts in reference to bone setting — I don't remember what she said about obstetrics; she said generally that he would have only to walk into the room and be filled with the understanding, and all pain would disappear — I don't know but that something further was to be done in cases of bone setting.

When Mrs. Eddy took the stand, she said in part:

I told the defendant it was a very good method and better than I had found before of healing sick. I taught him the method. I told him it was through the action of mind upon the body — Don't recollect that I said it would cure *all* diseases. I didn't limit or unlimit it. I don't know that I meant for him to understand that it will heal everything — I presume I intended him to understand that it was a better method than any other. I don't think I ever told any student that it would heal every disease. I cannot give you an explanation — you have not studied it. The principle is mind operating on the body.

The mind is cause of disease — Through mind scarlet fever and diphtheria are cured — I have found that through the action of mind I could cure, as I have done, apoplexy, paralysis, etc., — Heart disease, enlargement of heart, consumption are cured by mind — I have cured cases of consumption found hopeless by action of mind, blindness, deafness, etc.

The Prisoner of Chillon found that gray hairs are produced through the mind — I haven't tried my system on old age yet.

I didn't promise to teach him bone setting or obstetrics. Nor that I would furnish other manuscripts, nor that I would go with him to find his place, etc. Might have said I would make him a good physician — I taught him the application of hands and water — He told me he hadn't the means to pay me and that if I would take him by instalments, he would study — I didn't dismiss him, but he said "I understand enough now to do more than any of your students," that he knew enough now to go right into practice.

I never taught mesmerism. I did teach the laying on of hands — not with power — I did teach manipulation in 'sixty-seven, 'sixty-eight and 'sixty-nine and in 'seventy — I ceased — I can't tell the date — Can't tell if 'seventy, 'seventy-one.

I did teach Mr. Stanley manipulation — that was not my principle, it was my method — My method was metaphysical — I taught it — I don't know for what — it was because I saw a hand helped me — I thought it was a good method — I can't say whether it is a science, I can't say whether a part or the whole of it is a science — If it is practised right it is a science — that part which is effective and heals the sick is a science — I don't know as I can explain it. *I do not claim it as a discovery (manipulation), I had known of it always. Can't tell if I knew of this will power before I knew Dr. Quimby* — It is not always necessary to know what is the belief.

I should generally require them (my students) to keep the ten commandments — Should require them to be moral.

I can argue to myself that striking my hand upon the table will not produce pain — I don't think I could produce the effect that this knife would not produce a wound, but that I could argue myself out of the pain. I have not claimed to have gone as far as that. I have said that belongs to future time. I can alleviate — I cannot prevent a broken bone. I would send for a surgeon and set the bone — and after that I would alleviate the pain and inflammation. Can't

do more in my present development — *I have seen the dead in understanding raised** — The infant is the son of the parent and the parents' mind governs its mind — Through the parents' mind I cure the infant.

Before 1872 I taught manipulation and the use of water.

That was not all I taught — I never said that was the science, but I said it was a method, and until I saw a student doing great evil, etc.†

Richard Kennedy in his testimony said:

I went to Lynn to practise with Mrs. Eddy. Our partnership was only in the practise, not in her teaching.

I practised healing the sick by physical manipulation — The mode was operating upon the head giving vigorous rubbing — This was a part of her system that I had learned — The special thing she was to teach me was the science of healing by soul power — I have never been able to come to knowledge of that principle — She gave me a great deal of instruction of the so-called principle, but I have not been able to understand it — She claimed that it would cure advanced stages of consumption and the worse cases of violent disease, that these were but trifles under her Science.

I was there at the time Stanley was there — I made the greatest effort to practise upon her principle, and I have never had any proof that I had attained to it or had any success from it.

I had nothing to do with the instructions — She told me that she had expelled Mr. Stanley from the class — of his incompetency to understand her science — that it was impossible to convince him of the folly of his times — *that his faith in a personal God and prayer was such that she could not overcome it — She used the word Baptist in connection with him because he was a Baptist — but it was the same with all other creeds.*

So long as they believed in a personal God and the response to prayer, they could not progress in the scientific religion — I performed the manipulation of Mr. Stanley as follows:

Mrs. Eddy requested me to rub Mr. Stanley's head and to lay special stress upon the idea that there was no personal God, while I was rubbing him.

I never entirely gave up my belief in a personal God, though my belief was pretty well shaken up.

In rendering a decision in favor of Tuttle and Stanley, Judge Choate said: "Upon a careful examination I do not find any instructions given by her nor any explanations of her 'science' or 'method of healing' which appear intelligible to ordinary comprehension, or which could in any way be of value in fitting the Defendant as a competent and successful practitioner of any intelligible art or method of healing the sick, and I am of opinion that the consideration for the agreement has wholly failed, and I so find."

* See letter to W. W. Wright on page 106.

† Reference to Richard Kennedy.



"THE SKYLIGHT ROOM"

This room, in which Mrs. Eddy completed "Science and Health," is yearly visited by hundreds of Christian Scientists, and is regarded by them as the cradle of their faith. The room was Mrs. Eddy's study for several years

Tuition Fee Impelled by God

Within a few weeks after her first class was organized, Mrs. Glover raised her tuition fee to three hundred dollars, which price was never afterward changed. Concerning her reasons for fixing upon this sum, Mrs. Eddy says :

When God impelled me to set a price on my instruction in Christian Science Mind-healing, I could think of no financial equivalent for an impartation of a knowledge of that divine power which heals; but I was led to name three hundred dollars as the price for each pupil in one course of lessons at my college, — a startling sum for tuition lasting barely three weeks. This amount greatly troubled me. I shrank from asking it, but was finally led, by a strange providence, to accept this fee.

God has since shown me, in multitudinous ways, the wisdom of this decision; and I beg disinterested people to ask my loyal students if they consider three hundred dollars any real equivalent for my instruction during twelve half-days, or even in half as many lessons.*

In 1888 Mrs. Eddy reduced the course of twelve lessons to seven, but the tuition fee

still remained three hundred dollars. In the *Christian Science Journal* for December, 1888, she published the following notice:

Having reached a place in teaching where my students in Christian Science are taught more during seven lessons in the primary class than they were formerly in twelve, and taught all that is profitable at one time, hereafter the primary class will include seven lessons only. As this number of lessons is of more value than twice this number in times past, no change is made in the price of tuition, three hundred dollars. Mary Baker G. Eddy

Early Students were Shoemakers

Most of Mrs. Glover's early students were artisans; many of them shoe-workers. Lynn was then a city of about thirty thousand inhabitants, and shoemaking was, as it now is, the large and characteristic industry. Many of the farmers about the country had little shoeshops in their backyards and during the winter season took out piecework from the factories. The majority of the village and country boys had had something to do with shoemaking before they went into business or chose a profession, and when Whittier

* "Retrospection and Introspection," p. 71.

went from the farm to attend the academy at Haverhill, he was able to pay his way by making slippers. Among Mrs. Glover's first students were S. P. Bancroft, a shoe-worker; George W. Barry, foreman in a shoe-shop; Dorcas Rawson, a shoe-worker, and her sister Mrs. Miranda R. Rice; Charles S. Stanley, a shoe-worker; Miss Frances Spinney, who had a shop in which she employed a score of girls to sew on women's shoes; Mrs. Otis Vickary; George H. Allen, who was employed in his father's box factory; and Wallace W. Wright, then accountant in a bank.

Liberal religious ideas flourished in New England thirty-five years ago, and although one woman left the class because "Mrs. Glover was taking Christ away from her," most of the students were ready to accept the idea of an impersonal God and to deny the existence of matter. Even Dorcas Rawson, who was an ardent Methodist and had "professed holiness," unhesitatingly accepted the statement that God was Principle.

Student Sued to Recover Tuition

From the very beginning of her teaching Mrs. Glover had with her students those differences which later made her career so stormy. After the defection of Stanley and Tuttle, Mrs. Vickary, dissatisfied with her instruction, sued for and recovered the one hundred and fifty dollars which she had paid in advance for tuition.* Wallace Wright, one of the most intelligent of her early students, publicly attacked in the Lynn press the "Moral Science," as it was then called, which he had studied under Mrs. Glover.

Wallace W. Wright was the son of a Universalist clergyman of Lynn, and a brother of Carroll D. Wright, who afterward became United States Commissioner of Labor. He was regarded as one of the most promising young business men in Lynn, when he was drowned in the wreck of the "City of Columbus," off Gayhead Light, January 18, 1884. When he first studied under Mrs. Glover, he was very enthusiastic over her Science and, much to his own surprise, made several successful demonstrations.

*The suit, Mrs. Otis Vickary versus Mary M. B. Patterson, was entered in the Lynn Police Court on August 3, 1872. (Mrs. Glover had not yet obtained legal right to use her former name.) The Lynn Five Cent Savings-Bank was summoned as Trustee. Both the Savings-Bank and the Defendant were defaulted, apparently for failure to appear and answer, and judgment was rendered for the Plaintiff, and execution issued for the amount of \$150 and \$5.73 for costs, on August 9th.

Mrs. Glover Wrote that her Science Could Raise the Dead

Before he entered her class, he had made careful inquiries about the nature of what she taught. Both he and his father were interested in her claims and wished to pin Mrs. Glover down to exact statements concerning her Science. He wrote her a letter, asking her nine questions, and requesting an answer to each in writing. The original letters of Mr. Wright and Mrs. Glover are now in the possession of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

(Here follow the most significant of Mr. Wright's questions, together with Mrs. Glover's answers):*



DANIEL HARRISON SPOFFORD

The student who took Kennedy's place as Mrs. Eddy's chief adviser, and to whom she entrusted the sale of "Science and Health"

"QUESTION 1—Upon what principle is your science founded?"

"ANSWER 1—On God, the principle of man."

"QUESTION 2—Is a knowledge of anatomy necessary to the success of the student or practitioner?"

"ANSWER 2—It is a hindrance instead of help, anatomy belongs to knowledge, the Science I teach, to God, one is the tree

*Mr. Wright's sixth question and Mrs. Glover's answer, in which she admits that Dr. Quimby practised her Science and had made it a subject of research for twenty-five years, was quoted in the March McCLURE'S.

whereof wisdom forbade man to partake, the other is the 'tree of life.' "

"QUESTION 3—Will it meet the demands of extreme, acute cases?"

"ANSWER 3—Yes, beyond all other known methods of healing; it is in acute and extreme cases that this science is seen most clearly in its demonstrations over matter."



WALLACE W. WRIGHT

A brother of Ex-Labor-Commissioner Carroll D. Wright. He was one of Mrs. Eddy's early students and denounced her Science as mesmerism. In the *Lynn Transcript* he challenged Mrs. Eddy to raise the dead or to walk on water

"QUESTION 4—Is a knowledge of disease necessary to effect cures?"

"ANSWER 4—This 'knowledge' is what science comes to destroy."

* * * * *

"QUESTION 7—Does it admit of universal application?"

"ANSWER 7—Yes, even to raising or restoring those called dead. I have witnessed this myself, therefore I testify of what I have seen."*

* * * * *

*In Mrs. Eddy's testimony in her suit against Stanley and Tuttle, printed in this article, she states that she has seen the dead in understanding awaken through her Science.—See page 103.

Wallace Wright Declared Mrs. Eddy's Science Mesmerism

In June, 1871, Mr. Wright went to Knoxville, Tennessee, and there entered into practice. Of this experience he afterward wrote:

The 9th of last June found me in Knoxville, Tennessee, as assistant to a former student. We met with good success in a majority of our cases, but some of them utterly refused to yield to the treatment. Soon after settling in Knoxville I began to question the propriety of calling this treatment "Moral Science" instead of mesmerism. Away from the influence of argument which the teacher of this so-called science knows how to bring to bear upon students with such force as to outweigh any attempts they may make at the time to oppose it, I commenced to think more independently, and to argue with myself as to the truth of the positions we were called upon to take. The result of this course was to convince me that I had studied the science of mesmerism.*

Wright accordingly wrote to Mrs. Glover from Knoxville, asking her to refund the three hundred dollars which he had paid for his tuition and also to compensate him for the two hundred dollars which his venture had cost him. On his return to Lynn he called upon Mrs. Glover and repeated this request. On January 13, 1872, Mr. Wright published a signed letter in the *Lynn Transcript*, stating that he believed Moral Science and Mesmerism to be one and the same thing, and warning other students against being misled. Mrs. Glover replied to this letter in the same paper, January 20th, stating that Mr. Wright had made an unreasonable demand to which she had refused to accede, and that he was now attacking her Science from motives of revenge:

'Tis but a few weeks since he called on me and threatened that if I did not refund his tuition fee and pay him \$200 extra he would prevent my ever having another class in this city. Said he, "my simple purpose now is revenge, and I will have it"—and this, too, immediately after saying to individuals in this city that the last lesson the class received of which he was a member, was alone worth all he had paid for tuition. . . . Very soon after this, however, I received a letter from him requesting me to pay him over and above all I had received from him, or in case I should not, he would ruin the Science. I smiled at the threat and told a lady at my side, "If you see him, tell him first to take a bucket and dip the Atlantic dry, and then try his powers on this next scheme."

My few remaining years will be devoted to the cause I have espoused, viz:—to teach and to demonstrate the Moral and Physical Science that can heal the sick. Well knowing as I do that God hath bidden me, I shall steadfastly adhere

**Lynn Transcript*, January 13, 1872.

to my purpose to benefit my suffering fellow-beings, even though it be amid the most malignant misrepresentation and persecution

MARY M. B. GLOVER

Wright Challenged Mrs. Eddy to Walk on Water, Raise the Dead, etc.

This controversy continued several weeks, occupying columns of the *Transcript*, and on February 10th Mr. Wright issued the following challenge:

And now in conclusion I publicly challenge Mrs. Mary Baker Glover to demonstrate her science by any of the following methods, promising, if she is successful, to retract *all* I have said, and humble myself by asking forgiveness publicly for the course I have taken. Her refusal to do this, by silence or otherwise, shall be considered a failure of her cause:

1st: To restore the dead to life again as she claims she can.

2nd: To walk upon the water without the aid of artificial means as she claims she can.

3rd: To live 24 hours without air, or 24 days without nourishment of any kind without its having any effect upon her.

4th: To restore sight when the optic nerve has been destroyed.

5th: To set and heal a broken bone without the aid of artificial means.

I am, respectfully,

W. W. WRIGHT

At this point Mrs. Glover retired from the controversy, but five of her students, George W. Barry, Amos Ingalls, George H. Allen, Dorcas Rawson, and Miranda Rice, wrote a protest to the *Lynn Transcript*, February 17th, ignoring Mr. Wright's challenge, but defending their teacher and her Science and declaring that his charges against both were untrue. Mr. Wright had the last word and ended the controversy, February 24th, by exultantly declaring that Mrs. Glover and her Science were practically dead and buried; which certainly suggests that the gift of prophecy was denied him.

Mrs. Glover's pen at this period was not employed exclusively in controversy. In the *Lynn Transcript*, November 4, 1871, appear the following verses:

LINES

ON RECEIVING SOME GRAPES

BY MARY BAKER GLOVER

Beautiful grapes would I were thee,
Clustering round a parent stem,
The blessing of my God to be,
In woodland, bower or glen;

Where friend or foe had never sought
The angels "born of apes,"
And breathed the disappointed thought,
Behold! They're sour grapes.

And such, methinks, e'en Nature shows
The fate of Beauty's power—
Admired in parlor, grotto, groves,
But faded, O how sour!

Worth, — unlike beauty — fadeless, pure,
A blessing and most blest,
Beyond the shadows will endure,
And give the lone heart rest.

For the Transcript.

Trouble Between Mrs. Eddy and Kennedy

Though Mrs. Glover's classes grew larger, and Richard Kennedy's practice steadily increased, frequent disagreements occurred between him and his teacher. He found that the Quimby method was, like every other method of treating disease, limited in its scope, and urged Mrs. Glover to modify her sweeping statements concerning its possibilities — which greatly angered her. His common-sense rebelled when Mrs. Glover told her students that she could hold her finger in the flame of a candle without feeling pain, and her grim ambition rather repelled him. Although he was almost filial in his dutifulness, her tyranny in trivial matters tried even his genial temper. About a year after they opened their office, Miss Magoun married John M. Dame of Lynn and gave up her school, leaving the Moral Scientists to sublet from another tenant.

On Thanksgiving night of that year (1871) Mrs. Glover and Kennedy went to Mrs. Dame's new home to play cards. At the card-table Kennedy and Mrs. Glover played against each other, Kennedy and his partner playing, apparently, the better game. Mrs. Glover, who could not endure to be beaten in anything, lost her temper and declared that Richard had cheated. The young man was chagrined at being thus taken to task before his friends. The frequent scenes caused by Mrs. Glover's jealous and exacting disposition had worn out his patience. When he and Mrs. Glover reached home that night, he tore his contract with her in two and threw it into the fire, telling her that he would no longer consider himself bound by it. Mrs. Glover threatened and entreated, but to no purpose, and even when she fell to the floor in a swoon Kennedy was not to be moved.

From that night Kennedy prepared to leave Mrs. Glover. Their separation took place in the spring of 1872. When they settled their accounts, Mrs. Glover was left with about six thousand dollars in money. While they remained together, Kennedy had paid

their living expenses and had given Mrs. Glover half of whatever money was left from his practice, while Mrs. Glover's income from teaching was entirely her own.

*Mrs. Eddy Still Acted as Medium—
Christ and the Apostles her Controls*

After this separation Kennedy took another office in Lynn, and Mrs. Glover remained for some months in their old rooms. She afterward boarded with the Chadwells on Shepard Street, later stayed at the home of Dorcas Rawson, and still later lived for some time in a boarding-house at Number 9, Broad Street, opposite the house which she eventually purchased. During this time many of Mrs. Glover's friends were Spiritualists, and she still continued to frequent their circles. Mrs. Richard Hazeltine of Lynn says in her affidavit:

I distinctly remember meeting Mrs. Mary Glover at these spiritualistic meetings in which she frequently took part as a medium. It was in 1871 and 1872, as nearly as I can remember the date, that Mrs. Glover acted as the chief spiritualistic medium in a circle which met at the home of a Mrs. Clark in Summer street, Lynn. My husband, Richard Hazeltine, and I went to the circle at Mrs. Clark's and saw Mrs. Glover pass into the trance state, and heard her communicate by word of mouth messages received from the spirit world, or what she said and we believed were messages from the spirit world. I cannot forget certain peculiar features of these sittings of Mrs. Glover's. Mrs. Glover told us, as we were gathered there, that, because of her superior spiritual quality, and because of the purity of her life, she could only be controlled in the spirit world by one of the Apostles and by Jesus Christ. When she went into the trance state and gave her communications to members of the circle, these communications were said by Mrs. Glover to come, through her as a medium, from the spirit of one of the Apostles or of Jesus Christ.*

The Christian Science Shrine

The Essex County registry of deeds shows that on March 31, 1875, Francis E. Besse, in consideration of \$5,650, deeded to "Mary M. B. Glover, a widow woman of Lynn," the property at Number 8, Broad Street, which became the first official headquarters of Christian Science.† This house, a small two-and-a-half story building, is still standing. When Mrs. Glover moved in, shortly after her

purchase, she occupied only the second floor, renting the first floor of the house to a succession of tenants. She used as her study a little low-ceiled room on the third floor, lighted by one window and a skylight. Here she completed the manuscript of "Science and Health," read the proofs of the first edition, and prepared the second and third editions. The Christian Science reading-rooms of Lynn are now in this building. At the time of the June communions at the Mother Church in Boston, thousands of people go out to visit the little skylight room which they regard as the cradle of their faith. The room has, of course, been changed since Mrs. Eddy worked there. The woodwork has been painted white, and the walls and ceiling are now pale blue and cream color, dotted with gold stars. None of the original furniture remains; but the chair and table are said to be very like those which Mrs. Eddy used, and on the shelf is a clock like that which used to count the hours while Mrs. Eddy measured time out of existence. On the low wall there hangs—certainly not without a stirring effect of contrast—a very light and airy water-color of the gray tower of the original Mother Church in Boston. Over the door is frescoed the First Commandment:

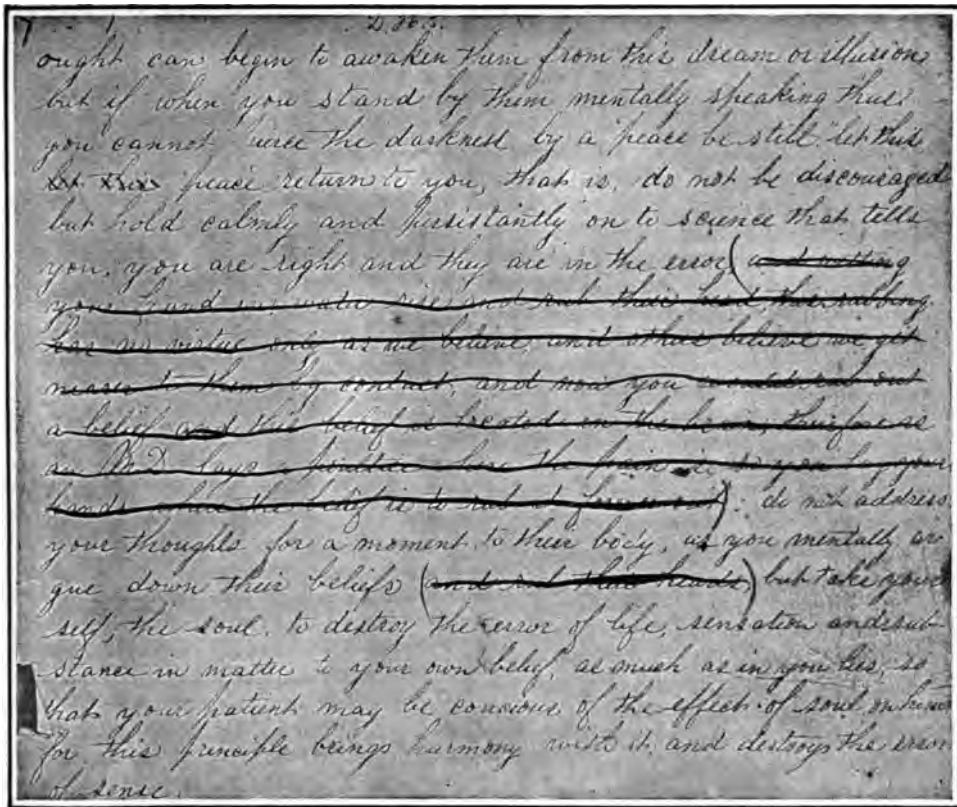
"Thou shalt have no other Gods before me."

*Extravagant Devotion of Mrs. Eddy's
Students*

When Mrs. Glover moved into the Broad Street house, she already had about her a circle of staunch and devoted followers. Whatever disagreement she had with individual students, their number constantly increased, and for every deserter there were several new adherents. Her following grew not only in numbers but in zeal; her influence over her students and their veneration of her were subjects of comment and astonishment in Lynn. Of some of them it could be truly said that they lived only for and through Mrs. Glover. They continued to attend in some manner to their old occupations, but they became like strangers to their own families, and their personalities seemed to have undergone an eclipse. Like their teacher, they could talk of only one thing and had but one vital interest. One disciple let two of his three children die under metaphysical treatment without a murmur. Another married the woman

* Other Spiritualists of Lynn also remember when Mrs. Glover acted as a medium in the circle which met at the home of Mrs. George Clark. Mrs. Mary Gould, a medium in Lynn, remembers that at one time Abraham Lincoln was one of Mrs. Glover's controls.

† When Mrs. Glover bought this property, she assumed the mortgage on it of \$2,800.



Facsimile of Mr. Spofford's copy of Mrs. Eddy's manuscript, "Questions and Answers in Moral Science" ("Scientific Treatise on Mortality"), showing the passage on "Manipulation," which was stricken out by her order after her separation from Richard Kennedy—See page 113

whom Mrs. Glover designated. Two students furnished the money to bring out her first book, though Mrs. Glover at that time owned the house in which she lived, and her classes were fairly remunerative.

The closer students, who constituted Mrs. Glover's cabinet and body-guard, executed her commissions, transacted her business, and were always at her call. To-day some of these who have long been accounted as enemies by Mrs. Eddy, and whom she has anathematized in print and discredited on the witness-stand, still declare that what they got from her was beyond equivalent in gold or silver. They speak of a certain spiritual or emotional exaltation which she was able to impart in her class-room; a feeling so strong that it was like the birth of a new understanding and seemed to open to them a new heaven and a new earth. Some of Mrs. Glover's students experienced this in a very slight degree, but such as

were imaginative and emotional, and especially those who had something of the mystic in their nature, came out of her class-room to find that for them the world had changed. They lived by a new set of values; the color seemed to fade out of the physical world about them; men and women became shadow-like, and their own humanity grew pale. The reality of pain and pleasure, sin and grief, love and death, once denied, the only positive thing in their lives was their belief—and that was almost wholly negation. One of the students who was closest to Mrs. Glover at that time says that to him the world outside her little circle seemed like a madhouse, where each inmate was given over to his delusion of love or gain or ambition, and the problem which confronted him was how to awaken them from the absurdity of their pursuits. It is but fair to say that occasionally a student was more of a royalist than the king, and that Mrs. Glover herself had a very sound

sense of material values and often reminded an extravagant follower to render unto Caesar what was his due.

Daniel Harrison Spofford

Among the enthusiasts of Mrs. Glover's following was Daniel Harrison Spofford, who became a very successful practitioner of mental healing, and at one time had offices in Boston, Haverhill, and Newburyport, dividing his time among the three places. Spofford was one of the most interesting of Mrs. Glover's students and an important factor in the early development of Christian Science.* He was born at Temple, New Hampshire, and when he was a boy of ten came to eastern Massachusetts with his brother and widowed mother. He was put out to work for farmers about the country, and, although he was a frail boy, did a man's work. He was working as a watchmaker's apprentice when, in his twentieth year, he entered the army. He enlisted in '61 and served in the Army of the Potomac, in Hooker's brigade, until he was mustered out in '64, taking part in some twenty engagements, among them Gettysburg and the second battle of Bull Run. On his return from the army he went to work in a shoe factory in Lynn. He first met Mrs. Glover in 1871, when she was with Richard Kennedy, and he had access, through another student, to the manuscripts from which she taught. During the next three years, which he spent in the South and West, he carried these manuscripts with him and studied them. He was thoughtful and reflective by nature, and even when he was a chore boy on the farm he read the Bible diligently and went about his work in the barn and in the field pondering deeply upon the paradoxes of the old theology. He had worked out a kind of transcendentalism of his own, and he found something in the Quimby manuscripts which satisfied a need of his nature. When he came back to Lynn, in the spring of 1875, he began to experiment among his friends in the healing power of this system, and made several cures which were much talked about. Mrs. Glover soon heard of this and sent Spofford a letter, in which she said: "Mr. Spofford I tender you a cordial invitation to join my next class and receive my instruction in healing the sick without medicine, without money, and without price."

*Mr. Spofford now lives opposite the old Whittier home-
stead, on the road between Haverhill and Amesbury.

Mrs. Eddy Gave Spofford the Pen with Which "Science and Health" was Written

Spofford, who was then about thirty-three years of age, accordingly entered Mrs. Glover's class in April, 1875, and in a few weeks her teaching had become to him the most important thing in the world. Mr. Spofford still says that no price could be put upon what Mrs. Glover gave her students, and that the mere manuscripts which he had formerly studied were, compared to her expounding of them, as the printed page of a musical score compared to its interpretation by a master. His teacher recognized in him a mind singularly adapted to her subject, and a nature sincere and free from self-seeking. She turned many of her students over to him for instruction in Scriptural interpretation, addressed him as "Harry," and showed her appreciation of his loyalty by presenting to him, in a silver case, the gold pen with which "Science and Health" was written.

In May, a month after he entered her class, Mr. Spofford opened an office in Lynn and put out his sign, "Dr. Spofford, Scientific Physician." His success was as rapid as Richard Kennedy's had been, although it would be difficult to find two men more unlike than these, who were perhaps the most intelligent and able of all Mrs. Glover's practising students. Kennedy was cheerful, impulsive, practical, and blessed with a warm enjoyment of the world as it is. He made a host of friends, whom he managed to see very often, and always found a thousand agreeable duties which he discharged punctiliously. Spofford was an idealist, somewhat tinged with the gentle melancholy of the dreamer—a type with which the literature of New England has made us all familiar. His frame was delicate, his hands and features finely cut, and his eyes were intense and very blue in color. His voice was low, and his manner gentle and somewhat aloof.

These men, both singularly upright in character, were destined to become two of that hated trinity, "Kennedy, Spofford, and Arens," which for years represented to Mrs. Eddy and her followers the incarnation of evil on earth. They were variously styled by her "mental malpractitioners," "mental outlaws," "mental assassins," and "arch destroyers of health and morals."

Foremost in loyalty among Mrs. Glover's women students was Mrs. Miranda Rice, who remained in constant attendance upon her, acting as mediator between her and recalcitrant students and attending her in those violent seizures of hysteria which continued to torture her. Mrs. Rice says that during these attacks the poor woman would often lie unconscious for hours together; at other times she would seem almost insane, would denounce all her friends, declare that they were all persecuting and wronging her, and that she would run away, never to come back.

In spite of the hardships of her service, Mrs. Rice remained Mrs. Glover's friend for about twelve years—Mrs. Glover rarely kept her friends so long. Mrs. Rice always felt under obligation to her teacher, for she had paid no tuition when she entered her class, and one of Mrs. Glover's most noted demonstrations—for years recounted in succeeding editions of "Science and Health"—occurred when she attended Mrs. Rice in child-bed. Mrs. Rice still affirms that the birth was absolutely painless.

Bronson Alcott's Visit to Mrs. Eddy's Class

George W. Barry, a student who avowed that Mrs. Glover had cured him of consumption, was long active in her service, and he always addressed her as "Mother." Once when Bronson Alcott, that undiscouraged patron of metaphysical cults, went to Lynn upon an invitation from Mrs. Glover and addressed her class, he turned to Barry and, struck by his youthful appearance, asked, "How old are you, young man?" Barry replied, "I am five years old, sir," explaining that it was five years ago that he first began to study under Mrs. Glover. Two years after he had thus defined existence, Barry sued Mrs. Glover, then Mrs. Eddy, for money due him for services to her extending over a period of five years; some of the instances set forth in his bill of particulars give an interesting glimpse of life at Number 8, Broad Street. Among the services rendered, as stated in this bill, was: "Copying the manuscript of the book entitled *Science and Health* and aiding in arrangement of capital letters and some of the grammatical constructions." (The Referee in the case found that Barry had actually copied out in long hand twenty-five hundred pages, and allowed him more than the usual copyist rate, "on account of the difficulty

which a portion of the pages presented to the copyist by reason of erasures and interlineations.") Other services mentioned in Barry's bill were: "Copying manuscript for classes and helping to arrange the construction of some of the sentences"; "copying Mrs. Glover's replies to W. W. Wright's newspaper articles"; "searching for a publisher"; "moving her goods from the tenement on South Common Street, Lynn, i. e., disposing of some at the auction room, storing others in my uncle's barn and storing trunks and goods at my father's house, clearing up rooms, paying rent for the same"; "attending to her financial business, i. e., withdrawing monies from Boston savings-banks, going to Boston to get United States coupon bonds, taking in my care two mortgages," etc.

Students Worked in the Garden

Further services mentioned in Barry's bill were: "Aiding in buying and caring for the place at Number 8, Broad Street; aiding in selection of carpets and furniture, helping to move, putting down carpets, etc., and working in the garden." In his bill of expenditures he said that he had paid out money on Mrs. Glover's account for rent, car-fare, postage, stationary, printing, express charges, and boots. In her reply Mrs. Glover stated that she had repaid him for all these expenditures, and that the boots were a present from the plaintiff. On the witness-stand she further stated that she taught him "how to make an interrogation point and what capitals to attach to the names of the Deity." She affirmed that she had cured him of disease. "I gave him mind as one would treat a patient with material medicine," she told the judge. Mrs. Glover later reproachfully published some verses which she said Barry wrote her before his defection:

O, mother mine, God grant I ne'er forget,
Whatever be my grief or what my joy,
The unmeasured, unextinguishable debt
I owe to thee, but find my sweet employ
Ever through thy remaining days to be
To thee as faithful as thou wast to me.*

Exit Quimby

The history of the Quimby manuscript from which Mrs. Glover taught during the five years 1870-1875 is interesting and significant. We have seen that while she was in Stoughton, Mrs. Glover wrote a preface, signed "Mary M. Glover," to her copy

* "Science and Health," (1881), Vol. II., p. 15.

Sabbath Eve
 Jan. 1st 1876,
 For reasons
 best known to myself
 I have changed my
 views in respect
 to marrying and
 ask you to hand
 this note to the
 Unitarian Clergyman
 and please wait
 for his answer
 Your teacher
 M.B.G.
 Hand this or deliver
 the reply to Dr. Eddy

FACSIMILE OF MRS. EDDY'S LETTER TO D. H. SPOFFORD

It was written on New Year's Eve, 1876, and announced her intention of marrying Mr. Eddy. The wedding took place the next day — See page 116

of Quimby's manuscript, "Questions and Answers," and that she made slight changes in, and additions to, the text. In examining the copies of this manuscript which were given out to her students in Lynn, 1870-1872, we find that this signed preface has been incorporated in the text, so that the manuscript reads like the composition of one person, and that instead of being issued with a title-page, reading "Extracts from P. P. Quimby's Writings," as was the Stoughton manuscript, the copies given out in Lynn were unsigned. This manuscript Mrs. Glover called "The Science of Man, or the Principle which Controls Matter." In 1870 she took out a copyright

upon a book entitled: "The Science of Man by which the Sick are Healed Embracing Questions and Answers in Moral Science Arranged for the Learner by Mrs. Mary Baker Glover." This seems to have been only a precautionary measure, however, as she took no steps to publish the pamphlet until 1876. When it appeared, it contained allusions to events which happened after 1872, and it must have been largely rewritten after the date of the copyright.

In Stoughton "The Science of Man" was the only manuscript from which Mrs. Glover taught. By the time she arrived in Lynn, however, she had worked out another treatise, which she sometimes entitled "Scientific

Treatise on Mortality, As Taught by Mrs. M. B. Glover," and sometimes gave no title at all. Mr. Horatio Dresser and Mr. George A. Quimby, the two persons best acquainted with Phineas P. Quimby's writings, say that this second manuscript is only partially his, and seems to be made up of extracts from his writings, woven together and interspersed with much that must have been Mrs. Glover's own. In her early teaching in Lynn she gave out this new manuscript, first requiring her pupils to learn it by heart, and following it up with "The Science of Man," which still formed the basis of her lectures. She occasionally reinforced her instruction by giving to a promising pupil still a third manuscript, also a combination of Quimby and herself, which she called "Soul's Inquiries of Man." At this time, however, Mrs. Glover gave Quimby credit for the authorship of the three manuscripts, even for the two which seem to have been partly her own composition.*

"Manipulation" Repudiated

The next important change in her manuscripts occurred in the spring of 1872, when Richard Kennedy left her. Mrs. Glover was then without a practising student — a serious disadvantage to her — and she was so angered that she conceived for Kennedy a violent hatred, from which, without the slightest provocation on his part, she suffered intensely for many years, and from which it may be justly said she still suffers. Kennedy simply changed his office, refused to discuss Mrs. Glover at all, and went on practising. His success so annoyed Mrs. Glover that she wished to repudiate him and his methods, and to do this it was necessary to repudiate what she herself had taught him. She therefore announced that she had discovered that the method of treatment which she had taught Kennedy (i. e., wetting and rubbing the patient's head) was harmful and pernicious. Mr. Wright's articles in the *Lynn Transcript* had apparently suggested mesmerism to her, and she now declared that Kennedy was a mesmerist and his treatment mesmerism. In the first edition of "Science and Health," page 193, she says:

"Sooner suffer a doctor infected with

smallpox to be about you than come under the treatment of one that manipulates his patients' heads, and is a traitor to science."

And on page 371:

"There is but one possible way of doing wrong with a mental method of healing, and this is mesmerism, whereby the minds of the sick may be controlled with error instead of Truth. . . . For years we had tested the benefits of Truth on the body, and knew no opposite chance for doing evil through a mental method of healing until we saw it traduced by an erring student, and made the medium of error. Introducing falsehoods into the minds of the patients prevented their recovery, and the sins of the doctor was visited on the patients, many of whom died because of this. . . ."

Soon after her break with Kennedy she had all her students strike out from their manuscript, "Scientific Treatise on Mortality," the passages regarding the manipulation of the patient's head, as in the following:

That is, do not be discouraged but hold calmly and persistently on to science that tells you you are right and they are in error, (and wetting your hand in water, rise and rub their head, this rubbing has no virtue only as we believe and others believe we get nearer to them by contact, and now you would rub out a belief and this belief is located in the brain, therefore as an M.D. lays a poultice where the pain is, so you lay your hands where the belief is to rub it forever out) do not address your thoughts for a moment to their body as you mentally argue down their beliefs (and rub their heads) but take yourself, the Soul, to destroy the error of life, sensation and substance in matter to your own belief, as much as in you lies, etc.

Now Felt that Quimby Had Been a Detriment

"Manipulation," as she called it, became a thing of horror to Mrs. Glover; it was the taint which distinguished the false science from the true. Now, manipulation had been Quimby's method of treating his patients, and as Mrs. Glover was a person of singularly literal mind, breaking away from that method gave her a sense not only of independence but of conquest. She considered that she had improved upon the original Quimby method and left it behind her. She still taught her students to put their fingers upon the patient's head, but the rubbing and the bowl of water were now symbols of the dark abuses of "mental malpractice." Having abjured them, Mrs. Glover felt that this Science was hers as it had never been before. She felt that she had now a system which

* Daniel H. Spofford in his affidavit says: "In the year 1870 I was a resident of Lynn, Massachusetts. In that year I made the acquaintance of one Mary Baker Glover, at that time a teacher of metaphysical healing. She taught from three manuscripts, entitled 'Questions and Answers in Moral Science,' (Treatise on Mortality), 'The Science of Man,' and 'Soul's Inquiries of Man.' She always attributed the authorship of these manuscripts to P. P. Quimby, of Portland, Maine."

was practically her own, and told Dr. Spofford she considered that Quimby had been a detriment to her growth in Science. The more one studies the illogical and literal quality of Mrs. Glover's mind as evinced in her life and writings, the better one understands how she could readily persuade herself that this was true.

By 1875 Quimby's name was seldom mentioned in Mrs. Glover's class-room. She was now surrounded by a body of devoted students who venerated her as she had once venerated Quimby. Instead of pointing always backward and reiterating, "I learned this from Dr. Quimby, etc.," she began to acquiesce in the belief of her students, who regarded her as the source of what she taught. Her infatuated students desired to see no further than their teacher, and doubtless would not have looked beyond her had she pointed. Consequently, when the first edition of "Science and Health" at last appeared in 1875, there was but a casual mention of Quimby in its pages. Mrs. Glover's feeling of proprietorship in her Science had come about gradually; circumstances, especially her own success, had much to do with it. The progress of this assimilation is easily followed:

First—The writing of a signed preface to and the amending of the original Quimby manuscript.

Second—The incorporating of this preface in the text.

Third—The composition of a second manuscript, partly her own, from which she was able to teach successfully.

Fourth—The discontinuation of "manipulation" in treatment.

Fifth—The belief, fostered by her students, that her interpretation of the Quimby manuscript was far beyond the manuscript itself in scope and understanding.

Sixth—The writing of the book, "Science and Health," begun in the later 'sixties and finished in 1875, in which Mrs. Glover undoubtedly added much extraneous matter to Quimbyism, and developed self-confidence by presenting ideas of her own.

First Christian Science Organization

Although the Christian Science church was not chartered until 1879, the first attempt at an organization was made in 1875. Her students desired Mrs. Glover to conduct services of public worship in Lynn, and to this end formed an association, electing

officers, and calling themselves the "Christian Scientists." In a memorandum book, kept by Daniel H. Spofford in the spring of that year, appears the following entry:

May 26—At a meeting of students, 8 Broad street, there was a committee of three appointed, consisting of Dorcas B. Rawson, George W. Barry and D. H. Spofford, to ascertain what a suitable hall could be rented for, and the amount which could be raised weekly toward sustaining Mrs. Glover as teacher and instructor for one year. Committee to report night of June 1.

This committee entered heartily into its labors and drew up the following pledge, which was signed by eight students:

Whereas, in times not long past, the Science of Healing new to the age, and far in advance of all other modes was introduced into the city of Lynn by its discoverer, a certain lady, Mary Baker Glover,

And, whereas, many friends spread the good tidings throughout the place, and bore aloft the standard of life and truth which had declared freedom to many manacled with the bonds of disease or error,

And, whereas, by the wilful and wicked disobedience of an individual,* who has no name in Love Wisdom or Truth, the light was obscured by clouds of misinterpretations and mists of mystery, so that God's work was hidden from the world and derided in the streets,

Now therefore, we, students and advocates of this moral science called the Science of Life, . . . have arranged with the said Mary Baker Glover, to preach to us or direct our meetings on the Sabbath of each week, and hereby covenant with one another, and by these presents do publish and proclaim, that we have agreed and do each and all agree to pay weekly, for one year, beginning with the sixth day of June, A. D., 1875, to a treasurer chosen by at least seven students the amount set opposite our names, provided nevertheless the moneys paid by us shall be expended for no other purpose or purposes than the maintenance of said Mary Baker Glover as teacher or instructor, than the renting of a suitable hall and other necessary incidental expenses, and our signatures shall be a full and sufficient guarantee of our faithful performance of this contract.

Elizabeth M. Newhall.	\$1.50
Daniel H. Spofford.	\$2.00
George W. Barry	\$2.00
Dorcas B. Rawson	\$1.00
And to be paid each	.50
George W. Barry.	2.00
D. H. Spofford	.50
Miranda B. Rice	.50

Mr. Spofford's memorandum book continues the story of this association:

June 1—On receiving the report of the committee it was decided to rent Templars' Hall,

* Presumably Richard Kennedy.

Market street, and the first regular meeting to be June 6. Also a business meeting appointed June 8.

June 6—There were probably sixty in attendance at the meeting this evening.

June 8—At the meeting this evening, George H. Allen was chosen president, George W. Barry, secretary, and Daniel H. Spofford, treasurer, the society to be known as the "Christian Scientists."*

For five successive Sundays Mrs. Glover discoursed to her pupils in the Templars' Hall, receiving five dollars for each address. The remaining five dollars of the amount subscribed went toward paying incidental expenses. After the first two meetings a number of Spiritualists were attracted to the services. In the discussions following Mrs. Glover's talks they asked questions which annoyed her, and she finally refused to continue her lectures and abolished public services.

First Appearance of "Science and Health"

Toward the end of the same year the book "Science and Health" made its first appearance in print.† As Mrs. Glover had been unable to find a publisher for it on the usual terms, George W. Barry and Elizabeth Newhall advanced the one thousand dollars which the printer required to put out an edition of a thousand copies. The book seemed to fall still-born from the press. Very few copies were sold, and it was in some instances handled severely by sarcastic reviewers. Mrs. Glover was convinced that it was through this volume that she was to make her way, and that the most important task before her was to advertise it and push its sale. She accordingly entrusted this work to her leading practitioner and chief adviser, Daniel Spofford, persuading him to hand over his thriving practice to one of her new students, Asa Gilbert Eddy.

Asa Gilbert Eddy

Mr. Eddy first met Mrs. Glover through Mr. Spofford, to whom he had come as a patient. He was originally from Londonderry, Vermont, and was a weaver by trade, having worked for a number of years in a woolen mill at Springfield, Vermont. At the time he came to Mr. Spofford for treatment, he was a sewing-machine agent in East Boston. He felt an interest in Spofford's method of healing, was introduced to Mrs.

Glover, and soon entered her class. From their first acquaintance he and his teacher manifested a cordial regard for each other. He alone of all her students was permitted to call her by her first name, Mary, and she addressed him as Gilbert, often speaking of him to other pupils and extolling his willingness and obedience.

People who knew Eddy well describe him as a quiet, dull little man, docile and yielding up to a certain point, but capable of a very dogged sort of obstinacy. He was thrifty and very careful of his money. His sister-in-law, Mrs. Washington Eddy of New Haven, Connecticut, says that when Gilbert was a bachelor in Springfield, he did all his own housework, even his washing, and usually made his own trousers. When he visited his brother he always helped her with the housework, especially with the ironing, and she says that "he could do up a shirt as well as any woman." He was naturally deft with his hands, and, having grown up in a shiftless family, he had helped his mother with the housework, when he worked at all. He was short of stature, slow in his movements, and always taciturn. When he first came to Lynn people remarked upon his old-fashioned dress and singular manner of wearing his hair. He usually wore a knitted Cardigan jacket and a long surtout, gathered very full at the hips and a light cinnamon in color.

Other Students Jealous of Eddy

After Mr. Spofford's patients had been transferred to Eddy, Mrs. Glover's students began to feel that her interest in the new practitioner was out of all proportion to his usefulness in the Science. Mrs. Glover became aware of this jealousy and was greatly distressed by it. She felt that her students were leaning on her too heavily, and that by demanding her attention and even by thinking about her so constantly, they drained her powers and unfitted her for her work. She spoke much in these days of a temperamental quality which compelled her to take on the ills and perplexities of her friends and to suffer from them as if they were her own. She continually besought her students not to "call upon her" in thought when they were sick or in trouble. For some months before her marriage to Gilbert Eddy she seems to have felt completely at the mercy of her students' minds, and that she must find some way to put a barrier between their thoughts

*This, so far as can be learned, was the first time that Mrs. Glover's students were called "Christian Scientists."

†A detailed account of the publication of this important book will be given in a later chapter.

and her own. An almost incoherent letter, written to Daniel Spofford two days before her marriage, certainly indicates great mental distress, and she evidently felt that her favoritism toward Eddy had been the subject of criticism.

"Now, Dr. Spofford," she writes, "won't you exercise *reason* and let me live or will you *kill* me? Your mind is just what has brought on my relapse and I shall never *recover* if you do not govern yourself and TURN YOUR THOUGHTS wholly away from me. Do for God's sake and the work I have before me let me get out of this suffering I never was worse than last night and you say you wish to do me good and I do not doubt it. Then won't you *quit thinking* of me. I shall write no more to a male student and never more trust one to live with. It is a hidden foe that is at work read Science and Health page 193, 1st paragraph.

"NO STUDENT nor mortal has tried to have you leave me that I know of. Dr. Eddy has tried to have you stay you are in a *mistake*, it is *God* and not man that has separated us and for the reason I *begin* to learn. Do not think of returning to me again I shall never again trust a *man*. They know not what manner of temptations assail God produces the separation and I submit to it so must you. There is no cloud between us but the way you set me up for a Dagon is wrong and now I implore you to return forever from this error of *personality* and go alone to *God* as I have taught you.

"It is mesmerism that I feel and is killing me it is *mortal* mind that only can make me suffer. Now stop thinking of me or you will cut me off *soon* from the face of the earth."

Gilbert Eddy called on his teacher that same evening, and must have reassured the distracted woman as to the trustworthiness of his sex, for on the next day he was the proud bearer to Spofford of the following note, even the date line of which breathes peace:

"SABBATH EVE, DEC. 31, '76.

"DEAR STUDENT:

"For reasons best known to myself I have changed my views in respect to marrying and ask you to hand this note to the Unitarian clergyman and please wait for his answer.

"Your teacher,

"M. B. G.

"Hand or deliver the reply to Dr. Eddy."

When Mr. Spofford read the note he remarked:

"You've been very quiet about all this, Gilbert."

"Indeed, Dr. Spofford," protested the happy groom, "I didn't know a thing about it myself until last night."

He then produced the marriage license from his pocket, and Mr. Spofford noticed that the ages of both the bride and groom were put down as forty years. Knowing that Mrs. Glover was in her fifty-sixth year, he remarked upon the inaccuracy, but Mr. Eddy explained that the statement of age was a mere formality and that a few years more or less was of no consequence.

Marriage to Gilbert Eddy

On New Year's Day, 1877, the Reverend Samuel B. Stewart performed the marriage ceremony at Mrs. Glover's home on Broad Street. The wedding was unattended by festivities, but several weeks later Mrs. Eddy's friends and students assembled one evening to offer the usual bridal gifts and congratulations. An interesting picture of this friendly gathering is found in an account published in the *Lynn Recorder*, February 10, 1887.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS' FESTIVAL

MR. EDITOR — A very pleasant occasion of congratulations and bridal gifts passed off at the residence of the bride and bridegroom, Dr. and Mrs. Eddy, at No. 8 Broad St., on the evening of the 31st ult. The arrival of a large number of unexpected guests at length brought about the discovery that it was a sort of semi-surprise party, and thus it proved, and a very agreeable surprise at that. It afterwards appeared that the visitors had silently assembled in the lower parlor, and laden the table with bridal gifts, when the door was suddenly thrown open and some of the family invited in to find the room well packed with friendly faces; all of which was the quiet work of that mistress of all good management, Mrs. Bixby. One of the most elaborate gifts in silver was a cake basket. A bouquet of crystallized geranium leaves of rare varieties encased in glass was charming, but the presents were too fine to permit a selection. Mr. S. P. Bancroft gave the opening address — a very kind and graceful speech, which was replied to by Mrs. Glover-Eddy with evident satisfaction, when alluding to the unbroken friendship for their teacher, the fidelity to Truth and the noble purposes cherished by a number of her students and the amount of good compared with others of which they were capable. The happy evening was closed with reading the Bible, remarks on the Scriptures, etc. Wedding cake and lemonade were served, and those from out of town took the cars for home.

SPECTATOR.

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rate, I had not then seen a theater, and I took to the stage before many years had passed over my head.

Putting together what I remember, and such authentic history as there is of my parents' movements, I gather that this attic was in theatrical lodgings in Glasgow. My father was an actor, my mother an actress, and they were at this time on tour in Scotland. Perhaps this is the place to say that father was the son of an Irish builder, and that he eloped in a chaise with mother, who was the daughter of a Scottish minister. I am afraid I know no details of this little romance, and while I indicate it, I must destroy another. My father was no relation of the actor who was a friend of Sir Walter Scott.

I have a very dim recollection of anything that happened in the attic, beyond the fact that when my father and mother went to the theater every night, they used to put me to bed, and that directly their backs were turned and the door locked, I used to jump up and go to the window. My "bed" consisted of the mattress pulled off *their* bed and laid on the floor — on father's side. Both my father and mother were very kind and devoted parents (though severe at times, as all good parents are!), but while mother loved all her children too well to make favorites, I was, I believe, my father's particular pet. I used to sleep all night holding his hand.

My First Vision

One night I remember waking up to find a beautiful face bending over me. Father was holding a candle so that the visitor might see me better, and gradually I realized that the face belonged to some one in a brown silk dress — the first silk dress I had ever seen. This being from another world had brown eyes and brown hair, which looked to be very dark, because we were a white lot, very fair indeed. I shall never forget the beautiful vision of this well-dressed woman with her lovely complexion and her gold chain round her neck. It was my Aunt Lizzie.

I hold very strongly that a child's earliest impressions mold its character perhaps more than either heredity or education. I am sure it is true in my case. What first impressed me? An attic, an oak bureau, a lovely face, a bed on the floor. Things have come and gone in my life since then,

but they have been powerless to efface those early impressions. I adore pretty faces. I can't keep away from shops where they sell good old furniture like my bureau; I like plain rooms with low ceilings better than any other rooms; and I often sleep on the floor.

What we remember in our childhood and what we are told afterwards, often become inextricably confused in our minds, and after the bureau and Aunt Lizzie, my memory is a blank for some years. I can't even tell you when it was first decided that I was to go on the stage, but I expect it was when I was born, for in those days theatrical folk did not imagine that their children *could* do anything but follow their parents' profession.

For lack of first-hand information, I must depend now on hearsay for certain facts. I must be guilty of jumping back to my birth, which should, perhaps, have been mentioned before anything else. To speak by the book, I was born on the 27th of February, 1848, at Coventry. Many years afterwards, when people were kind enough to think that the house in which I was born deserved to be discovered, there was a dispute as to which house in Market Street could claim me. The dispute was left unsettled in rather a curious way. On one side of the narrow street a haberdasher's shop bore the inscription, "Birthplace of Ellen Terry." On the other, an eating-house declared itself to be "the original birthplace!" I have never been able to arbitrate in the matter, my statement that my mother had always said that the house was "on the right-hand side, coming from the market-place," being apparently of no use. I have heard lately that one of the birthplaces has retired from the competition, and that the haberdasher has the field to himself. I am glad for the sake of those friends of mine who have bought his handkerchiefs and ties as souvenirs. There is, however, nothing very attractive about the house itself. It is better built than a house of the same size would be built now, and it has a certain old-fashioned respectability, but that is the end of its praises. Coventry itself makes up for the deficiency. 'It is a delightful town, and it was a happy chance that made me a native by birth of Warwickshire, Shakspeare's own country. Sarah Kemble married Mr. Siddons at Coventry too — another happy omen.



ELLEN TERRY IN 1856

I have acted twice in my native town in old days, but never in recent years. In 1904 I planned to act there again, but unfortunately I was taken ill at Cambridge, and the doctors would not allow me to go to Coventry. The morning my company left Cambridge without me, I was very miserable. It is always hateful to disappoint the public, and on this occasion I was compelled to break faith where I most wished to keep it. I heard afterwards from my daughter (who played some of my parts instead of me), that many of the Coventry people thought I had never meant to come at all. If this should meet their eyes, I

hope they will believe that this was not so. My ambition to play at Coventry again shall be realized, yet.*

At one time nothing seemed more unlikely than that I should be able to act in another Warwickshire town, a town whose name is known all over the world. But time and chance and my own great wish succeeded in bringing about my appearance at Stratford-on-Avon. And I shall tell you all about it in the proper place. I am anticipating by fifty years and more.

* Since I wrote this, I have again visited my native town — this time to receive its civic congratulations on the occasion of my Jubilee.



From a photograph by Lewis Carroll

MR. AND MRS. BENJAMIN TERRY

The father and mother of Ellen Terry

A Family of Actors

I can well imagine that the children of some strolling players used to have a hard time of it, but my mother was not one to shirk her duties. She worked hard at her profession and yet found it possible, not to *drag* up her children, to live or die as it happened, but to bring them up to be healthy, happy, and wise — theater-wise, at any rate. When her babies were too small to be left at the lodgings (which she and my father took in each town they visited as near to the theater as possible), she would bundle us up in a shawl and put us to sleep in her dressing-room. So it was that long

before I spoke in a theater, I slept in one.

Later on, when we were older and mother could leave us at home, there was a fire one night at our lodgings, and she rushed out of the theater and up the street in an agony of terror. She got us out of the house all right, took us to the theater, and went on with the next act as if nothing had happened. Such fortitude is commoner in our profession, I think, than in any other. We "go on with the next act," whatever happens, and if we know our business, no one in the audience will ever guess that anything is wrong — that since the curtain last went down, some dear friend has died, or our children in the



ELLEN TERRY AS MAMILIUS IN "THE WINTER'S TALE," 1856

From the drawing by W. Nicholson, which was reproduced in the "Souvenir Programme given by the theatrical and musical professions as a tribute to Miss Ellen Terry on the occasion of her Jubilee Tuesday afternoon, June 12, 1906."



From a negative in the collection of F. H. Meserve

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN

From whom Ellen Terry received her first engagement, and to whose excellent training she attributes much of her later success

theatrical lodgings up the street have run the risk of being burned to death.

My mother had twelve children altogether, but only nine survived their infancy, and of these nine, my eldest brother, Ben, and my sister Florence have since died. My sister Kate, who left the stage at an age when most of the young women of the present day take to it for the first time, and made an enduring reputation in a few brilliant years, was the eldest of the family. Then came a sister, who died, and I was the third. After us came Ben, George, Marion, Charles, Flossie, Tom, and Fred. Six out of the nine have been on the stage, but only Marion, Fred, and I are there still.

Two or three members of this large family, at the most, were in existence when I first entered a theater in a professional capacity, so I will leave them all alone for the present. I had better confess at once that I don't remember this great event, and my sister Kate is unkind enough to say that it never happened — to me! The story, she asserts, was told of *her*. But without damning proofs she is not going to make me believe it! Shall I be robbed of the only experience of my first eight years of life? Never!

I Impersonate a Mustard-Pot

During the rehearsals of a pantomime in a Scottish town (Glasgow, I think. Glasgow has always been an eventful place to me!), a child was wanted for the Spirit of the Mustard-pot. What more natural than that my father should offer my services? I had a shock of pale yellow hair, I was small enough to be put into the property mustard-pot, and the Glasgow stage-manager would easily assume that I had inherited talent. My father had acted with Macready in the stock seasons both at Edinburgh and Glasgow, and bore a very high reputation with Scottish audiences. But the stage-manager and father alike reckoned without their actress! When they tried to put me into the mustard-pot, I yelled lustily and showed more lung-power than aptitude for the stage.

"Put your child into the mustard-pot, Mr. Terry," said the stage-manager.

"Damn you and your mustard-pot, sir!" said my mortified father. "I won't frighten my child for you or any one else!"

But all the same he was bitterly disappointed at my first dramatic failure, and when we reached home, he put me in the

corner to chasten me. "You'll never make an actress!" he said, shaking a reproachful finger at me.

It is *my* mustard-pot, and why Kate should want it, I can't think! She hadn't yellow hair, and she couldn't possibly have behaved so badly. I have often heard my parents say significantly that they had no trouble with *Kate*! Before she was four, she was dancing a hornpipe in a sailor's jumper, a rakish little hat, and a diminutive pair of white ducks! These ducks, marked "Kate Terry," were kept by mother for years as a precious relic, and are, I hope, still in the family archives!

I stick to the mustard-pot, but I entirely disclaim the little Duke of York in Richard III., which some one with a good memory stoutly insists he saw me play before I made my first appearance as Mamilus. Except for this abortive attempt at Glasgow, I was never on any stage even for a rehearsal until 1856, at the Princess' Theater, when I appeared with Charles Kean in "The Winter's Tale."

Two Years of Wandering

The man with the memory may have seen Kate as one of the Princes in the Tower, but he never saw me with her. Kate was called up to London in 1852 to play Prince Arthur in Charles Kean's production of "King John," and after that she acted in all his plays, until he gave up management in 1859. She had played Arthur during a stock season at Edinburgh, and so well that some one sang her praises to Kean and advised him to engage her. My mother took Kate to London, and I was left with my father in the provinces for two years. I can't recall much about those two years except sunsets and a great mass of shipping looming up against the sky. The sunsets followed me about everywhere; the shipping was in Liverpool, where father was engaged for a considerable time. He never ceased teaching me to be useful, alert, and quick. Sometimes he hastened my perceptive powers with a slipper, and always he corrected me if I pronounced any word in a slipshod fashion. He himself was a beautiful elocutionist, and if I now speak my language well, it is in no small degree due to my early training.

It was to his elocution that father owed his engagement with Macready, of whom he always spoke in terms of the most affectionate

admiration in after years, and probably it did him a good turn again with Charles Kean. An actor who had supported Macready with credit was just the actor likely to be useful to a manager who was producing a series of plays by Shakspeare. Kate had been a success at the Princess', too, in child parts, and this may have reminded Mr. Kean to send for Kate's father! At any rate, he was sent for toward the end of the year 1853 and left Liverpool for London. I know I cooked his breakfasts for him in Liverpool, but I haven't the slightest recollection of the next two years in London. As I am determined not to fill up the early blanks with stories of my own invention, I must go straight on to 1856, when rehearsals were called at the Princess' Theater for Shakspeare's "Winter's Tale."

II

THE CHARLES KEANS 1856



HE Charles Keans, from whom I received my first engagement, were both remarkable people, and at the Princess' Theater were doing very remarkable work. Kean, the younger, had not the fire and genius of his wonderful father, Edmund, and but for the inherited splendor of his name, it is not likely that he would ever have attained great eminence as an actor. His Wolsey and his Richard (the Second, not the Third) were his best parts, perhaps because in them his beautiful diction had full scope, and his limitations were not noticeable. But it is more as a stage reformer than as an actor that he will be remembered. The old happy-go-lucky way of staging plays, with its sublime indifference to correctness of detail and its utter disregard of archaeology, had received its first blow from Kemble and Macready, but Charles Kean gave it much harder knocks and went further than either of them in the good work.

It is an old story and a true one that when Edmund Kean made his first great success as Shylock, after a long and miserable struggle as a strolling player, he came home to his wife and said: "You shall ride in your carriage," and then, catching up his little son, added, "And Charley shall go to Eton!" Well! Charley did go to Eton, and if Eton did not make him a great actor, it opened his eyes to the absurd anachronisms

in costumes and accessories which prevailed on the stage at that period, and when he undertook the management of the Princess' Theater, he turned his classical education to account. In addition to scholarly knowledge, he had a naturally refined taste and the power of selecting the right men to help him. Planché, the great authority on historical costume, was one of his ablest coadjutors, and Mr. Brandshaw designed all the properties. It has been said lately that I began my career on an unfurnished stage, when the play was the thing, and spectacle was considered of small importance. I take this opportunity of contradicting that statement most emphatically. Neither when I began nor yet later in my career have I ever played under a management where infinite pains were not given to every detail. I think that far from hampering the acting, a beautiful and congruous background and harmonious costumes, representing accurately the spirit of the time in which the play is supposed to move, ought to help and inspire the actor.

Such thoughts as these did not trouble my head when I acted with the Keans, but, child as I was, the beauty of the productions at the Princess' Theater made a great impression on me, and my memory of them is quite clear enough, even if there were not plenty of other evidence, for me to assert that in some respects they were even more elaborate than those of the present day. I know that the bath-buns of one's childhood always seem in memory much bigger and better than the buns sold nowadays, but even allowing for the natural glamor which the years throw over buns and rooms, places and plays alike, I am quite certain that Charles Kean's productions of Shakspeare would astonish the modern critic who regards the period of my first appearance as a sort of dark age in the scenic art of the theater.

I have alluded to the beauty of Charles Kean's diction. His voice was also of a wonderful quality—soft and low, yet distinct and clear as a bell. When he played Richard II., the magical charm of this organ was alone enough to keep the house spell-bound. His vivid personality made a strong impression on me.

The Formidable Mrs. Kean

What he owed to Mrs. Kean, he would have been the first to confess. In many

ways she was the leading spirit in the theater; at the least, a joint ruler, not a queen-consort! During the rehearsals Mr. Kean used to sit in the stalls with a loud-voiced dinner-bell by his side, and when anything went wrong on the stage, he would ring it ferociously, and everything would come to a stop, until Mrs. Kean, who always sat on the stage, had set right what was wrong. She was more formidable than beautiful to look at, but her wonderful fire and genius were none the less impressive because she wore a white handkerchief round her head and had a very beaky nose! How I admired and loved and feared her! Later on the fear was replaced by gratitude, for no woman ever gave herself more trouble to train a young actress than did Mrs. Kean. The love and admiration, I am glad to say, remained and grew. It is rare that it falls to the lot of any one to have such an accomplished teacher. Her patience and industry were splendid.

It was Mrs. Kean who chose me out of five of six other children to play my first part. We were all tried in it, and when we had finished, she said the same thing to us all: "That's very nice. Thank you, my dear. That will do!"

We none of us knew at the time which of us had pleased her most!

At this time we were living in the upper part of a house in the Gower Street region. That first home in London I remember chiefly by its fine brass knocker, which mother kept beautifully bright, and by its being the place to which was sent my first part! Bound in green American cloth, this first part looked to me more marvelous than the most priceless book has ever looked since! I was so proud and pleased and delighted that I danced a hornpipe for joy!

Mamilius, My First Part

Why was I chosen, and not one of the other children, for the part of Mamilius? some one may ask. It was not mere luck, I think. Perhaps I was a born actress, but that would have served me little if I had not been able to *speak*! It must be remembered that both my sister Kate and I had been trained almost from our birth for the stage, and particularly in the important branch of clear articulation. Father, as I have already said, was a very charming elocutionist, and my mother read Shakspeare beautifully. They were both very fond of us

and saw our faults with the eyes of love, though they were unsparing in their corrections. In these early days they had need of all their patience, for I was a most troublesome, wayward pupil. However, "the labor we delight in, physics pain," and I hope, too, that my more staid sister made it up to them!

The rehearsals for "The Winter's Tale" were a lesson in fortitude. They taught me once and for all that an actress' life (even when the actress is only eight) is not all fun and glory! I was cast for the part of Mamilius in the way I have described, and my heart swelled with pride when I was told what I had to do. But many weary hours were to pass before the first night. If a company has to rehearse four hours a day now, it is considered a great hardship, and players must lunch and dine like other folk. But this was not Kean's way! Rehearsals lasted all day, Sundays included, and when there was no play running at night, until four or five the next morning! I don't think any actor in those days dreamt of lunch! How my poor little legs used to ache! Sometimes I could hardly keep my eyes open when I was on the stage, and often, when my scene was over, I used to creep into the greenroom and forget my troubles and my art (if you can talk of art in connection with a child of eight) in a delicious sleep!

At the dress-rehearsals I did not want to sleep! All the members of the company were allowed to sit and watch the scenes in which they were not concerned, from the back of the dress-circle. This, by the way, is an excellent plan, and in theaters where it is followed, the young actress has reason to be grateful. Now, for the first time, she is able to see the effect of the weeks of thought and labor which have been given to the production. She can watch from the front the fulfilment of what she has only seen as intention and promise during the other rehearsals. But I am afraid that beginners now are not so keen as they used to be! The first wicked thing I did in a theater sprang from excess of keenness! I borrowed a knife from a carpenter and made a slip in the canvas to watch Mrs. Kean as Hermione!

Petticoats in the Classics

Devoted to her art, conscientious to a degree in mastering the spirit and details of her part, Mrs. Kean also possessed the

personality and force to chain the attention and indelibly imprint her rendering of a part on the imagination. When I think of the costume in which she played Hermione, it seems marvelous to me that she could have produced the impression that she did. This seems to contradict what I have said about the magnificence of the production, but not at all! The designs of the dresses were purely classic, but, then as now, actors and actresses seemed unable to keep their own period and their own individuality out of the clothes directly they got them on their backs. In some cases the original design was quite swamped. No matter what the character that Mrs. Kean was assuming, she always used to wear her hair drawn flat over her forehead and twisted tight round her ears in a kind of circular sweep — such as the old writing-masters used to make when they attempted an extra grand flourish. And then the amount of petticoats she wore! Even as Hermione she was always bunched out by layer upon layer of petticoats, in defiance of the fact that classical parts should not be dressed in a superfluity of raiment. But if the petticoats were full of plaits, the voice was full of pathos — and the dignity, simplicity, and womanliness of Mrs. Charles Kean's Hermione could not have been marred by a far more grotesque costume.

The First Accident in My Career

There is something, I suppose, in a woman's nature which always makes her remember how she was dressed at any especially eventful moment of her life, and I can see myself, as though it were yesterday, in the little red and silver dress I wore as Mamilius. Mrs. Grieve, the dresser, — "Peter Grieveus," as we children called her — had pulled me into my very pink tights (they were very tight according to the pictures of me), and my mother had arranged my hair in sausage curls on each side of my head in even more perfect order and regularity than usual. Besides my clothes, I had a beautiful "property" to be proud of! This was a go-cart, which had been made in the theater by Mr. Bradshaw, and was an exact copy of a child's toy as depicted on a Greek vase. It was my duty to drag this little cart about the stage, and on the first night, when Mr. Kean as Leontes told me to "go play," I obeyed his instructions with such vigor that I tripped over the handle and

came down on my back! A titter ran through the house, and I felt that my career as an actress was ruined forever. Bitter and copious were the tears I shed, but the little incident, so mortifying to me, did not spoil my first appearance altogether. The *Times* of May 1, 1856, was kind enough to call me "vivacious and precocious," and "a worthy relative of my sister Kate," and my parents were pleased (although they would not show it too much), and Mrs. Kean gave me a pat on the back. Father and Kate were both in the cast, too, I ought to have said, and the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Princess Royal were all in a box on the first night.

To act for the first time in Shakspeare, in a theater where my sister had already done something for our name, and before royalty, was surely a good beginning!

From April 28, 1856, I played Mamilius every night for one hundred and two nights. I was never ill, and my understudy, Clara Denvil, a very handsome, dark child with flaming eyes, though quite ready and longing to play my part, never had a chance.

I had now taken the first step, but I had taken it without any notion of what I was doing. I was innocent of all art, and while I loved the actual doing of my part, I hated the labor that led up to it. But the time was soon to come when I was to be fired by a passion for work. Meanwhile I was unconsciously learning a number of lessons which were to be most useful to me in my subsequent career.

III

TRAINING IN SHAKSPEARE

1856 — 1860



FROM April, 1856, until 1859 I acted constantly at the Princess' Theater with the Keans, spending the summer holidays in acting at Ryde. My whole life was the theater, and naturally all my early memories are connected with it. At breakfast father would begin the day's "coaching." Often I had to lay down my fork and say my lines. He would conduct these extra rehearsals anywhere — in the street, the 'bus — we were never safe! I remember vividly going into a chemist's shop and being stood upon a stool to say my part to the chemist! Such leisure as I had from my profession was spent in "minding" the younger children — an occupation

in which I delighted. They all had very pretty hair, and I used to wash it and comb it out until it looked as fine and bright as floss' silk.

A Lesson in Fortitude

It is argued now that stage life is bad for a young child, and children are not allowed by law to go on the stage until they are ten years old — quite a mature age in my young days! I cannot discuss the whole question here and must content myself with saying that during my three years at the Princess' I was a very strong, happy, and healthy child. I was never out of the bill except during the run of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," when, through an unfortunate accident, I broke my toe. I was playing Puck, my second part on any stage, and had come up through a trap at the end of the last act to give the final speech. My sister Kate was playing Titania that night as understudy to Carlotta Leclercq. Up I came — but not quite up, for the man shut the trap-door too soon and caught my toe. I screamed. Kate rushed to me and banged her foot on the stage, but the man only closed the trap tighter, mistaking the signal.

"Oh, Katie! Katie!" I cried. "Oh, Nelly! Nelly!" said poor Kate helplessly. Then Mrs. Kean came rushing on and made them open the trap and release my poor foot.

"Finish the play, dear," she whispered excitedly, "and I'll double your salary!" There was Kate holding me up on one side and Mrs. Kean on the other. Well, I did finish the play in a fashion. The text ran something like this —

"If we shadows have offended, (Oh, Katie, Katie!)

Think but this, and all is mended, (I hope my poor toe will!)

That you have but slumbered here,
While these visions did appear. (I can't, I can't!)

And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream, (Oh, dear! Oh, dear!)

Gentles, do not reprehend; (A big sob)
If you pardon, we will mend. (Oh, Mrs. Kean!)"

How I got through it, I don't know! But my salary was doubled — it had been fifteen shillings, and it was raised to thirty — and Mr. Skey, President of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, who chanced to be in a

stall that very evening, came round behind the scenes and put my toe right. He remained my friend for life

I Learn About Vowels and Other Things

I was not chosen for Puck because I had played Mamilius with some credit. The same examination was gone through, and again I came out first. During the rehearsals, Mrs. Kean taught me to draw my breath in through my nose and begin a laugh — a very valuable accomplishment! She was also indefatigable in her lessons in clear enunciation, and I can hear her now lecturing the ladies of the company on their vowels. "A, E, I, O, U, my dear," she used to say, "are five distinct vowels, so don't mix them all up together, as if you were making a pudding. If you want to say, 'I am going on the river,' say it plainly and don't tell us you are going on the 'riv-*abl*!' You must say *ber*, not *bar*; it's *God*, not *Gud*: remon*str*ance, not remun*str*ance," and so forth. No one ever had a sharper tongue or a kinder heart than Mrs. Kean. Beginning with her, I have always loved women with a somewhat hard manner! I have never believed in their hardness and have proved them tender and generous in the extreme.

Actor-managers are very proud of their long runs nowadays, but in Shakspeare, at any rate, they do not often eclipse Charles Kean's two hundred and fifty nights of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Princess'. It was certainly a very fascinating production, and many of the effects were beautiful. I, by the way, had my share in marring one of these during the run! When Puck was told to put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, I had to fly off the stage as swiftly as I could, and a dummy Puck was whirled through the air from the point where I disappeared. One night the dummy fell on the stage, whereupon I ran on, picked it up in my arms, and ran off with it amid roars of laughter!

I revelled in Puck and his impish pranks, and unconsciously realized that it was a part in which the imagination could run riot. I believe I played it well, but I did not *look* well, and I must contradict emphatically the kind assumption that I must have been a "delightful little fairy." As Mamilius I was really a sweet little thing, but while I was playing Puck, I grew very gawky — not to say ugly! My hair had been cut

short, and my red cheeks stuck out too much. I was a sight!

The parts we play influence our characters to some extent, and Puck made me a bit of a romp. I grew vain and rather "cocky," and it was just as well that during the rehearsals for the Christmas pantomime in 1857, I was tried for the part of the Fairy Dragonetta and rejected. I believe that my failure was principally due to the fact that I hadn't got flashing eyes and raven hair — without which, as every one knows, no bad fairy can hold up her head and respect herself. But at the time I felt distinctly rebuffed, and only the extreme beauty of my dress as the maudlin "good fairy" Goldenstar, consoled me. Milly Smith (afterwards Mrs. Thorn) was Dragonetta, and one of her speeches ran like this: —

"Ungrateful Simple Simon! (darting forward) You thought no doubt to spite me!

That to this Royal Christening you did not invite me!

BUT—(Mrs. Kean: "You must plaster that 'but' on the white wall at the back of the gallery.")

But on this puling brat revenged I'll be!
My fiery dragon there shall have her broiled for tea!"

At Ryde during the previous summer my father had taken the theater, and Kate and I played in several farces, which the Keeleys and the big comedian Robson had made famous in London. My performances as Waddilove and Jacob Earwig had provoked some one to describe me as "a perfect little heap of talent!" To fit my Goldenstar, I must borrow that phrase and describe myself as a perfect little heap of vanity!

It was that dress! It was a long dress, though I was still a baby, and it was as pink and gold as it was trailing. I used to think I looked beautiful in it. I wore a trembling star on my forehead, too, which was enough to upset any girl!

Learning to Walk

One of the most wearisome, yet essential details of my education is connected with my first long dress. It introduces, too, Mr. Oscar Byrn, the dancing-master and director of crowds at the Princess'. One of his lessons was in the art of walking with

a flannel blanket pinned on in front and trailing six inches on the floor. My success in carrying out this manoeuvre with dignity won high praise from Mr. Byrn. He often used to say that "an actress was no actress unless she learned to dance early," and whenever he was not actually putting me through my paces, I was busy watching him teach the others. There was a minuet to which he used to attach great importance, and there was "walking the plank." Up and down one of the long planks, extending the length of the stage, we had to walk, first slowly and then quicker and quicker, until we were able at a considerable pace to walk the whole length of it without deviating an inch from the straight line. This experience, Mr. Byrn used to say, and quite truly, I think, taught us uprightness of carriage and certainty of step.

"Eyes right! Chest out! Chin tucked in!" I can hear the dear old man shouting at us as if it were yesterday, and I have learned to see how valuable all his drilling was, not only to deportment, but to clear utterance. It would not be a bad thing if there were more "old fops" like Oscar Byrn in the theaters of to-day. That old-fashioned art of "deportment" is sadly neglected.

The pantomime in which I was the fairy Goldenstar was very frequently preceded by "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and the two parts on one night must have been fairly heavy work for a child, but I delighted in it.

In the same year (1858) I played Karl in "Faust and Marguerite," a jolly little part with plenty of points in it, but not nearly as good a part as Puck. Progress on the stage is often crab-like, and little parts, big parts, and no parts at all must be accepted as "all in the day's work." In these days I was cast for many a "dumb" part. I walked on in "The Merchant of Venice" carrying a basket of doves; in "Richard II." I climbed up a pole in the street scene; in "Henry VIII." I was "top angel" in the vision, and I remember that the heat of the gas at that dizzy height made me sick at the dress-rehearsal! I was a little boy "cheering" in several other productions. In "King Lear" my sister Kate played Cordelia. She was only fourteen, and the youngest Cordelia on record. Years after I played it at the Lyceum when I was over forty!

The production of "Henry VIII." at the Princess' was one of Charles Kean's best efforts. I always refrain from belittling the present at the expense of the past, but there were efforts here which I have never seen surpassed, and about this my memory is not at all dim. At this time I seem to have been always at the side watching the acting. Mrs. Kean's Katherine of Aragon was splendid, and Charles Kean's Wolsey, his best part after, perhaps, his Richard II. Still, the lady who used to stand ready with a tear-bottle to catch his tears as he came off after his last scene rather overdid her admiration. My mental criticism at the time was "what muck!"

When Playgoers Got Their Money's Worth

In those days audiences liked plenty for their money, and a Shakspeare play was not nearly long enough to fill the bill. Playgoers in the early fifties did not emulate the Japanese, who go to the theater early in the morning and stay there until late at night, still less the Chinese, whose plays begin one week and end the next, but they thought nothing of sitting in the theater from seven to twelve. In one of the extra pieces which these hours necessitated, I played a "tiger," one of those youthful grooms who are now almost a by-gone fashion. The pride that I had taken in my trembling star in the pantomime was almost equaled now by my pride in my top-boots! They were too small and caused me insupportable suffering, but I was so afraid that they would be taken away if I complained, that every evening I used to put up valorously with the torture. The piece was called "If the Cap Fits," but my boots were the fit with which I was most concerned!

In "The Merchant of Venice," though I had no speaking part, I was firmly convinced that the basket of doves which I carried on my shoulder was the principal attraction of the scene in which it appeared. The other little boys and girls in the company regarded those doves with eyes of bitter envy. One little chorûs boy, especially, though he professed a personal devotion of the tenderest kind for me, could never quite get over those doves, and his romantic sentiments cooled considerably when I gained my proud position as dove-bearer. Before, he had shared his sweets with me,

but now he transferred both sweets and affections to some more fortunate little girl. Envy, after all, is the death of love!

Mr. Harley was the Launcelot Gobbo in "The Merchant of Venice" — an old gentleman, and almost as great a fop as Mr. Byrn. He was always smiling; his two large rows of teeth were so *very* good! And he had pompous, grandiloquent manners, and wore white gaiters and a long hanging eye-glass. His appearance I should never have forgotten anyhow, but he is also connected in my mind with my first experience of terror.

My First Experience of Terror

It came to me in the greenroom, the window-seat of which was a favorite haunt of mine. Curled up in the deep recess, I had been asleep one evening, when I was awakened by a strange noise, and peeping out, saw Mr. Harley stretched on the sofa in a fit. One side of his face was working convulsively, and he was gibbering and mowing the air with his hand. When he saw me, he called out: "Little Nelly! oh, little Nelly!" I stood transfixed with horror. He was still dressed as Launcelot Gobbo, and this made it all the more terrible. A doctor was sent for, and Mr. Harley was looked after, but he never recovered from his seizure and died a few days afterwards.

Although so much of my early life is vague and indistinct, I can always see and hear Mr. Harley that night, and I can always recollect the view from the greenroom window. It looked out on a great square courtyard, in which the spare scenery, that was not in immediate use, was stacked. For some reason or other this courtyard was a favorite playground for a large company of rats. I don't know what the attraction was for them, except that they may have liked nibbling the paint off the canvas. Out they used to troop in swarms, and I, from my perch on the window-seat, would watch and wonder. Once a terrible storm came on, and years after at the Lyceum, the Brocken scene in "Faust" brought back the scene to my mind — the thunder and lightning, and the creatures crawling on every side, the *grayness* of the whole thing.

I Collide with Macready

All calls were made from the greenroom in those days, and its atmosphere was, I

think, better than that of the dressing-room in which nowadays actors and actresses spend their time during the waits. The greenroom at the Princess' was often visited by distinguished people, among them Planché, the archaeologist, who did so much for Charles Kean's productions, and Macready. One night, as with my usual impetuosity I was rushing back to my room to change my dress, I ran right into the white waistcoat of an old gentleman! Looking up with alarm, I found that I had nearly knocked over the great Mr. Macready.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" I exclaimed in eager tones. I had always heard from father that Macready was the greatest actor, and this was our first meeting. I was utterly abashed, but Mr. Macready, looking down with a very kindly smile, only answered: "Never mind! You are a very polite little girl, and you act very earnestly and speak very nicely."

I was too much agitated to do anything but continue my headlong course to my dressing-room, but even in those short moments the strange attractiveness of his face impressed itself on my imagination. I remember distinctly his curling hair, his oddly-colored eyes full of fire, and his beautiful, wavy mouth.

The period when I was as vain as a little peacock had come to an end before this. I think my part in "Pizarro" saw the last of it! I was a Worshiper of the Sun and, in a pink feather, pink swathings of muslin, and black arms, I was again struck by my own beauty. I grew quite attached to the looking-glass which reflected that feather! Then suddenly there came a change. *I began to see the whole thing.* My attentive watching of other people began to bear fruit, and the labor and perseverance, care and intelligence, which had gone to make these enormous productions dawned on my young mind. Up to this time I had loved acting because it was great fun, but I had not loved the grind. After I began to rehearse Prince Arthur in "King John," a part in which my sister Kate had already made a great success six years earlier, I understood that if I did not work, I could not act! And I wanted to work. I used to get up in the middle of the night and watch my gestures in the glass. I used to try my voice and bring it down and up in the right places. And all vanity fell away from me. At the first rehearsals of "King John" I could not

do anything right. Mrs. Kean stormed at me, slapped me. I broke down and cried, and then, with all the mortification and grief in my voice, managed to express what Mrs. Kean wanted and what she could not teach me by doing it herself. When the rehearsal was over, she gave me a vigorous kiss. "You've done very well," she said. "That's what I want. You're a very tired little girl. Now run home to bed." I shall never forget the relief of those kind words after so much misery, and the little incident often comes back to me now when I hear a young actress say, "I can't do it!" If only she can cry with vexation, I feel sure that she will then be able to make a good attempt at doing it!

Theatrical Jealousies

There were oppositions and jealousies in the Keans' camp, as in most theaters, but they were never brought to my notice until I played Prince Arthur. Then I saw a great deal of Mr. Ryder, who was the Hubert of the production, and discovered that there was some soreness between him and his manager. Ryder was a very pugnacious man,—an admirable actor,—and he was very strong in his likes and dislikes and in his manner of expressing them.

"D'ye suppose he engaged me for my powers as an actor?" he used to say of Mr. Kean. "Not a bit of it! He engaged me for my damned archaeological figure!"

One night during the run of "King John," a notice was put up that no curtain calls would be allowed at the end of a scene. At the end of my scene with Hubert there was tremendous applause, and when we did not appear, the audience began to shout and yell and cheer. I went off to the greenroom, but even from there I could still hear the voices: "Hubert! Arthur!" Mr. Kean began the next scene, but it was of no use. He had to give in and send for us. Meanwhile old Ryder had been striding up and down the greenroom in a perfect fury. "Never mind, ducky!" he kept on saying to me, and it was really quite unnecessary, for "ducky" was just enjoying the noise and thinking it all capital fun. "Never mind! When other people are rotting in their graves, ducky, you'll be up there!" When the message came to the greenroom that we were to take the call, he strode across the stage to the entrance, I running

after him and quite unable to keep up with his long steps.

In "Macbeth" I was again associated with Ryder, who was the Banquo when I was Fleance, and I remember that after we had been dismissed by Macbeth: "Good repose the while," we had to go off up a flight of steps. I always stayed at the top until the end of the scene, but Mr. Ryder used to go down the other side rather heavily, and Mr. Kean, who wanted perfect quiet for the dagger speech, had to keep on saying: "Ssh! Ssh!" all through it.

"Those carpenters at the side are enough to ruin any acting," he said one night when he came off.

"I'm a heavy man, and I can't help it," said Ryder.

"Oh, I didn't know it was *you*," said Mr. Kean — but I think he did! One night I was the innocent cause of a far worse disturbance. I dozed at the top of the steps and rolled from the top to the bottom with a fearful crash! Another night I got into trouble for not catching Mrs. Kean, when, as Constance in "King John," she sank down upon the ground:

"Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it!"

I was, for my sins, looking at the audience, and Mrs. Kean went down with a *run*, and was naturally very angry with me!

I Leave the Princess' Theater

In 1860 the Keans gave up the management of the Princess' Theater and went to

America. They traveled in a sailing vessel, and, being delayed by a calm, had to drink water caught in the sails, the water supply having given out. I believe that although the receipts were wonderful, Charles Kean spent much more than he made during his ten years of management. Indeed, he confessed as much in a public announcement. The Princess' Theater was not very big, and the seats were low-priced. It is my opinion, however, that no manager with high artistic aims, resolute to carry them out in his own way, can ever make a fortune!

Of the other members of the company during my three years at the Princess', I remember best Ryder, who was like an old tree, or a greenless barren rock to look at, and Walter Lacy, who was the William Terriss of the time. He knew Madame Vestris and had many entertaining stories about her. Then there were the Leclercqs, a clever trio of sisters, Pauline, Carlotta, and Rose, who all did great things later on. Men, women, and children alike worked hard, and if the language of the actors was more Rabelaisian than polite, they were good fellows, and heart and soul devoted to their profession. Their salaries were smaller and their lives were simpler than is the case with actors now.

Kate and I had been hard at work for some years, but our parents had no notion of our resting. We were now to show what our training had done for us in "A Drawing-room Entertainment."

THE LIFE OF MARY BAKER G. EDDY

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT



THE May article ended the first part of "The Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy," following her to the point where she was fairly established in Lynn as the teacher of a new faith. In the second part of the series, which will begin in the July number of *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*, the author turns from the more obscure and ineffectual period of Mrs. Eddy's life to the years of stress and endeavor during which she founded Christian Science.

In the July article Miss Milmine takes up the story of that strange belief which Mrs. Eddy has variously called Mesmerism, Demonology, and Malicious Animal Magnetism. This element of the Christian Science doctrine, which has been the subject of so much discussion, is simply the converse of Quimbyism—a belief that the power of mind can be perverted from its natural benignant function and can be used to accomplish evil. Mrs. Eddy believes that by means of this malignant power a man can bring disaster, insanity, and even death upon his neighbor, and her discussions of this subject have been among her most revelatory and characteristic contributions to the literature of Christian Science. Her discovery of this supposed power for evil was not accidental, but, like everything else in her Science, was closely connected with events in her own life and was largely the result of certain temperamental qualities in her.

This "malicious magnetism" was first widely advertised by an action brought against one of Mrs. Eddy's students, in which the court was petitioned to enjoin him from using his mental power to the hurt of an invalid woman of Ipswich. The case was famous through Massachusetts as the "Salem Witchcraft Case"—the action being brought in the Salem courts. The history of this case forms one of the most important features of the July article.

Not long after the Witchcraft Case had astonished New England, Mrs. Eddy's name was connected with another unusual legal proceeding. Her husband, Asa Gilbert Eddy, and one of her students, Edward J. Arens, were indicted by the grand jury and charged with conspiring to murder Daniel H. Spofford. This case was *nolle prossed* by the district attorney and never came to trial.

The August and September articles will take up Mrs. Eddy's removal to Boston, the development in her of certain telling qualities of leadership, and the beginnings of her great organization there. Later will follow a study of Mrs. Eddy's life in her Columbus Avenue and Commonwealth Avenue houses. For years Mrs. Eddy's household resembled nothing so much as one of the small Italian courts of the Fifteenth Century; reputations were made or lost by an accident, and the favorite of to-day was the exile of to-morrow. Though the inner circle of Mrs. Eddy's followers was constantly falling away, the body in the field remained constant; about this remarkable character and in these strange surroundings there was growing up that powerful and unique organization known to-day as the Christian Science Church.



THE PROFILE

BY

WILLA SIBERT CATHER

AUTHOR OF "THE TROLL GARDEN," "THE NAMESAKE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM A DRAWING BY F. WALTER TAYLOR



HE subject of discussion at the Impressionists' Club was a picture, *Circe's Swine*, by a young German painter; a grotesque study showing the enchantress among a herd of bestial things, variously diverging from the human type, — furry-eared fauns, shaggy-hipped satyrs, apes with pink palms, snuffing jackals, and thick-jowled swine, all with more or less of agonized human intelligence protesting mutely from their hideous lineaments.

"They are all errors, these freakish excesses," declared an old painter of the Second Empire. "Triboulet, Quasimodo, Gwynplaine, have no proper place in art. Such art belongs to the Huns and Iroquois, who could only be stirred by laceration and dismemberment. The only effects of horror properly within the province of the artist are psychological. Everything else is a mere matter of the abattoir. The body, as Nature has evolved it, is sanctified by her purpose; in any natural function or attitude decent and comely. But lop away so much as a finger, and you have wounded the creature beyond reparation."

Once launched upon this subject, there was no stopping the old lion, and several of his confrères were relieved when Aaron Dunlap quietly rose and left the room. They felt

that this was a subject which might well be distasteful to him.

I

Dunlap was a portrait painter — preferably a painter of women. He had the faculty of transferring personalities to his canvas, rather than of putting conceptions there. He was finely sensitive to the merest prettiness, was tender and indulgent of it, careful never to deflower a pretty woman of her little charm, however commonplace.

Nicer critics always discerned, even in his most radiant portraits, a certain quiet element of sympathy, almost of pity, in the treatment. The sharp, flexible profile of Madame R — of the Française; the worn, but subtle and all-capricious physiognomy of her great Semitic rival; the plump contours of a shopkeeper's pretty wife, — Dunlap treated them with equal respect and fidelity. He accepted each as she was, and could touch even obvious prettiness with dignity. Behind the delicate pleasure manifested in his treatment of a beautiful face, one could divine the sadness of knowledge, and one felt that the painter had yearned to arrest what was so fleeting and to hold it back from the cruelty of the years. At an exhibition of Dunlap's pictures, the old painter of the Second Empire had said, with a sigh, that he ought to get together all

his portraits of young women and call them "*Les Fiancées*," so abloom were they with the confidence of their beautiful secret. Then, with that sensitiveness to style, which comes from a long and passionate study of form, the old painter had added reflectively, "And, after all, how sad a thing it is to be young."

Dunlap had come from a country where women are hardly used. He had grown up on a farm in the remote mountains of West Virginia, and his mother had died of pneumonia contracted from taking her place at the wash-tub too soon after the birth of a child. When a boy, he had been apprenticed to his grandfather, a country cobbler, who, in his drunken rages, used to beat his wife with odd strips of shoe-leather. The painter's hands still bore the mark of that apprenticeship, and the suffering of the mountain women he had seen about him in his childhood, had left him almost morbidly sensitive.

Just how or why Dunlap had come to Paris, none of his fellow-painters had ever learned. When he ran away from his grandfather, he had been sent by a missionary fund to some sectarian college in his own state, after which he had taught a country school for three winters and saved money enough for his passage. He arrived in Paris with something less than a hundred dollars, wholly ignorant of the language, without friends, and, apparently, without especial qualifications for study there.

Perhaps the real reason that he never succumbed to want was, that he was never afraid of it. He felt that he could never be really hungry so long as the poplars flickered along the gray quay behind the Louvre; never friendless while the gay busses rolled home across the bridges through the violet twilight, and the barge lights winked above the water.

Little by little his stripes were healed, his agony of ignorance was alleviated. The city herself taught him whatever was needful for him to know. She repeated with him that fanciful romance which she has played at with youth for centuries, in which her spontaneity is ever young. She gave him of her best, quickened in him a sense of the more slight and feminine fairness in things; trained his hand and eye to the subtleties of the thousand types of subtle beauty in which she abounds; made him, after a delicate and chivalrous fashion, the expiator

of his mountain race. He lived in a bright atmosphere of clear vision and happy associations, delighted at having to do with what was fair and exquisitely brief.

Life went on so during the first ten years of his residence in Paris — a happiness which, despite its almost timorous modesty, tempted fate. It was after Dunlap's name had become somewhat the fashion, that he chanced, one day, in a café on the Boulevard St. Michel, to be of some service to an American who was having trouble about his order. After assisting him, Dunlap had some conversation with the man, a Californian, whose wheatlands comprised acres enough for a principality, and whose enthusiasm was as fresh as a boy's. Several days later, at the Luxembourg, he met him again, standing in a state of abject bewilderment before Manet's *Olympe*. Dunlap again came to his rescue and took him off to lunch, after which they went to the painter's studio. The acquaintance warmed on both sides, and, before they separated, Dunlap was engaged to paint the old gentleman's daughter, agreeing that the sittings should be at the house on the Boulevard de Courcelles, which the family had taken for the winter.

When Dunlap called at the house, he went through one of the most excruciating experiences of his life. He found Mrs. Gilbert and her daughter waiting to receive him. The shock of the introduction over, the strain of desultory conversation began. The only thing that made conversation tolerable — though it added a new element of perplexity — was the girl's seeming unconsciousness, her utter openness and unabashedness. She laughed and spoke, almost with coquetry, of the honor of sitting to him; of having heard that he was fastidious as to his subjects. Dunlap felt that he wanted to rush from the house and escape the situation which confronted him. The conviction kept recurring that it had just happened, had come upon her since last she had passed a mirror; that she would suddenly become conscious of it, and be suffocated with shame. He felt as if some one ought to tell her and lead her away.

"Shall we get to work?" she asked presently, apparently curious and eager to begin. "How do you wish me to sit to you?"

Dunlap murmured something about usually asking his sitters to decide that for themselves.

"Suppose we try a profile, then?" she suggested carelessly, sitting down in a carved wooden chair.

For the first time since he had entered the room, Dunlap felt the pressure about his throat relax. For the first time it was entirely turned from him, and he could not see it at all. What he did see was a girlish profile, unusually firm for a thing so softly colored; oval, flower-tinted, and shadowed by soft, blonde hair that wound about her head and curled and clung about her brow and neck and ears.

Dunlap began setting up his easel, recovering from his first discomfort and grateful to the girl for having solved his difficulty so gracefully. But no sooner was it turned from him than he felt a strong desire to see it again. Perhaps it had been only a delusion, after all; the clear profile before him so absolutely contradicted it. He went behind her chair to experiment with the window-shades, and there, as he drew them up and down, he could look unseen. He gazed long and hard, to blunt his curiosity once and for all, and prevent a further temptation to covert glances. It had evidently been caused by a deep burn, as if from a splash of molten metal. It drew the left eye and the corner of the mouth; made of her smile a grinning distortion, like the shameful conception of some despairing medieval imagination. It was as if some grotesque mask, worn for disport, were just slipping sidewise from her face.

When Dunlap crossed to the right again, he found the same clear profile awaiting him, the same curves of twining, silken hair. "What courage," he thought, "what magnificent courage!" His heart ached at the injustice of it; that her very beauty, the alert, girlish figure, the firm, smooth throat and chin, even her delicate hands, should, through an inch or two of seared flesh, seem tainted and false. He felt that in a plain woman it would have been so much less horrible.

Dunlap left the house overcast by a haunting sense of tragedy, and for the rest of the day he was a prey to distressing memories. All that he had tried to forget seemed no longer dim and far-away — like the cruelties of vanished civilizations — but present and painfully near. He thought of his mother and grandmother, of his little sister, who had died from the bite of a copperhead snake, as if they were creatures yet unreleased from suffering.

II

From the first, Virginia's interest in the portrait never wavered; yet, as the sittings progressed, it became evident to Dunlap that her enthusiasm for the picture was but accessory to her interest in him. By her every look and action she asserted her feeling, as a woman, young and handsome and independent, may sometimes do.

As time went on, he was drawn to her by what had once repelled him. Her courageous candor appealed to his chivalry, and he came to love her, not despite the scar, but, in a manner, for its very sake. He had some indefinite feeling that love might heal her; that in time her hurt might disappear, like the deformities imposed by enchantment to test the hardihood of lovers.

He gathered from her attitude, as well as from that of her family, that the thing had never been mentioned to her, never alluded to by word or look. Both her father and mother had made it their first care to shield her. Had she ever, in the streets of some foreign city, heard a brutal allusion to it? He shuddered to think of such a possibility. Was she not living for the moment when she could throw down the mask and point to it and weep, to be comforted for all time? He looked forward to the hour when there would be no lie of unconsciousness between them. The moment must come when she would give him her confidence; perhaps it would be only a whisper, a gesture, a guiding of his hand in the dark; but, however it might come, it was the pledge he awaited.

During the last few weeks before his marriage, the scar, through the mere strength of his anticipation, had ceased to exist for him. He had already entered to the perfect creature which he felt must dwell behind it; the soul of tragic serenity and twofold loveliness.

They went to the South for their honeymoon, through the Midi and along the coast into Italy. Never, by word or sign, did Virginia reveal any consciousness of what he felt must be said once, and only once, between them. She was spirited, adventurous, impassioned; she exacted much, but she gave magnificently. Her interests in the material world were absorbing, and she demanded continual excitement and continual novelty. Granted these, her good spirits were unailing.

It was during their wedding journey that he discovered her two all-absorbing interests, which were to become intensified as years went on: her passion for dress and her feverish admiration of physical beauty, whether in men or women or children. This touched Dunlap deeply, as it seemed in a manner an admission of a thing she could not speak.

Before their return to Paris Dunlap had, for the time, quite renounced his hope of completely winning her confidence. He tried to believe his exclusion just; he told himself that it was only a part of her splendid self-respect. He thought of how, from her very childhood, she had been fashioning, day by day, that armor of unconsciousness in which she sheathed her scar. After all, so deep a hurt could, perhaps, be bared to any one rather than the man she loved.

Yet, he felt that their life was enmeshed in falsehood; that he could not live year after year with a woman who shut so deep a part of her nature from him; that since he had married a woman outwardly different from others, he must have that within her which other women did not possess. Until this was granted him, he felt there would be a sacredness lacking in their relation which it peculiarly ought to have. He counted upon the birth of her child to bring this about. It would touch deeper than he could hope to do, and with fingers that could not wound. That would be a tenderness more penetrating, more softening than passion; without pride or caprice; a feeling that would dwell most in the one part of her he had failed to reach. The child, certainly, she could not shut out; whatever hardness or defiant shame it was that held him away from her, her maternity would bring enlightenment; would bring that sad wisdom, that admission of the necessity and destiny to suffer, which is, somehow, so essential in a woman.

Virginia's child was a girl, a sickly baby which cried miserably from the day it was born. The listless, wailing, almost unwilling battle for life that daily went on before his eyes saddened Dunlap profoundly. All his painter's sophistries fell away from him, and more than ever his early destiny seemed closing about him. There was, then, no escaping from the cruelty of physical things — no matter how high and bright the sunshine, how gray and poplar-clad the ways of one's life. The more willing the

child seemed to relinquish its feeble hold, the more tenderly he loved it, and the more determinedly he fought to save it.

Virginia, on the contrary, had almost from the first exhibited a marked indifference toward her daughter. She showed plainly that the sight of its wan, aged little face was unpleasant to her; she disliked being clutched by its skeleton fingers, and said its wailing made her head ache. She was always taking Madame de Montebello and her handsome children to drive in the Bois, but she was never to be seen with little Eleanor. If her friends asked to see the child, she usually put them off, saying that she was asleep or in her bath.

When Dunlap once impatiently asked her whether she never intended to permit any one to see her daughter, she replied coldly: "Certainly, when she has filled out and begins to look like something."

Little Eleanor grew into a shy, awkward child, who slipped about the house like an unwelcome dependent. She was four years old when a cousin of Virginia's came from California to spend a winter in Paris. Virginia had known her only slightly at home, but, as she proved to be a charming girl, and as she was ill-equipped to bear the hardships of a winter in a *pension*, the Dunlaps insisted upon her staying with them. The cousin's name was also Eleanor — she had been called so after Virginia's mother — and, from the first, the two Eleanors seemed drawn to each other. Miss Vane was studying, and went out to her lectures every day, but whenever she was at home, little Eleanor was with her. The child would sit quietly in her room while she wrote, playing with anything her cousin happened to give her; or would lie for hours on the hearth rug, whispering to her woolly dog. Dunlap felt a weight lifted from his mind. Whenever Eleanor was at home, he knew that the child was happy.

He had long ceased to expect any solicitude for her from Virginia. That had gone with everything else. It was one of so many disappointments that he took it rather as a matter of course, and it seldom occurred to him that it might have been otherwise. For two years he had been living like a man who knows that some reptile has housed itself and hatched its young in his cellar, and who never cautiously puts his foot out of his bed without the dread of touching its coils. The change in his

feeling toward his wife kept him in perpetual apprehension; it seemed to threaten everything he held dear, even his self-respect. His life was a continual effort of self-control, and he found it necessary to make frequent trips to London or sketching tours into Brittany to escape from the strain of the repression he put upon himself. Under this state of things, Dunlap aged perceptibly, and his friends made various and usual conjectures. Whether Virginia was conscious of the change in him, he never knew. Her feeling for him had, in its very nature, been as temporary as it was violent; it had abated naturally, and she probably took for granted that the same readjustment had taken place in him. Perhaps she was too much engrossed in other things to notice it at all.

In Dunlap the change seemed never to be finally established, but forever painfully working. Whereas he had once seen the scar on his wife's face not at all, he now saw it continually. Inch by inch it had crept over her whole countenance. Yet the scar itself seemed now a trivial thing; he had known for a long time that the burn had gone deeper than the flesh.

Virginia's extravagant fondness for gaiety seemed to increase, and her mania for lavish display, doubtless common enough in the Californian wheat empire, was a discordant note in Paris. Dunlap found himself condemned to an existence which daily did violence to his sense of propriety. His wife gave fêtes, the cost of which was noised abroad by the Associated Press and flaunted in American newspapers. Her vanity, the pageantries of her toilet, made them both ridiculous, he felt. She was a woman now, with a husband and child; she had no longer a pretext for keeping up the pitiful bravado under which she had hidden the smarting pride of her girlhood.

He became more and more convinced that she had been shielded from a realization of her disfigurement only to the end of a shocking perversity. Her costumes, her very jewels, blazed defiance. Her confidence became almost insolent, and her laugh was nothing but a frantic denial of a thing so cruelly obvious. The unconsciousness he had once revered now continually tempted his brutality, and when he felt himself reduced to the point of actual vituperation, he fled to Normandy or Languedoc to save himself. He had begun, indeed, to feel strangely

out of place in Paris. The ancient comfort of the city, never lacking in the days when he had known cold and hunger, failed him now. A certain sordidness had spread itself over ways and places once singularly perfect and pure.

III

One evening when Virginia refused to allow little Eleanor to go down to the music-room to see some pantomime performers who were to entertain their guests, Dunlap, to conceal his displeasure, stepped quickly out upon the balcony and closed the window behind him. He stood for some moments in the cold, clear night air.

"God help me," he groaned. "Some day I shall tell her: I shall hold her and tell her."

When he entered the house again, it was by another window, and his anger had cooled. As he stepped into the hallway, he met Eleanor the elder, going up-stairs with the little girl in her arms. For the life of him he could not refrain from appealing for sympathy to her kind, grave eyes. He was so hurt, so sick, that he could have put his face down beside the child's and wept.

"Give her to me, little cousin. She is too heavy for you," he said gently, as they went up-stairs together.

He remembered with resentment his wife's perfectly candid and careless jests about his fondness for her cousin. After he had put the little girl down in Eleanor's room, as they leaned together above the child's head in the firelight, he became, for the first time, really aware. A sudden tenderness weakened him. He put out his hand and took hers, which was holding the child's, and murmured: "Thank you, thank you, little cousin."

She started violently and caught her hand away from him, trembling all over. Dunlap left the room, thrice more miserable than he had entered it.

After that evening he noticed that Eleanor avoided meeting him alone. Virginia also noticed it, but upon this point she was consistently silent. One morning, as Dunlap was leaving his wife's dressing-room, having been to consult her as to whether she intended going to the ball at the Russian Embassy, she called him back. She was carefully arranging her beautiful hair, which she always dressed herself, and said carelessly, without looking up at him:

"Eleanor has a foolish notion of returning home in March. I wish you would speak

to her about it. Her family expect her to stay until June, and her going now would be commented upon."

"I scarcely see how I can interfere," he replied coolly. "She doubtless has her reasons."

"Her reasons are not far to seek, I should say," remarked Virginia, carefully slipping the pins into the yellow coils of her hair. "She is pathetically ingenuous about it. I should think you might improve upon the present state of affairs if you were to treat it — well, say a trifle more lightly. That would put her more at ease, at least."

"What nonsense, Virginia," he exclaimed, laughing unnaturally and closing the door behind him with guarded gentleness.

That evening Dunlap joined his wife in her dressing-room, his coat on his arm and his hat in his hand. The maid had gone up-stairs to hunt for Virginia's last year's fur shoes, as the pair warming before the grate would not fit over her new dancing slippers. Virginia was standing before the mirror, carefully surveying the effect of a new gown, which struck her husband as more than usually conspicuous and defiant. He watched her arranging a pink-and-gold butterfly in her hair and held his peace, but when she put on a pink chiffon collar, with a flaring bow which came directly under her left cheek, in spite of himself he shuddered.

"For heaven's sake, Virginia, take that thing off," he cried. "You ought really to be more careful about such extremes. They only emphasize the scar." He was frightened at the brittleness of his own voice; it seemed to whistle dryly in the air like his grandfather's thong.

She caught her breath and wheeled suddenly about, her face crimson and then gray. She opened her lips twice, but no sound escaped them. He saw the muscles of her throat stiffen, and she began to shudder convulsively, like one who has been plunged into icy water. He started toward her, sick with pity; at last, perhaps,— but she pointed him steadily to the door, her eyes as hard as shell, and bright and small, like the sleepless eyes of reptiles.

He went to bed with the sick feeling of a man who has tortured an animal, yet with a certain sense of relief and finality which he had not known in years.

When he came down to breakfast in the

morning, the butler told him that Madame and her maid had left for Nice by the early train. Mademoiselle Vane had gone out to her lectures. Madame requested that Monsieur take Mademoiselle to the opera in the evening, where the widowed sister of Madame de Montebello would join them; she would come home with them to remain until Madame's return. Dunlap accepted these instructions as a matter of course, and announced that he would not dine at home.

When he entered the hall upon his return that evening, he heard little Eleanor sobbing, and she flew to meet him, with her dress burned, and her hands black. Dunlap smelled the sickening odor of ointments. The nurse followed with explanations. The doctor was up-stairs. Mademoiselle Vane always used a little alcohol lamp in making her toilet; to-night, when she touched a match to it, it exploded. Little Eleanor was leaning against her dressing-table at the time, and her dress caught fire; Mademoiselle Vane had wrapped the rug about her and extinguished it. When the nurse arrived, Mademoiselle Vane was standing in the middle of the floor, plucking at her scorched hair, her face and arms badly burned. She had bent over the lamp in lighting it, and had received the full force of the explosion in her face. The doctor was unable to discover what the explosive had been, as it was entirely consumed. Mademoiselle always filled the little lamp herself; all the servants knew about it, for Madame had sent the nurse to borrow it on several occasions, when little Eleanor had the earache.

The next morning Dunlap received a telegram from his wife, stating that she would go to St. Petersburg for the remainder of the winter. In May he heard that she had sailed for America, and a year later her attorneys wrote that she had begun action for divorce. Immediately after the decree was granted, Dunlap married Eleanor Vane. He never met or directly heard from Virginia again, though when she returned to Russia and took up her residence in St. Petersburg, the fame of her toilets spread even to Paris.

Society, always prone to crude antitheses, knew of Dunlap only that he had painted many of the most beautiful women of his time, that he had been twice married, and that each of his wives had been disfigured by a scar on the face.



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ROCHESTER'S PURE MILK CAMPAIGN

BY

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

AUTHOR OF "TUBERCULOSIS: THE REAL RACE SUICIDE," "TYPHOID:
AN UNNECESSARY EVIL," ETC.



EXT to air and water, milk is the chief disseminator of human disease. In order for the individual to live, he must have air and water; in order for the community to endure, under our modern American conditions, it must have milk, since infancy, in the altering phase of the genus *Homo*, is largely dependent upon bovine support. The importance of a good breathing supply has long found emphasis in the records of our death-rate from consumption, and the intelligent war which for years has been waged against foul air is beginning to have its effect in a slow lessening of the tuberculosis figures. Water protection, a lesson which folly has learned by the costly experience of typhoid fever, promises eventually to become a universal science. But guardianship of the third most important factor in public health, milk, is yet in its infancy. Hence the value of a definite object-lesson, such as the municipal experiment in Rochester, New York.

For those two months of every year when heat and bad food bring the infant mortality to its highest point, the City of Rochester sells milk to all comers. Because its customers are people who formerly fed their families on bad milk, the death-rate for children under five years of age, for the time when the depots are kept open, has been more than cut in half. The enterprise loses a little money, about a thousand or eleven hundred dollars a year. Upon that outlay it saved last season the lives of more than one hundred and fifty children, who, if the figures of former seasons mean anything, would otherwise have succumbed. This is at a cost of about seven dollars and a half per human life. It is a cheaper price for that commodity than any economic statistician (since Malthus) has ventured to set. To preserve

life at so insignificant an expense is perhaps the most expert specific achievement of modern American hygiene. In establishing such a standard, Rochester has set an example for other communities to ponder, to take pattern by, as in time all our cities must; to improve upon, as, happily, some of our cities, in the fullness of time, may.

The life-saving is accomplished by furnishing clean milk. Not sterilized milk; not Pasteurized milk; not any kind of otherwise -ized, baked, boiled, or metamorphosed milk at all; but just pure, clean milk furnished to young children in place of foul, diseased, poisoned milk; whereby these little citizens, instead of swelling the infant mortality records of the hot months with fat entries of cholera infantum, convulsions, gastritis, acute intestinal inflammation, and other interesting euphemisms for infanticide due to that modern Borgia, maternal ignorance, come through, well and hearty, and ready to go to school instead of to the cemetery. The milk is sold at a rate somewhat higher than that charged for bad milk, the economic rule that a good article costs more than a poor article being, unfortunately, subject to no exceptions in the best-intentioned enterprises. As this particular enterprise is in no sense a charity, the city's customers are not "pauperized" or "de-individualized" or debauched in any of those harmful ways which, to a certain type of sociological mind, overpend the race as soon as any State or city government seeks to make surer, better, or brighter the lives of its citizens. The worst thing that can be said, thus far, about the Rochester plan, is that in saving lives it loses money. When the public is more generally educated to the point of realizing that pure milk is worth an extra price, it will probably make money.

The Rochester milk movement began ten years ago, when the Health Officer, Dr.

George W. Goler, studying his city's mortality statistics, was struck with the prevalence of fatal diseases, mainly intestinal, among children under five years of age, in the months of July and August. Most health officials encounter this significant and sinister fact at some time. I remember one such, having in charge the health of a city somewhat larger than Rochester, who, on the intrusion of the matter upon his attention, observed, "How curious!" and promptly forgot it, being at that time occupied with politics. And I recall another, in a still larger city, who said: "That's interesting!" and wrote a pamphlet entitled "The Influence of Temperature upon Gastro-Intestinal Affections of the Young,"

of its drinking supply, demands — and gets, as every city gets what it seriously demands — good water officials. It wasn't the water. Tenements of the kind that disgrace New York and Chicago are practically unknown in Rochester. The food supply is fair. The garbage collecting (an important influence on health in the heated term) is tolerably efficient. To none of



Two filthy cow-sheds from which some of New York's milk supply is received

these sources could he attribute the sacrifice of life. He hit upon milk. Investigations of dairies, followed by analyses of milk samples, convinced him that he was upon the right track. Power to better conditions in the dairies was his, but not a sufficient force of inspectors. Increased activity in inspection improved matters (and made a great many people extremely indignant) but it

which, so far as I know, never profited any living person in the slightest degree, being, indeed, merely a sign-post pointing down the wrong road. Dr. Goler is of a different temper. Some people call him a crank, a term which, when applied by a certain sort of complainant, is a pretty good recommendation for a health official. As he studied the mortality figures just mentioned, Dr. Goler's "crankiness" began to rise, and with it his gorge. "This thing," he said, "is all wrong. Let's see what's the matter."

Rochester water, he knew, was good, unusually good, because Rochester, proud

was only a palliative, not a cure, of the trouble. The remedy seemed far to seek. But if he could not purify his city's milk supply, Dr. Goler could at least give those who most needed it a chance to get pure milk, and, at the same time, establish certain standards which, in time, the public might come to appreciate and demand from all dealers.

"Milk stations which should be reasonable and good markets on the one hand, and practical demonstration schools on the other," is the way he puts it.

Of course, this is in a small way "municipal

ownership," and hence shocking to the sensitive souls of some of Rochester's "best citizens." They had peacefully absorbed municipally-owned-and-distributed water (one of the best supplies in the country) without becoming inoculated with socialistic virus, but the notion of a city selling milk was poisonous to them. They de-



"Anything does for a milk station, so that it be reasonably clean. Last year, one was in a police station, one in a plumbing shop, another in a small store"



money; but keeping it and its product clean demands untiring vigilance. After considerable difficulty Dr. Joseph Roby, of the Health Bureau, found a farmer who was willing to carry out the Bureau's ideas, and after the station had once been established on his farm, he went ahead with the certified milk plant. His establishment was by no means an ideal one; his barn was an old-fashioned affair; his cattle were none too carefully

nounced the scheme. They declared they wouldn't buy the milk, and they didn't. (Their wives did, some of them, while they weren't looking, because nowhere else could they be sure of pure milk for their babies.) Dr. Goler went ahead with his plans, undisturbed. He isn't particularly interested in theoretical politics. His concern is practical life-saving.

He was fortunate in finding in the Health Bureau two men remarkable for honesty, capability, and industry, Frederick R. Eilinger, chemist, and William O. Marshall, chief milk inspector. It is to the labors of these men that much of the success of the Rochester undertaking is due.

The primary step was to establish a source of supply. First, Dr. Goler had to catch his farm and clean it. Now, making a dairy-farm clean isn't very difficult, though it costs

kept. But he was willing to follow instructions. With the slow steps by which that farm was made the one and only safely pure milk supply out of the seven-hundred-odd dairies which furnish Rochester, I shall not deal here. Those who may desire the technical points can get them, on request, from the Rochester Health Bureau, which has already become a radiating educational influence. The net result of the toilsome building-up was this: that when the plant was in working order, it produced clean milk and kept it clean up to the time it was delivered to the purchaser.

The first point of importance was the condition of the cows. According to the estimates of hygienists, about thirty per cent of the cattle in the State of New York are tuberculous. No one knows the exact proportion, because the New York State



"Through four milk stations the output is sold. All of these are in the poorer quarters of the city, since it is there that the child mortality is greatest"

Department of Agriculture is too busy with less important matters to take any steps toward ascertaining it. Obviously, there must be no such cattle in the municipal milk herd as would infect the supply with the germs of consumption. All the cattle were tested, and a number were destroyed. Then came instructions to the employees regarding cleanliness in milking and in handling the milk. A system was perfected whereby the fluid, from the time it leaves the cow, touches nothing that is not absolutely sterile, that is, free from contamination, and germ-proof.

First, the milking pail is steamed, and the mouth of it covered with sterilized cheese-cloth. The milkman, his hands carefully washed, milks through this cheese-cloth, under the supervision of a Health Bureau nurse, the pail being then carried to a small shed near by, where the sterilized distributing bottles are awaiting it. Double screen doors keep out that mischievous distributor of dirt and disease, the fly, and should one squeeze its way in, it is hunted down with as determined a ruthlessness as if it were a rattlesnake. Untouched by

human hands, the milk is siphoned into the bottles, which are at once sealed with sterile stoppers and packed in an ice-box until ready for delivery. Thus produced and bottled for delivery, it is insured against taint. Nowhere can it encounter a germ until it reaches the consumer. The cow and the baby are the only containers not abso-



"The municipal attempt, in its first year, established its plant in tents"

lutely sterile, and the cow is as safe as inspection can make her.

Does it not sound extremely simple, this matter of producing clean milk? There is nothing more to it than I have described. In the mere matter of cleanliness lies the difference between milk on which babies thrive, and milk on which babies pine and die. When I visited the Rochester farm last August, the weather had been uncomfortably warm for two weeks. At my summer place, which is on the shore of a lake and hence free from dust and contamination, I had experienced difficulty in keeping milk sweet — sound country milk, fresh from the creamery. Dr. Roby gave me a glass from the Rochester farm's cooler, where it had been kept at a temperature of about fifty degrees, and asked my opinion of it. It was excellently sweet and fresh.

"That milk," said he, after consulting a record, "is just a trifle more than ten days old."

If you are a house owner or a flat renter, ask your wife how long a supply keeps, even on the ice. Probably not more than three or four days at the most. The difference is that your milk, before it reaches you, has become contaminated through foreign substances, while the genuinely pure milk has



DR. GEORGE W. GOLER

nothing in it to cause premature souring, and, kept cool, will remain sweet for a fortnight before the natural processes take place. Nor, having soured, is it therefore tainted. Children thrive better on sour clean milk than on sweet tainted milk. However, the Rochester article is never more than ten hours from cow to consumer. As for the practical effects of such a plan, it is enough to say that of all the children who were fed on that supply last year, during the two summer months when the enterprise runs, only two died, and they were practically moribund when brought to the milk depot.

Through four selling stations the output is sold. All of these are in the poorer quarters of the city, since it is there that the child mortality is greatest. One is in a Jewish district, one touches an Irish and

Italian quarter which is as near to being a slum as anything the cleanly city permits within its borders, and the others are in districts near where the poorer laboring classes live. The price of the milk averages nine cents a quart, which is above the market price of ordinary milk. Nevertheless, even among the very poor, the doctrine that in pure milk lies sound household economy spread with surprising rapidity. Nor was the sale confined to the poorer classes alone. Before the plan was long afoot, carriages began to make their way through those mean streets, bringing the well-to-do or their servants, to buy the only milk which even those with unlimited means could be sure of finding pure and healthful for their little ones. Of course, the fact that the municipal enterprise cannot deliver its merchandise very greatly limits the sales. Could it afford to deliver at nine cents, Health Officer Goler believes that the business would increase to thirty-five per cent of the total sold in the city.

Anything does for a milk station, so that it be reasonably clean. Last year, one was in a police station, one in a plumbing shop, another in a small store. One is even in a hospital! Each is presided over by a nurse, who gives kindly and tactful advice to the mothers of children, whether sound or ailing. And here, without any desire to detract from the beneficial effects of the milk itself, I am bound to express a settled conviction that a considerable part of the lowered death-rate should be credited to this system of instruction. Through the influence of the nurse the amazing diet on which children of the tenements are customarily brought up is often modified radically.

For example, this conversation, last August, between a milk-station nurse and a superfluously motherly Irishwoman leading a boy of two and a half years, the latest of seven. (Item: five of the seven died before the age of three years, for reasons which will appear.)

The Baby — "Yah-ah-ah-yah!" (Rubs his small paunch, which is distended like a foot-ball.)

The Mother — "Be aisy, will ye, ye little divvle!" To the Nurse: "Sure, I don't know what's the matter wit me Jawunny at tall, ma'am. He do be yellin' the roof of his head off, all day."

The Nurse — "What have you been feeding him?"

The Mother — "Nothin' at tall, ma'am, that you'd think to call feedin'."

The Nurse — "Only the milk?"

The Mother — "Maybe a bit o' dinner——"

The Baby — "Yah-ah-ah-ya-a-ow!"

The Nurse — "Give him to me. Now, what was it you had for dinner?"

The Mother — "Well, a bit o' pork. He cried for that."

The Nurse — "And you gave it to him?" (*sotto voce*) "with the mercury at ninety. Any cabbage with it?"

The Mother — "Ain't you the thoughtful lady! Sure, he was to set his teeth on a bit o' cabbage, or he'd have his heart out of his little t'roat, with the yellin'."

The Nurse (carelessly) — "And you had a glass of beer with your meal?"

The Mother — "An' a sup o' good beer'll not hurrt him, I'm thinkin'. Sure, it was only a spoonful."

The Nurse (suggestively) — "And yesterday? He didn't sleep well last night, perhaps?"

The Mother — "Didn't he! I gev him two spoons of the Baby Fri'nd,* and it's like the dead he shlept."

Then came the lecture, tactfully given so as to avoid offense; and the mother of the distended "Jawny" went home with her bottle of milk and the beginnings of wisdom, wherewith, haply, to keep the baby from the graveyard whither five others had preceded him. This conversation I quote at length, not because it is in any way remarkable, but because it is in every sense typical. So, I say, when the records are considered, the good milk that the Rochester babies get must divide the credit with the withholding of the average indigestibles they used to be stuffed with. And here is the record in plain figures:

Inherently the success of the Rochester plan depends upon the original purity of the milk, beginning with the health and cleanliness of the cattle. Hence, the design has been to move the municipal plant — the packing and sterilizing apparatus and quarters — from farm to farm, thus educating the farmer to the feasibility of hygienic dairying. Unfortunately, few farmers could be brought to take any interest in the matter. Although there is absolutely no expense to the dairyman, other than what is involved in decent cleanliness, and although there are no requirements beyond a pure water-supply and decently humane ventilation of the barns, the farming population of Monroe County preferred to furnish dirty and more or less diseased milk in the old, easy way. The municipal attempt, in its first year, established its plant in tents, on a farm at Brighton, one of Rochester's suburbs. Last year the farm chosen was in the outskirts of the city, to the north. This year another place may be chosen, and meanwhile last year's farm, run by a farmer named Lovett, who has recently put in an ideal farm, will continue to produce pure milk, such as can be certified by the local medical authorities.

Example alone being insufficient to the solving of the problem, Health Officer Goler does not abstain from the sharper lesson of punishment. All dairies are inspected at least twice a year. If conditions fall below a certain standard, Dr. Goler notifies the offender. Always, every reasonable chance is given before further steps are taken. The retailer who handles the dangerous output is also notified. Now, should the dairyman disregard the warning (more than two thousand letters of this kind were sent out from the Health Bureau last year) his milk is condemned. An embargo is put upon it. No sale of it

DEATHS AMONG CHILDREN UNDER ONE YEAR AND FROM ONE TO FIVE YEARS FOR TWO TEN-YEAR PERIODS, ONE BEFORE AND THE OTHER AFTER SYSTEMATIC MILK WORK WAS BEGUN AT ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.†

		1887—1896												Total
Under 1 to 5	{	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sep.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	
		319	303	316	316	258	280	1010	808	554	342	234	244	4975
		233	214	201	210	192	163	212	267	185	181	200	218	2476
		552	517	517	526	450	443	1222	1075	739	523	434	462	7451
		1897—1906												Total
Under 1 to 5	{	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sep.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	
		210	265	265	283	218	205	413	478	424	270	194	196	3421
		178	134	142	160	128	117	127	125	109	112	99	113	1544
		388	399	407	443	346	322	540	603	533	382	293	309	4965

* "Kopp's Baby Friend," a poisonous, morphine patent medicine, with which mothers of the lower classes are wont to "dope" and sometimes to kill their restless children.

† Note the tremendous decrease between the first and the second lists, in the months of July and August, when the effects of the good milk are felt.



"Untouched by human hands, the milk is siphoned into the bottles, which are at once sealed with sterile stoppers and packed in an ice-box until ready for delivery"

can be made within the city limits of Rochester. If the man is wise, he cleans up his plant. If he is obstinate, he sells his bad milk elsewhere. If he is both obstinate and foolish, he continues to bring it to the old market, until, some sad day, his wagon is unceremoniously held up, and the interested wayfarers listen to surprised and pained profanity upon the part of the driver, while the streets gutters are flushed with a rich, white flood.

For the retailer who adulterates his milk after receiving it from the dairyman, there is worse in store than the loss of his merchandise. He is promptly haled to court and vigorously prosecuted. Up to 1905 nearly twenty per cent of the milkmen in Rochester had been prosecuted, and *successfully*, for adulteration of their supply.

Such pernicious activity has, of course, tended to make the Health Department unpopular in certain quarters. "Vested interests," that shibboleth of the modern commercial Juggernaut, raised their voices. It is always so; every attempt to save human lives wholesale means a cutting down of somebody's profits.

In Scranton, last winter, as in Ithaca a few years before, the town was literally poisoned by typhoid because a conscienceless private water company wouldn't go to the expense of keeping sewer filth out of the drinking supply. Pittsburg and Dayton know well how their "local business interests" have, in the past, bulldozed and com-



"Each station is presided over by a nurse, who gives kindly and tactful advice to the mothers of children, whether sound or ailing"

pelled the health authorities into concealing smallpox, lest the panic "scare away trade," the contagion, meanwhile, spreading unchecked. New Orleans has in years gone by paid its toll to commerce, in the falsification and suppression of yellow-fever records, and, first of American cities to emerge from that slough of cowardice and shortsightedness, has since fought and won its battle in the open. San Francisco has played the foul game and lost by it, in its official course of mendacity, when bubonic plague was rife there. And in a score of cities, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston, St. Louis, the nation-wide movement to wipe out tuberculosis has been and still is grimly fought by the owners of the grisly tenements wherein the Great White Plague breeds, lest they lose their deadly percentages. A strange battle-line,

indeed, these Soldiers of the Common Ill,—to distort the phrase of a man who has been one of their determined foes,—venomous politicians, brothel-keepers, dive-proprietors, fighting side by side with mighty church organizations and educational institutions, for preservation of their precious profits—profits which, if justice worked infallibly, would poison their takers with the very pestilence which radiates from their sources.

So, in Rochester, keeping milk unpoisoned meant interference with the Divine Right to Get and Hold. The milkmen rose up in their wrath and formed an organization to do away with such meddling. They undertook to pass an ordinance putting the Health Bureau completely under political control. With refreshing frankness their spokesman, a local lawyer, expressed their point of view, at a hearing before the council, to the effect that making a city of two hundred thousand people pay more for milk, simply for the sake of the twenty thousand babies in the population, was absurd and ridiculous.

To comment upon this would be to paint the lily. It may stand as a fit embodiment of the principles which underlie the anti-public-health campaign in its every phase. Happily, Rochester knows the worth of its own Health Bureau. Dr. Goler came out victorious, unshorn of any of his powers, which are by no means excessive.

At the present time the Rochester plan seems likely to be followed by other cities. The cost of bad milk has been sharply brought home to many communities in the last few years by epidemics of typhoid, scarlet fever, and other infections, running with unmistakable accuracy along the lines of certain milk routes, and as unmistakably indicating infected milk. At the time of writing Chicago is struggling with a terrific scarlet fever epidemic, originating, presumably, in a Wisconsin dairy-farm. Assistant Food Commissioner Schuknecht of Illinois believes, on data from the investigation of the supply in thirty-five Illinois cities, that nearly one-third of the supply in the cities of the State is unfit for human consumption. New York, too, is attacking the problem with vigor, and the newspapers have shown an encouraging interest in the problem, though, to my mind, the present outcry for Pasteurization of milk is based upon a mistaken apprehension.

The demand is that all milk shipped to or offered for sale in New York be Pasteurized. Unquestionably, this would do away with the original danger of active infections, and in emergency crises, such as that of Chicago, it might be necessary. But as a general and permanent principle, it is wrong and harmful. Young children do not thrive upon Pasteurized milk, and it is to this class of the community that milk is vitally necessary. In the heating which destroys the pathogenic bacilli (disease germs), ferments proper to the milk are destroyed, thus decreasing its nutritive qualities. More, it has been shown in Germany, where Pasteurization and sterilization have been carried to extremes, that children fed upon Pasteurized milk are liable to scurvy, rickets, malnutrition, and anemia. Finally, the Pasteurizing of all milk means the tearing down of all that has been built up in the way of improved dairy conditions, since the filthiest supply may be admitted, after treatment by the germ-killing process. No one wants to eat decayed meat, even though it be deodorized and treated with bactericidal processes. Similarly, the public of a great city should not have the gates thrown open to filthy milk, no matter how protected against specific infections.

Sterilization was tried in Rochester. It did not work well. The milk was not nutritious. Then Dr. Goler hit upon what seems to me the centrally important truth in the milk problem: that not the milk itself, but everything with which it comes in contact, should be made germ-proof. Back of that lies more careful inspection of dairies, better State and city public service in this important matter, and a public educated to demanding pure and safe milk at a living price. Whether the municipality itself produce the pure milk or simply furnish the official machinery to guarantee its purity, is a matter which each city may well work out for itself. And as the basis upon which it all rests, stands the vital lesson of hygienic economics which this country is learning with appreciably growing enlightenment; that bad air, bad water, bad housing, bad sewerage, dirty streets, and poor or impure food of whatever sort, cheaper though they may be in the immediate expense, come back upon a community or a nation, in the long run, with a bill of arrears, upon which the not-to-be-avoided percentage is appallingly exorbitant.

THE WILDNESS OF MR. HARCOURT PETERS

BY

REBECCA LANE HOOPER

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



In front of a great, glorious, roaring, snapping wood fire, with his feet upon the fender, sat Mr. Harcourt Peters, gazing abstractedly at the merry destruction before him. He was not consumed with poetical fancies, as one is popularly supposed to be in front of that variety of fire, — but he felt an unaccustomed sense of longing, which as yet had focused into nothing more than a deep frown and a few gusty sighs. These aroused the attention of his mother, who was sitting by the lamp, and she looked up with some alarm over the baby sack she was crocheting, but, with feminine respect for masculine meditation, she hazarded no remark. Although Mr. Harcourt Peters had behaved to his mother as a son should, during the thirty-five years of his model life, she had never ceased to enjoy worrying over him. She dimly felt his unrest at the present moment, and shared it sociably and silently.

Yearning, with no object in view, is monotonous, not to say irritating, and Harcourt cast about him for something definite to want. He began with externals, and his eye roved round the room. His mother followed his glance to see if anything was amiss, but after he had dwelt upon every other object without comment, he spied the telephone and glowered at it. There, within call, were his friends. If he wanted to go to bed, — he pressed a button at the foot of the stairs, and his room was lighted up. When he reached it, his half-finished volume of Henry James lay on the table by his bed, and the best kind of a reading-lamp, with its green shade, hung just above his pillow. Everything was as it should be.

Ah! Here was the trouble. He was tired of civilization! He felt the "call of the wild." Away with your ostentatious gleaming porcelain bath-tubs! What he wanted was a dip in a crystal lake at dawn. Get thee hence, course breakfasts with a finger-bowl at each end! He hungered for smutty potatoes baked in a fire in the open. He worked himself up into such a state of pleasurable excitement, that Mrs. Peters beamed as she watched him. Suddenly a slight frown crossed his face. This curious phenomenon, this longing for Nature, while it must be respected and even gratified, must yet be handled carefully and with some suspicion. If he went alone into the heart of the wilderness, he might never return, and he didn't want to succumb to that extent.

"Mother, I think I'll get up a camping party."

"It's too late in the season, dear, — see how cold it is to-night, and besides, the Matthews are coming Thursday, and you ought to be here."

The Matthews were old friends of the family, who came a-visiting every year, and were a very great bore, — but each year Mrs. Peters decided that it would be ungracious not to reinvite them, and the Matthews agreed among themselves that it would be impolite not to accept, although they were bored, too. As there didn't seem to be any help for it, the Matthews' visit occurred annually. The thought of escaping this event whetted Harcourt's appetite for camping.

"It is necessary for my health that I should live in the open air for a while," he announced with finality, as he went to the telephone. In his new-found loathing for civilization, Mr. Peters did not disdain

to use its conveniences to organize the camping party.

One of the men who was invited said he knew of an ideal place to go, — he had never seen it, to be sure, — but the Golf Club owned a camp on Lake Woodward, which was about nine miles long, and you drove twenty miles up hill to get to it. As they were all members of the Club, they would have a perfect right to make use of "Camp Idlewilde." This name thrilled Harcourt. He felt idly wild and wildly idle.

The "crowd" was got together. It consisted of a chaperone, six engaged girls, whose fiancés were toiling away in town, and five young brothers and cousins of the girls, who went for the sport of the thing. Thus we have got down to the rock bottom fault in Mr. Harcourt Peters. From the time when he first went to school and wore dresses, and a certain small girl seemed fascinated, and followed him about, he had always disliked the unattached young girl. Taken collectively or individually, he considered them bunches of crudities, which, like fire-crackers, were likely to go off and hit or maim him who tampered with them. He liked the older women, with whom he was mildly popular, and he knew that engaged girls would be convenient on the present expedition, because they always learned to cook.

"There'll be no idiotic love affairs on this trip," he said to himself gleefully, as he went up-stairs to pack.

The love which Mr. Harcourt Peters did not lavish on the opposite sex, was bestowed upon his clothes. It would not be putting it too strongly to say he idolized his clothes, especially his old ones. And then, — his old shoes! The dear things stood in a row down the side of an immense closet, in

chronological order, representing some ten years of fashion in foot-gear. In the spring they moved to the country. In the fall they returned to town with the rest of the family. Never would he knowingly part from any of them. Occasionally his mother stole a pair from the more ancient end of the row, which she presented with guilty qualms to a polite Salvation Army man, who called each week to tempt her.



"presented with guilty qualms to a polite Salvation Army man, who called each week to tempt her"

Harcourt decided that clothes three years old were appropriate to the wildness of the present occasion, and he caressed the immaculate creases of his trousers, as he put them tenderly in his suit-case — a splendidly dignified institution that creaked with respectability and fine leather. He then went to bed, after having pitched Henry James informally under the bureau. For some, this act would be mild, but it was as reckless in Mr. Peters as setting the house afire would be in

you, when you were enraged at their not having the dessert you liked.

The next morning, after a last plunge in the hated porcelain tub, Mr. Harcourt Peters hastily got his things together, kissed his mother good-by, and, with the others, dramatically turned his back upon civilization.

The part-songs and jokes of the nature enthusiasts died a sudden and unnatural death when the campers realized that the "up-hill" part of the twenty-mile drive was only too true. The road, which had started in a well-meaning way, began to do egregious things, like those people who have kind hearts. It changed its mind about being a road and developed a succession of rocky ledges — so picturesque when viewed from orchestra chairs at popular stereopticon lectures, but calculated to dismay a cultured and dock-tailed horse.

At last, after many hours of rough scrambling, and a luncheon eaten en route, level ground was reached, where a small river glided peacefully through a wooded meadow. It was a pretty sight, and the horses trotted good-humoredly along the winding bank of this river for several miles. Still there were no signs of Lake Woodward. Save for the road, and a little hut which they passed, it was all absolutely primitive.

Mr. Peters said at last that they must be driving the wrong way, and he threw a chip in the river to see which way it was going, explaining that the river doubtless was the outlet to the lake, and that it behooved them to take the opposite direction from that of the chip. But the chip didn't go; it lay motionless.

"This river's got no current," said Billy Williams.

"Of course it has a current," said Mr. Peters, frowning at Billy and looking respectfully at the river. "Let us drive on to the rapids — of course there are rapids — and there is never any doubt about their direction."

They did drive on until something happened which not even a Mr. Peters could have foreseen. The river came to an end. It stopped. That was all there was of it.

"I have never heard of a river's doing a thing like that," said Mr. Peters to Mrs. Manners of Brookline, who was chaperoning.

"Fellow-campers," said Billy Williams, "I believe this river is the lake."

"But they said the lake was nine miles long," objected Mr. Peters.

"Did they say anything about its width?" asked Billy.

Mr. Peters didn't think they had mentioned any special width, but did not know whether it was customary to do so, when speaking of lakes. However, if this little river was the lake, then the hut must have been Camp Idlewilde.

"If that hovel has the coat of arms of the Gresham Golf Club over its fireplace, it is our destination," said Mr. Peters. "I will paddle back in my canoe and ascertain. Meanwhile, please have supper, and save some of the creamed chicken for me."

Billy and Mr. Peters lifted the canoe from the provision wagon, and Harcourt soon disappeared round one of the little bends in the river.

He reached the despised hut in about half an hour. To his surprise, the door was

open, and as he peered into a little room about ten feet square, he met the astonished gaze of a girl, who was seated on a rough bench reading.

"Beg pardon, sorry to disturb," said Harcourt, when he found his voice. "I happen to be looking for Lake Woodward and Camp Idlewilde. Do you know if these are they?" He didn't mean to be funny, but sometimes the things one says in all seriousness sound funny after they are out, and as the girl laughed, Harcourt joined her, pleased and surprised at his own wit.

"I don't know what these are," replied the girl.

At this, Mr. Peters looked at her in disapproval. It was amusing, perhaps, for him to be lost, but it was highly unoriginal in a total stranger to be lost, too.

"Do you mean to say you don't know where you are?" he asked sharply.

"No; but then, you don't either," said the girl, with some jauntiness.

Mr. Peters scrutinized her closely and, seeing that she was so good-looking, decided to forgive her for being lost, if she could account satisfactorily for the fact that she was all by herself in the wildness of Nature. He was about to say, "Who are you?" briefly, when she spoke.

"Have you seen a motor-car?"

No, Mr. Peters had neither heard, seen, nor smelled an automobile.

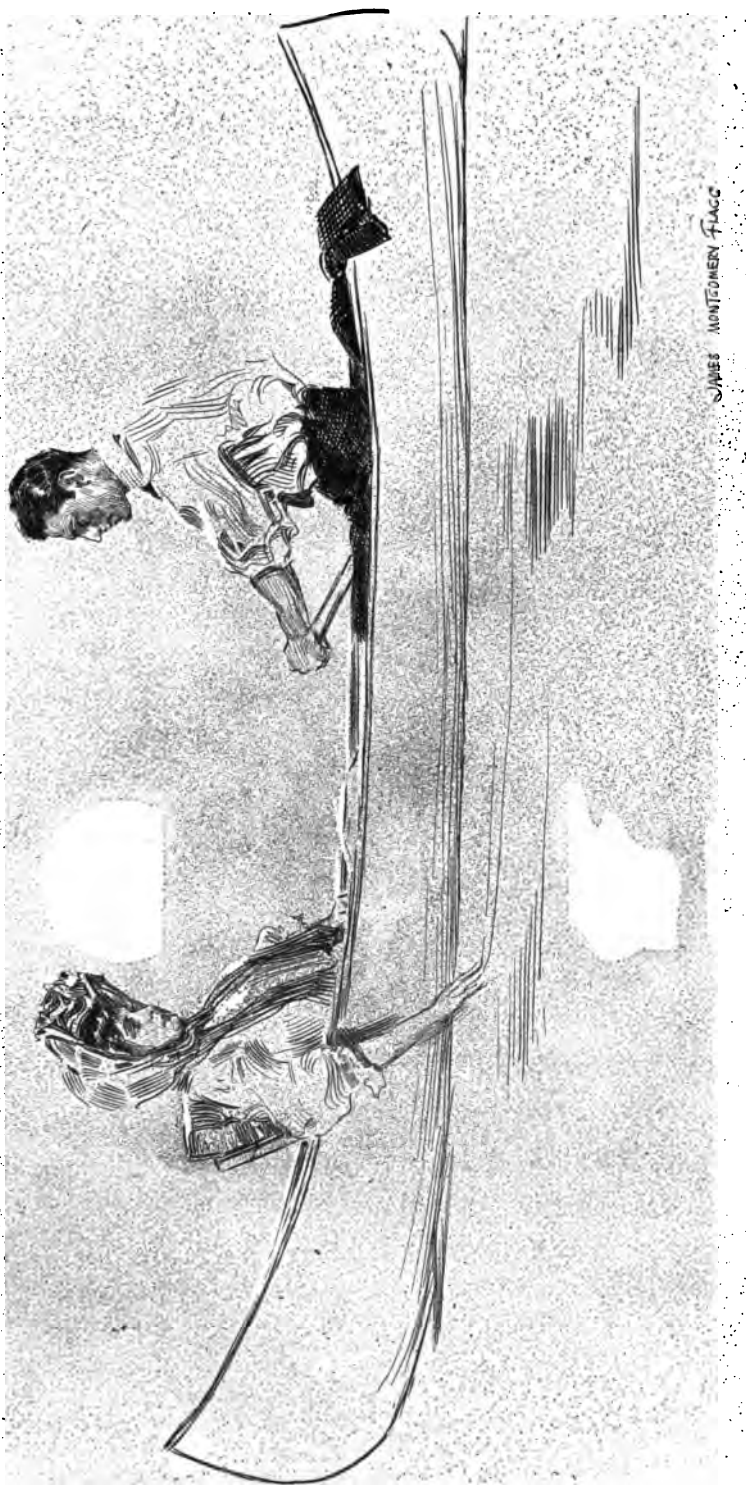
"Harry, — that is, Mr. Harrow and I were motoring, and stopped here to eat our luncheon. Mr. Harrow was going out of our way to a little town for more gasoline, and was to pick me up on the way back. He's been gone an awfully long time," and she looked anxiously at Mr. Peters, as if he were to blame.

"Mrs. Harry Harrow! What a wretched name," said Harcourt to himself. He covertly eyed her clothes, which were beyond even his fastidious criticism. "Probably on her honeymoon!" Aloud he said:

"If you are going on, I believe I'll put up here for the night." He turned and looked round the room, and there, sure enough, over the fireplace, roughly drawn in red chalk, was the pompous coat of arms of the Gresham Golf Club. "Ah," he said. "This proves that the queer river is Lake Woodward, and this magnificent villa is Camp Idlewilde." He sank down, as if overcome.



“‘THAT’S MY NAME,’ HE EXPLAINED”



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"HARCOURT PADDED ALONG IN SILENT APPRECIATION OF HER"

The girl was looking at him suspiciously. "Did you say you were going to spend the night here?" she asked very distinctly.

"Certainly I am," answered Mr. Peters. "Do you suppose I'd sleep in the open, when I could have such palatial apartments as these?"

Mr. Harcourt Peters was unconscious of the fact that she regarded him and the hour as dangerous. It was too bad he didn't know, because he would have been so pleased, — but of course she couldn't be expected to tell a devotee of Henry James at sight.

"What are those queer noises?" she asked suddenly, as a series of prolonged howls were dimly heard in the distance. They sounded hungry and menacing.

"Those are wood noises," said Mr. Peters carelessly. "Some of the detached sounds one expects to hear in the country. Well, I'm afraid I must bid you good-by."

"What?" asked the girl in surprise. When Mr. Peters explained that campers and creamed chicken awaited him at the end of the Lake, she veered about — and from being afraid of Harcourt, began to plead with him not to go off and leave her alone.

There are times when a man likes to see a woman "go ahead, and not be afraid of anything," and there are others when he is disappointed when she isn't timid. Roughly speaking, — as a rule for conduct, — it might be said that independence is mostly successful by daylight, and the clinging vine mood requires twilight as an effective background. So when Amy Harrow seized the left arm of Mr. Harcourt Peters and said beseechingly, "Please don't leave me alone," Mr. Peters' heart gave an enormous and unexpected heave, and he replied with fervor that he wouldn't dream of doing such a thing.

"I must let my people know I have discovered the camp, but why don't you come with me? It's really a simply ideal evening for a paddle." She looked out over the lake. It was more attractive in the dim haze than it had been by daylight.

"Suppose Harry comes back while I'm gone?"

"I'll fix 'Harry'," said Harcourt, and he tore a sheet from his pocket diary. This act was even wilder than throwing Henry James under the bureau. He had kept a diary since he was five, and had never missed a day, except when he had measles. On the

leaf which he had cruelly wrenched from its fellows, he wrote in his precise, somewhat distinguished hand, "Dear Harry, — I have gone canoeing with a Mr. Harcourt Peters."

"That's my name," he explained.

"I judged as much," said the girl.

He went on writing. "Will be back in about an hour. Don't worry."

"Now," he said, with what he considered great diplomacy, "tell me your first name, so that Harry will know who is writing to him." The girl seized the pencil and paper, wrote her name so that he couldn't see it, and pinned the note on the door of the camp. When she came back to Harcourt, he held out his right hand to her.

"You ought to shake hands with me," he said gravely. "We have just been introduced by the lead-pencil." They shook hands with solemnity, and then hurried down to the canoe.

"It's lucky for you that you're married," he observed politely, as he helped her in.

"Why?" asked the girl, as she sat down in her end of the boat with graceful precision. She seemed amused, but Harcourt, as he thought over his last remark, saw nothing funny in it, so he went on — "I don't care much for women, unless they're engaged or married. I like them best married." After the lead-pencil jest, the girl didn't know whether this was something extremely subtle, or a statement of a fact. It was getting too dark for a very critical survey of his expression, so she decided he was joking.

"What a relief all this unconventionality is," Harcourt went on. "Here are you, and here am I. We don't know one another at all, and yet we're out here on this lake all by ourselves, and actually enjoying it." Something was happening to Harcourt, — he didn't quite know what, but it was pleasant.

"How beautiful it all is," said the girl, and she stretched out her arms as if she would embrace the landscape. "Lucky landscape, lucky husband," thought Harcourt. She was one of those people who have the charm of personality, that most elusive of all gifts, which makes everything some people say or do profoundly interesting; the lack of which is all the more fatal, because those who haven't it never find out what is the matter with them. Harcourt paddled along in silent appreciation of her, — and she slowly turned her

eyes back to him, and his lingered in the depths of hers, which seemed to be growing deeper in the dim light. The silence was so full of meaning to Harcourt, that involuntarily he stopped paddling and leaned toward her. The canoe drifted along in the light breeze. When she finally spoke, the vibrations of her voice answered his unspoken thoughts, although she only asked what time it was. Harcourt lit a match and looked at his watch.

"Quarter of eight," he announced, with the pleasurable thought that He was telling Her the time.

"I don't see what can have become of Harry," she said. "He left about four o'clock. What's the matter?" she added, as she heard a short exclamation from the other end of the canoe. "Is there a leak?"

"Well," said Harcourt reluctantly, "I thought I was paddling straight toward the place where I left my party, — but a strange lake is deceptive at night, and —"

"Are we lost?"

"I suppose that's about it."



"I feel it in my bones that something very serious has happened."

II

Meanwhile the campers had amused themselves by eating twice as much supper as usual, and then they played children's games with great zest, until Mrs. Manners told Billy Williams that she thought he and all the rest of them were heartless creatures, that poor Mr. Harcourt Peters was probably lost or drowned, and that, as chaperone, she thought they ought to drive back at once to the hut, where there might have been a mountain-lion.

"I feel it in my bones that something very serious has happened," she went on. "At this very moment Mr. Peters may be wrestling with a panther."

Inwardly jeering at the mountain-lion-panther idea, the campers drove back to the hut, where all was darkness and silence. Billy lit one of the lanterns and strode up to the door, where he found the note.

"The panther has eaten Peters and left a note to tell us," he announced. Then he read aloud: "'Dear Harry, — I have gone canoeing with a Mr. Harcourt Peters. Will be back in about an hour. Don't worry. Amy.' That is the panther's name. Any one know a panther named Amy?"

No one seemed to.

Just then the faint "chug! chug!" of an automobile was heard. It came rapidly nearer, until the car stopped in front of the camp.

"Hello, Amy," said a voice. "Did you think I was never coming?"

"The panther's keeper," whispered Billy. Then, aloud, "There isn't any Amy here."

"But this is where I left my sister," said the Voice in surprise. Billy handed him the note, and held the lantern, for the Voice to read. "How long have they been gone?" asked the Voice.

"We don't know. We only just came," said Billy.

"Then you don't know this Mr. Harcourt Peters?" said the Voice anxiously. Billy explained.

"And you are our guest until your sister returns," said Mrs. Manners, as if it were a law of the Medes and Persians, or a by-law of the Brookline Woman's Club.

"Thank you, my name is Harrow," said the Voice, detaching itself from the motor-car. Mr. Harrow made himself nervously agreeable for a time, but after a while he led Billy Williams aside and said excitedly:

"I don't want to be impertinent about your friend, but I'm worried about my sister. Was this Mr. Harcourt Peters — er — perfectly — er — in a condition to be trusted when you last saw him?"

Billy assured Harrow that Mr. Peters was never in any other condition and graphically related tales of Mr. Peters' aversion to girls. Harrow thanked Billy feelingly, whereat Billy slapped him on the back, and they were friends. Women have to discuss

clothes to become really intimate, but men merely hit each other.

As it grew later, doubts of all shapes and sizes began to settle over the party again. The campers weighed and analyzed everything Harrow said, in order to glean some information as to what kind of a sister he had,—the sort of girl who could kidnap Mr. Harcourt Peters. When Harrow said "shall" instead of "will," Mrs. Manners decided that, according to the Back Bay code, Amy Harrow was a dangerous girl. Mr. Harrow meanwhile concluded that Mr. Harcourt Peters was a scoundrel, because someone had implied that the Peters family were rolling in money. "He's one of those scoundrels with a veneer of respectability which hoodwinks his friends," thought Harrow. It took all Billy Williams' spirits to keep a "grouch" from settling over the party.

"Eleven o'clock," announced Billy. "Mrs. Manners, there is no need of your sitting up, and all the girls ought to go to bed."

Some sleeping accommodations of unusual but fairly comfortable variety had been discovered in the camp.

Mrs. Manners plucked Billy's coat-sleeve, and said in loud whispers that she thought Mr. Harrow ought to be searched, because this might all be a plot: the sister to lure off Harcourt, and the pretended brother with the concealed weapons, and all. Billy assured her that everything would be properly attended to.

"That woman has Boston manners and a Laura Jean Libbey imagination," said Billy to himself. "She is the long-sought-for result of an immovable body's being met by an irresistible force."

It was no reflection on Billy's college yarns that his listeners dozed off one by one. They were so unused to being long in the open air that they fairly ached with sleep. Finally Billy told Harrow he'd take five winks, and then he'd watch while Harrow took five. But Billy Williams did everything thoroughly, and once asleep, he slept on and on and on. Harrow listened to his regular breathing, and at last, without meaning to, he fell sound asleep, himself. The little fire which they had built on the shore died down between the rocks and finally went out.

The next morning the sun was high when Harrow woke. He rubbed his eyes

perplexedly and turned over, trying to think where he was, when he noticed a canoe lying among some reeds on a lake, and in it, curled up among the cushions, sound asleep, was his sister. When he found he wasn't dreaming, he ran down to the canoe with a shout of relief which woke all the rest of the party,—that is, all but Mr. Harcourt Peters, who lay very much asleep some fifteen feet from Billy Williams. As soon as Billy spied Mr. Peters, he proceeded to shake him.

"Where were you last night?" he asked savagely. Mr. Peters at once arose, felt of the top of his head as if he had doubts as to whether it was still there, and then said to Billy in surprise:

"Where in the world did you come from?"

"It is you who have arrived, not we," answered Billy. He had always been rather in awe of Mr. Harcourt Peters, but he spoke to him now in the tone of an irate mama who scolds a small, erring girl.

"Mr. Harrow has been with us since half-past eight last night, and we've been watching ever since."

Mr. Peters seemed dazed.

"Was I here, when I lay down?" he asked.

"How do I know?" returned Billy, with early morning irritability.

"I suppose that's Harrow down by the canoe," said Harcourt, and he stumbled down to the shore, where Harrow and his sister were both talking at once.

"Mr. Harrow," he said, "I'm Harcourt Peters, and I have to apologize to you for getting lost and losing Mrs. Harrow."

"Miss Harrow," corrected her brother. Mr. Peters turned pale.

"Do you mean to tell me you aren't married?" he asked Amy.

"Not yet," she said, and they all laughed; that is, every one but Mr. Harcourt Peters. He walked away to the top of a little knoll, where he stood with his arms folded and his back to the rest. The others listened to Miss Harrow's account of how Mr. Peters had shouted and paddled about for hours in the windings and little bays of the lake, trying to find the campers. At last he told her he would leave her safely in the canoe, while he explored the country for some signs of civilization. She begged him to wait until morning, and to remain within 'call, in case she became frightened. They hadn't guessed they were within forty feet of the sleeping campers when they finally halted.

"Human beings ought to be able to see in the dark," she finished.

Mrs. Manners now emerged breathless from the camp, and when she saw Mr. Harrow and his sister by daylight, she could only gasp. At last she said faintly:

"Why, they live across the street from me in Brookline, only I never knew their names! Where is Mr. Peters?" Billy nodded his



"Apart from the world, sitting on a stone, silent and dejected,"

head toward the knoll, and they all turned. Apart from the world, sitting on a stone, silent and dejected, was Mr. Harcourt Peters. Nothing daunted by this dramatic isolation, Mrs. Manners broke in upon it.

"Thank goodness you aren't drowned," she observed to Harcourt's back. No reply. She walked round in front of him. "I said, thank goodness you aren't drowned," she reiterated to the top of his head, which was held between his hands. Finally, "Mr. Peters, what's the matter with you?" she said, in a tone which Harcourt recognized from the depths of his despair as one that meant business.

"I am positively sick at heart," he said, without looking up.

"You ought to be thankful at heart," said Mrs. Manners bracingly.

Silence on the part of Mr. Peters.

"Are you physically ill?" demanded Mrs. Manners. She would have wormed the Sphinx's riddle from its stone lips, and what was Mr. Peters against her?

"I have always avoided and disliked girls," confessed Mr. Peters. "I wouldn't have taken Mrs.—I mean, Miss Harrow, out in a canoe, if I'd known—oh, think how alarmed she must have been to be lost out in a lake alone with me! Oh, if—just suppose I hadn't landed by you!"

"Yes, but you did, and it's all right, so act like a sensible being," said Mrs. Manners, at which Harcourt got up, walked to a more distant stone, and sat down with his back to Mrs. Manners again. She followed.

"Mr. Peters," she said, "you are making yourself very conspicuous."

"I mistrusted myself and my motives when I started on this trip," said Harcourt. "Last night I talked to her as I never talked to any one. I talked Platonic friendship. I talked ideals. I even talked religion."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Manners, vaguely and soothingly.

"And now I have found out it was because I love her. I shall be unable to live without her, and she will never accept me. I don't blame her. I'm a precise old maid of a man. I sha'n't even propose to her, but—Oh, Lord, here she comes," and before Mrs. Manners could stop him, he had dashed into the woods.

Miss Harrow seized Mrs. Manners excitedly. Tears stood in her eyes.

"Mrs. Manners," she said half-sobbingly, "I wanted to tell Mr. Peters I was sorry I deceived him about my being married. I'm afraid I have shattered his ideals." She sat down on the rock where Harcourt had just been sitting, and sobbed aloud.

"The best thing that could happen to Mr. Peters would be to shatter some of his ideals," said Mrs. Manners, as if she were speaking of the best way to preserve peaches.

"You don't understand. Last night he talked about the beauty in art and truth and life, and I thought how lucky I was to know him, and yet all the time I felt guilty, because I let him think I was married—even if it was for my own protection. He said he hated shams, and now he loathes me. He won't even speak to me."

Mrs. Manners would have proposed for Mr. Peters, had not Mr. Harrow appeared to tell his sister to come and eat the eggs which Billy Williams was kindly scrambling, because they must go at once to Laconia, where they had been due last night.

They breakfasted hurriedly, without Harcourt, and despite Mrs. Manners' almost hysterical pleading that they would stay for the day, Harrow and his sister got in their motor-car.

"Where's Peters?" asked Billy, amidst the good-by's.

"Oh, Mrs. Manners, will you please tell Mr. Peters good-by?" asked Amy Harrow hastily. "Do start at once, Harry."

"A very good-looking panther, that, Mrs. Manners," said Billy reflectively, as the car disappeared.

III

Quite regardless of the fact that Nature was irretrievably ruining his beloved three-year-old trousers, Mr. Harcourt Peters stumbled about the woods, over underbrush and through swamps, possessed by his third and greatest wildness. Just as typhoid fever attacks a healthy person much more seriously than a poor and pindling one, so love seized upon the hitherto unstirred condition of Harcourt's emotions, and he was having it hard. He would recover, but he would never be the same again.

"I love her more every minute," he informed a large boulder. When he fell over a stump, he said, "I love her." When a branch all but put out his eye, he said, "She's got to have me." When he had repeated this any number of times, he gained enough courage and self-confidence to win a whole row of Amy Harrows, and he made his way impatiently back to the camp.

Here sat the six fiancées, embroidering articles for their trousseaux, while the men bathed sportively in the somewhat frigid waters of Lake Woodward.

"Where are the Harrows?" asked Harcourt. At the look in his eye, the rest of the party refrained from commenting on his appearance.

Mrs. Manners courageously explained that the Harrows had been gone some two hours.

"Gone?" repeated Harcourt. "Gone? I don't believe it. It isn't true! It can't

be." Billy Williams looked at Harcourt with approbation.

"I congratulate you," he said. "At last you have shown some human rage. You may borrow anything I have." Harcourt groaned.

"Oh, you don't understand! How CAN you joke when you have let HER go away from me, perhaps forever?"



"I love her more every minute," he informed a large boulder

This indication of the utter wildness of Mr. Peters acted like a mild bombshell. The six fiancées dropped their six pieces of embroidery, the bathers dropped their lower jaws, and Mrs. Manners let fall last week's *Evening Transcript*.

"Mr. Peters," she said, "go and eat something. Then make yourself presentable. Take your horse and drive as fast as you can to Laconia, where the Harrows will spend the night. Find Amy Harrow and propose to her. But—if you ever return to Camp Idlewilde—do not expect to find us. We shall return to our separate homes. We won't say things to you, because we are willing to bear anything at this crisis in your life. We don't complain, but we have done our part, and we are going home."



"The six fiancées dropped their six pieces of embroidery"

Harcourt had disappeared with his suitcase long before the end of this, and in an incredibly short time he emerged, pale, spotless, and determined, and drove off rapidly in the direction of Laconia.

A few weeks later, when Mrs. Manners was calling on Mrs. Peters, she observed that Mr. Harcourt Peters' face quite lit up the dark corners of the rooms of that immaculate house, which, under the direction of Mrs. Peters, had been scrubbed until they must have ached.

"Harcourt's fiancée is coming to visit me," she confided importantly to Mrs. Manners. Harcourt appeared on the piazza, which had been freshly painted, and sat down imperiously in one of the new wicker chairs. He had a look as if he would say, "Oh, yes, I'm getting quite used to it all."

"Amy is coming," he announced aloud. "I can't have the house all cluttered up. Mrs. Manners, do you suppose that my old clothes and shoes would fit that young man you are sending through Harvard?"

SONG

BY

A. E. HOUSMAN

THE winds out of the west land blow,
 My friends have breathed them there;
 Warm with the blood of lads I know
 Comes east the sighing air.
 It fanned their temples, filled their lungs,
 Scattered their forelocks free;
 My friends made words of it with tongues
 That talk no more with me.
 Their voices, dying as they fly,
 Thick on the wind are sown;
 The names of men blow soundless by,
 My fellows' and my own.
 Oh lads, at home I heard you plain,
 But here your speech is still,
 And down the sighing wind in vain
 You hollo from the hill.
 The wind and I, we both were there,
 But neither long abode;
 Now through the friendless world we fare,
 And sigh upon the road.

From "A Shropshire Lad."

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

THE ELEVENTH CORPS AT CHANCELLORSVILLE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND A MAP



IN reorganizing the Army of the Potomac, General Hooker abolished the "Grand Divisions," the chiefs of which were otherwise disposed of, among them General Franz Sigel. I had been promoted to a major-generalship on March 14, 1863, and when Sigel left, the command of the corps fell temporarily to me as the ranking officer, and Sigel strongly recommended me as his successor in the permanent command. His recommendation was not accepted.

I can say with truthfulness that I not only did not covet that position but did not desire it. It appeared to me perfectly natural that under existing circumstances a regular army officer of merit should be put into that place, and I therefore welcomed General Howard with sincere contentment. He was a slender, dark-bearded young man of rather prepossessing appearance and manners; no doubt a brave soldier, having lost an arm in one of the Peninsular battles; a West-Point graduate, but not a martinet, and free from professional loftiness. He had the reputation of being a very strict and zealous churchman. He did not impress me as an intellectually strong man. A certain looseness of mental operations, a marked uncertainty in forming definite conclusions became easily evident in his conversation. I thought, however, that he might appear better in action than in talk. Our personal relations grew quite agreeable, and even cordial, at least on my side. But it soon became apparent that the regimental officers and the rank and file did not take to him. They looked at him with dubious curiosity; not a cheer could

be started when he rode along the front. And I do not know whether he liked the men he commanded better than they liked him.

My command remained the same — the Third Division of the Eleventh Corps — but it was strengthened by the addition of some fresh regiments. There was the 82nd Illinois, commanded by no less a man than Colonel Friedrich Hecker, the most prominent republican leader in the Germany of 1848, now an ardent American patriot and anti-slavery man, no longer young, but in the full vigor of ripe manhood. Among his captains was Emil Frey, a young Swiss, who had interrupted his university studies to come over and fight for the cause of human liberty in the great American Republic. After the War he returned to his native land and then came back to the United States as Minister of Switzerland; and has since held some of the highest political offices in his native country. There was also the 26th Wisconsin, mainly composed of young men of the best class of the German-born inhabitants of Milwaukee. There was finally the 119th New York, commanded by Colonel Elias Peissner, a professor at Union College at Schenectady. He bore a very striking resemblance of feature to Ludwig I., King of Bavaria, and rumor had it that he was a natural son of that eccentric monarch, who in his day cultivated art and poetry along with his amours. I have good reason for believing that in this instance rumor spoke the truth. Colonel Peissner was a gentleman of the highest type of character, exquisite refinement, large knowledge, and excellent qualities as a soldier. And in his Lieutenant-Colonel, John T. Lockman, whom I have cherished as a personal friend to this day, he had a worthy companion.

Of my two brigade commanders, Schimmelfennig had been made a brigadier-general, as he well deserved. Krzyzanowski was less fortunate. The President nominated him, too, for that rank, but the Senate failed to confirm him — as was said, because there was nobody there who could pronounce his name.

Hooker's Plan of Campaign

By the middle of April Hooker was ready to move. His plan was excellent. Lee occupied the heights on the south side of the Rappahannock, skirting the river to the right and left of Fredericksburg, in skilfully fortified positions. Hooker set out to turn them by crossing the upper Rappahannock so as to enable him to gain Lee's rear. A cavalry expedition under General Stoneman, intended to turn Lee's left flank and to fall upon his communications with Richmond, miscarried, but this failure, although disagreeable, did not disturb Hooker's general scheme of campaign. On the morning of April 27th the Eleventh, Twelfth, and Fifth Corps started for Kelly's Ford, twenty-seven miles above Fredericksburg, which they reached on the afternoon of the 28th. I remember those two days well. The army was in superb condition and animated with the highest of spirits. Officers and men seemed to feel instinctively that they were engaged in an offensive movement promising great results. There was no end to the singing and merry laughter, relieving the fatigue of the march. A pontoon bridge was thrown across the river, and our corps crossed before midnight.

After our two days' march up stream on the northern bank of the Rappahannock we now had two days' march down stream on its southern side. We forded the Rapidan, and on the afternoon of April 30th we reached the region called the "Wilderness." We stopped about two miles west of Chancellorsville. The following night four army corps camped in that vicinity, the Eleventh, Twelfth, and Fifth, which had come down from Kelly's Ford, and the Second, under General Couch, which had crossed at United States Ford as soon as that ford was uncovered by our advance — making in all a force of fifty thousand men. This flanking movement had been marked by an operation conducted by General Sedgwick, who crossed the Rappahannock a few miles below Fredericksburg

with a force large enough to make Lee apprehend that the main attack would come from that quarter. This crossing accomplished, the Third Corps, under Sickles, joined Hooker at Chancellorsville. Until then, Thursday, April 30th, the execution of Hooker's plan had been entirely successful, and with characteristic grandiloquence the commanding general issued on that day the following general order to the Army of the Potomac: "It is with heartfelt satisfaction that the commanding general announces to the army that the operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him;— the operations of the Fifth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Corps have been a succession of splendid achievements."

The impression made upon the officers and men by this proclamation was by no means altogether favorable to its author. Of course, they were pleased to hear themselves praised for their achievements, but they did not forget that these had so far consisted only in marching, not in fighting, and that the true test was still to come. They indeed hoped that the Army of the Potomac, one hundred and thirty thousand strong, would prove able to beat Lee's army, only sixty thousand strong. But it jarred upon their feelings as well as their good sense to hear their commanding general gasconade so boastfully of having the enemy in the hollow of his hand, — that enemy being Robert E. Lee, at the head of the best infantry in the world. Still, we all hoped, and explored the map for the important strategic point we should strike the next day. But the "next day" brought us a fearful disappointment.

Hooker Abandons His Advantage

On the morning of Friday, May 1st, Hooker ordered a force several divisions strong to advance toward Fredericksburg and the enemy's communications. Our corps, too, received marching orders and started at noon. But the corps was hardly on the road in marching formation, when our movement was stopped, and we were ordered back to the position we had occupied during the preceding night. What did this mean? General Hooker had started out to surprise the enemy by a grand flank march taking us into the

enemy's rear. We had succeeded. We had surprised the enemy. But the fruits of that successful surprise could be reaped only if we followed it up with quick and vigorous action. We could not expect a general like Lee to stay surprised. He was sure to act quickly and vigorously, if we did not. And just this happened. When we stopped at Chancellorsville on the afternoon of Thursday, April 30th, we might without difficulty have marched a few miles further and seized some important points, especially Bank's Ford on the Rappahannock, and some commanding positions nearer to Fredericksburg.

It was then that Lee, having meanwhile divined Hooker's plan, gathered up his forces to throw them against our advance. And as soon as on Friday, May 1st, our columns, advancing toward Fredericksburg, met the opposing enemy, Hooker recoiled and ordered his army back into a defensive position, there to await Lee's attack. Thus the offensive campaign, so brilliantly opened, was suddenly transformed into a defensive one. Hooker had surrendered the initiative of movement and given to Lee the incalculable advantage of perfect freedom of action. Lee could fall back in good order upon his lines of communication with Richmond, if he wished, or he could concentrate his forces, or so much of them as he saw fit, upon any part of Hooker's defensive position which he might think it most advantageous to himself to attack. As soon as it became apparent that Hooker had abandoned his plan of vigorous offensive action and had dropped into a merely defensive attitude, the exuberant high spirits which so far had animated the officers and men of the Army of the Potomac turned into head-shaking uncertainty. Their confidence in the military sagacity and dashing spirit of their chief, "Fighting Joe," was chilled with doubt. The defensive position into which the Army of the Potomac was put could hardly have been more unfortunate. It was in the heart of the "Wilderness." That name designated an extensive district of country covered by thick woods of second growth, with a tangled underbrush of scrub oak and scrub pine. There were several clearings of irregular shape which afforded in spots a limited outlook. But they were surrounded by gloomy woods which were not dense enough to make the approach

of a hostile force impossible, but almost everywhere dense enough to conceal its approach.

The Field of Battle

I must ask pardon for describing the position of the troops somewhat elaborately in order to make the tragedy which followed intelligible. The westernmost of the clearings or openings in the Wilderness, occupied by our army, was Talley's farm, crossed by the "Old Turnpike" running east and west from Fredericksburg to Orange Court-house. Along that Turnpike the First Division of the Eleventh Corps, under General Devens, was strung out, the first brigade of which, Colonel Gilsa's, was posted west of the clearing on the road, dense woods being on all sides. To protect the right flank and rear, two of Colonel Gilsa's regiments were placed at a right angle with the road, and two pieces of artillery in the road. The rest of the brigade was on the road itself, facing south, with thickets in front flank and rear. The second brigade, under General McLean, was stationed, also facing south, on the road, with the same thicket in its rear, the southern front protected by hastily constructed breastworks. Next came my division, partly also in the road, facing south, breastworks in front and thickets in rear, partly in reserve on a large opening containing Hawkins' farm, an old church in a little grove, and Dowdall's Tavern, a wooden house situated on the Pike, where the corps commander, General Howard, had his headquarters. On that clearing, near Dowdall's Tavern, another road, coming from the southwest, called the Plank road, joined the Turnpike at a sharp angle, and at that angle Dilger's battery was placed, also facing south. Connecting with Dilger's left was Colonel Buschbeck's brigade of the Second [Steinwehr's] Division, with Captain Wiedrich's battery behind a rifle-pit, also facing south. General Barlow's brigade, with three batteries of reserve artillery, stood near the eastern border of the opening as a general corps reserve.

Thus the Eleventh Corps formed the extreme right of the army. East of it there was another body of thick woods, through which the Turnpike led to the third great opening, in the eastern part of which stood the "Chancellor House," in which General Hooker had established his headquarters. On the left of the Eleventh Corps, the Third

[Sickles] and the Twelfth [Slocum] were posted, and further east the rest of the army, in positions which I need not describe in detail.

Early on Saturday morning, May 2nd, General Hooker, with some members of his staff, rode along his whole line and was received by the troops with enthusiastic acclamations. He inspected the position held by the Eleventh Corps and found it "quite strong."

The position might have been tolerably strong if General Lee had done General Hooker the favor of running his head against the breastworks by a front attack. But what if he did not? Our right wing, as I said in my official report, stood completely in the air, with nothing to lean upon, and that, too, in a forest thick enough to obstruct any free view to the front, flanks, or rear, but not thick enough to prevent the approach of the enemy's troops. Our rear was at the mercy of the enemy, who was at perfect liberty to walk around us through the large gap between Gilsa's right and the cavalry force stationed at Ely's Ford. As we were situated, an attack from the west or northwest could not be resisted without a complete change of front on our part. For such a change, especially if it were to be made in haste, the formation of our forces was exceedingly unfavorable. It was almost impossible to manoeuvre some of our regiments, hemmed in as they were on the Old Turnpike by embankments and rifle-pits in front and thick woods in the rear, drawn out in long deployed lines, giving just room enough for the stacks of arms and a narrow passage. This Turnpike road was at the same time the only line of communication we had between the different parts of our front. Now, the thing most to be dreaded, an attack from the west, was just the thing coming. But that night passed quietly.

The Peril of the Eleventh Corps

Not long after General Hooker had examined our position, I was informed that large columns of the enemy could be seen from General Devens' headquarters, moving from east to west on a road running nearly parallel with the Plank road, on a low ridge at a distance of about a mile or more. I hurried to Talley's farm where I could plainly observe them as they moved on, passing gaps in the woods, infantry, artillery, and wagons.

Instantly it flashed upon my mind that it was Stonewall Jackson, the "great flanker," marching toward our right, to envelop it and to attack us in flank and rear. I galloped back to corps headquarters at Dowdall's Tavern, and on the way ordered Captain Dilger to look for good artillery positions fronting west, as the corps would, in all probability, have to execute a change of front. I reported promptly to General Howard what I had seen, and my impression, which amounted almost to a conviction, that Jackson was going to attack us from the west in flank and rear. In our conversation I tried to persuade him that in such a contingency we could not make a fight in our cramped position facing south, while being attacked from the west; that General Devens' division and a large part of mine would surely be rolled up, telescoped, and thrown into utter confusion unless the front were changed and the troops put upon practicable ground; that in my opinion our right should be withdrawn and the corps be formed in line of battle at a right angle with the Turnpike, lining the church grove and the border of the woods east of the open plain with infantry, placing strong echelons behind both wings, and distributing the artillery along the front on ground most favorable for its action, especially on the eminence on the right and left of Dowdall's Tavern. In such a position, sweeping the opening before us with our artillery and musketry, checking the enemy with occasional offensive returns, and opposing any flanking movements with our echelons, we might be able to maintain ourselves even against greatly superior forces, at least long enough to give General Hooker time to take measures in our rear according to the exigencies of the moment.

I urged this view as earnestly as my respect for my commanding officer would permit, but General Howard would not accept it. He clung to the belief which, he said, was also entertained by General Hooker, that Lee was not going to attack our right, but was actually in full retreat toward Gordonsville. I was amazed at this belief. Was it at all reasonable to think that Lee, if he really intended to retreat, would march his column *along* our front instead of *away* from it, which he might have done with far less danger of being disturbed? But General Howard would not see this as I did, and closed the conversation saying



MAJOR-GENERAL CARL SCHURZ

Commander of the Third Division of the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville

General Schurz' division, posted on the exposed right flank of the Federal Army, bore the brunt of the Confederate attack

that General Hooker had a few hours before inspected the position of the Eleventh Corps and found it good. General Hooker himself, however, did not seem quite so sure of this at that moment as he had been a few hours before.

Hooker Finally Takes Alarm

Some time before noon General Howard told me that he was very tired and needed sleep and asked me, as second in command, to stay at his headquarters, open all despatches that might arrive, and wake him in case there were any of urgent importance. Shortly afterwards a courier arrived with a

despatch from General Hooker calling General Howard's attention to the movement of the enemy toward our right flank and instructing him to take measures to resist an attack from that quarter. At once I called up General Howard, read the despatch aloud to him, and put it into his hands. We had exchanged only a few words about the matter when another courier, a young officer, arrived with a second despatch of the same tenor. At a later period I saw the document in print and recognized it clearly as the one I had read and delivered to General Howard on that eventful day. It ran thus:

"HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, CHANCELLORSVILLE, May 2, 1863, 9:30 A.M. MAJOR-GENERALS SLOCUM AND HOWARD: I am directed by the Major-General Commanding to say that the disposition you have made of your corps has been with a view to a front attack by the enemy. If he should throw himself upon your flank, he wishes you to examine the ground and determine upon the position you will take in that event, in order that you may be prepared for him in whatever direction he advances. He suggests that you have heavy reserves well in hand to meet this contingency. The right of your line does not appear to be strong enough. No artificial defenses worth naming have been thrown up, and there appears to be a scarcity of troops at that point, and not, in the General's opinion, as favorably posted as might be. We have good reason to suppose that the enemy is moving to our right. Please advance your pickets as far as may be safe, in order to obtain timely information of their approach. J. H. VAN ALLEN, Brig.-Genl. & Aide-de-Camp."

Howard's Singular Obstinacy

To my astonishment I found, many years later, in a paper on "The Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville," written by General Howard for the *Century Magazine*, the following sentence: "General Hooker's circular order to 'Slocum and Howard' neither reached me nor, to my knowledge, Colonel Meysenberg, my adjutant-general."

How he could have forgotten that I had read and delivered to him that identical despatch I find it difficult to understand, especially as it touched so vital a point, and as its delivery was followed by another animated discussion between us, in which I most earnestly — although without effect — endeavored to convince him that in case of such an attack from the west, our right, as then posted, would be hopelessly overwhelmed.

We were standing on the porch of Dowdall's Tavern. I saw Major Whittlesey, one of General Howard's staff-officers, coming out of the woods not far from the Turnpike. "General," I said, "if you draw a straight line from this point over Major Whittlesey's head, it will strike Colonel Gilsa's extreme right. Do you not think it certain that the enemy, attacking from the west, will crush Gilsa's two regiments, that are to protect our right and rear, at

the first onset? Is there the slightest possibility for him to resist?" All General Howard had to say was: "Well, he will have to fight," or something to that effect. I was almost desperate, rode away, and, on my own responsibility, took two regiments, the 58th New York and the 26th Wisconsin, from my second line facing south and placed them facing west on Hawkins' farm in the rear of Gilsa's forlorn right, with a third regiment, the 82nd Ohio, a little further back, so that, when the attack on our flank and rear came, there should be at least a little force with a correct front. When I reported this to General Howard, he said that he did not object. This was all, literally all, that was done to meet an attack from the west, except the tracing of a shallow rifle-pit, the embankment of which reached hardly up to a man's knees, running north and south, near Dowdall's Tavern, and the removal of the reserve artillery, three batteries, to the border of the woods on the east of the open ground. As for the rest, the absurdly indefensible position of the corps remained unchanged.

A little after three o'clock in the afternoon we were startled by two discharges of cannon, followed by a short rattle of musketry, apparently near Gilsa's position. Could this already be Jackson's advance? I jumped upon my horse and rode with all speed to the spot from which the noise came. No, it was not Jackson's advance. I found that only a few rebel cavalymen had shown themselves on the Old Turnpike west of our right, and that the two pieces of artillery posted on the road had been fired off without orders. Evidently Jackson was still feeling our lines. But my horse was surrounded by regimental officers of Devens' division telling me with anxious faces that their pickets had time and again during the day reported the presence of large bodies of rebel troops at a short distance from their right flank, and that, if an attack came from that quarter, they were not in a position to fight. What did I think? I was heartsick, for I could not tell them what I did think for fear of producing a panic. Neither would I deceive. So I broke away from them and hurried to General Devens to try whether I could not get him to aid me in another effort to induce General Howard to order a change of front. To my surprise I found him rather unconcerned. He had reported all his information to corps-headquarters, he said, and



MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER

Commander of the Army of the Potomac at Chancellorsville

After inaugurating what promised to be a brilliant offensive campaign, he surrendered the initiative to Lee and during the remainder of the action showed a spirit of indecision that was quite out of keeping with his title of "Fighting Joe"

asked for instructions, and the officer carrying his messages had been told there that General Lee seemed to be in full retreat. He, Devens, thought that at corps-headquarters they were better informed than he was, and that he could only govern himself by the instructions received from his superior.

To corps-headquarters I returned to make another effort. There General Howard met me with the news that he had just been ordered by General Hooker to send Barlow's brigade to the aid of General Sickles, who had about noon set out with his corps to attack and capture Stonewall Jackson's rear-guard with its wagon-trains—and that was the meaning of the cannonading we had heard since noon. This, General

Howard added, was clear proof that General Hooker did not expect us to be attacked in the flank by Jackson, for if he really expected anything of the kind, he would certainly not at that moment deprive the Eleventh Corps of its strongest brigade, the only reserve it had. I replied that if the rebel army were really retreating, there would be no harm in a change of front on our part; but that, if the enemy should attack us on our right, as I still firmly believed he would, the withdrawal of Barlow's brigade made a change of front all the more necessary. But all my reasoning and entreating were in vain, and General Howard rode off with Barlow's brigade on what proved to be a mere wild-goose chase.

Jackson's Great Flanking Movement

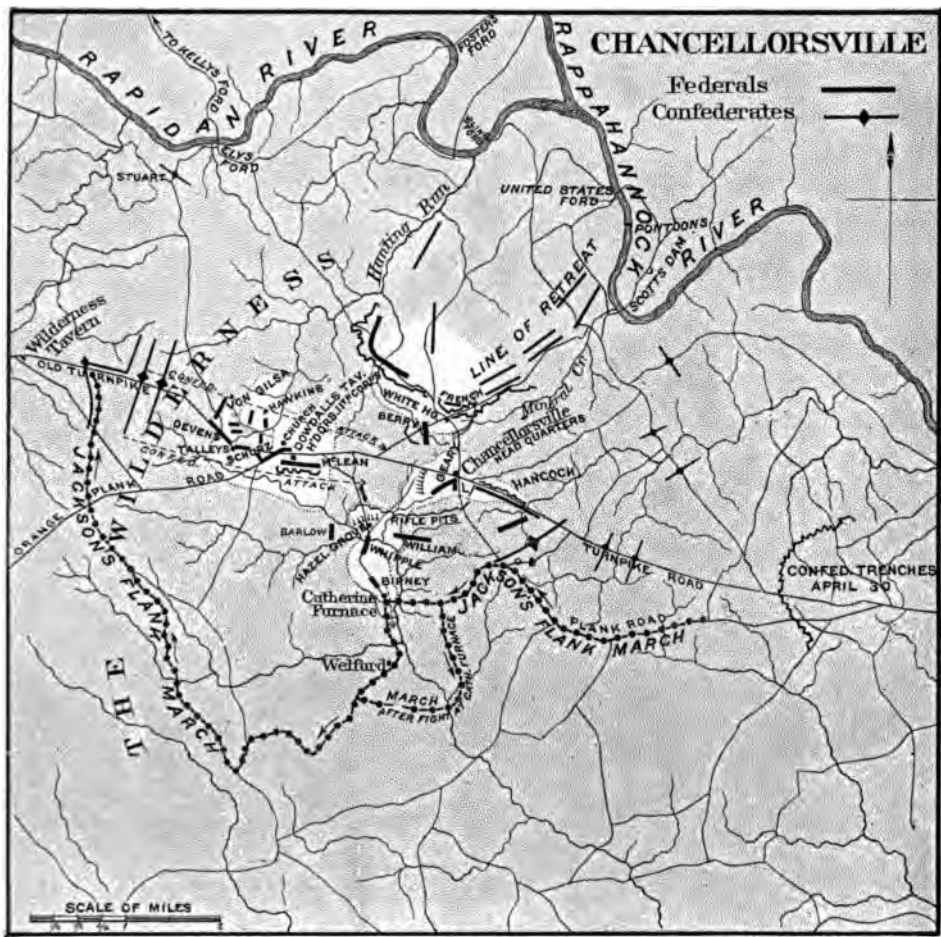
There we were, then. That the enemy was on our flank in very great strength had become more certain every moment. Schimmelfennig had sent out several scouting parties beyond our regular pickets. They all came back with the same tale, that they had seen great masses of rebel troops wheeling into line; that they had even heard the commands of rebel officers. The pickets and scouts of McLean and Gilsa reported the same. My artillery captain, Dilger, returned from an adventurous ride. He had made a reconnaissance of his own, had been right among the rebels in Gilsa's front, had been chased by them, had been saved from capture by the speed of his horse, had been at army headquarters at the Chancellor House, where he related his experience to a Major belonging to the staff, had been told by him to go to his own corps with his yarn, and had finally come back to me. In fact, almost every officer and private seemed to see the black thundercloud that was hanging over us. Could there be better reason for this unrest? Within little more than rifle-shot of our right flank there stood Stonewall Jackson with twenty-five thousand men, the most dashing general of the Confederacy, with its best soldiers, forming his line of battle, which at the given word was to fold its wings around our feeble flank; within his grasp the Eleventh Corps — originally twelve thousand strong, but reduced to nine thousand men by the detachment of its strongest brigade and main reserve, with which its commanding general had gone away; to cap the climax, hardly a Federal soldier within two miles on its left and rear, to support it in case of need, — for Sickles' corps and a large part of Slocum's had moved into the woods after Jackson's wagon-train; and in addition to all this, the larger part of the corps so placed as to be helpless against an attack from the west. It may fairly be said that, if there had been a deliberate design, a conspiracy, to sacrifice the Eleventh Corps — which, of course, there was not — it could not have been more ingeniously planned. This was the situation at five o'clock.

At last the storm broke loose. I was with some of my staff at corps-headquarters, waiting for General Howard to return, our horses ready at hand. It was about

twenty minutes past five when a number of deer and rabbits came bounding out of the woods bordering the opening of Hawkins' farm on the west. The animals had been started from their lairs by Jackson's advance. Ordinarily such an appearance of game would have been greeted by soldiers in the field with outbreaks of great hilarity. There was hardly anything of the kind this time. It was as if the men had instinctively understood the meaning of the occurrence. A little while later there burst forth, where Gilsa stood, a heavy roar of artillery, a continuous rattling of musketry, and the savage screech of the "rebel yell," and then happened what every man of common-sense might have foreseen. Our two cannon standing in the road threw several rapid discharges into the dense masses of the enemy before them and then limbered up and tried to escape. But the rebel infantry were already upon them, shot down the horses, and captured the pieces. Gilsa's two regiments, formed at a right angle with the Turnpike, were at once covered with a hail of bullets. They discharged three rounds — it is a wonder they discharged as many — and then, being fired into from front and from both flanks at close quarters, they had either to surrender or beat a hasty retreat. They retreated through the woods, leaving many dead and wounded on the field. Some of Gilsa's men rallied behind a reserve regiment of the First Division, the 75th Ohio, whose commander, Colonel Riley, had been sensible and quick enough to change front, and without orders advanced to help Gilsa. But they were promptly assailed in front and flank by several rebel regiments and completely wrecked, Colonel Riley being killed and the adjutant wounded. Meanwhile the enemy had also pounced upon the regiments of the First Division which were deployed in the Turnpike. These regiments, hemmed in on the narrow road between dense thickets, and attacked on three sides, many of the men being shot through their backs, were not able to fight at all. They were simply telescoped and driven down the Turnpike in utter confusion.

The Rout of the Eleventh Corps

While this happened, a vigorous attempt was made to form a line of defense which in some way might stem the rout of our sacrificed regiments and impede the progress of the enemy. As soon as I heard the firing

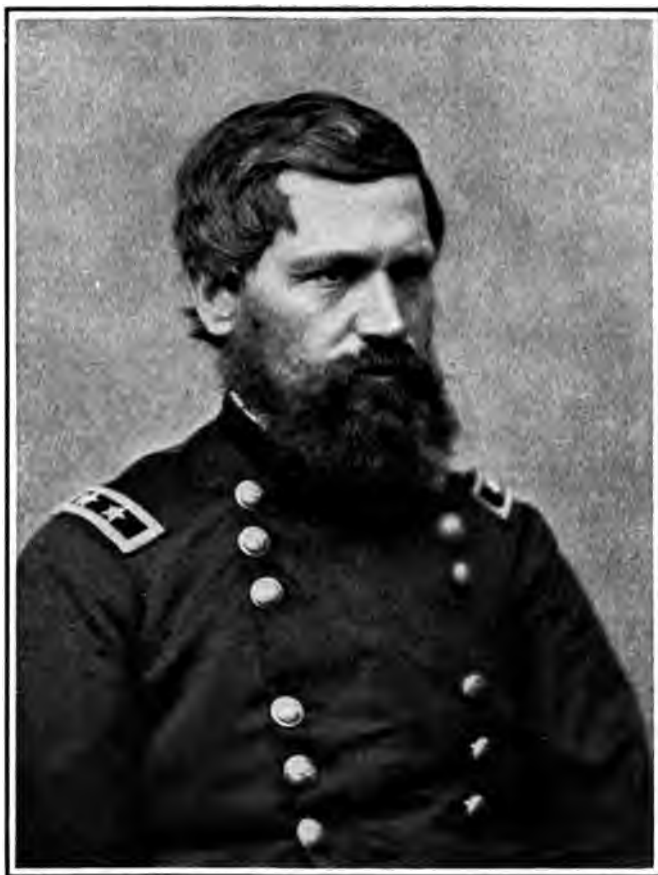


THE BATTLEFIELD OF CHANCELLORSVILLE

Showing the position of the Eleventh Corps at half-past five on the afternoon of May 2nd.
Prepared from data left by Carl Schurz

on our right, I despatched an aide-de-camp to Colonel Krzyzanowski to turn about all his regiments and front west. For the same purpose I hurried to the point where the Plank road and the Turnpike united. There I found General Schimmelfennig already at work. Our united efforts succeeded in changing the front of several regiments and in forming something like a line facing the attack, but not without very great difficulty. Several pieces of the artillery of the First Division, as well as some wagons and ambulances, came down the Turnpike at a full run, tearing lengthwise through the troops still deployed in line on the road. They were followed by the telescoped regiments of the First Division in the utmost confusion. We had scarcely

formed a regiment in line, fronting west, when that rushing torrent broke through its ranks, throwing it into new disorder. Thus it was that General Devens could state in his report that being carried past, wounded, he failed to see any second line behind which his dispersed troops might have rallied; while, as a matter of fact, after seeing him taken to the rear, we held that point twenty minutes. For in spite of the terrible turmoil, which almost completely wrecked two of my best veteran regiments, we did succeed in forming, in the hurry, a somewhat irregular and broken line near the church grove, consisting of the 61st Ohio, 119th New York, 157th New York, and the 82nd Illinois, and further to the right, the 82nd



MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

Commander of the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville

General Howard refused to believe that an attack was really intended by the Confederates, and allowed himself to be taken by surprise

Ohio, and the 58th New York and 26th Wisconsin, the regiments I had placed front-west earlier in the afternoon.

Captain Dilger quickly moved his six guns a short distance back upon higher ground, where he could sweep the Turnpike and the Plank road. He poured shot and shell into the enemy's battalions as they advanced on the heels of the wrecked regiments of our First Division. On they came with fierce yells and a withering fire of musketry, widely overlapping our line on both sides. At their first onset the noble Colonel Peissner, of the 119th New York, dropped dead from his horse, but Lieutenant-Colonel Lockman held his men bravely together. My old revolutionary friend,

Colonel Hecker, of the 82nd Illinois, who had grasped the colors of his regiment to lead it in a bayonet charge, was also struck down, wounded by a rebel bullet, and was taken behind the front. Major Rolshausen, who promptly took command of the regiment, met the same fate. A multitude of our dead and wounded strewed the field. But in spite of the rain of bullets coming from front, right, and left, these regiments held their ground long enough to fire from twenty to thirty rounds.

On my extreme right, separated from the line just described by a wide gap, which, from want of troops, I could not fill, things took a similar course. A short time after the first attack a good many men of Colonel

Gilsa's and General McLean's wrecked regiments came in disorder out of the woods. A heavy rebel force followed them closely with triumphant yells and a rapid fire. The 58th New York, a very small regiment, and the 26th Wisconsin received them firmly. Captain Braun, in temporary command of the 58th New York, fell, one of the first, mortally wounded. The regiment, exposed to flanking fire from the left, where the enemy broke through, and most severely pressed in front, was pushed back after a desperate struggle of several minutes. The 26th Wisconsin, a young regiment that had never been under fire, with splendid gallantry maintained the hopeless contest for a considerable time. It did not fall back until I ordered it to do so. Colonel Krzyzanowski, the brigade commander, who was with it, asked for immediate reinforcement, as the 26th Wisconsin, being nearly enveloped on all sides, could not possibly maintain its position longer. Not having a man to send, I ordered the regiment to fall back to the edge of the woods in its rear, which it did in perfect order, facing about and firing several times as it retired.

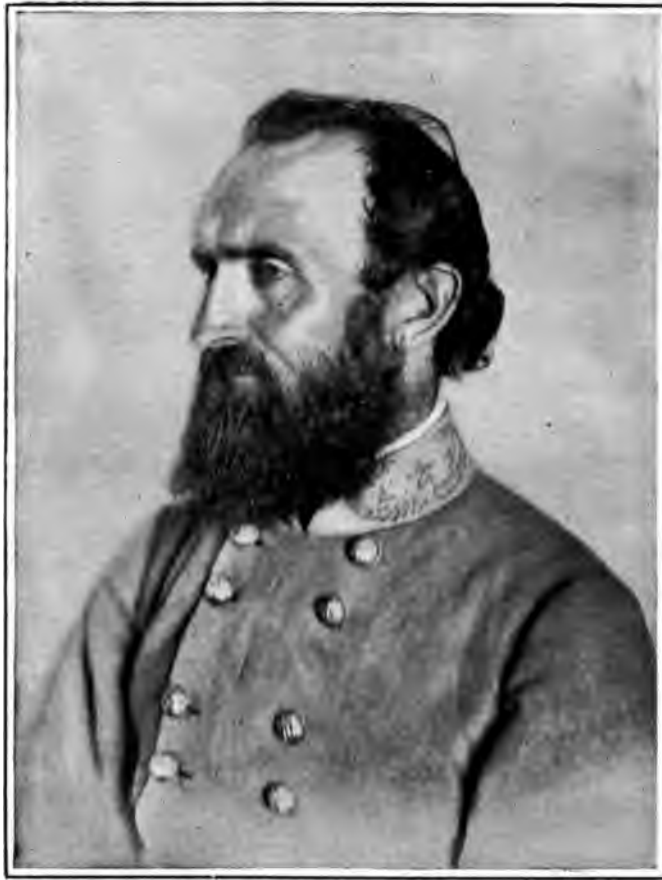
Stemming the Rout

In the meantime the enemy had completely turned my left flank — and had not the rebel general, Colquitt, who commanded a force of seventeen regiments to execute that flanking movement, made the mistake of stopping his advance for a while, believing that his right was threatened, a large part of the Eleventh Corps might have been captured before it could have reached the open ground surrounding the Chancellor House. But the Confederate force which actually did attack my left was far more than strong enough to press back the 119th New York and to fall upon the left of Captain Dilger's battery. Captain Dilger kept up his fire with grape and canister to the last moment. He gave the order to limber up only when the enemy's infantry was already between his pieces. His horse was shot under him, and the two wheel-horses and a lead horse of one of his guns were killed. After an ineffectual effort to drag this piece along with the dead horses hanging in the harness, he had to abandon it to the enemy. The rest of the battery he sent to the rear, with the exception of one piece which he kept in the road, firing it from time to time as he retreated.

The rebels were now pressing forward in

overwhelming power on our right and left, and the position in and near the church grove could no longer be held. We had to fall back upon the shallow rifle-pit running north and south near Dowdall's Tavern, which had been dug when General Howard had a dawning suspicion that we might be attacked by Jackson from the west. This rifle-pit was partly occupied by Colonel Buschbeck's brigade of our Second Division, which had stood on the extreme left of the corps and had ample time to change front, and was therefore in perfect order. On its left several companies of the 74th Pennsylvania, the 61st Ohio, and the 119th New York took position, and on its right the 82nd Ohio and the fragments of other regiments. Several pieces of the reserve artillery were still firing over the heads of the infantry. It was there that I found General Howard again, who, meanwhile, had come back from Barlow's detached and wandering brigade and rejoined his corps about the time when Jackson's attack on our right flank began, or soon after. He was bravely engaged in an effort to rally the broken troops and exposed himself quite freely. I did my best to assist him. So did General Schimmelfennig.

But to reorganize the confused mass of men belonging to different regiments was an extremely difficult task under the constant attack of the enemy. I succeeded once in gathering a large crowd, and, placing myself at its head, led it forward with a hurrah. It followed me some distance, but was again dispersed by the enemy's fire pouring in from the front and both flanks. One of my aides was wounded on that occasion. Two or three similar attempts had the same result. As the enemy advanced on our right and left with rapidity, the artillery ceased firing and withdrew, and the rifle-pit had to be given up. As I said before, it was too shallow to afford any protection to the men behind it. The infantry fell back into the woods, the density of which naturally caused renewed disorder among regiments and companies that had remained well organized or had been successfully rallied. I joined Captain Dilger with his one gun on the road to Chancellorsville. He was protected by two companies of the 61st Ohio. His grape and canister checked the enemy several times in his pursuit. When I entered the woods, I looked at my watch. It was about fifteen minutes past



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL "STONEWALL" JACKSON

The most brilliant of Lee's lieutenants, whose vigorous flank movement against the Federal forces at Chancellorsville might have completely destroyed them and made a turning point in the War, if he had not been accidentally shot and mortally wounded by his own men in the very hour of victory

seven. The fight of the nine thousand men of the Eleventh Corps, so posted as to present their unprotected flank to the enemy, against Stonewall Jackson's twenty-five thousand veterans, had therefore lasted, at the lowest reckoning, one hour and a half. Not a man nor a gun came to their aid during their hopeless contest. They had to retreat a mile and a half before they met a supporting force. But when this was found, the wrecked corps was soon fully reorganized, each regiment being around its colors and under its own officers before eleven o'clock.

Early next morning, Sunday, May 3rd, we were put on the extreme left of the army. I rode to General Hooker's headquarters to ask him that we be given another

opportunity for showing what we could do, after the disaster of the previous evening. He seemed to be in a very depressed state of mind and said he would try. But we remained on the extreme left, with nothing but slight skirmishing in our front, until the army recrossed the Rappahannock on the morning of May 6th.

Jackson Mortally Wounded

When at last Jackson's overwhelming assault had wrecked the helpless Eleventh Corps, there was no other power of resistance between Jackson's triumphant force and the Chancellor House — the very heart of the position of the Army of the Potomac — but the remnants of the Eleventh Corps in a disorganized condition, and what troops

could be hastily summoned from other points. As already mentioned, Berry's division, standing north of the Chancellor House, was promptly thrown forward. Captain Best, the chief of artillery of the Twelfth Corps, who was still on the ground, soon had his guns trained upon the advancing Confederates. The retreated batteries of the Eleventh Corps joined him. Several divisions that had been engaged in the bootless chase after Jackson's rear-guard and wagon-train in the woods were brought up in a hurry. But other circumstances cooperated to help us over the critical situation. Although the moon shone brightly, it grew dark in the shadows of the forest, and, moreover, the first two lines of the Confederates, owing partly to the temporary resistance of the Eleventh Corps, partly to the breaking of the formations in their advance through tangled woods, had fallen into great confusion, which was increased by the murderous fire now bursting from the hastily formed Federal front. Thus some time was consumed in restoring order in the Confederate brigades. But Jackson was still hotly intent upon pressing his advantage in getting into Hooker's rear. Then fate stepped in with an event of great portent. The victorious Confederates lost their leader. Returning from a short reconnaissance outside of his lines, Stonewall Jackson was grievously wounded by bullets coming from his own men, to die eight days later, and the attack stopped for that night.

Lee's Brilliant Tactics

The next morning, Sunday, May 3rd, found the Army of the Potomac, about ninety thousand men of it under General Hooker's immediate command, strongly entrenched in the vicinity of the Chancellor House, and about twenty-two thousand men, under General Sedgwick, near Fredericksburg, moving up to attack General Lee in his rear. Never did Lee's genius shine more brightly than in the actions that followed. He proved himself, with his sixty thousand men against nearly double that number, a perfect master of that supreme art of the military leader: to appear with superior forces at every point of decisive importance. First he flung Jackson's old corps, now under the command of General "Jeb" Stuart, against some of Hooker's breastworks in the center, carrying one line

of entrenchments after another by furious assaults. Then, hearing that Sedgwick had taken Marye's Heights and was advancing from Fredericksburg, he detached from his front against Hooker a part of his force large enough to overmatch Sedgwick and drove that general across the Rappahannock. Then he hurried back the divisions that had worsted Sedgwick, to make his own forces superior to Hooker's at the point where he wished to strike. Hooker, meanwhile, seemed to be in a state of nervous collapse. On the second day of the battle, standing on the porch of the Chancellor House, he was struck by a wooden pillar which had been knocked down by a cannonball. For an hour he was senseless and then recovered. But before and after the accident his mental operations seemed to be equally loose and confused.

There has been much speculation as to whether those who accused General Hooker of having been intoxicated during the battle of Chancellorsville, were right or wrong. The weight of the testimony of competent witnesses is strongly against this theory. It is asserted, on the other hand, that he was accustomed to the consumption of a certain quantity of whisky every day, that during the battle of Chancellorsville he utterly abstained from his usual potions for fear of taking too much inadvertently, and that his brain failed to work because he had not given it the stimulus to which it had been habituated. Whichever theory be the correct one, certain it is, that to all appearances General Hooker's mind seemed, during those days, in a remarkably torpid condition. On no such theories can we explain General Howard's failure to foresee the coming of Jackson's attack upon our right flank — for he was a man of the soberest habits. How he, in spite of the reports constantly coming in, in spite of what, without exaggeration, may be called the evidence of his senses, could finally conclude on the 2nd of May that Jackson, instead of intending to attack, was in full retreat, I have never been able to understand, except upon the theory that his mind simply failed to draw simple conclusions from obvious facts.

The Army Escapes Annihilation

Our corps remained inactive on the left flank of the army all through the 3rd, 4th, and 5th of May. Eager to be led to the front again, all we could do was to listen anxiously

to the din of battle near us, straining our senses to discern whether it approached or receded. In fact, it approached, indicating that our army was giving up position after position, and that the battle went against us. At last, on the evening of the 5th, we received orders to be ready to move at two o'clock the next morning. We understood it to be a general retreat across the river. During the afternoon a heavy rain began to fall, which continued into the night. Wet through to the skin, we shivered until twenty minutes past one in the morning, when without the slightest noise the troops were formed in line, ready to wheel into column of march. So we stood, without moving, from two until six o'clock. At last the order to start came. We had to withdraw from the presence of the enemy unobserved, and in this we succeeded. When we reached the large clearing at United States Ford, where the river was bridged for the army to cross, an appalling spectacle presented itself. The heavy rains had caused a sudden rise in the river, which threatened to sweep away the pontoon bridges. There were three of them, one of which was taken up to strengthen the others. General Hooker with his staff had already passed over, the preceding evening. The artillery also, except that of the corps covering the retreat, had crossed during the night. But here, on that open ground on the river bank, was the infantry, some seventy thousand to eighty thousand men, packed together so closely, that between the different organizations there was hardly an interval wide enough to permit the passage of a horse, waiting to file in thin marching columns over the bridges, regiment after regiment. Had the enemy known of this and succeeded in planting one battery in a position from which it might have pitched its shells into this dense, inarticulate mass of humanity, substantially helpless in its huddled condition, the consequences would have baffled the imagination. A wild panic would have been unavoidable, and a large part of the Army of the Potomac would have perished in the swollen waters of the Rappahannock. But General Lee did not disturb our retreat, and by four o'clock in the afternoon the whole army was safely over.

The Eleventh As a Scapegoat

But we of the Eleventh Corps had to meet there a trial far more severe than all

the dangers and fatigues of the disastrous campaign. Every newspaper that fell into our hands told the world a frightful story of the unexampled misconduct of the Eleventh Corps; how the "cowardly Dutchmen" of that corps had thrown down their arms and fled at the first fire of the enemy; how my division, represented as having been first attacked, had led in the disgraceful flight without firing a shot; how these cowardly "Dutch," like a herd of frightened sheep, had overrun the whole battlefield and come near stampeding other brigades or divisions; how large crowds of "Eleventh Corps Dutchmen" ran to United States Ford, tried to get away across the bridges, and were driven back by the provost guard stationed there; and how the whole failure of the Army of the Potomac was owing to the scandalous poltroonery of the Eleventh Corps. Of the generals, only Couch and Doubleday were heard from, as expressing the opinion that there might be another side to the story. All the rest, as far as we could learn, vied with one another in abusive and insulting gibes. The situation became unendurable. Would not justice raise its voice?

Vain Appeals for Justice

On May 12th I sent up my official report. It contained a sober and scrupulously truthful recital of the events of the 2nd of May — at least, scrupulously correct according to my knowledge and information — and closed with these words: "I beg leave to make one additional remark. The Eleventh Corps, and, by error or malice, especially the Third Division, have been held up to the whole country as a band of cowards. My division has been made responsible for the defeat of the Eleventh Corps, and the Eleventh Corps for the failure of the campaign. Preposterous as this is, yet we have been overwhelmed by the army and the press with abuse and insult beyond measure. We have borne as much as human nature can endure. I am far from saying that on May 2nd everybody did his duty to the best of his power. But one thing I will say, because I know it: these men are not cowards. I have seen most of them fight before this, and they fought as bravely as any. I am also far from saying that it would have been quite impossible to do better in the position the corps occupied on May 2nd, but I have seen with my

own eyes troops, who now affect to look down upon us with sovereign contempt, behave much worse under circumstances far less trying. Being charged with such an enormous responsibility as the failure of a campaign involves, it would seem to me that every commander has a right to a fair investigation of his conduct and of the circumstances surrounding him and his command on that occasion. I would, therefore, most respectfully and most urgently ask for permission to publish this report. Every statement contained therein is strictly truthful, to the best of my information. If I have erred in any particular, my error can easily be corrected. But if what I say is true, I deem it due to myself and those who serve under me, that the country should know it."

In order to avoid every possible objection to the publication of my report, I had been studiously moderate in my description of occurrences and circumstances; I had refrained from accusing anybody of anything; I had mentioned only with the greatest mildness of statement my urgent efforts to induce General Howard to make the necessary change of front. In spite of all this, the permission to publish my report was refused. General Hooker wrote: "I hope soon to be able to transmit all the reports of the recent battles, and meanwhile I cannot approve of the publication of one isolated report."

I appealed to Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War,—of course through the regular military channels,—repeating my request that my report be published as soon as it reached the War Department, and adding that, if the publication of my report should be deemed inexpedient, I urgently asked for the calling of a court of inquiry to investigate publicly "the circumstances surrounding my command on the 2nd day of May, the causes of its defeat, and my conduct on that occasion." General Howard's endorsement of this letter was as follows: "Respectfully forwarded. With reference to the court of inquiry asked for, I recommend that the request be granted. I do not know of any charges against General Schurz from any official quarter, but I do not shrink from a thorough investigation of all the circumstances connected with the disaster of May 2nd. O. O. HOWARD, Major-General." This could be interpreted as meaning that, as to me, a court of inquiry

was not necessary, there being no official charges against me; and as to him, he did not shrink from a thorough investigation of the event, but did not ask for it. The result was that the court of inquiry was not granted. The only answer I received was from General Halleck: "Publication of partial reports not approved till the General Commanding has time to make his report." The General Commanding, General Hooker, never made any report. Mine was simply buried in some pigeonhole. My request for a court of inquiry was not even mentioned. I could not publish my report without permission, for that would have been a breach of military discipline. So I found myself completely muzzled.

While thus the official world seemed determined to take no notice of our distress, the flagrant injustice done us created much excitement among the German-born people of this country. Some prominent German-American citizens in New York called a mass-meeting—so far as I know entirely without incitement or suggestion from members of the Eleventh Corps—and expressed their indignation at the scandalous treatment meted out to us.

As a last resort I applied for a hearing before the Congressional "Committee on the conduct of the War." But when this application, too, remained without a response, I found myself driven to the conclusion, that there was in all the official circles concerned, a powerful influence systematically seeking to prevent the disclosure of the truth: that a scapegoat was wanted for the remarkable blunders which had caused the failure of the Chancellorsville campaign, and that the Eleventh Corps could plausibly be used as such a scapegoat—the Eleventh Corps, which had always been looked at askance by the Army of the Potomac as not properly belonging to it, and which could, on account of the number of its German regiments and officers, easily be misrepresented as a corps of "foreigners," a "Dutch corps," which had few friends and which might be abused and slandered and kicked with impunity. But for this, why was my demand for a Court of Inquiry ignored? Not for my own sake, but in the name of thousands of my comrades, I asked for nothing but a mere opportunity, by a fair investigation of the facts, to defend their honor, against the most infamous slanders and insults circulated from mouth to mouth in the army

and throughout the whole country by the press. When that opportunity was denied me, was there not ample reason for the conclusion that there was a powerful influence working to suppress the truth, and that the Eleventh Army Corps, and especially the German part of it, was to be systematically sacrificed as the scapegoat?

General Howard's Amazing Attitude

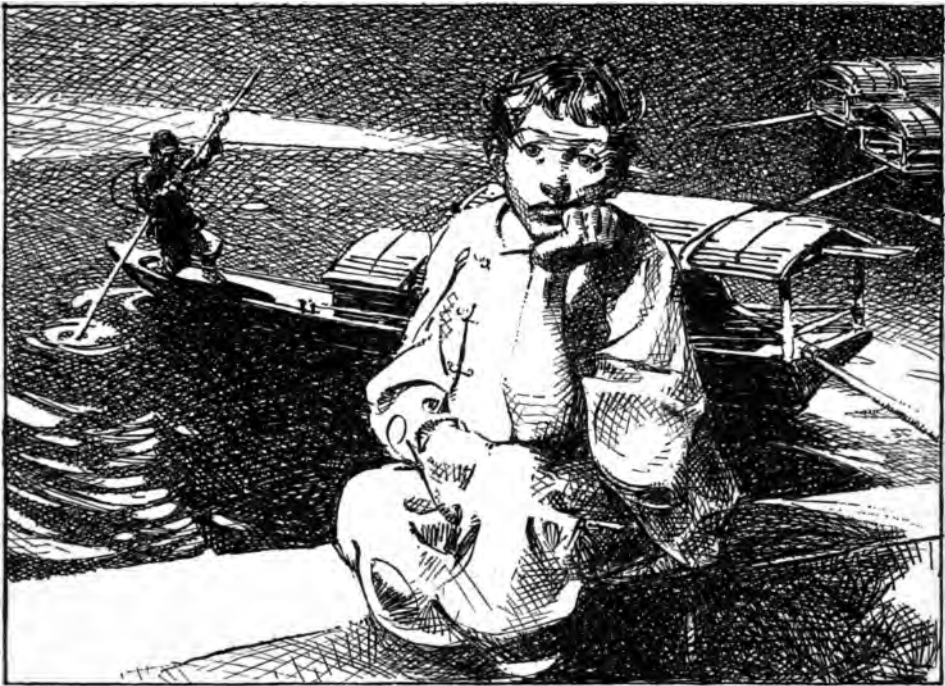
It might have been expected that one general, at least, who knew the truth as to where the responsibility for the disaster rested, would have spoken a frank and sympathetic word to remove the stain of ignominy from the slandered troops. It would have been much to the honor of the corps commander, General O. O. Howard, had he done so promptly. He would have stood before his countrymen as Burnside did, when, after the bloody defeat at Fredericksburg, he frankly shouldered the responsibility for that calamity and exonerated his officers and men; or as, two months after the battle of Chancellorsville, General Lee did, when on the third day of the battle of Gettysburg that great soldier said to his distressed men looking up to him: "It is my fault, my men! It is my fault!" Alas, the attitude of our corps commander was different. In a council of war during the night of the 2nd to the 3rd of May, as was reported, he only complained of the "bad conduct" of his corps. In his official report on the battle he spoke of the density of the woods preventing the whereabouts of the enemy from being discovered by scouts and patrols and reconnaissances, — an assertion glaringly at variance with the facts, for the scouts had seen and reported the advance of Jackson — and he spoke of a "panic produced by the enemy's reverse fire, regiments and artillery being thrown suddenly upon those in position," and of a "blind panic and a great confusion at the center and near the Plank road"; about a "rout which he and his staff-officers struggled to check," — but not a word about a large part of the corps being so posted that it could not fight; not a word to take the responsibility for the disaster from the troops, not a word to confess that he was warned early in the day, and repeatedly as the day advanced; not a word to take the stigma of cowardice from his corps.

The one way most surely and most quickly to restore the morale of the Eleventh Corps would have been to give it another comman-

der, whom the men could trust and respect. But that would have been apt to destroy the myth that the "misconduct" of the soldiers of the Eleventh Corps was wholly accountable for the Union defeat; and this the ruling influences would not permit.

The Impartial Verdict of History

The mist hanging over the Eleventh Corps and the events of the 2nd of May, 1863, has at last been dissipated by historical criticism, — not as soon as we had hoped, but thoroughly. The best military writers — notably Colonel Theodore A. Dodge, of the United States Army — have, after arduous and conscientious study, conclusively shown, not only that the Chancellorsville defeat was not owing to the discomfiture of the Eleventh Corps, but that the conduct of the Eleventh Corps was as good as could be expected of any body of troops under the circumstances. The most forcible vindication of the corps, however, has come from an unexpected quarter. Dr. August Choate Hamlin, formerly lieutenant-colonel and medical inspector of the United States Army, a nephew of Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin, had in the course of the War become acquainted with many of the officers and men of the Eleventh Corps. The frequent repetitions he heard of the old stories about the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville — not, indeed, from serious military critics, but from that class of old soldiers who were fond of vaunting their own brave deeds at the expense of others — provoked him so much, that, prompted by a mere sense of justice, he undertook to investigate the happenings at Chancellorsville, so far as they touched the Eleventh Corps, to the minutest detail. He not only studied all the documents bearing upon the subject, but he visited the battlefield, inspected the positions, measured to the yard and to the inch the distances between the various points mentioned in the reports, and sought out every person North and South that could give him any information of consequence. After sifting his evidence with unsparing rigor, he delivered his judgments with absolute impartiality, not only sweeping away the slanders that had been heaped upon the Eleventh Corps, but also putting under merciless searchlight many of the fanciful stories told of the heroic deeds performed in the dark of night, to repair the mischief done by the so-called "misconduct" of that ill-fated body of brave soldiers.



SHIRAZ



By Henry C Rowland



FIRST met him near the cross-road that cuts in two the golf course in the Happy Valley at Hongkong. He and three of the little Chino caddies had been passing a tennis-ball, one from another, with their feet, after the usual inverted Chinese order of things, when it suddenly occurred to his Occidental instincts to elaborate the game. At least, that was what I gathered from the monosyllabic chatter and the gestures with the ball.

He impressed me as being rather young to have mastered the dialect in which he was eagerly haranguing his companions. It had taken me ten long years of careful study, and he did not look as if he could boast that many to his age. Even for his inconsiderable span of life he seemed diminutive, but here and there a deeper pock on his square little face seemed to indicate a possible cause. Physically, aside from actual size, he left but little to desire, and his cold gray Western eye, square little shoulders, and

stubby calves were in rather ridiculous contrast to the shifty faces and lithe limbs of the embryonic Orientals around him. Strange to say, though a child of apparent European origin, he was not dressed in the orthodox sailor-suit with an H. M. S. cap ribbon, or in the trig Eton suit, with its abbreviated stern, in which the average exiled English mama loves to clothe her progeny. Neither were there any of the frills and ruffles of the high-caste Portuguese, although no one would have expected them, the Anglo-Saxon parentage of the child was so obviously apparent. An incident that followed made it unmistakable.

The argument had grown heated. Apparently the little Chinos were unsympathetic to any Western modification of a time-honored Oriental game. More than that, they were suspicious — not because it seemed dangerous, but because it was new. The odds in their favor were a majority, but the white child held a powerful trump in the tennis-ball that was firmly clenched in a little brown paw. This was evident to his wily comrades, and soon I saw a furtive, slant-eyed look shift from one in front to one behind.

A slight push and a stealthy grab precipitated things. Both failed, but the design lay unmasked in all its horrid nakedness. The brown-haired boy grasped the situation on the instant, and, with an instinct as quick as the treachery, took a half step forward and planted a hard little fist between the eyes of the largest assailant, the boy in front of him.

Followed a fight which for the displacement of the contestants was as keen an exhibition as I have ever seen. I suppose that I should have interfered, but I have always an extreme distaste for stopping a fight as long as the party which has my sympathy is doing nicely. I laid a mild bet with myself that my half of the world would win, and so it would have done but for a trick of destiny.

He dropped the ball, the better and harder to use his fists, and I was wondering what latent instinct had caused a boy of his apparent Eastern education to resort to his fists as naturally as a puppy brought up with kittens would bite rather than scratch, when suddenly he swung at an assailant on his left, stepped squarely on the tennis-ball, and the next instant both stocky legs shot up in the air, and he landed with a thud squarely on his square little back.

Of course the scurvy spawn of Confucius rushed in and tried to kick him in the face and one succeeded before I was able to reach him with my Malacca. Then they fled and from farther up the road hurled insults pertaining to foreign devils.

My friend was on his feet in an instant and looking for a stone. Failing in the search, he turned to me. There was a rapidly growing bump over his left eye, where one of the boys had kicked him, and his upper teeth had cut deep into his lip so that the blood trickled down the corner of his mouth and dripped on to his khaki blouse. His manner, however, was unruffled and full of dignity.

"Permit me to thank you, sar," he remarked, with a peculiar accent which I was at a loss to place. "You have come in the time to save me the beating, but I think he would not happen if I do not step on the ball. Surely it would not happen if I have taken Yung —"

"They do not fight fair like us Englishmen," I answered; "and who is Yung, may I ask?"

"Yung is my Chow dog. At most times he is with me, but to-day he does not come,

because later I go with my father to the Parsee cemetery, and it is in my mind that the dog is not allow." He looked at me for a moment keenly but politely, wishing, as I could see, to ascertain my caste before giving a personal turn to the conversation. Apparently the investigation was satisfactory, for he resumed:

"You are in mistake, sar, to suppose that I am an Englishman. I am an American."

"Indeed?" I answered, then hauled out my card-case and handed him a card. He took it with a slight bow and glanced at the inscription.

"It is unfortunate that I am unable to offer you the card, Dr. Boles," he remarked, "but I am Shiraz Moore."

"Shiraz," said I thoughtfully. "That is a Persian city. Perhaps you are partly of Persian descent?"

"God forbid," he answered quickly. "I was born there, but" (semi-apologetically) "it was simply an accident. More importantly it is there that I have the misfortune to lose my mother." He removed his cap reverently at the name of his mother. I did the same.

"Thank you," he said. "Now I must go, for I can see that my father have finish his game and is returning to the pavilion. It is my wish, sar, that we meet again."

I echoed the sentiment. We bowed and parted.

That same evening, after dinner, I wandered into the billiard-room in search of an acquaintance named Brown, whom I found with a group of other men absorbedly watching a game of billiards.

"Watch this game, Boles," he said to me. "You know I'm a bit of a player, myself, but this bearded chap could make me look like a beginner."

"Who is he?" I asked, backing into one of the high chairs.

"I don't know — haven't heard his name, but I could swear that I have met him somewhere — something familiar about the eyes. He's drunk now — or ought to be. Before dinner he sat near me on the veranda, and in an hour and a half he had got away with a quart of whisky; the boy brought a full bottle and set it down beside him, and when he got up, it was empty. Since he's been playing here, he has soaked up about a quart more. Never'd guess it, would you? He must be a natural physical antidote for rum!"

As he spoke, the bearded man finished a long run, and as he turned to reach for his half-filled glass, my friend struck his fist softly against his open hand.

"I have it! I know who he is! Jerrold Moore, by Gad! The portrait-painter who made such a splash in London about five years ago. Don't you remember? I knew him slightly when he was studying in Paris."

"Has he a son? A little nipper about ten years old?" I asked, for all at once I traced the familiarity of his expression to my little friend of the golf-links.

"Yes — I believe he has. Poor chap, I remember now. He married a great beauty, an American girl, whom he met in London. They were to take a tour around the world, but lived for about a year in India, where Moore did some of his best work, painting rajas and Hindus and things. Afterward they went to Persia, where he did a portrait of the Shah. I believe that there was a child born there, and not long afterwards Mrs. Moore met with an accident while riding. Horse fell on top of her and smashed her all up! Died of her injuries. Ugh! I don't wonder the poor devil drinks; he was mad about her."

"There is still the boy to live for," I suggested.

"Of course — and he doesn't look like a weakling, does he?"

I glanced at the man with added interest. He was of medium height, broad-shouldered, but lean and wiry, with a small waist and narrow hips. His head was very thoroughbred, with small, close-set ears, and his face was tanned almost to mahogany. He wore a closely-trimmed Vandyke, and there was something wonderfully sympathetic in the expression of his eyes.

"Looks like a plucky sort of chap who is putting up a hard but losing fight against an overwhelming tragedy," said my friend, and this diagnosis impressed me as accurate.

Moore quickly ran off his string, and Brown took the opportunity to go over and speak to him. The other man laid aside his cue, settled the score, and came over and slid into a chair beside me. I had a speaking acquaintance with him, as we had been shipmates on the "Diamante" from Manila a few weeks previously.

"I used to think that I was a bit of a billiard crack," said he ruefully, "but I've changed my mind since I struck this chap.

Now I want to see some one else get singed." He lowered his voice. "The wonder to me is that he's not under that table instead of knocking the balls together on top of it. He puts the rum away as if it were milk! He's got to windward of about half a gallon since tiffin!"

I did not reply, for I was watching a diminutive figure clad in linen blouse and baggy pongee trousers fastened under the knee with silver "good-luck" buckles. It was Shiraz, my friend of the morning, and he slipped quietly into the room as Moore and Brown started a game. The child recognized me with a respectful nod, then climbed into one of the high chairs, where he sat with his elbow on the arm and his square little chin dropped wearily into the palm of one hand, while his eyes, red and heavy-lidded, for the hour was late, never ceased to follow the figure of his father.

"See that kid?" said my acquaintance. "That's Shiraz — Moore's youngster. Rum little beggar — so quaint and old-fashioned. Moore lost his wife a few years ago, and since then he's been trailing all over Asia. Drags the kid around with him. Beastly shame; Shiraz ought to be at school and playing with other children. He can scarcely speak English! He and his dad chin in some Hindu dialect."

"It's a pity," I answered.

"That's just what I say. Just because his own life's been spoiled is no reason for neglecting the boy, poor little chap. See how done-up he looks! A chap who knows Moore slightly told me that he spends most of his time crystal-gazing, and all that rot. H'mph! I'll bet he finds more consolation in a glass bottle than he does in a glass ball. The two don't go together as I understand it — do they?"

He yawned and left me, and I was not sorry, for he was a garrulous animal, and, besides, I wanted to go over and say a word to Shiraz, whose head was drooping lower and lower, the bruise over his eye growing darker and more distinct as the tired blood withdrew from the weary little face.

"Shiraz," I said, after we had exchanged greetings, "it is late, and you are very tired. Will you not take an old doctor's advice, and go to bed?"

A little tinge of color crept back under the tan of his cheeks, possibly at the softness of my voice; for the sight of this lonely little motherless chap, patiently watching and

waiting for a rum-soaking father, was infinitely pathetic to me.

Shiraz roused himself, and the square little shoulders went back a trifle.

"I thank you, sar, but I am not so tired that I look. It is rather ne'ssar' that I wait for my father, as he have not been well this day, having once had fever which will return in times with — with — that is, he may grow so that he fear those things which are not. For this disease he tell me that he must drink the whisky, and so I knows when it approach. To-day he have drink so much of the whisky that I fear he may be ill before the morning."

He had turned to me, dropping his voice, and the dread that showed in the brave gray eyes as he finished speaking was heartrending to see.

"Tell me about this sickness, Shiraz. I am a doctor, and perhaps I can help you. What is it like?"

"It is very terrible, sar. Once he will believe that there follow him swarms of jungle-monkeys that jabber and mock and dance around in circles. And once I am awake in the night by his scream, and he think that a king cobra have crawl out from under the bed, and behind him another and still more. It would not be so strange in that country, for there were plenty of these things. At that time I am much frightened, but I wish to save my father's life, so I slip from the bed and step with care across the floor, for the place is dark, and it is in my mind that the room is filled with cobra. Then I get to the corner and reach my father's fowling-piece. At this time my eyes are better for the light, and I see a long black thing by the end of the bed. It seem to move, so I shoot." He smiled wearily and pointed to a scar between his eyes. "*This* is what the fowling-piece do! It kick me almost through the thatch, for then I am not so big and strong as now. At this, my father scream very loud, and the servants come running in with lights, and I am ashamed when I find that I have shoot only a piece of old bark rope, the rest of which is around a box, and all of the talk of cobras is only in the mind of my father, who is ill."

"Nevertheless, your action was that of a brave man, Shiraz," I said.

He turned again to the contemplation of his father, and I to that of the pathetic heroism of this poor little wanderer, who had never known the love of a mother nor

the love for a home. Now I understood the cause of the strange prematurity of face and speech. It was not the result of the vagrant, adventurous life that he had been compelled to lead, but the constant strain of anxiety and the undue responsibility: a responsibility that would have been beyond the conception of a boy of conventional education. I could feel that there was much more behind what he had told me, also that he had wished to shield his father from my criticism; and a closer glance at the man himself told me too well that the fortifying of his system against these periodical attacks, which were nothing more nor less than delirium tremens, had now become a chronic treatment, although subject to more vigorous application at certain times.

Presently I wished him good-night and rose to go. I hated to leave him, but it was necessary for me to get out aboard my ship, which was lying off the man-o'-war anchorage with hatches down, all ready to go to sea the following morning. As I went through the office, I called the clerk aside and asked him, for the boy's sake, to try to keep an eye on Jerrold Moore. He said that he would do so, but nevertheless it was with rather a heavy heart that I went down to the Bund and got a sampan to take me off; first giving my name to the policeman of the beat, who checked it off against the number of the sampan — a necessary precaution unless one wants to watch the coolies every second as a mongoose watches a snake.

Every one but the watchman had turned in when I went aboard; but either the Java, or the cheroots, or possibly a train of latent memories, turned up from musty corners of my heart by my conversation with Shiraz; one or all, together with the damp, cool breeze fanning seaward through the straits and laden with the spicy smells of piny smoke and joss-sticks expired from along the shores, and the fragmentary patter of voices whirling in the eddies of stealthily drifting junks; all of these things invited me more than the smells of salty mold and burnt machinery oil below decks.

So I hung over the taffrail and watched the flitter and sparkle of lights against the blackly neutral-colored mountain side, now and again idly trying to pick up the going and coming of an occasional swift sampan as it glanced across a lane of flickering light. Once I heard a sound as sinister as the black, eddying waters under our stern. It came

from far away, but I caught distinctly the sudden scuffle of feet, then what seemed to be a choking cry, followed by a gurgle, like the ebbing tide around the heel of the rudder beneath me; then a silence as drab as slack water.

For some moments I pondered, weaving stories in my brain; stories put together of thoughts and fancies that would have melted in the sunlight, but in the atmosphere around me took on a form as gruesome and grotesque as the night upon the leaping hills beyond Kau-lung. Then, slowly, my fancies burned themselves out with the last of the cigar, and I turned to go below, when a new sound came quavering up from the sea. It was the sound of a man sobbing his heart out in the gloom; the hopeless, heartbreaking grief of a child, in the throat of a man.

The night cries from the city had become hushed, and a chill mist, creeping in from the sea, had dropped a humid veil, dimming the sparkle of the lights and shrouding everything that moved upon the waters. Even the sounds were muffled, but still through the murk came distinctly the low, even, heavy-throated sobbing; such an agonizing mystery of grief as made one almost wish to join it.

Nearer it came, and nearer, but strange to say it seemed to grow no louder, and soon I heard, as its accompaniment, the splash, gurgle, and suck of a sampan's sculling oar. Close to our stern came the silence, the ripple, and the steady sobbing. I could stand it no longer.

"In God's name, what is ailing you?" I called down softly. I knew that the noise came from a white man. A Chinaman does not sob; he moans or howls.

There was a moment's utter silence; then a voice that seemed torn from the soul came up in answer.

"Is there a surgeon on that ship?" Something about the voice was familiar to me.

"I am a surgeon," I answered. "Come alongside!" I hurried softly to the accommodation ladder, where the watchman, who had heard the hail, had preceded me.

"Some one in this boat alongside is hurt," I said briefly. "Go down and give them a hand aboard!"

The sampan glided quietly up to the staging. From below me there came the noise of heavy breathings and a shuffling step, but the lantern swinging at the head

of the gangway threw a black shadow on all beneath. Then there came a startled oath from the watchman; unsteady steps were ascending the ladder, and the next moment the bare head of a man with a bloody, matted beard burst suddenly into the zone of light. In the man's arms was a small, huddled figure from which, at each step, there came a groan.

As the man stepped under the lantern, he turned his face toward me, and with a quick tug at the heart I leaped outside the rail and gazed at the bundle he carried in his arms.

It was Shiraz; little Shiraz, cut and hacked and slashed, a mass of blood and wounds. The man was Jerrold Moore.

Quickly we carried the child below, and catching a glimpse of the eyes of the father as he lurched into the brighter light of the saloon, I gave him a draught and sent him to a room in charge of the steward. Then we cut the bloody garments from the child and for two hours fought with death for the precious little life, and at last I hoped that we had won. Nevertheless, I sat by his bunk for the rest of the night.

At six in the morning one of the stewards brought me some coffee and the news that the ship would probably not sail until the following day, as the glass was falling, and there was every indication of an approaching gale. An hour later, when I went on deck, it was easy to see that he was right, and as soon as it was light enough, we could see that the hurricane signal was flying. I was not sorry, for I wanted to see my patient through the next forty-eight hours.

Late in the afternoon I was awakened from a nap in my state-room by a light knock on the door. I called out, and Jerrold Moore entered. He looked ten years older than when I had seen him in the billiard-room the night before, but although his face was lined and drawn, his speech and appearance were self-possessed.

"How is the boy, Doctor?" were his first words. "Will he pull through?"

"I hope so," I answered. "His wounds are not dangerous, but he has lost a lot of blood. We will go down and see him. I have overslept."

Perhaps it was a bit brutal of me to have taken the father in to see the boy as he looked just then, with the freckles standing out on the pinched little bloodless face, and the clear gray eyes bright with pain and the

fever that was beginning to follow the hemorrhage; but I had my reasons for wishing the man to see the result of his folly. Shiraz was lying on his back, for he had a long slash across either shoulder. He smiled feebly at the sight of his father and reached out both little bandaged arms.

As he leaned over to kiss the boy, I saw a look in the man's eyes that was worth more to me than a thousand protestations of reform; and he dropped his head on the edge of the bunk, and his shoulders shook.

Shiraz looked up at me, distressed, ashamed that I should witness his father's emotion.

"It is that the bandage make him to think of my mother," he said in explanation. "You must know," he added softly, "that she meet her death by a fall from a horse by which she is much bruised. He have said," nodding imperceptibly at the bowed head of the man, "that I have the eyes of my mother —"

"Be quiet, Shiraz," I interrupted. "You are too weak to talk."

Moore raised his head. As compared with the face of the man, the boy's was almost ruddy.

"Are you in much pain, Shiraz?" he asked.

"No, Father — and have the devilish coolie wound you?"

"Oh, no, my boy — I wish to God he had —"

"Thank God that he did not, Father, — for then what would become of me? — and — have you killed him?"

"Yes, Shiraz, — I broke his neck across the gunnel!"

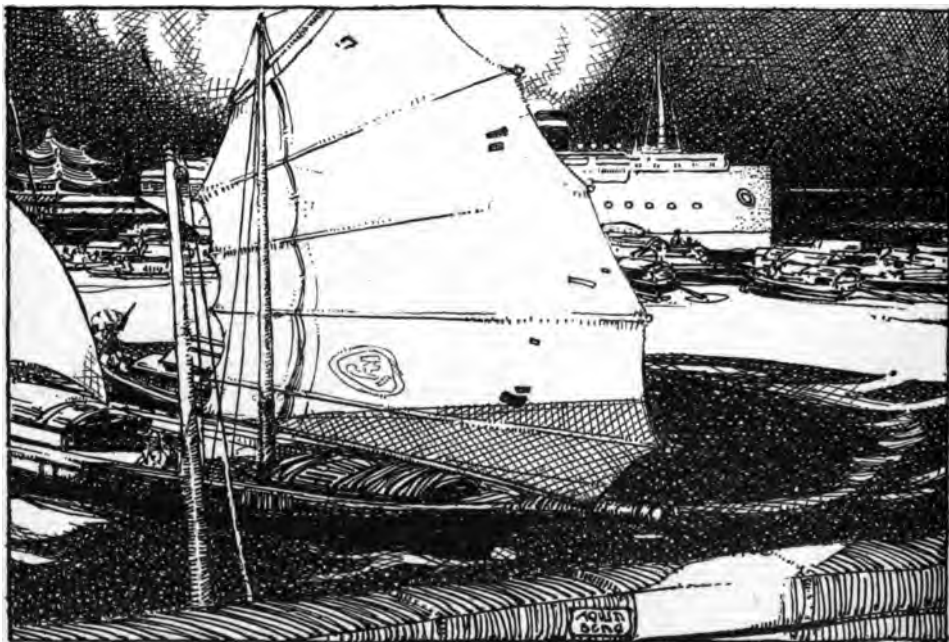
A look of satisfaction that made me smile came into the tired little face.

"That is as it should be, for he have try to stab you while you sleep, and when I grab him by the knees, he have cut me very bad. It is well that he is dead."

"Now try to sleep, my boy," I said. I motioned to the father, and we stole softly out.

Two hours later Moore came to my cabin with a look upon his face that made me want to shake his hand.

"We are going home, Doctor, — Shiraz and I — back to the States. I have just engaged a passage on this steamer as far as Bombay, where we shall leave you to catch a P. & O. I have finished living for myself. From this time on I live for Shiraz."



SECRET HISTORY

BY

VIOLA ROSEBORO'

AUTHOR OF "ARCHIE'S BABY," "THE MISTAKEN MAN," ETC.



IN his dingy comfortable sanctum the editor after hours was swapping stories with his lawyer. Some way the tales had come to turn mainly around the Irish. The lawyer remarked the fact;

"They're good material," he added, "they're so blamed uncertain. Only the Lord that made 'em can guess beforehand what any man-jack of the lot will do next."

"The beauty of the Irish," said the editor, "is that if the Lord can never count on them for superhuman impeccability, neither can the Devil ever rest perfectly easy about their next move either."

"When I first came to New York, I had a room over east on Twenty-third Street. The house was one of a row of dwellings that had recently been converted to business purposes, and I conducted the business of living in a rat-hole on its top floor. At night I had the whole house to myself; even the janitor lived next door. When there came a fire, one evening, that was between me and the entrance, I felt deeply convinced that the firemen would never speculate on the presence there of any creature. The smoke got so bad that I was very happy to find my way to the roof unobstructed. I chased along till I found an open door and plunged down a staircase. The top floor showed a light through a transom,—it was only a little after ten,—but I thought I'd just go on down and see if I could make an unaided exit. I didn't get far; there was light on the next floor, too, lots of it, and it showed a wooden wall around the staircase well, and a deal door above the stairs, and the door was locked. I came to a delayed but sudden realization that my position was liable to misconstruction, and that the felt bath-room slippers I wore didn't help the look of my case. While I

pondered, the sound of steps coming upwards gave me more food for thought. At my left was a big, lighted, empty room, the inevitable New York 'front and back' thrown into one; a lot of wooden chairs were huddled against the walls, and underneath the gas in the middle of what had been the back room was a big, round, dark table; behind me was a little unlit hole, a whilom hall bedroom. I dove for its darkness just as naturally as if I'd had a jimmy on me. It wasn't a smart thing to do, but I felt like a thief, and I acted like one. Three men filed into the big room, and then it came to me where I was:—these were the quarters of a political club, a body devoted to the interests of the bigger club that ruled the town—that was about all I knew of the Organization. I was so green cows could have eaten me in those days, but even I tumbled at once to the fact that in the party before me one was a Big Man, and the others were henchmen, and that even the henchmen differed as one star differs from another in glory. The case was as obvious with these scions of the Plain People as it would have been at any other court.

"The first full sentence I heard was this: the smart young fellow was helping the Big Man off with his overcoat, when he, the Big Man, said, 'Is two hundred going to cover the witnesses for Mason's alibi?'

"The tone was the prepotent, matter-of-fact tone of a man moving effectively along the routine path of duty. It wasn't the smart valet-henchman that answered; the other spoke up like a competent expert in procuring perjury. I don't know what he said; his unmistakable subject and his modest efficiency were enough and too much for me. I was grasping the fact that the Big Man was all too plainly one of our rulers,—it soon appeared he must be the King of New York—and as little likely as any Oriental potentate to hold easy views about

people who know too much. I wished I'd been nabbed as a mere burglar; there was nothing for me to do now but sit tight and let Fate go on stuffing me with harmful information to the increasing risk — well, I'd a wild notion even then that it was my habit of breathing that was in danger, and it stayed by me, that notion did, and grew and waxed stronger, like a gourd in the night.

"But I haven't told you just how I was situated in my little room; it had a second doorway communicating with the big room, and over that hung a curtain, pulled back just far enough and not too far, and altogether I had as fine a stage box as you'd need for any show, — there was even a broken-backed wooden chair in there, well placed. I sat down on my broken-backed chair and in spite of fear began to take an interest. It wasn't a pretty setting, but it suited the cast and the piece. There was dark linoleum on the floor, the grimy, colorless sort of thing that makes you low in your mind; the walls were a splotched dirty-yellow that looked like sin made visible; and the unshaded gas glared and sizzled wickedly over the bare, scarred table. The Big Man was big in body and head and face, a mastiff of a man, with a close-trimmed, grizzled beard, a broad, close-shut mouth, and deep-set eyes that took in everything and told nothing. The first lieutenant (they called him Mick) was heavy-set, too, and husky enough, but he looked soft, loose, compared to the Big Man; but his face — that wasn't soft any way you choose to use the word; and it wasn't loose, either, if you're a bit discriminating in your terms. He was of the black Irish, and tough, O tough! and evil and unscrupulous to the limit; but not dissipated, not debauched a little bit. No, sir; wary, grim, capable, and cool in a way. Of course, the coolness of any black Celt always strikes you as temporary. The third man doesn't matter, he was only a walking gentleman in this cast, and he looked the part. Moreover, they sent him off the boards in a few minutes, but still he struck me as a dreadfully significant detail while he stayed. The conscientious, silent assiduity he gave to his duties and his educational opportunities, — well, it illuminated a big background. You could see he was fairly awed by his chances for self-improvement. He was funny and awful, awful; smooth-faced and young, attached to

the Big Man, you could see that, not too able, and sitting there in that ruck of crime, — no, that's not the main point; it wasn't the ruck of crime that counted most. How can I put it? This crime was mighty in high places, it had authority, that was it, as if the world had turned upside down, and the Devil was enthroned, and water ran up hill; that was what made me dizzy early in the game. Anyhow, there the boy sat on the edge of his chair, waiting for educative information like a trick terrier for lumps of sugar. I've wondered about that boy since; he had so much nice youngness about him, and he was so awful, funny and awful.

"While they were passing remarks as to the captain's shoving too close down there, and Liz saying it didn't pay her to keep open, and as to whether Jackson hogged too much or not, — the Big Man only asking succinct questions, — a bartender brought up a tray, beer and glasses on it, and went down again, and the valet-henchman went with him. Always the door was locked. Alone with the Big Man, Mick waited in respectful silence; it was noticeable, though, how far from obsequious Mick was; he was refreshing in comparison to the other's honest abasement.

"The Big Man began on the business in hand in his heavy, direct way; direct and almighty laconic; he didn't talk any for the pleasure of hearing himself, and he didn't explain the events leading up to the play for the benefit of the audience; so I didn't get an altogether clear notion of what the trouble was all about. I pieced bits together as they went along, and some items that I learned afterwards helped me out. I'll give you the benefit of my patch-work and guess-work as I go along, but they don't pretend to cover the case. You'll have to take it as you can get it, and you'll find it easier to swallow than I did there on the spot, for you know something about the general conditions in this town then, and I didn't.

"Say, those same 'general conditions' make me understand a good deal about decadent Rome and such like nightmares. Here in New York thugs ruled the town, bought and sold the courts, planned the jobs and shared the plunder of burglars and pick-pockets, and made murder a matter of expediency, yet people were building hospitals and supporting orphan asylums, distributing alms and Bibles and preventing cruelty to animals, and every Sunday these

thug-governed simple-Simons crowded the churches (New York churches have always in my day been amazingly attended), and I suppose sometimes they even had the Gospel preached to them.

"In the meanwhile here were Mick and the Big Man getting down to the business in hand.

" 'You've heard about this chap that's going to show up Mother Martin? We've got to get him out the way.' The Big Man rumbled along as unemotionally as a wagon going about its business. 'Can't fix him, can't do anything else with him.'

"Mick's black eyes sharpened a trifle, as he answered, 'He must pull with a strong gang to tackle a job like that; is he in with them reformers?' I judge that he was considering the size of the job proposed to himself. 'I aint heard much,' he added, as the Big Man said nothing, 'except that there was a little trouble stirring around the old lady's Macdougall Street shop.' The Macdougall Street shop, as you'll soon see, was a place for receiving stolen goods, a fence.

"The Big Man was good enough to expand the case a trifle. 'No, he's playing a lone hand; that makes it easy for you. But it's a strong one; things worked in together; some woman, seamstress that works for his mother, had a room that looked down into the Macdougall Street house; Jim had her dispossessed when he caught on that a rear tenement had been pulled down so that she had too much view; dispossessed her and took the room himself, like the fool that he is, after she'd had her chance and used it and had paid her rent. She went to this Davis with her story. She wanted to bring suit. And right then Davis goes and finds a watch of his own, that the Eel had picked off him, for sale at the store on the Square; had a private mark on it, and Barney hadn't been sharp enough to see it when he changed the number; so lazy he'd half done his job! Then this fellow gets busy on the quiet and finds out things that's goin' to ruin his health. He's in for a newspaper game and is movin' to work up that damned *Times*. He's too wise to try takin' it into the courts. He's reckless, — nosed out something about that pearl necklace.'

"This laconic narrative seemed to afford the Big Man some faint relief of spirit. Without emphasis, without changing the growling pitch of his voice, a formidable intolerance for the incompetence of his

lieutenants made itself felt and was as threatening as a force of nature. You see about how it was: Mother Martin, whose glittering jewelry shop all the town knew, kept a fence that was fairly a government institution; of course she had to be protected; what she could tell would shake the nation.

"After a pause long enough to be uneasy, he added, 'There's three hundred for you in it.'

"Mick turned grim at the mention of money. 'We'll talk about that after a while,' said he, mingling deference with self-respect, like an expert workman; 'what you want done?'

"The Big Man communed with himself, and self-communingly he answered: 'That's it, I've got no one now can take care of things. I had to come myself. Those nits that got us into this' — he came to a full stop; then, in a different key: 'I'd spend some money to get him away and keep him away, if any shanghai game could be fixed up that would work; in a year or two we could ball things up for him.' This, you may be sure, was just talk — a queer bit of loquacity from that taciturn source; but Mick understood and answered accordingly; I suppose he'd been up against bashful murderers before.

" 'But he knows he's got you down on him, knows you own the Macdougall Street house, and knows other things, don't he? Uh! I reckon there's just one way to make him safe.'

"There was a silence of seconds, and then the Big Man said meditatively, 'All right, I've been fooling round the best part of a week trying to get him steered away from his own grave, damn him.'

"The oath was almost plaintive. The Big Man felt himself ill-used in having, after all, to give more time and trouble and money to this case.

" 'What's his full name?' Mick asked. I suppose they were ready to turn to ways and means now; they didn't get far; this is where the prologue ends and the play begins.

" 'Stephen R. Davis.'

"All expression left Mick's countenance like something sponged off; there was some displacement that jarred all his couplings loose; then he made connections again, and his dull, watchful eyes suddenly burnt bright.

" 'Stephen Richard Davis?' he said.

" 'How do I know? Stephen R., he writes it'; the Big Man was starting to go

on with something more germane to the case, but Mick's hoarse voice leaped to down him; 'Bill Mitchell — was he Mitchell's stepson?'

"The mastiff turned on him a long scrutiny.

"'What's the matter with you? His mother's a widow named Mitchell. They came here from Rochester.' He was a patient mastiff.

"Mick's fist crashed with one thunderous blow on the table; 'I'll not do it. I'll do no such dirty job for all the stuff you've got in the City Hall.' He reared back in his chair, strung up in an instant to the last desperate recklessness of the black Celt. I figured it out that to resist, to revolt against the Big Man's rule, was so mad a measure, that suddenly seeing nothing but revolt for him, he all but went out of his head.

"The other studied him with angry, measuring eyes; they had a fight with their eyes right there. The Big Man spoke with a formidable menace in his heavy slowness: 'What do you mean, breaking loose here like a wild bull? What do you think you dare mean, Mike Doolan? Who are you talking to? Do you think there's no joint to your neck, that it can't be broken?'

"'I'll niver do it,' Mick blazed out again.

For ten seconds I wondered if they might not try to kill each other right there; Mick Doolan was strung to the last pitch, sure. But it was the other who was setting the pace, and he was no fool.

"Now you'd think, wouldn't you, when fear failed to cow his man, and calculation was in his eye, he'd begin to put up his price? But I tell you that in the fight that was on now, not once was money mentioned. No, sir, among themselves the Irish have so much hot passion to deal with, that the most cynical of 'em has to take a reef in the every-man-has-his-price theory. The old boss gathered mighty quick, you can bet, that no money was going to touch a lunacy like this. He leaned across the table and said something, something I couldn't hear. He was making another try at scaring his man, and it scared me to try to guess what he'd lower his voice for, after what I'd listened to in that den.

"But Mick's face only took on a sulkiness that was the most unreasonable thing that you ever saw in your life; as if explanations, arguments, excuses, to give or to take, were beyond a brain drowned in its own surges.

"I sat staring, and the gas sizzled, and the brown linoleum, the spotted yellow wall — well, I don't know what about them, except that it all looked so sinful.

"The Big Man pushed his beer-glass out of the way carefully and began a slow, massive indictment of Davis — for his dangerousness. If Mick could not be personally terrorized, he'd try to wake his tribal instincts, to strike the old, wild battle-call against the common enemy. I remember he said one thing that's come back to me often since for the truth of it. He had set out the situation with force and detail, though the detail was often cryptic to me, and shown that Mother Martin was a keystone whose displacement meant a debacle, and with measured emphasis he went on, and this is what struck me:

"'Are you such a fool as to think because we've run things and played this town for a bunch of suckers, that we're not always in danger? Ain't you got the sense to see that we're always smoking in a powder-mill? I tell you, eternal vigilance is the price of *our* liberty.' He made a long pause, and went on with an access of anger: 'And here you lay down before a jay that's out to send us all up the river; men that have stood by you through thick and thin, — you —' he stopped short, his epithet unspoken.

"Tribal instinct, personal loyalty, were appealed to in vain. Mick looked as if he only heard an antagonizing noise. It seemed in character that the Big Man showed so little curiosity as to what was chewing Mick. That was outside his game. He seemed to make one more call on that bottomless patience of his, and began again:

"'I don't know much about this dirty slob you seem so close to, but I know he's from Ireland and a black Protestant and an Orangeman; he'll get out every heretic in New York to shame the Church with us.'

"Now did you ever hear anything like that? So anachronistic, among other things? This incredible appeal did not appeal right.

"'And it's small credit we do the Church, and little she's to blame for the likes of us!' Mick's *non sequitur* came tense, almost shrill; then, 'If it's for the Church you want the man murdered, take it to Father Brady and see what he'll say to you!'

"The Big Man broke loose in startling, hammering curses, and Mick simply exploded. Then the atmosphere suddenly cleared; they had let off steam, and renewed their

perception that they must call a halt on their passions. At last Mick came to something like his senses; I mean literally, that he got the use of his faculties. But his deepened brogue was proof that the heart of the man was burning deeper all the time.

" 'Man,' says he, taking the upper hand at a stroke and keeping it till — well, wait, you'll see; 'Man, that lad's stepfather was an Orangeman, I know it well, and God knows what the lad's ever heard about it all. His father was a Protestant, it's thrue for you, but do you mind the kind of an Orangeman *he* was? *Do you mind who Stephen Richard Davis' father was?* I'll tell ye. I'll tell ye. He's the son of William Davis, God rest his soul, William Davis that went to Kilmainham Jail and took his death there, for cryin', "God save Ireland," over the Manchester martyrs; over the Manchester martyrs it was; for cryin' out that prayer at the ind of his spache, "God save Ireland." God save Ireland!"

"That black thug reinforced his quotation with something great and deep from his own spirit, — from his own spirit? By the Eternal, it was from the heart of man! from the place down there below the muck of our lives where we all get together. He made it his prayer, a thing to make you take off your hat.

"The Big Man was motionless; but the mastiff face of him changed without moving; it got charged from some new kind of ferment inside.

" 'It was at the funeral procession in Dublin?'

" 'It was!'

"I don't know whether you are up enough on Ireland's woes to understand about the Manchester martyrs. They're just an item in that endless procession of things incredible, the English-Irish feud. You can't recognize either people half the time when they are up against each other, but it happens in this little instance it's the English who look queer.

"Along in 'Sixty-seven or thereabouts, some Irishmen tried to rescue a bunch of Fenian prisoners in Manchester, and a police-sergeant was shot and killed. The prisoners got away, which may have had something to do with the upshot, too. The Government was naturally sore, and they managed to hang three of the rescue party without too much fine-haired fuss as to whether they had had anything to do with the shooting or not. Well, it's a short story put that way,

and sounds about as moving as an order to the ice-man; but you look up what Ireland felt about it! and not only Ireland, but the Irish the whole world over! At that time Fenians and Nationalists were at daggers drawn, and the church was heavy against the Fenians, of course; but they were all one, one in agony and shame over those Irish boys strung up in an English town. All their helplessness, all the bitterness of England's might, England managed with those halters to drive festering deep afresh.

"Think of a town the size of Dublin turning out a funeral procession of sixty thousand people, and think of how those sixty thousand Irish were feeling when I tell you they were quiet, quiet in those streets where the lowest hovels had hung out their bits of green-twined black.

"But the Government found sedition, it seemed, in the speech at the cemetery of the Protestant, William Davis. Afterwards I looked up the records and found that Mick Doolan wasn't so wrong about it. 'God save Ireland' had been interpreted by the Attorney-General, for a fact, as meaning all sorts of dark things against England; — which is a bit funny, too, when you come to think of it.

"But let's get back to our criminals.

" 'How do you know it?' The Big Man drove the question like a harpoon.

"The leash on Mick Doolan's excitement broke, and I can't begin to quote what he said; his words were the least part of it; his voice, and his working face, and the red sparks in his eyes, and the whole big, coarse body of him strung vibrant and expressive, they were the things that told. But brought down to the skeleton it was like this: He'd been a boy in Dublin at the time, and his mother's cousin was an old, valued servant in the Davis household. Davis was a young lawyer, and I gathered that, like his father before him, he had no truck with the Castle, and was known to be in a quiet way for the country. He was not in robust health when he spoke at the funeral of the men whose bodies were rotting in an English jail-yard, and during his imprisonment he went from bad to worse, and came out, his chance for life gone, to die in six months of consumption. Little Mick Doolan heard much of it all in the gossip at home, but more than that, —

" 'I meself heard him in the cimitery,' he cried, 'and I heard him in the court-room,

standing there in me bare feet, scrouged in the crowd. "God save Ireland," says he agin, in the teeth of her inemies and their power.'

"Then, changing to a measured grimness, 'Was ye in Ireland thin?' he asked. Jove, it was a curious thing to see those two get down to bed-rock, and the master and man business fade out in a little memory-fest.

" 'I was in Sydney, a green lad, just out from home. I marched in the funeral procession they had there.' The Big Man's sentences dropped heavy and slow; 'One of the lads was a North of Ireland man like myself.'

"Then Mick Doolan, watching him close, gave him the rest of it very quiet like.

" 'Misther Davis' widow married agin when this bye was ten years old. That was five years after his father died. They came to Ameriky, and one way and another I've heard tell of thim once or twice.'

" 'And the likes of you are holding by an old story like that for to cut your own throat, are ye?'

"Mick watched him, watched him hard, saying nothing. Wherever the Big Man stood, it was plainer than any pike-staff now, plainer than ever, stamped sharp on my innermost conviction, and you can bet on the Big Man's, that you could flay Mick Doolan alive, but this time he'd never back down. Men don't get to be Big Men in politics without a wireless apparatus that gives them news like that straight. He knew where he was when he ran up against the basic passion of a black Irishman. I don't altogether know what he was up against in himself, he wasn't a scrutable cuss, but I reckon that forgotten funeral procession on the other side of the round globe was steering him into strange paths now.

" 'What'll we do with him?' growls he after a while.

"Mick got his breath in a long, quivering intake, and then he answered respectfully. I pay my tribute to diplomacy like that — in the very instant of his bewildering victory to fall back into the respectful henchman!

"Mick said, 'You could easy send him away on some business of the one kind or the other, — get him sent.'

"The Big Man said, nothing, but Mick spoke again as if he were making an answer.

'When he got back you could have things fixed up some. That woman that was dispossessed, 'twould be easy to get her a job in Chiny or Oshkosh or some place like that, and cost you no more than any other way of doin' the business. Av course, ye've still got him in your hands —'

" 'You bet,' interpolated a laconic mastiff.

" 'But wid most of his teeth drawn,' Mick added.

"The other pondered, and so did I. To my resourceless mind the case looked difficult.

"The Big Man cut the Gordian knot, so far as theory went, as neat as a knife. 'Nothin' to do but make his fortune,' growls he, with the sardonic humor of a meat-ax. 'Send him off, and by the time he gets back we can be ready for him; give him lots of business, and let him chew away when we've got to . . . Keep him from gettin' a good holt again.'

"Mick took it like milk, but I'll swear the Irish sense of humor has its limitations. The North of Ireland man showed a gleam for a second, but Mick saw nothing funny in the case at all. I've a notion that the Irish sense of humor is apt to miss the funny side of inconsistencies in conduct. That's its way of avoiding overwork.

" 'Well, I'll have to be thinkin' this thing over,' said the Big Man, after he had eased things off with a casual excursion far afield, and Mick had answered his questions about the moves of the Dutch in some ward. 'I guess,' he went on meditatively, 'that the Marshalls will have to give him a slice off that South African business they're putting through in England.'

" 'England!' There was a world of feeling in the exclamation, but nothing that had anything whatever to do with the Marshalls. It was only that the name touched a live wire; the Big Man gave a faint, comprehending nod, and reached thoughtfully for his hat.

"Mick got up, and then he broke forth again in a new place: 'His father's son ought to be up and doin' for the Owld Sod,' said the murderer-out-of-a-job, with the finest emphasis you ever heard in your life, — it had so many shadings; by Jove, there was a tinge of moral reproach in it.

"The Big Man looked up; 'that might be,' says he, like a Delphic oracle.

"And now, I tell you it's the truth, something more than was said, some inward

vision shook Mick, and that hard, brute-wicked face of his crumpled with feeling.

"The Big Man rose. 'I guess we better be goin',' said he; 'I'll have to work this thing out.'

"Joined the American Land League yet?' he asked, as the other stood back to let him pass; all this happened in the early days of Parnell.

"Speaking to Mick Doolan now was like making a pass blindfold at a row of bell-buttons, you didn't know what you'd ring up. 'The Clan,' he cried, 'could do nothin' wid the bye, but could ye set the right Land League men on him, wid his father's name in their mouths—'

"Wait a minute,' said the Big Man, and after bellowing up the stairs to the janitor that they were going, straightway they were gone.

"I waited a good while, I can tell you, after the lights above were out, before I

crept past that janitor's door, and over the roofs home again.

"Except for being smoked up, my place was all right, though the floor below was burnt out. It was only one o'clock when I went to bed as natural as if I had spent the evening reading a treatise on the contradictions of human nature.

"That's all; that's enough to illustrate my idea that the Devil has his troubles with the Irish like the rest of us. I'll tell you this, though,—Davis in five years' time landed in Parliament, fighting under Parnell. What do you think of that? Oh, plainly, he was cut out for a crusader of some sort.

"The whole story seems rather an awesome illustration of how the strings pull the puppets down here below; but it strikes me one man, the loser of the lot, mastered Fate. By the power of his manhood, William Davis, dead and buried, rose from the grave and saved his son."

BY AIRSHIP TO THE NORTH POLE

BY

WALTER WELLMAN

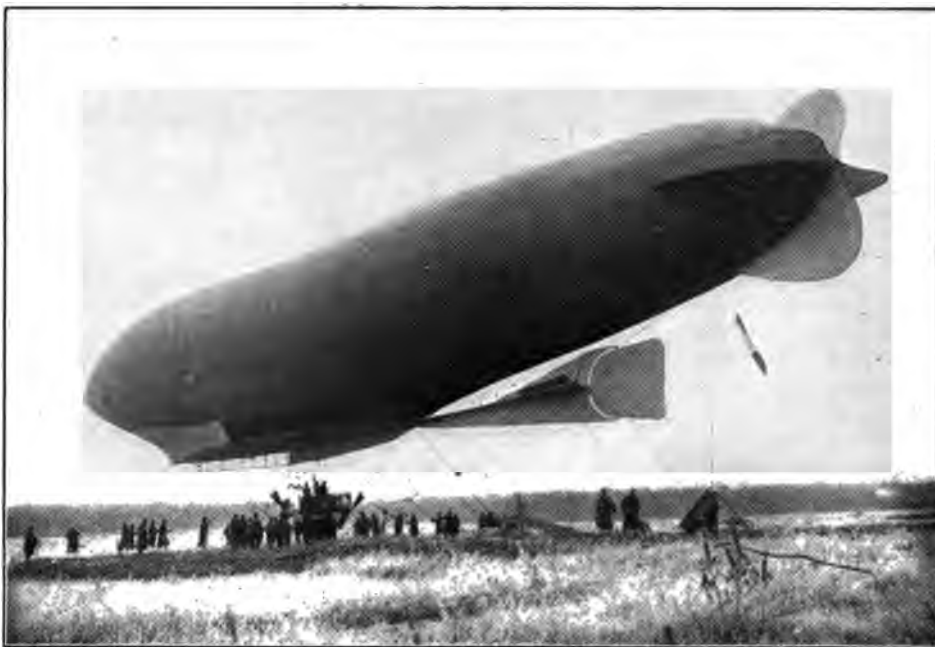
AUTHOR OF "LONG DISTANCE BALLOON RACING," "SLEDGING TOWARD THE POLE,"
"WHERE IS ANDREE?" ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



SOME day in July or August, 1907, as we hope and believe, a man standing at the northwestern point of Spitzbergen, six hundred miles almost directly north of the North Cape of Norway, will behold a strange and wonderful spectacle. He will see, rising from a little pocket of land amidst the snow-capped hills of Danes Island, an enormous

airship — a huge mass of hydrogen gas imprisoned in a staunch reservoir of cloth and rubber, in shape much like a thick cigar, its sharp nose pointed northward. Underneath the mammoth cigar a curious, spider-webbish structure of steel, enclosed in tense, smooth silken walls and roof. From the two sides of this steel car protrude two steel screws, like the propellers of a steamship, themselves of great size, but dwarfed to the eye by contrast with the dimensions of the



"LA PATRIE," MOST SUCCESSFUL OF DIRIGIBLE BALLOONS AND PARTIAL PROTOTYPE OF THE "AMERICA"

Designed and constructed for the French Army by M. Henri Julliot. "La Patrie" is a real cruiser of the air, with a speed of twenty-four statute miles an hour, and perfectly controllable. More than eighty ascensions have been made, often with four or five passengers in the steel car

gas-reservoir overhead. The screws revolve in the air with a rapid motion, driven by a 60-70 horse-power motor, working in the enclosed engine-room and therefore hidden from the onlooker, but the clattering exhaust will be heard pulling the echoes from the hillside and frightening the roches and kittiwakes from their nests in the rocky cliffs. At the bottom of the car, and forming the very backbone of it, is a long, slender tank of steel—the bunkers of this cruiser of the air—containing nearly three and one half tons of gasoline. Aft is a large rudder for steering the craft to the right or the left; and here also are movable planes for enabling its navigators to point its nose upward or downward at their will.

Upon the deck and in the engine-room a crew of four men, each at his appointed post. Instruments of navigation and meteorology abound, and the captain of the ship stands with his eyes upon barographs, statoscopes, manometers, and other instruments which speak to him of the ever-varying moods and conditions of the parts and vitals of his

complex machine. Stowed in kennel-like compartments are a dozen sledge-dogs brought all the way from the habitat of the Samoyed tribes on the Arctic shores of the River Ob in Siberia. A ton and a half of food is in the cargo, that neither man nor beast need starve for many a long month, should the voyage go badly. Sledges, boats, skees, are there, and all the paraphernalia of a sledging party, should it be necessary to make the return over the ice instead of through the air. An odd-looking contrivance, snake-like, beribbed, articulated, steel-clad with scales of artifice, hangs perpendicularly from the forward end of the car; from the aft part runs far to the rear and downward, three or four hundred feet to the surface of the earth, a steel cable, dragging after it another and longer steel-scaled serpent, half a ton of food in his belly, swimming upon the water or gliding over the surface of the ice in the wake of the big ship overhead.

More echoes of the gatling-like explosions of the motor-exhaust; the steel screws

beat the air with increasing velocity; the open strait is crossed, the crew making their last salutes to comrades left standing on the shore; guns are fired from a number of ships lying at anchor in the little harbor; the trail of the serpent is now over the graves of the Dutchmen on low Smeerenberg point — and beyond lies the polar sea, with its eternal fields of ice, its vast unexplored area, its mysteries jealously guarded through the centuries, its challenge to man to conquer them if he dare and can, with the Pole as the symbol of its defiance.

The significance of this strange spectacle and the ingenious and infinite labor which is even now calling it into existence, it is here my business to describe.

A Unique Assignment for a Journalist

"Build an airship and with it go find the North Pole." Such was the order given me the last day of the year 1905, by Mr. Frank B. Noyes, editor and publisher of the *Chicago Record-Herald*. No more extraordinary "assignment" was ever given a journalist. Upon the task thus set me I have been engaged ever since.

In the nature of things, such an amazing order would never have been issued, had the idea been a new one either to my editor or to me. And before any one permits himself to join the ranks of the ill-informed in imagining that our project is visionary, or reckless, or insincere, or unscientific, he will do well, for his own sake, to learn a little of what we knew then and of what we know to-day.

In the first place Arctic exploration was no new experience to me. In 1894 I led an expedition to the northeast shores of Spitzbergen, reaching latitude eighty-one degrees, five hundred and forty sea-miles from the Pole, six hundred miles farther north than the most northerly point of Alaska. In 1898 a second expedition, under my name and leadership, went North, this time to Franz Josef Land, which lies to the east and north of Spitzbergen. We were seeking the Pole again. Of course we did not find it, but we went as far as the eighty-second degree, and should have gone further but for an accident. Our experience was much like that of every other party which has tried sledging over the treacherous ice-sheet that covers the polar sea — something happened to frustrate our plans. Something is always happening to frustrate the plans of sledge parties. We

were caught in an ice-screw, a veritable ice-quake, and wrecked.

In this way I had now spent three summers and one winter in the true Arctics, north of the eightieth parallel. Having led in vain two assaults upon the Pole by the old method of dog-sledging, I had learned what it means to travel the rough and shifting polar ice, breaking your back dragging the heavy sledges six or eight miles a day, and your heart, because it is not in flesh and blood to do more. I have often stopped for breath and thrust my longing gaze up into the air and wished I were traveling there — above all obstacles, undeterred by pressure-ridges and yawning chasms of black water, pockets of deep snow, pools of sludge, and the eternal grind of weight and distance upon the muscles of men and beasts.

The Royal Road to the Pole

As early as 1894 I was first touched by the temptation of this free aerial pathway. Returning from Spitzbergen to Europe in the autumn of that year, I spent several weeks in Paris in consultation with a firm of aeronautic constructors. I supplied the information as to Arctic conditions; they the aeronautic skill and experience. Together we worked out a project for a voyage by balloon from Spitzbergen to the Pole. This was to be an ordinary, spherical, "free" or drifting balloon, of great size and endurance, but without motive power or means of steering. At that time the motor-driven and steerable balloon or airship was only an experiment, and not a very promising one. The drifting balloon, with its great possibilities, offered temptations to one who had heard the muttering of the north wind; but even Pole-seekers occasionally have prudence, and upon analysis this balloon project seemed to me extra-hazardous. So my decision was adverse. A year later Andree of Sweden publicly announced his intention to seek the conquest of the Pole by this method. All the world knows what happened to him: he and his two companions went up into the air in their free balloon, a toy of the winds, and those winds that sentry the fastnesses of the Pole played with the bold adventurer to their vengeance — they hold him still.

In 1899 I returned from Franz Josef Land with a determination to watch the progress of the aerial navigation through which I



Side view of the polar air-ship "America." The immense length — one hundred and eighty feet — is suggested by the figures standing near and under the balloon.

intuitively believed the ingenuity of man must some day enable him to seek the Pole. I saw Santos-Dumont round the Eiffel Tower in a small, toy-like, motor-driven balloon, but his performance did not inspire me with confidence. In 1905, however, a new steerable airship, equipped with motors and screws and rudders, achieved amazing results in France. It was called the "Lebaudy," after the firm of brothers who had furnished the money for its creation. This ship beat all records in aerial navigation. It proved itself to be a real cruiser of the air. In the first place, the "Lebaudy" was large enough to be a practicable machine, — something more than a mere toy, — with sufficient lifting power to enable its builder to gain strength and endurance through the use of steel, and no longer to confine his materials to wood and bamboo and slender cords and wires. The ship could carry a total of about seven thousand pounds, including its own weight. It was equipped with a motor of forty horse-power, which drove it at a speed of twenty-four statute miles per hour. It was perfectly steerable and controllable. With it more than eighty ascensions or voyages were

made, often with four or five passengers in the steel car.

The practicability of navigating the air with a large, solidly and soundly built ship of this sort, carrying heavy machinery and a crew of several men, was now so well established that the French Government did not hesitate to order a second "Lebaudy," almost an exact duplicate of the other, for an engine of war. The new machine was named "La Patrie," and has been even more successful than its prototype.

It is still true that there are limitations to the employment of these gas-reservoir, motor-driven ships of the air, limitations fixed by physical laws. They cannot operate in gales of a velocity superior to that imparted by their motors and screws; and so far this speed has not been pushed beyond twenty-seven statute miles per hour. They must always be subject to the hazard of accident if they encounter great storms or heavy gales. At the same time they are less liable to derangement or disaster than submarines, and are likely to prove far more efficient in the air than are motor-driven submarines.

Substituting Science for Brute Force

As I pondered the question, this thought came to me: If the modern inner combustion motor, with its lightness, its great economy of fuel-consumption in proportion to the energy developed, and the progress of the art of steerable balloon construction and navigation, have together produced a practicable and successful ship of the air, why should not these achievements be employed in geographical exploration? If they are

publishers and owners of the newspaper with which I have been associated most of my active life. They accepted the plan as one worth trying. They were interested in a great idea; here was an opportunity to attempt a big thing for the world and for science. A company was formed — The Wellman Chicago Record-Herald Polar Expedition — a dreadfully awkward title, but what else could we call it? — and four days later I sailed for Paris.

In the French capital the new idea was



The prow of the polar airship "America,"—the nose that is to be pointed toward the North Pole

good enough for the grim business of war, why not for the more admirable and inspiring pursuit of knowledge? Would it not be possible to construct an airship, larger than the "Lebaudy," specially designed for carrying a large cargo and for going a long distance, and at the same time peculiarly adapted to the Arctic regions, and with it have a fair chance of success in a voyage from a high northern point of departure toward the Pole?

The idea soon took shape. A project, tentative but symmetrical, was evolved. An estimate of the cost and of the time required to execute the project was submitted to the

received with sympathy and even with enthusiasm. The daring of it, the picturesqueness of it, the drama of it — the effort to substitute science and mechanics and modern progress for mere brute force in beating down the barriers nature had placed on the pathway to the Pole — appealed to the French imagination. The Academy of Sciences, to which I had the honor of being presented, received me with more than politeness, with genuine encouragement and understanding. Professor Janssen, the eminent astronomer, in an address to the Institute, declared that, in his opinion, we had a

most excellent chance to realize our hopes. To the intrepid Andree this same savant had a few years before remarked: "It is not an exploration you are entering upon, but a suicide." Such was the difference a few years had marked—the superiority of a true airship over a free balloon, the step forward from a drifting raft to a cruiser of the air with engines in her hold, a rudder at her stern, and many leagues of steaming in her bunkers.

In three weeks, conferences were held with all the eminent aeronautic engineers and constructors in Paris. Among thousands of other important questions that had to be decided, and decided quickly, was whether it were prudent to attempt to reach the Pole in 1906 or postpone the effort till 1907. We felt no great degree of confidence in our ability to start in 1906. But we knew we had some reason to hope to do so, and we determined to try.

One month from the day the Expedition had been decided upon in Chicago, a contract was made in Paris with a constructor of considerable reputation, for the building of a complete airship of great size, fully equipped with motors and machinery, for delivery at the end of May. When you order an airship, you should have a pretty clear idea of what you want it for. There must be practical, scientific adaptation of means and methods to the end in view. And just here thorough knowledge of Arctic conditions became invaluable.

We were not endeavoring, he it noted, to solve the problem of aerial navigation. Our aim was simply to take what had been done in that field, to enlarge and adapt it, and to apply it to geographical work. If we were trying to solve the problem which now engages so much of the attention of the world, instead of seeking to reach the North Pole, we should not attempt to solve it with a gas-bag driven by motors, that is, with a machine lighter than air, for upon this method physical laws have set certain limitations which stop, apparently, just short of a practicable, commercial solution of the problem of the air.

We fully realized, then, the limitations of our machine, but we knew that the dirigible balloon—the balloon which can be propelled and steered—marks a great advance upon the spherical or free balloon. It fights the air, and is not content to be merely swept along by it. It has propulsion

and direction of its own forces. Speed is the critical point—the speed of the winds which may be encountered, the velocity at which such a ship may be driven in overcoming those winds if they are adverse. Students of this problem generally agree that to offer an ultimate solution—that is, to secure such speed as is necessary to overcome all the winds that blow, excepting great storms and hurricanes—an air-machine must be able to travel nearly fifty miles an hour of its own force. A steamship which could not hold its own, let alone make headway, against a whole gale of wind on the North Atlantic, would not be considered a solution of the problem of ocean navigation.

Flying at Railroad Speed

The best performance, up to this time, with this type of airship, was made by "La Patrie," the aerial scout of the French army. Its highest speed was 12.22 meters per second, equal to 27.25 statute miles per hour. Its average speed, measured in a calm, may be taken at twenty-five miles per hour, and the quantity of fuel which it can carry enables it to maintain this speed for about fifteen hours, thus giving a radius of action of about three hundred and seventy-five miles.

Now, it may be barely possible, with unlimited capital, to achieve the construction of a gas-buoyed, motor-driven airship able to make fifty miles per hour. Theoretically, this result could probably be achieved. Practically, it would be a most doubtful experiment, because many engineering problems are involved in the construction with known materials of a reservoir of the great size necessary. The manoeuvring and navigation of such a huge aeronaut would also entail many hazards.

We resolved, then, to build a ship of the "La Patrie" type. But of what size, form, power, and equipment? Here experience was invaluable. We knew the Arctic regions; the conditions prevailing there were before our eyes, like the pages of an open book. The first of the great physical facts which stared us in the face was the distance to be traveled. From the most northerly base we could prudently strive for, Spitzbergen, it is six hundred sea-miles to the Pole—twelve hundred sea-miles there and back, as a bird might fly. But we must in prudence have a margin of at least fifty per cent, or a total radius of action of eighteen



BRINGING THE AIRSHIP ASHORE AT CAMP WELLMAN

The case which is being landed contains only the balloon of the airship, which weighs, in its box, eight thousand pounds

hundred sea-miles. In addition to the great amount of fuel in our bunkers, the ship must carry a crew of four or five men, provisions, instruments, dogs or motor-driven sledges, a small boat, and many things besides. A "Patrie" with twenty-five miles per hour would be splendid. But neither of those ships could carry more than a few hundred pounds' weight of cargo in addition to the crew and machinery, and our cargo must aggregate several tons. It was clear we must have a much larger ship. But if we increased the size, we increased also the resistance to the air, requiring larger engines and more fuel to maintain the same relative speed as that secured by the successful ships we were studying.

Overcoming the Speed of the Winds

At once the question arose, Was such high speed essential to our success? Clearly, it was not worth while to aim at high speed unless we could make it high enough to enable the *aéronaut* to make headway against

the strongest wind likely to be encountered on the voyage. This seemed more than doubtful. So we turned to our analyses of Arctic winds, based upon many thousands of actual observations taken in the months of July and August, the period of our proposed voyage, upon the Arctic Ocean, north of Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land, the southern edge of the very region we propose to traverse. We found some examples — not many, but still some — of winds rising as high as thirty miles per hour. Taking as the basis of our calculations the ship of fifty-two and a half feet diameter, which we had in mind to build, yielding sufficient lifting force to enable her to carry the cargo and appurtenances necessary for the execution of our plan, and assuming that such a ship must be driven eighteen hundred sea-miles, what would be the engine-power and fuel-supply required to secure a speed of thirty miles per hour, and, for comparison, to secure half that speed? The result of our calculations is as follows:

Sea-miles Per hour	Required Horse-power	Per hour Fuel—lbs	Per mile Fuel—lbs	For 1800 miles Fuel—lbs	Weight of Motor—lbs
30	300	225	7.5	13,500	3,000
15	60	45	3.0	5,400	600

Inasmuch as such a ship could carry, in addition to its own weight, about nine thousand pounds of cargo and machinery of all sorts, it was obvious that a speed of fifteen sea-miles per hour throughout a long-distance voyage was theoretically realizable, while a speed of thirty miles an hour was wholly impossible. Moreover, the enormous fuel-cost of high speeds—I mean, of course, cost in weight, not in money—led us to content ourselves with quite moderate speed aspirations. But even fifteen sea-miles an hour seemed marvelous to one who had in the past deemed himself lucky to be able to sledge half the distance in a day. Commander Peary is a skillful and energetic sledger; but his average advance during his recent record-breaking dash for the Pole, for the northward part of his journey, was only about five miles per day.

Further analyses of Arctic wind conditions showed that high speed was not at all essential to the achievement of our purpose. Of this I shall have more to say later, when I deal with the actual construction of our ship. It is sufficient to state here that our analysis proved that we might expect a mean wind velocity of ten miles an hour, which means that if the wind were blowing in our faces, our speed of fifteen miles would net us five miles an hour.

Teaching "Rush" Methods to Frenchmen

Our contract with the constructor called for an airship meeting these general requirements. It allowed him only four months in which to create a larger and more complex aerial machine than had ever before been built in France—a country wherein the word "rush" is unknown to the lexicon. A steamship was chartered for two years, a scientific and engineering staff was organized, and vast quantities of apparatus and materials were purchased and assembled for transport to the base of operations in the Arctic regions.

When the day came for the delivery of the airship, under the contract, the work was not finished. An agonizing delay ensued. The contractor's task was too great for him. Then the Expedition had to go to his rescue

and supply him with motors and machinery which he had been unable to procure. A most serious question had here to be decided—whether to refuse acceptance of an untested machine and abandon the summer's program, or to take the unsatisfactory, and in some respects unknown, apparatus and make a valiant effort to do our utmost to whip it into shape. By this time, ship, men, and materials were waiting in Norway to start for Spitzbergen. We determined to play the game out, to win in the summer of 1906, if possible, and if not, to recur to the original and published program and use the following winter and spring in preparation for the campaign of 1907.

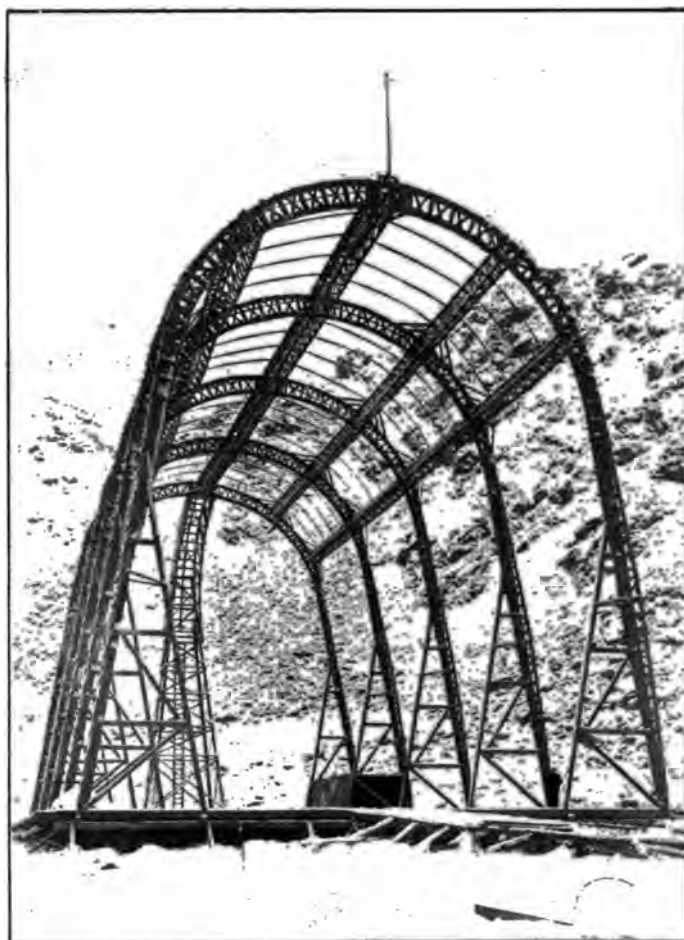
By the middle of June we were able to start the airship and its appurtenances by special train and steamer on the way to the North. At the same time, the first section of the Expedition sailed from Tromsø, Norway, in the Expedition steamer "Frithjof," bound for Spitzbergen. Many people think Spitzbergen an inhabited island somewhere along the Norwegian coast. Actually it is an extensive group of lands and islands running almost to the eighty-first degree of latitude. It is now and has always been wholly uninhabited, save for the sojourn there in summer of whale and seal hunters, and of late, in the southern parts, of the workers in two coal mines.

Our choice of base fell upon the northern end of Danes Island, which lies almost at the extreme northwest point of the Spitzbergen archipelago, latitude 79.42 degrees, six hundred and eighteen sea-miles or seven hundred and ten statute miles from the Pole. There is an excellent harbor, used by the Dutch as a whaling station more than two centuries ago. In the palmy days of the whale fisheries, Smeerenberg was in summer a town of two or three thousand souls, with cafés, dance-halls, and schnapps and hot rolls for breakfast. In winter the entire population went back to Holland. To this day the tradition survives that Smeerenberg is a city, and we have more than once been asked if we found its inhabitants good neighbors. We did. There are two or three hundred of them there, and they have been there an average of two centuries. Except their



PORTRAIT OF MR. WELLMAN, TAKEN ON THE DECK OF HIS POLAR
AIRSHIP "AMERICA"

The *nacelle* or car shown in this picture was the one built for 1906. For 1907 an entirely new car, all of steel, has been constructed



The skeleton frame of the Wellman airship hall without its skin of sail-cloth — eighty-two feet wide, eighty-five feet high, and one hundred and ninety feet long

rude graves, scattered about among the rocks on the low point of land, only a few Dutch tiles and ruins of stone walls mark the site of the dead and almost forgotten settlement. Across the strait, a mile to the south, I had a base twelve years ago, and at the same place Andree inflated his ill-starred balloon. There we decided to plant ourselves; and our decision to occupy the very spot marked by that tragedy of exploration may be taken as evidence that, whatever else we may be, we are not superstitious.

The first section of the Expedition arrived at Danes Island, June 21st. Four days were spent discharging the enormous cargo. Then the "Frithjof" was hurried back to Norway for the second or aeronautic detach-

ment, at the moment *en route* from Paris. July 5th this second party sailed from Tromsø, and on the 9th the entire expedition was assembled. We were forty men — executive staff, engineers, mechanics, aeronauts, specialists, workmen, sailors. But there was work enough for a hundred.

Mr. Wellman's "Scientific Village"

Let no one imagine it is a simple thing to make an airship ready for a voyage to the North Pole. First, we had to land three ship-loads of material — for the "Frithjof" was immediately sent south again for another cargo which she had been formerly unable to carry. This was no small task, as everything had to be taken ashore by boats

or improvised rafts and, in the earlier days, by using ice-floes as floats. And such a lot of stuff we had to handle! There were three or four hundred tons of timber and iron for the great airship hall and other structures; one hundred and twenty-five tons of sulphuric acid, seventy-five tons of scrap iron, and thirty tons of apparatus and other chemicals for the manufacture of the hydrogen gas; half a ship-load of provisions; the aeronautic machine and all its appurtenances: dog-sledges, motor-sledges, a steam boiler and engine, tons of gasoline, tools, coal, iron rods, bolts, nails, steel boats, and all the paraphernalia of what a London periodical aptly termed "Mr. Wellman's scientific village in the Arctics."

As quickly as possible the headquarters houses or living-rooms were made ready, including the erection of what is without doubt the best and most scientifically heated and ventilated house in the true Arctics. Next the machine-shop, with its installation of lathes, drills, and tools; then the boiler house, steam-engine, steam-pump, and the timber work of the gas apparatus.

The greatest job of all was the erection of the hall in which our airship, the "America," was to be housed whilst being prepared for her voyage. In good weather an ordinary spherical balloon may be inflated in the open air without serious risk of accident. But a machine as complex and delicate as an airship demands great care and caution. Once launched on the voyage, in the element for which it was designed, it is supposed to be able to take care of itself and ride out all the storms that may attack it. But during the preparatory stages of inflation, adjustment of the car and the steel suspension, the motors, the rudders, and all the equipment, it must be housed. If at this time it be exposed to the winds, disaster may come in the twinkling of an eye.

Engineering in the Arctics

The erection of a hall large enough to hold our airship was a tremendous undertaking. Never did men work harder or more intelligently than our Norwegian carpenters and their helpers. They were at it an average of fourteen hours per day: a week to blast out the ice and rocks and prepare the site for the foundations; another week to lay the foundations and put in the floor, one hundred and ninety by eighty-two feet; then, two days to form and bend and bolt

and stay with iron rods, fitted at our forge, each of the five great arches which were to form the principal bones of the skeleton frame we were trying to toss up into the air in record-breaking time. Three days were required to build a tower, eighty feet in height, rigged with six winches, for raising the arches from the horizontal to the perpendicular; a day to raise and put in position each finished arch—and a pretty piece of work it was, too. The feet of these skilfully fashioned, seemingly fragile spans of wood and iron spread eighty-two feet apart, their heads rose eighty-five feet in the air, and they were only six inches in thickness. We held our breath while the tackle seized them by the topknot, so to speak, and slowly yanked them through all the progressive angles till they stood, one after the other, proud and erect. After weeks of work, literally day and night, all of the arches were in place. The hoisting derrick was taken down and moved to the rear of the structure, there to serve as an additional arch. Twenty equally slender but scientifically calculated braces were fashioned and thrown from one arch to the other, a span of forty feet, binding the whole together. The skeleton was now ready for the thousands of yards of stout sail-cloth which had been cut and fitted in Norway to be the skin on the frame. Like a gigantic piece of filigree silver work, in which not an ounce had been wasted and in which beauty of form came as a mere chance incident to the high art of engineering adaptability, the huge structure appeared in the light of the midnight sun.

Meanwhile, the mechanical staff had been hard at work setting up the car of the airship, installing the motors, adjusting the screws and gearing, and making the trials which the dilatoriness of the contractor had rendered it impossible to make in Paris. For a time there seemed ground for hope that in the end this mechanical equipment could be put into fairly satisfactory condition, and that by making a late start, the voyage toward the Pole might yet be attempted. Soon this hope dwindled; then it disappeared altogether. Every time a motor was set running, something smashed. If it were not the screw, it was a section of the steel shafting which carried the power from the motor. If not that, something else. We made repair after repair, change after change, reinforcement after reinforcement,

in our machine-shops. But all to no avail. In the end the car itself, the *chassis* of the aerial automobile, began to give way. It was not strong enough for the motors; it could not withstand the vibration. The aeronautic part of the airship, the gas-reservoir and its fittings, seemed perfect. But the mechanical equipment was not successful.

Throughout July and nearly all of August we had enjoyed fine weather. The winds were light and variable. At times they blew for days out of the South, directly toward the Pole. If only we had been ready to go with them! Perhaps they will be good enough to come again another year. At the end of August the temperature fell again below freezing; snow-storms were frequent; the short Arctic summer was over, the winter night approached. We were

disappointed, but we felt that much had been accomplished. The Arctic base of the Expedition had been established—all was in readiness for the campaign of the summer of 1907. We had spent a year in preparation; the next year should be one of performance. Worth all the cost of energy and money was the experience gained.

The camp was made ready for its long winter of complete isolation. Forty steel cables, anchored in the rocks, were rigged to the frame of the airship hall, to stay it during the winter's storms. The canvas skin was packed carefully away. Felix Riesenbergh of Chicago was left in charge of the camp, with two Norwegian companions, and on September 4th the members of the Expedition sailed southward, more confident than ever before that their project is a sound and realizable one.

IN THE JULY NUMBER MR. WELLMAN WILL DESCRIBE HIS AIRSHIP AND THE EXTRAORDINARY METHODS ADOPTED BY HIS EXPEDITION TO COPE WITH ARCTIC CONDITIONS



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CAMP WELLMAN LOOKING NORTHWARD

In the center, the immense hall for the airship; at the left, the headquarters house, machine-shop, boiler house, gas apparatus, etc. At the right can be discerned the ruins of Andree's balloon shed. In the harbor, the "Frithjof" and a small steamer hired by a Berlin newspaper to carry its correspondent to Spitzbergen. The low point across the strait to the north is the site of Smeerenberg, the whalers' town of two centuries ago. Note the immense size of the airship house by contrast with the black specks of men on the floor and round about

ONE OF THE GRAYJACKETS

BY

E. CRAYTON McCANTS

ILLUSTRATED FROM A DRAWING BY ALLEN TRUE



IT WAS in 'sixty-five, near Appomattox Court-house, that Brethitt lost track of his command; it was in ninety-eight, on the crest of San Juan Hill, that he found it again. Between these dates he acquired the title that is graven on his small white tombstone — for Brethitt is in a national cemetery now.

As may be seen from the above, the story of Brethitt begins away back behind the Civil War. Previous to that war Brethitt's father was a plain farmer in the Carolina hills, and Brethitt himself was but a boy. Under normal conditions there is no doubt that Brethitt would have grown up obscurely, would have married, would have spent the greater part of his life at the ploughtail, and finally would have grown old peacefully in the company of his children and his grandchildren.

But, as events fell out, a great stir arose about the time of Brethitt's sixteenth year. For years the politicians had been predicting and grumbling and scheming, for years the slavery question had moved the nation to wrath and vamping and recrimination, but all this had seemed of little moment to the Brethitts, father and son. So, the mother of the lad being long since dead, the two tilled their little farm, gave attention to the direction of the wind and the times of the rain, and held a large faith in God and their fellow-men.

Suddenly, however, all this changed. First there were whisperings, then mutterings, then the hoarse diapason of a people aroused. Contrary to his usual quiet customs, the elder Brethitt went about the house singing the fierce old war-songs that some other Brethitt had brought home from Mexico, while out at the neighborhood church there were speechmakings first, and afterward arming and drilling and mustering. And presently the term "one's country," once but

a vague and impersonal idea, came to mean to the boy all that was good, all that one might live for, all that one might love.

Then the elder Brethitt went away to First Manassas and to death. It is quite likely that Brethitt passed by his father's body on his own way to the front, for when the news of the battle reached the little hill-farm, Brethitt did not delay. "Dixie," the bands were playing, — "We'll live and die for Dixie," — and consumed with the fervor of his patriotism, Brethitt hummed the stirring air and meant every word he muttered.

It was in this spirit that the lad took his place among the fighting men. After that the history of Lee's army was Brethitt's history. His the enthusiasm of the boy, his the ardor of the fanatic. To him there was no sound so good as that of the rattling guns, and the battle-flag of his regiment seemed close akin to Deity. Under that scrap of silk he fought at Fredericksburg and at Chancellorsville, led by it he forded the clear Potomac and marched through the green lanes of Maryland, bearing it he climbed the long slope of Gettysburg, and with it he was there thrust down again.

Afterward there came gloomier days, could Brethitt have realized as much. The Wilderness, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg — and Grant's grim lines were tightening.

But Brethitt's soul was in the game. Rapier thrust against hammer stroke it was, and dazzled by the play of the lighter weapon the boy forgot the blows which the other dealt. So many times had the odds been against them, and so many times had the good gray leader led the way and the ragged battalions countered on their enemy, that other result seemed impossible. In the last days others may have despaired, but not so Brethitt. Even as they were forced to evacuate their long-held lines, he uncased his flag and bore it jauntily. Hunger? — They would eat to-morrow. Weariness? — No matter.

But the end had come, and presently Sheridan barred the way. For the last time the thinned-out columns thrust forward their skirmishers, for the last time Brethitt "advanced the colors," and the spent ranks greeted them — giving in one long yell the *morituri salutamur* of the Army of Northern Virginia.

There were shots — a charge — then, the cavalry swept aside, the solid lines of the blue-clad infantry stood sullenly revealed. There was no giving back — Forward the forlorn hope!

Again the yell, then the flash of musketry, the scream of a shell, and Brethitt and his flag went down. In his dimming consciousness he saw the gray lines reel, saw the quick advance of the blue, and reaching a desperate hand, he tore the silk from its staff and thrust it into his bosom.

When he woke again, he was in a cabin, and there were women ministering to him. Something was the matter with his head — a splinter of shell had struck him there — and he had been brought here weeks ago and left to die. Lee had surrendered, they told him, the Confederacy was dead, the army broken and gone. Unable to comprehend, he turned his face to the wall and tried to puzzle it out.

But one day he asked them to bring his clothing to him and his flag. With an odd gleam in his eyes he spread the latter on the bed beside him, fingering the shot holes and spelling out the names that were written beside them. Seven Pines, Antietam, Malvern — with a quick motion of the hand he broke off.

"When you bury me," he said, "wrap my body in that!"

Still he did not die, but as his wound healed, his intellect clouded. It was useless after this to explain to him. Lee surrender? Never. — Somewhere yonder to the South the bugles were blowing, somewhere the camp-fires were alight, somewhere his comrades of the regiment were waiting for him to come.

Go? — Of course he must go. What would the Colonel think if Brethitt failed to appear? — Brethitt of the color-guard, made sergeant for valor on the field!

The people who had nursed him were a kindly folk, and they would have kept him if they could, but one night he slipped away from them. Days afterward they had news of him from the ferry at the crossing of the Dan — news of a strange-looking ragamuffin

who carried a wrapped-up flag, and who inquired over and over again for the camps of the Carolina troops.

So Brethitt went southward, seeking his lost command; his delusion, his old gray jacket, and his scarcely healed wound winning for him sympathy and shelter and food. Finally he fell in with troops, — Federal troops who held the conquered land, — but his sense of discrimination had been lost, and these seemed to him comrades.

"Go home," they told him, but he would only stare.

"Do you know," he would ask, with pitiful insistence, "where I can find the headquarters of Bonham's South Carolina Brigade?"

Sometimes his hearers jeered him, sometimes they humored him, but one day an officer, noting his condition, felt a sort of pity for him.

"This is headquarters," he answered to Brethitt's questioning. "The General is absent at present, but he has left a furlough for you. Take it, my man, and go home and rest awhile."

Brethitt opened his coat, unrolled his treasure, and saluted. "The colors, Sir, of the Second," he said.

The officer stared, then turned away, speaking gruffly and blowing his nose. "Take 'em with you," he commanded. "Take 'em home with you and keep 'em there!"

II

The long years dragged by at the old Brethitt homestead, and there were large happenings in the world outside, but the lapse of time meant nothing to Brethitt. Like the Gods he had become, in whose eyes the years and the days are alike unnoticeable.

With infinite patience his neighbors cared for him, soothing his frequent restlessness, ministering to his needs, and assuring him that his furlough had by no means expired as yet. Now and then, it is true, he wandered away in an effort to reach his command, but always some friend overtook him with fresh instructions from the General to stay quietly at home and to keep the colors safe.

So, with much waiting, Brethitt's hair grew gray, and little children, born since his furlough began, came to be men and women, but Brethitt knew no change. Yesterday he had come home wounded, to-morrow he would rejoin the regiment — would hear again the rattle of the musketry and the roar

of the unlimbered guns. Thus the 'seventies passed, the 'eighties, and a portion of the 'nineties, and the war with Spain began.

So quiet was Brethitt, so harmless, so methodical in his aging existence, that people had ceased to consider him. Was it the excitement of the populace, the vague talk of battles to be fought, the sound of the drum and the fife in the land, that stirred him from his apathy? At any event, one day he was missing, and the usual search for him failed to reveal his whereabouts. For a little time there was a languid anxiety among his neighbors, a daily paragraph in the newspapers, and a published reward for his safe return; but when none of these things availed, the matter was dropped.

Of what value, anyway, was crazy old Brethitt, asked the younger folk; while the few of his comrades who were left alive shook their heads sadly and remarked, "Brethitt is gone — poor old Brethitt! He was a good man in his time."

But Brethitt was not yet gone in the sense that they meant. The campaign was about to begin — did not men say so everywhere? — and the regiments were moving South. South — that was correct; others at the ferry over the Dan had told him the same.

A queer spectacle he made as he trudged over the long red roads with his worn-out blankets slung slantwise, his canteen adjusted, and his battered haversack resting against his hip. It had been just at night-fall that he set out, and the next day's sun found him far away. Weary he was indeed, but cheerful. About him he saw a rich and varied countryside — white houses, tilled fields, and well-built stables and barns.

So little like the war-harried face of Virginia was the prospect, that he thought of Pennsylvania and of his all too short campaigning there. With the memory there rose to his lips a parody of the camps. Like a note from some broken pipe his cracked voice floated across the silent fields.

"Old Bob Lee's heel is on thy shore,
Pennsylvane, my Pennsylvane,
His hand is at thy stable door,
Pennsylvane, my Pennsylvane.
You won't see your old horse no more,
We'll ride him till his back is sore,
An' then come back an' git some more,
Pennsylvane, my Pennsylvane!"

By noon he had reached a little station on the railway, and he sat down there to rest

and to eat. The station agent, seeing him, laughed at the picturesque tramp, and a group of loungers drew near to question him; but Brethitt, pushing back his gray hair, eyed these plump civilians with a soldier's disfavor.

"Strong, hearty men — ever' one of you," he commented. "Y'oughter be in the army. By God, old Bonham 'ud take that sof' fat off'n you!"

The shriek of an engine a mile up the road withdrew his audience with a rush, and presently a long train drew up at the water-tank — a train from whose windows there protruded khaki-clad shoulders and the bared heads of fighting men.

Brethitt sprang to his feet and ran alongside the carriages. "What command?" he asked in breathless haste.

His appearance produced a burst of laughter. "Methuselah!" cried one of the younger men joyously; "Methuselah bound for the wars!"

The jeering roused Brethitt's wrath, and he swore unctuously and fluently. "You damned recruits!" he stormed, "did any one of you ever bust a cap?"

A man with a stripe on his arm interfered. "We're the Nth Regulars," he vouchsafed, "bound for Florida."

Brethitt ran a keen eye over his friend's equipments. "They take care of you regulars," he admitted; "I'm a volunteer myself."

The sergeant smiled. "War-fever must be pretty high in your neighborhood, Dad," he hazarded.

Brethitt slapped his thigh. "I sh'd say!" he replied with enthusiasm. "Why, son, the boy-babies, they sing Dixie afore ever they begin to squall!"

A laugh greeted his sally, and others pressed forward to look at him. "Anyhow, the old fellow's game," cried some one.

Encouraged, Brethitt sank his voice to a whisper. "Say, fren's," he confided, "I want to catch up with my regiment, an' I ain't got transportation. Is there any chance f'r a fellow to slip along wi' you?"

The men were bubbling with spirits. "Le's take him," they cried; "le's take him f'r a mascot — Sa-ay, Jimmy, you sentry at the door! Look t'other way while the mascot's a-gittin' aboard."

They hustled him in, the engine shrieked again, and the train pulled slowly away from the siding and the staring crowd.

III

The last of the Grayjackets — that is what they called him in the camp under the Santiago hills. For the Nth Regulars knew him better now — beginning with him in a spirit of boisterous fun, they had come in time to realize his point of view and tacitly to assent to it. "Poor old fellow!" they had said among themselves, and gradually there had grown up among the men in the ranks a sort of attachment for him. So they clothed him willingly in cast-off khaki and shared their rations with him.

And for the time Brethitt was happy. Once more he was set in his chosen environment — again the long, dusty columns were marching, again the camp-fires shone between the trunks of the trees, again the clear-toned bugles called tattoo and taps and reveille.

Then one morning there was a sudden stir. Forward, was the word. Out into the saw-palmetto and the tropical scrub the eager columns swung, and from somewhere far off to the right came the boom of a field-gun opening in the distance with shell.

Satisfied that the supreme moment had come, the Nth would have left Brethitt behind.

"Stay here, you old fool," cried the sergeant in his excitement. "Stay here — them's orders, d'y'e hear?"

Brethitt grumbled, but for a time he obeyed. Then through the camp of the Nth other regiments began to pass, the sweltering men shedding, as they went, blankets and knapsacks, and every other superfluous pound. To the front, too, the confusion and the din had increased. Instead of the single gun, there were fifty bellowing; from the narrow, cut-up roads came shouts and cries and curses, while in the central distance quick discharges of musketry crashed faintly and crackled.

And Brethitt knew all those sounds — Brethitt, who was left in the camp. With no clear thought in his clouded brain, obeying but the blind impulse which came to him, the man cast off his blouse, girt his old belt an inch the tighter, and with his one precious possession — a bundle — in his hand, set off at a run.

A half mile passed, he began to meet wounded men and stragglers — a demoralized, gasping, hurrying crowd. To one of these he addressed himself.

"Which way," he demanded, "which way yonder is Bonham's Brigade?"

The straggler scarcely heard. "Straight ahead," he answered at utter random; "They're ketch'n' hell up there!"

Brethitt's heart gave a leap. They were straight ahead, — Bonham's old ragged Brigade, — and Brethitt was coming with the colors of the Second.

He ran on. Now a shell screamed above him, now the high-flying bullets shrieked and spun. And the good Saxon blood in Brethitt's veins rose to the challenge of the fight, and his soul began to sing a berserker song, and his eyes began to blaze.

At the foot of a slope he found a rivulet. There was a dead man there, and with quick hands Brethitt despoiled him of rifle and cartridge-belt. Beyond there was a green slope, a thin line of creeping men, and at the crest the gray blur of the trenches that marked the position of the enemy. Brethitt crossed the stream. Straight ahead! Presently they would charge, and the boys would look for him then. In his passage Brethitt unfolded his bundle and lashed his flag deftly to his rifle-barrel.

Half-way up the slope the scattered groups of the Nth crouched tense and expectant like beasts preparing for a spring. It was anybody's fight, — there was no real command anywhere, — but there was no idea of shrinking there.

Then, while the men looked at each other and waited, a gaunt figure sprang past them, and they saw Brethitt, with his gray hair floating in the wind and his flag streaming out, moving upon the trenches alone.

There was a babel of voices — it was no time for close discriminations. A lieutenant, red-faced with anger, leaped to the front shouting hoarsely.

"Bring those colors back!" he yelled. "Bring those colors back to the line!"

In answer Brethitt paused, and, facing about, he uplifted his voice. "You damned recruits!" he roared in scorn; "bring your line *up to the colors!*"

And the men heard and replied — not with words, but with cheers and with the upward rush. Twenty yards they gained — fifty — a hundred — then the trenches, with the enemy streaming in flight.

They found Brethitt that night. He was just in front of the works, with his old flag crumpled up under him. But the old man's face wore a satisfied look, for he was with his command — at last.



ONE OF THE GRAYJACKETS



THE TALE OF A CAYUSE

BY

F. R. WEIR

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS



HE two men met on the trail and eyed each other with native suspicion, then the younger slipped his arms from his pack-straps and eased his bundle to the ground while he asked his question.

"Pardner, can you tell me how far it is to the Madrona mill?"

The elder had no idea of relieving himself of his pack. The straps sank into the cavities in front of his shoulders as though they grew there.

"Goin' by the upper trail?" he inquired, without any show of interest.

"Any old trail to git there," growled the questioner. "I naturally want to patronize the shortest route. I'm not out walking for my health."

"Two mile and a half," and the old man presented the square of his pack to the gaze of his interlocutor and stumped off about his

business, which was to carry twelve dozen eggs and a jar of butter to Madrona, and to purchase supplies with the money. But his old mouth was parching for a drink, and it was more than likely that the egg and butter money would go into the pockets of the proprietor of the Mug Saloon before any grocer saw the color of it.

When the rancher disappeared, the traveler sat down to rest a moment and to think. His name was Jim Vessy, and his roll of blankets marked him for a "timber jake" hunting a job. He was, in fact, a "timber faller," and a skilful one, and beside the superb length of limb and lumps of muscle, the good judgment and the alertness, which his trade demanded, Jim possessed a face full of strength and intelligence, and a sidewise glance and grin which were taking, in the extreme.

These last-mentioned attributes were not in evidence now; instead, a misleading frown drew down the corners of his mouth and carved lengthwise wrinkles in his cheeks. He

was thoroughly disgusted with himself, the world, and more especially with women.

Womanhood, as he anathematized it, was an embodiment of blonde hair, paint, and an insatiable desire for money.

Ten days before he had owned a new suit of clothes and eight hundred dollars; to-day his worldly possessions consisted of three flannel blankets, seventy-five cents, and a wrinkled costume which spoke loudly of a debauch.

To account for this change in his prospects there was a hazy remembrance of a night "below the line," filled with cheap music, drinking, and fighting, followed by a morning of shame, when he knew he had been drugged and robbed.

He stood up and kicked at his pack viciously. One of the pack-straps was loose, and he felt in his pocket for a knife with which to cut a new hole in the leather. Instead of the knife, he drew forth a small photograph of a woman with yellow hair and a simpering smile. He gazed at it a moment, then laughed and shook his head. "Jim Vessy, you blamed fool!" he said aloud. "And the worst of it is, you ain't in the habit of doing this sort of thing. But you pitied her! You thought there might be good in her. You didn't know, but you've found out. Cheap, too. It only cost you eight hundred dollars; two years' wages, that's all. It might have cost you more: your life, or your liberty. You might have married the——"

He did not finish the sentence, but tossed the photograph into the bushes, took up his pack, and prepared to move on.

"Start again, Jim, and if a woman comes sniveling to you to right a wrong, say to yourself: 'She's a fraud—they're all frauds—grin at her, and pass by on the other side.'"

"You've dropped suthin'," said a voice at his back.

Jim turned to face his surly acquaintance of a few moments before. He was pointing to the card Jim had thrown away. He must have witnessed the act, and the remark was in the nature of a taunt.

"It's all right; I just laid it there expectin' to take it aboard again when I come along back. Got sick of packin' it."

The old man stooped and picked up the photograph. His bleary old eyes seemed to eat it up.

"Say, you didn't happen to see a Siwash ridin' a buckskin cayuse around Seattle when you was there, did you?"



"a small photograph of a woman with yellow hair and a simpering smile"

"How do you know I've been to Seattle?"

The old man did not answer, but looked at the picture in his hand with a chuckle. He was an unpleasant rascal, with a bushy white beard, above which his red nose and cheekbones shone fiercely. He wore his shirt open in front, and his old hat cocked over one eye with an exasperating assumption of youth.

"I say, you didn't, did you?"

"Didn't what?"

"See a Siwash on a buckskin cayuse, branded with three letters, N-a-t, on his flank?"

"On the Siwash's flank?"

"No, the—say, you're funny, ain't ye? Can't you answer a civil question when a

man asks you one? For a nickel I'd wipe the trail with ye!"

Vessy laughed. "I've only got six bits," he said, "and I can't afford to buy luxuries when I need the necessities of life. Know of any place handy where I could buy a dinner?"

Speculation shone in the old man's eyes.

"Yes, for six bits you can get a good dinner at my ranch just around the bend. Tell Natura that you paid me and that she's to git you up a good dinner."

"All right. Who is Natura? Your wife?"

"Not yet; I s'pect she will be, though, in time. She's my stepdaughter just now — old woman ain't been dead long."

"All right; I'll tell Natura I've paid you and she's to get my dinner. I don't see what's the use of lying that way, though."

"How lyin'?"

"Why, I haven't paid you, have I?"

"No, but you're a-goin' to, ain't you?"

"Not by a long sight! Natura might not be home. If she is, and gets dinner for me, I'll just settle with Natura."

The old man began to swear. His little eyes and red nose blazed fury. "For two bits I'd kill ye!" he snarled.

Vessy leaned his pack against a fir and grinned.

"If I was sure you'd make a good job of it, I don't know but it would pay. They'd hang you, and the world would be the wider for bein' shy two fools. Well, good day to you; I'm going to see Natura."

"Say, now, on the straight, if you give her the money, she'll keep it. I can't trust the girl. I'm in hard luck, I tell you. You see, she's been cranky ever since her mother died. I've been wantin' to git money enough together to go North, but if I go North, who'll run the ranch?"

"Why don't you sell it?"

"Well — hum — there are family reasons why I don't sell it. I don't care about six bits, though; give it to Natura if you want to. Tell her it's to buy another cayuse. He, he, he. Better not tell her that till after you've had your dinner. Makes a regular fool of herself over the cayuse."

"Was it hers?"

"Well, she called it hers, you know. That's the way with women — want all they can git."

"Yes, I know," owned Vessy.

"Yes, she called it hers. I rode it down to Madrona one night and got to joshing with a

Siwash and made him a present of the pony. Come to in the mornin' under the bar — pony gone — hat gone, and head stove in."

"Two of a kind!" muttered Vessy in self-abasement.

"Eh? What say?"

"Nothing."

"And worst of all was the way Natura acted about the cayuse. Blame a cayuse anyhow! And blame a woman!" Then he showed the square of his pack once more, as he disappeared, for good, this time.

Vessy, burdened with his blankets and reflections, sought Natura, whom he found sitting in the doorway of a dilapidated shack behind a rail fence. She was not particularly young, and she had never been pretty. What good looks she had were sadly marred by weeping. Tears are not becoming to red-haired women.

She arose from the step and pushed a straggling tress from her forehead with a shapely hand, and, as she stood against the homely background disclosed by the open door, there was a suggestion of purity and womanliness about her which roused a dormant memory in Vessy's heart; the memory of a mother and sister who had slept under the Michigan mosses for ten long years; an atmosphere of home and home comforts surrounded her and crept into the heart of the man-tramp at his first sight of her.

He took off his hat and stood silent a moment, while Natura surveyed him sullenly.

"Could I get a bite to eat here?"

"I don't know; we've just had dinner."

"Anything will do. I've tramped all day."

She went into the house without another word and began to prepare a meal. Vessy threw his pack on the ground and dropped down in the doorway, where Natura had been sitting when he first saw her, and gazed listlessly at the sloping lawn, which melted into a trickling thread of running water between the rail fence and the trail. He noted unconsciously that the ground was unusually free from stumps, and that a flourishing orchard clung to the southern slope like a blanket. It was in bloom now, and flaunted gaudily against the gloom of distant cedar timber. Nearer by there were cherry- and plum-trees, and fowls of all descriptions waddled or strutted between the house and the shabby stables at the back. Out of doors the place spoke plainly of some sudden check in improvements, a sort of falling



“Your stepfather gave me to understand you was goin’ to marry him some day”

from grace, as if the owner had worked mightily up to a certain point, then ceased in despair or failing strength, and allowed Nature to begin to reclaim that which had been wrested from her. These evidences of shiftlessness or defeat stopped at the door of the shack, however. Inside the house law and order reigned.

Presently the odor of ham and coffee stole over Jim’s head. It made him faint with hunger.

“Don’t get up too much of a spread ; I’ve only got six bits,” he said to the girl, over his shoulder, and squandered one of his rare smiles upon her. This smile of Vessy’s was his one charm. He did not know it, but the woman paused with a dish and a spoon in her hand to gaze at him.

“Oh, it won’t founder you,” she said.

“I saw your father down the trail,” he ventured.

“Stepfather,” she prompted.

“Well, stepfather, if you like that better. He was telling me he had lost a horse.”

“He lost a horse !” she said contemptuously. “He lost a horse ! Little he cares !”

She fumbled for her handkerchief, and, not finding it at once, grew desperate at the threatened disgrace of shedding tears for a

cayuse before a man and threw her apron over her head, thereby concealing her tears, but not her sobs.

Vessy arose hastily. Here it was again; woman and tears !

He stepped inside and stood with his hands in his pockets, surveying the shrouded figure.

“Are you crying on account of the cayuse ?”

“Yes, I’m crying on account of the cayuse !” she sobbed. “Oh, poor old Ginger ! My mother’s old pony gone to be tortured to death by a Siwash !”

“Perhaps the Siwash will sell him,” soothed Vessy.

“What difference would that make ? Some other brute would finish him ! You are all alike ; you drink and swear and swagger, and kill horses and women !”

Natura sobbed on while the ham frizzled temptingly on the stove, and the coffee steamed to the spoiling point. An old rooster, with male inquisitiveness, craned his neck in at the door and batted an eye for crumbs.

Suddenly Natura recovered her self-possession, pulled the apron from her head, wiped her face with the restored handkerchief, and announced coldly that dinner was ready. Vessy slunk into a seat at the table, and Natura placed the dinner before him.

He took a mouthful of ham and potato and a big gulp of coffee.

"Who did that cayuse really belong to?" he asked at length. "Your father — stepfather — said you called it yours."

"I called it mine because it was mine."

"Then he stole the horse?"

"I don't see how you could call it anything else."

A hopeful look flitted across the woman's face. She came to the side of the table opposite Vessy and sat down facing him. Vessy smiled at her.

"Your stepfather gave me to understand you was goin' to marry him some day."

Her face grew red with anger. "I'm a good sight more likely to kill him some day! Oh, I hate him! He killed my mother, and now he has given away my poor old horse, the only last living friend I had in the world — and to a Siwash!"

She was almost in tears again, but restrained herself.

"I — I was going to say, I've been saving up a little money to get rid of old Jap Ward with, but — I'd be willing to stand old Jap Ward a little while longer if I could only get my horse back again. I don't suppose you would like a chance of earning some money by looking him up, would you?"

She eyed him beseechingly. He was still smiling.

"What will you give?"

"I will give you ten dollars to start with, and if you find him and bring him back, I will give you forty more."

"Not enough," he said.

She brought a picture of the horse from the clock-shelf and laid it beside his plate. "You would know him if you found him. He has a big, brown spot around one eye, and he is branded with the first three letters of my name."

"T'aint enough," he repeated.

Natura sighed. "How much would you ask?" she inquired, but the inquiry was mechanical. She felt the hopelessness of her appeal and was prepared for its failure. "I'll give you ten to start on and sixty-five if you bring him home safe and sound."

"Not enough."

"Then your services are too high for me," she said with anger.

"How long since your stepfather stole the horse?"

The form of the question pleased her. "It will be two weeks to-morrow."

"All right. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll hunt your cayuse for you on one condition."

Natura's eyes were again riveted on his face.

"And if I start for him, I'll bring him, if he is in the State of Washington!"

Natura went to the cupboard and brought out the half of a blackberry-pie and replenished the plate of fried cakes.

"You've got a mighty poor opinion of men — and if that old sample I met in the road is what you go by, I can't blame you — and I've got a mighty poor opinion of women. I've had some triflin' examples to judge from, too. But my opinion of women has changed a little since I came in here. A girl who can cry on account of a buckskin cayuse two weeks after it is lost would get to think a good deal of a man, I should imagine, if he was half-way decent. Now, I'll make these terms, and you can take 'em or not, as you like. I want the chance to make you think better of men than you do now. I've got seventy-five cents and three red blankets; you've got seventy-five dollars and a red-and-white stepfather. Now, I find the cayuse and bring him back, then I'll have seventy-five dollars, and you'll have a buckskin cayuse. That'll be quite a start, and we'll shake the stepfather."

She was red now to the roots of her hair, but he was still smiling.

"Don't be silly," she said.

"You won't accept my terms, then?"

"Of course not; you're making fun of me."

"I was not. But, of course, I ain't going to force you to accept. I offered you a good bargain, a horse and a husband for seventy-five dollars and a third-rate old stepfather. Well, how much do I owe you for my dinner? I must be packing. Twenty-five cents! Go on! Twenty-five cents for a whole ham and a bushel of potatoes, say nothin' of the pie and doughnuts?"

He threw a fifty-cent piece and a quarter on the table. "You lose money at six bits. I've coaled up for a week."

She laughed and attempted to thrust the fifty-cent piece into his vest pocket. He caught her hands and held them while he threw the money under the table; then he shouldered his blankets, strode down the path, and took the trail once more, with a backward grin and a wave of the hand.

Natura watched him out of sight, and once she sighed, and once she smiled; then she

picked up the money from under the table and stood a long time with it in her hand, and before she put it in her purse, she kissed it.

Strange that so young a woman should love money so.

That night Vessy slept in his red blankets on the ground in the deep, green woods some ten miles beyond the Madrona mill for which he had inquired so anxiously the day before. He was hugging the river-bed and making for the reservation which lay twenty miles to the west.

The next day he breakfasted at twelve o'clock, on three eggs which he borrowed from a rancher's hen-house and boiled in a tomato can over a fir-bough fire. At night he supped with a lonesome rancher on under-done salt pork and boiled potatoes. He also spent the night and "coaled up" on the same fare in the morning, leaving one of his new red blankets to pay for his entertainment. He was close to the end of his journey now and felt that he needed to be in good trim for whatever lay ahead of him.

Two miles further on he saw a man hauling logs with a team consisting of a mule and a buckskin cayuse.

The driver was using a goad-stick in place of a whip, and the yellow sides of the little cayuse reeked with sweat.

Vessy made his way through the slashing. He saw the letters branded on the yellow flank; he saw the brown spot about the right eye, and he knew he was face to face with the much-lamented Giner.

The time for action had come, and Vessy was "coaled up" and ready.

"My friend, hold on a minute. Where'd ye git that team?"

"None o' yer blame business. G' lang there! He' up!"

Vessy slipped his pack and went closer to the rancher.

"Say, hold on a minute. You stole that cayuse from a Siwash, and that Siwash stole him from me. I'm out for cayuses to-day, and you'll untackle right here and now, or I shall be obliged to thrash you."

Without warning, the rancher made a lunge at Vessy with the goad-stick; but Vessy, who was on his guard against just such a demonstration, avoided the blow, then closed with his assailant.

His blood was up. He had the length of reach, the muscle, and the disposition of a fighter; but his enemy was no child.

The two men rolled upon the ground, with clenched teeth and knotted muscles, gasping and punching with gurgling oaths, while the cayuse, with heaving sides, cast side-long glances at his champion, and the mule stood sullenly at rest.

Now Vessy, covered with leaves and brambles, was uppermost; and again the rancher, hatless and bloody, crushed his adversary into the soil and punched with all his might. Once he dealt Vessy a blow in the eye which nearly blinded him, but that blow was the signal for the finish. Vessy was thoroughly in trim now; his blood was seething, and when the tide in the affairs of men brought him to the surface again, he rained blows which told fearfully upon the head and neck of the under man.

He was fighting for Natura.

A blow in the neck, a sudden relaxing of tense muscles, a weak cry for quarter, and the victor removed his knee from the chest of the vanquished and staggered to his feet.

"There, damn ye!" spluttered Vessy, wiping the blood from his face and reaching for his hat; "you might have saved yourself that if you'd been decent. Lay down there, now, and if you stir till I'm over the hill, I'll come back and finish ye!"

He broke the goad-stick in three pieces across his knee and flung it far into the brush.

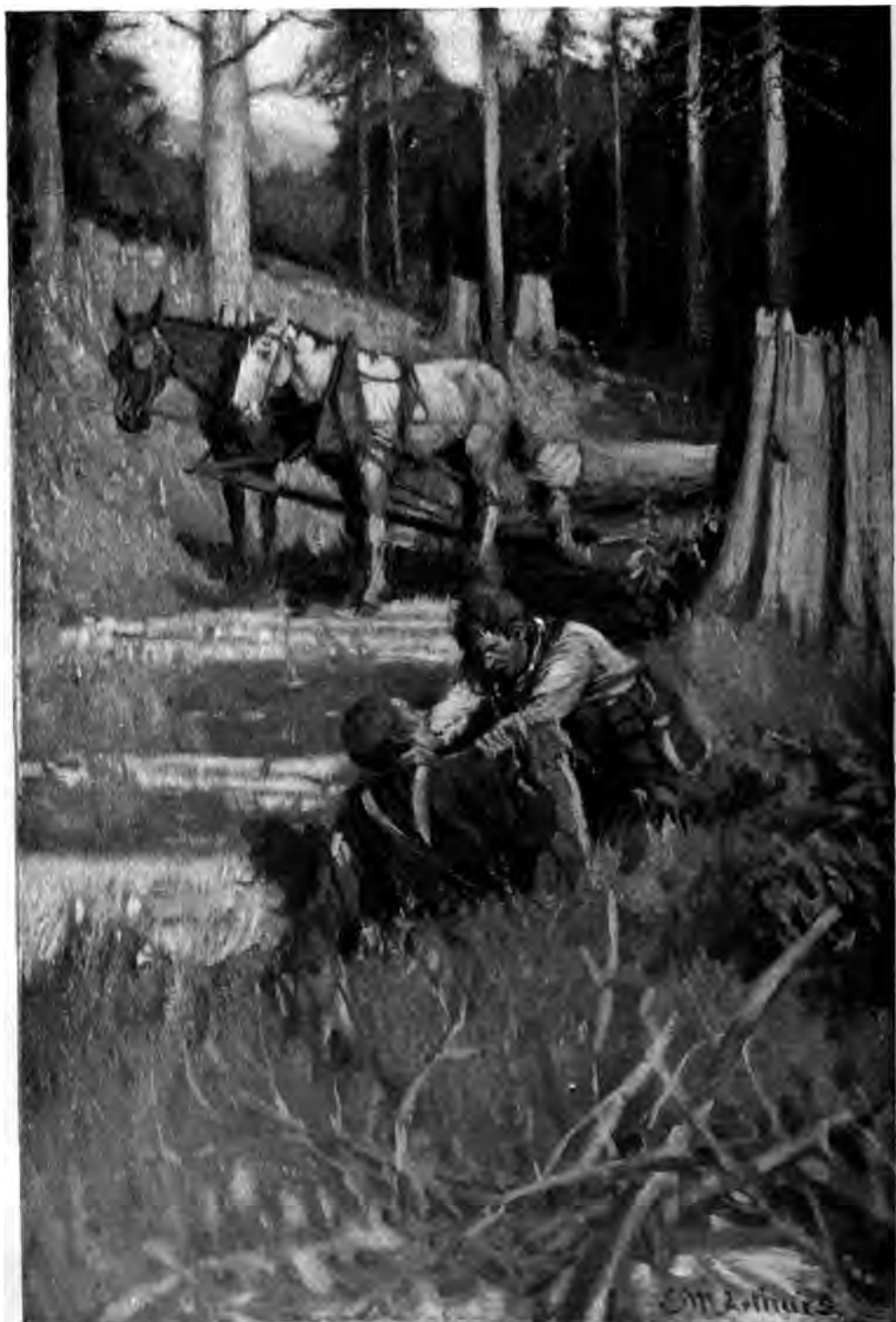
"A man that'll use one of them things ain't fit to own even a mule, so I'm goin' to take the mule with me. If you want it, and can prove that you have any better right to it than I have, you can come after it!"

Then he unhitched the team, arranged the blankets across their backs, mounted the mule, and headed in the direction from which he had come.

Once he looked back and saw the man whom he had pounded, and who had pounded him, sitting on the ground rubbing his shoulder. His red shirt made a dazzling spot of color against the dull greens and browns of the slashing.

It was high noon when Vessy sighted the Ward shack, with its rail fence, its smoke-plumed chimney, its clambering vines, like charity, covering the sins of shiftlessness, and Natura, sitting pensively in the door.

When the cavalcade hove in sight, she cried out in joy and ran lightly down the path to meet it. The next moment her arms were around the sweat-stained neck of the buckskin cayuse, and he fumbled lovingly at her cheek with a flopping, velvet lip.



**"THE TWO MEN ROLLED UPON THE GROUND WITH CLENCHED TEETH
AND KNOTTED MUSCLES"**

Vessy, astride the mule, grinned down at them. "I was in hopes," he said, "you might mistake me for Ginger; we're marked about the same around the eye."

"You fought for him?" she questioned worshipfully, but he refused to give any details of the fight, and to Natura's inquiries about the mule he only replied that it was borrowed, and the owner might come for it any day.

"Are you hungry?" asked Natura shyly.

Vessy had washed from his face all the black which was outside the skin.

"No, oh no, but one must go through the motions for politeness' sake, you know, and the sooner we begin the motions, the better it'll suit me," said he, with that sidewise glance and smile before which Natura's heart went down in defeat.

There were fresh eggs and jellied chicken and sliced ham; there were canned blackberries from the woods — the spiciest fruit on earth; there were baked apples, fruit-cake, and cherry-pie.

"If you serve Ginger this way, you'll just have the mule left," grinned Vessy, surveying the table.

"I'll be more careful of Ginger."

After Vessy had finished his dinner, Natura placed four twenty-dollar gold pieces beside his plate.

"That's all I've got," she said. "I can't give you any more."

"It ain't enough, Natura, girl. I told you it wouldn't be enough."

"You said seventy-five wouldn't be enough; there's eighty there, and it's all I've got."

"I don't want your money. I want — you! I'll be good to you and — Ginger."

"And the mule?" she joked.

"He ain't in the contract, but don't worry about the mule. I want to be fair with you, Natura. I'm a poor specimen of a man, but I can do better, and I mean to. I can earn money and save it, too, for your sake, if you'll let me. I'm goin' down to the Madrona mill right now, and I'm pretty sure of work there, and when I have a pocket full again, we'll get married and give the old stepdaddy the slip, you and I — and Ginger."

"And the mule?"

"Well — no, we'll leave the mule to your father. I've got a notion the less one has to do with that mule, the better. I expect to get another black eye when I come to take you away."

"How do you know you are going to take me away?"

"I'm sure of it."

He drew her to his knee and kissed her, and she hid her face on his shoulder and knew that she had never been happy before in her life.

"Don't go to the mill," she murmured. "Stay and help me with the ranch."

"No, no; I don't want to marry you until I've had time to show you that I can be a man, and until I've got as much money as you have. I am willin' to marry a woman who is worth nine million times as much as I am morally, but financially, Natura, I'm bound to be the boss when we marry."

"How long will it take you?" she asked.

"Well, let me see — eighty dollars cash, a cayuse, a mule —"

"The mule isn't mine."

"Well, then, let the mule stand as one of my assets; it'll shorten the time a few weeks; — oh, we'll be married in two months."

"Don't wait," she repeated, "stay with me here on the ranch."

"Why, my dear, I haven't money enough to git the license."

She reached for the gold pieces. "They are yours — you earned them."

He pushed them away, laughing. "This is better pay for what I did," and he kissed her.

"But I am afraid to stay here with my stepfather. He is a wicked old man. We have had an awful quarrel since you went away. He is in town drinking. He may come home drunk at any minute and murder me. He isn't responsible when he is in liquor."

Vessy sprang up. "Come, Natura, get your bonnet. I'll borrow twenty dollars of you for a weddin' blow-out, we'll be married, and I'll take you right down to the mill with me!"

They walked to Madrona to be married, and on the way Vessy told Natura all about the yellow-haired girl in Seattle and that wild night when he lost his savings, and went to the altar with a clear conscience.

Not so Natura. She did not confess until after supper that night at the ranch. Jap Ward, unconscious of the cloud which had settled on his future, was still drinking in Madrona. The fire burned dimly, and the firewood in the cook-stove popped like firecrackers. The pleasant odor of the wedding feast lingered in the room, as Natura,

actually beautiful in her happiness, stole a well-rounded arm about her husband's neck and murmured: "Jim, I have deceived you, and I didn't dare let you go to the mill before we were married, for fear you'd find me out and never come back. You said you'd never marry a woman until you had as much money as she did. It would have taken a long time, Jim."

Jim was holding a wet handkerchief to his discolored eye, but the other bulged with astonishment.

"The ranch is mine. It belonged to mother. Jap Ward hasn't anything to do with it."

"Holy Moses! How much is it worth?"

"About two thousand. Don't leave me, Jim. That is the reason my stepfather wanted to marry me. Every man in the county has asked me, but they all want my property."

"Two thousand dollars isn't so much, Natura. I'll catch up — I'm bound to catch up."

"But that isn't all; there's my timber claim — it's just back of the ranch — don't leave me, Jim."

"How much?"

"I've been offered six thousand for it, but when the railroad goes through — it is surveyed now — and the sawmill is built this fall, it will double in value — I am afraid."

"Great governor, Natura, how I have been deceived! The only chance I have in the world is in being such a good husband you can't get along without me! Two — six — double — fourteen thousand dollars! Well, the mule is mine, Natura. You shall never own the mule!"

THE FIGHT OF THE COPPER KINGS

BY

C. P. CONNOLLY

THE UNDERGROUND BATTLE OF THE MINERS

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER



JUDGE CLANCY, the Populist lawyer whom Heinze had selected for the Butte district bench, soon became the pivot of most of the intrigues, plots, and exposures which marked the litigation between Heinze and the Amalgamated Copper Company. He had occupied the district court bench about eighteen months when Marcus Daly's plans for the organization of the Amalgamated Copper Company were perfected through H. H. Rogers and William Rockefeller of the Standard Oil group.* Not long after the formation of the Amalgamated

Thomas W. Lawson and H. H. Rogers, who were in control of the Boston companies, tied them up with the Amalgamated. Shortly before these two transactions the Boston & Montana Company, as it had threatened, brought a suit to make an example of Heinze; and the latter began a campaign of reprisals. Thus the war in Butte began in earnest.

At this time there were only two district judges in Butte. Beside Clancy, Judge John Lindsay, a man of proved honesty, occupied a department of the district court. Under the rules all cases, as they were filed, went into the two departments according to number — the odd to Clancy's department and the even to Judge Lindsay's. It soon began to be noticed that, through some clerical jugglery, Heinze's cases all got into Judge Clancy's department, even when two suits were filed at once.

Amalgamated Tries to Escape from the Butte Courts

In order to get their cases out of Clancy's court, the Amalgamated interests conceived

* The Amalgamated Copper Company was a consolidation formed to control the Montana supply of copper and, eventually, the world's supply. Standard Oil men formed it; and all through the fight in Montana it was considered identical with Standard Oil. The Butte & Boston and Boston & Montana companies were not a part of the Amalgamated when Heinze began on them that legal war described in the last chapter of this history. They came into the consolidation shortly after the fight began, and, although they retained their separate corporation identities, they were part and parcel of the Amalgamated. To avoid confusion the Amalgamated is often named here as the protagonist in a suit, whereas the case was actually brought or defended by the Boston & Montana or the Butte & Boston.—EDITOR'S NOTE.



F. Augustus Heinze (in the center), about to make a practical inspection of one of his own properties. Heinze is a good "mixer" and thereto owes much of his popularity

the idea of transferring the properties of the Boston & Montana, organized under the laws of Montana, to a New York corporation of the same name. Ostensibly, this was for the convenience of the directors; in reality it was to secure the right to have its cases tried in the United States court, presided over by Judge Hiram Knowles.

In pursuance of this plan, on the 6th of April, 1898, the board of directors of the company conveyed all of its property and assets, amounting to about forty million dollars, to a corporation organized under the laws of the State of New York. This was done without the formal consent of the stock-holders. The stock of the new company was to be exchanged for that of the old, but it was not until after the deed of transfer had been given out that the directors set about securing the sanction of the stock-holders. Almost all of them were persuaded, but before the deal was completed John MacGinniss, one of Heinze's lieutenants in Butte, and James Forrester, one of his New York attorneys, bought a hundred shares apiece in the old Boston & Montana corporation, and served notice on the company that they

would not consent to the ratification of the transfer. The directors had arranged for a meeting to be held in Butte on June 6, 1898, to seal this ratification formally. MacGinniss and Forrester sued in Judge Clancy's court to enjoin the proceedings of the meeting. They asked to have the conveyance to the New York company set aside, and applied for a receiver for all the properties of the Boston & Montana. Judge Clancy granted the injunction, but refused to appoint a receiver because of a pledge made by the Boston & Montana lawyers that they would have the New York company re-transfer the property to the Montana Company. The Supreme Court sustained Judge Clancy; but the New York corporation failed in its promise to transfer the property.

Receivership, and Big Break in Coppers

Thereupon, on December 15, 1898, quietly and without notification to the Boston & Montana Company, Judge Clancy appointed Thomas R. Hinds, one of Heinze's political managers, receiver of all the Boston & Montana companies in Butte, fixing his bond at one hundred thousand dollars — an amount

which the receiver could have taken out of the properties in ten days. The Boston & Montana immediately barricaded its properties, and its officers went into hiding for ten days to avoid contempt proceedings. They finally, however, surrendered possession of the property.

The day after Hinds was appointed, the stock of the Boston & Montana dropped twenty-eight points and closed in a panic on the Boston exchange. It has always been believed that this stealthy appointment of a receiver was made in order to bring about a heavy decline in the price of the stock, and that Heinze and his friends were playing the market for such a decline. On that very day Thomas W. Lawson and H. H. Rogers, unaware of what had taken place in Butte, held a frenzied interview with Heinze in New York. Lawson and Rogers wanted to make some kind of settlement, but Heinze amazed them by his immobility. Rogers had left this conference before he learned what had happened in the Butte courts and on the Boston exchange.

Lawson declares that Rogers said afterward of Heinze:

"This is as cool a devil as one will ever meet in his life. He must have had that decision in his pocket through all the hours when he was sitting in front of me, and he never showed it in look or act."

Heinze, it is said, had contemplated a great bear movement in Boston & Montana the next day and accordingly sold short; but instead, the market rose eight points, under what Lawson asserts was his personal manipulation, and losses in the market came

in upon Heinze and his friends like a rising tide in the Bay of Fundy.

Hinds retained possession of the Boston & Montana property for only five and a half days; he was then directed by the Supreme Court to turn it over to the owners. It was ultimately reconveyed to the old Montana concern. As compensation for his receivership, Judge Clancy

allowed Hinds two hundred thousand dollars, or thirty-six thousand dollars a day, whereas his actual expenses as receiver amounted to only one hundred and thirty-one dollars. His assistants and attorneys were awarded eighty-one thousand dollars. Judgment was entered against the Boston & Montana for these amounts, and Judge Clancy retained jurisdiction over the litigation. The Boston & Montana had lost this skirmish.

Clancy Injunction Overruled by a Mob

The litigation over the Boston & Montana properties of the Amalgamated Company being tied tight to the Butte courts, Heinze sprang another surprise. Among the scraps of information which



LINDSAY

CONNOLLY

The author talking with Judge John Lindsay, at one time Judge Clancy's associate in the district court. It was a matter of notoriety that all cases involving Heinze's interests, through some method or other, found themselves on Judge Clancy's calendar and not upon Judge Lindsay's, whose reputation is of the best

he had picked up was the fact that there were certain small surface fractions of land in the neighborhood of the Anaconda, St. Lawrence, and Neversweat—the three mines composing the mother group and owned by the Amalgamated—which had never been taken up or which, owing to loose surveying methods, had become lost in the tangle of claims on the hill. There was, in particular, one small, triangular sliver of unclaimed ground, seventy-five feet long, ten feet wide at one end, and narrowing to a point at the other. At no spot on this little piece

of ground was there room to sink an ordinary mining-shaft without trespass on adjoining property. Heinze had this ground located under the name of the "Copper Trust"; and one of his agents set up under oath in Judge Clancy's court, the contention that the great Anaconda, St. Lawrence, and Never-sweat veins "apexed"* in this piece of ground and belonged of right to the "Copper Trust." Clancy immediately granted an injunction and ordered all work stopped on this great group of copper producers. On the night of December 20, 1899, three thousand idle miners marched down Butte Hill into the town.

The steadier of the men went home; others made for the saloons, there to denounce Judge Clancy. A wave of Western mob-spirit swept over the city. At ten o'clock word came to the Amalgamated headquarters that a party of the idle miners, led by a well-known and determined leader, was about to start for the court-house, where Clancy slept, and that they had with them a rope. The Amalgamated officials lost no time in warning Clancy of his danger. Trembling like an aspen, the Judge urged the messenger to get word at once to Amalgamated headquarters that he would revoke the injunction as soon as the lawyers could draw up the necessary papers. He declared that he had been wheedled by Heinze's lawyers into signing the injunction papers without understanding their contents. The Amalgamated officials appeased the mob while their lawyers prepared the papers, and just on the stroke of midnight Clancy signed an order which restored the miners to their employment. The injunction had lasted fourteen hours.

Heinze's Dummy Bond Company

On the next important play Amalgamated led. Immediately after the campaign of 1900, which Heinze had so powerfully aided him to win, Clark went back upon his ally and entered into one of those intrigues to ruin Heinze financially which marked the whole course of this fight. In order to operate certain of his mines then in litigation, Heinze had been obliged to furnish bonds for several millions of dollars. In one suit, known as the "Pennsylvania

case," the bonds were nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for three hundred and seventy-five thousand of which W. A. Clark and his son Charles were sureties. Immediately after their alliance with Amalgamated, the Clarks tried to withdraw from these bonds, representing to the Supreme Court of Montana that they had been deceived as to the amount of property Heinze really had, that he had recently transferred many of his mines, and that he had put an extra force of men at work in the "Pennsylvania" in order to extract great quantities of ore before a decision could be rendered. Three days after this, the Amalgamated, acting through its Boston & Montana Company, petitioned the Supreme Court to raise Heinze's bonds three hundred thousand dollars in the same case. The petitioners declared that he had extracted \$1,257,934 in ores from the "Pennsylvania," while under bonds of only nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The Supreme Court refused the petition of the Clarks, but directed the Montana Ore Purchasing Company, Heinze's corporation, to file by May 10, 1901, or within twelve days of the court's order, an additional bond of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The general fear of the Amalgamated and Clark made it impossible for Heinze to find other bondsmen in Montana. He was in one of the tightest corners of his career. To fail to furnish bonds meant the closing down of operations in the richest of his veins, and probably bankruptcy.

The ruse to which he resorted in this emergency was a desperate one. On April 22, 1901, after Clark's petition had been filed in the Supreme Court, he organized the "Delaware Surety Company," incorporated under the laws of Delaware, with an alleged capital of a million dollars and alleged assets of one million, nine hundred and ninety-eight thousand dollars.

It developed afterward that Robert L. Martin of New York, the president of this company, was a brother-in-law of Heinze's brother Otto; that Henry Velthusen, the secretary, was a stock clerk in the employ of Otto Heinze; that among the other organizers of the company were a manufacturer's agent for dress goods, an employee of a New York lace house, and a salesman in a New York wholesale dry-goods house.

The day before the Heinze Company had to furnish its additional bond of three

* In the previous instalment I explained the apex theory upon which Heinze based most of his litigation. If a vein rises to the surface within the limits of a claim, all the ore bodies contained within its walls belong to the owners of that claim, no matter where the vein may run underground.—
AUTHOR'S NOTE.

hundred and fifty thousand dollars, this company secured from the State auditor a license to do business in Montana.

On the appointed day, May 10th, the Delaware Surety Company furnished its bond for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but the Supreme Court, upon the hearing of a motion to reject this bond, became suspicious and ordered an investigation to be held in New York. Some of the officers of the Delaware Surety Company left the country, some crossed the Hudson out of the State, but none appeared for examination in New York. On the witness-stand in this hearing F. Augustus Heinze testified that he and his brother owned most of the stock. He said that he had paid three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for his share, but he did not know through what bank his check had passed. He acknowledged finally that the money had been returned to him and stock in his various mining concerns issued in lieu of it. A majority of the Montana Supreme Court decided to allow the Delaware Surety Company to furnish a cash bond, although Chief Justice Brantly said from the bench that the conduct of all parties had been "characterized by a disregard of good faith in dealing with the court." But Heinze, during the slow movement of the company's affairs, had continued to take large amounts of copper out of the ore bodies in litigation; and when finally the court, on June 17th, ordered the cash bond to be deposited, he had no difficulty in furnishing the three hundred and fifty thousand dollars within the allotted two days. He had slipped out of the hole.

The Jim Larkin Suit

Whenever Heinze found a possible lead for a fight against his enemies, he followed it to the end. One case will show his resourcefulness. "Jim" Larkin was an old prospector about Butte, who died in the State Insane Asylum. His wife and his little daughter had left him years before. The wife died before him, and he had been separated from the daughter for so long that she was all but lost to the recollection of his friends. Larkin owned one-half of the "Snohomish" mine and two-thirds of the adjoining "Tramway." In May, 1893, just before he was sent to the asylum, the Butte & Boston Company, afterwards a part of the Amalgamated, purchased from him for twenty-nine thousand

dollars his interest in the two properties. Years later Heinze bought the remaining interest in both mines, and then employed detectives to search for Clara Larkin, the daughter. The details of this search made one of the most interesting romances of the Butte Hill. After a year Clara Larkin was found in a remote Oregon hamlet fifty miles from a railroad. She was brought to Butte, and Heinze was appointed her guardian. On March 21, 1898, he brought suit against the Butte & Boston for recovery of the Larkin shares, alleging that "Jim" Larkin was mentally incompetent when he made the transfer and that the price paid was totally inadequate. At the time when the suit was brought, the Larkin shares were worth two million dollars. The trial lasted three months. Insanity experts from all over the United States were brought to Butte to testify. The final decision of the United States courts was adverse to Clara Larkin. Had she won, it would have been a victory for Heinze, since, by an agreement with her, he would have succeeded to her equity.

The Relative Values of Practical Politics

All this time, and while the courts were choked with his cases, Heinze kept up his political fight. After his election to the Senate by Heinze's help, Clark withdrew from the alliance and joined the Amalgamated politically as well as financially. Heinze went into politics on his own account, and, single-handed, scored time and again against this powerful alliance. Yet it seemed at times that the task to which he had set himself was "numbering sands and drinking oceans dry." In his campaign with Clark, Heinze had been concerned to get only the State legislature and the Butte judges. The Amalgamated, on its part, had use for nearly every State and county official. It wanted members of the legislature, judges, sheriffs, prosecuting attorneys, county commissioners, and assessors,—especially assessors,—for through them the Amalgamated could escape the just taxation of its enormous properties. Governor Toole, in his message to the Legislature of 1903, said that the entire property of Deer Lodge County, where the Washoe smelter was situated, and where the Amalgamated Company owned the public utilities, the largest hotel in the State, and the most substantial business institutions, was assessed in the year 1902 for less than the cost of the smelter alone; and

made a long list of interesting comparisons between the regions where the Amalgamated owned property and those where it did not.

In every campaign during the long fight, Heinze elected his local ticket in Butte by large majorities. One instance alone might be cited as showing Heinze's strength with the voters. In 1902 one of his political supporters was elected to Heinze's legislative ticket, receiving the largest majority of any candidate. In the next campaign he was a candidate for the same office on the Amalgamated ticket, which was defeated, this particular candidate receiving the lowest vote on the ticket. But Heinze could not, as he found in the end, secure the election of a supporter with any surety that he would "stick"; frequently the candidates whom he had elected became friendly to the Amalgamated interests as soon as they had taken the oath of office.

Heinze's Cool Determination

The desertion of Clark and these lesser lights, however, seemed to act on Heinze as a stimulant.

He fought with renewed energy and marvelous courage. He is the greatest combination of boy and man that ever stood in shoe-leather. I have never seen a man more ready to take advantage of a situation; I have never met one more calm in crises. Of a temperament apparently phlegmatic, he seems on the surface to lack imagination and therefore the sense of fear. While the electors were casting the ballots which must determine his fate, he

would light a fresh cigar, jump into his automobile, and take a spin of several hours across the flats below Butte. Once, while he was touring in France, his automobile broke down ten miles from Cherbourg and half an hour from the sailing time of his steamer. He

was due in Montana on important matters within ten days; further, it was in the rush season, and passages were booked a month ahead. His companions were running about in a frenzy of excitement, but Heinze, the interested party, sat calmly in his automobile, reading the Paris edition of a New York paper. Nevertheless he made his boat.

One morning one of his engineers rushed into his office in Butte exclaiming:

"The Boston & Montana people are flooding the shaft of the 'Minnie Healy'! What shall we do?" Heinze, without looking up, went on reading his mail. His visitor continued to dance about the room like a live hare on a spit-rack. Finally Heinze laid down his letter and said:

"Trerise, keep cool. No one in your condition could do anything."

Heinze's direct antagonist in Butte itself was William Scallion, formerly an attorney for Marcus Daly and managing director of the Amalgamated for Montana. A good lawyer and considered an honorable man, he was of a nervous, shrinking, vacillating temperament, little suited to his work or to the community in which he worked. Like Heinze, a bachelor, he began a campaign of social functions. But Heinze, although he ignored every canon of society, was socially popular, while Scallion



THOMAS R. HINDS

Appointed by Judge Clancy receiver of the Boston & Montana's properties. "Hinds retained possession of the Boston & Montana property for only five and a half days. As compensation for his receivership, Judge Clancy allowed Hinds \$200,000, or \$36,000 a day, whereas his actual expenses as receiver amounted to only \$131"

found the pink tea a poor weapon in a Montana political fight. Scallon was really a natural recluse, hardly ever mixing with men from personal inclination. Whenever he was seen on the streets, he was accompanied by an athletic instructor, whom Heinze's friends called his body-guard.

Scallon's most conspicuous trait was his wavering passivity. He could not make up his mind on any subject. Once he issued a public manifesto; and while the presses waited for this important document, he discussed with a dozen advisers for half an hour the propriety of using the word "doubtful" instead of "uncertain." On another occasion he had prepared an editorial for one of the Amalgamated newspapers. The presses had run off a thousand copies of the paper, when it occurred to him that there was a word in the document which he did not like. The presses were stopped and the plates smashed with a hammer; which led another newspaper to remark editorially on the following day that its contemporary seemed to be edited with a mallet instead of a pen.

One phase of the war which made for Heinze's ultimate success was the un-American system of espionage that obtained in Amalgamated affairs. A private record was kept of every man who had shown the slightest spark of manly independence. It seemed as if such men were pursued by a blight. If the victim happened to be a lawyer, his clients' minds were poisoned against him; if he were in the insurance business, the policy-holders who could be influenced were made to cancel their business with him and take out policies elsewhere. Miners were discharged because they were members of a chorus club that sang at the Heinze rallies. There is nothing to prove that these acts were inspired by the heads of the Amalgamated; they were more likely the doings of men in minor positions; but the public, which could not see this distinction, charged it up against the Amalgamated. The character of the Amalgamated's politicians was a further source of its unpopularity. The political department of the big company was filled with leaders lacking both in principle and in reputation. It could not be said that Heinze's cabinet was of the most exalted character, but the public overlooked Heinze's doubtful associations, in its antagonism to his powerful foe.

Mayor Pat Mullins and the President

This internecine warfare, coming after the great Clark-Daly feud, seemed for a time to disintegrate the whole civic life of Montana. It brought discord into social affairs, broke business relations, strained family ties. It was relieved, however,—as are all affairs in the merry West,—by its humorous episodes.

One of these happened when President Roosevelt visited Butte in 1903. Heinze had elected as Mayor of Butte a good-natured, jovial, thoroughly western Irishman named Pat Mullins. The two factions began haggling in advance over the honor of entertaining Roosevelt. Mullins, representing Heinze, and a Business Men's Committee representing the Amalgamated, met the President at Livingston. Mullins, dressed in a frock-coat and a tall hat, ill-adapted to the rest of his make-up, made a peaceable and dignified speech, setting forth the claims of his side. Roosevelt, used to Western ways, knew that Mullins' starchy appearance was unnatural and affected. He knew also that there was no man in the car who was not ready to slap him on the back and yell, "Hello, Teddy," at the slightest opening. So he gave the opening. He stepped forward, gave Mullins a tap on the bosom of his frock-coat that nearly upset him, and said:

"I tell you, Pat, that won't do!"

"I tell you, Teddy," replied the Mayor, "that will do!" And the dignity oozed out of him like water from a squeezed sponge.

Roosevelt, however, was too good a politician to be caught by one side or the other in this factional fight. He declared that unless they arrived at some form of compromise, he would not stop at Butte. Mayor Mullins, at this juncture, slapped him on the knee.

"Mr. President," he said, "cut out Heinze and the Amalgamated, and come and take dinner with me."

"I'll do that very thing," responded Mr. Roosevelt, "provided that both sides have an equal representation at the table."

As the hundred guests invited to this dinner sat down, Mullins turned to the waiters and said:

"Boys, bring on the feed." Later in the evening he ordered the waiters to raise the blinds, "so that the boys on the outside can see the President eat." In introducing the President at a great meeting earlier in the day, Mullins spoke of him as "the hero of San Diego Hill." Mr. Roosevelt

enjoyed life to the full that night. He took a decided liking to Mullins; and invited him formally to bring his wife to dinner at the White House. "Name your own date," said the President.

Two Parties—Heinze and Standard Oil

Throughout the long fight there were no real party line in Montana. It was all Heinze or Standard Oil. Heinze swept back and forth between the two dominant political parties of the State. He never succeeded in getting absolute control of either party, although only a blunder prevented him from seizing the State Democratic organization in 1902. When the Democratic State Central Committee met, before the Convention of that year, Heinze forced a poll of the twenty-six members. It was found that he controlled a large majority. This premature show of hands awakened Clark and the Amalgamated to a sense of their peril, and they immediately set to work to capture the Convention. Clark, presiding at the Convention, ordered it adjourned just as Heinze stepped upon the platform to make his defiance. Governor Toole, the most popular Democrat in the State, at that time opposed to the Amalgamated, was shut out of the Convention. With the aid of his own and Amalgamated funds, Clark won hands down. The proceeding cost the allies an enormous sum, estimated at the time from two hundred and fifty to four hundred thousand dollars. One of the State committeemen, returning from the Convention, got drunk in a public resort and showed a friend a wallet containing twenty thousand dollars in cash.



WILLIAM A. CLARK

The life-long rival of Marcus Daly. Subsequently Heinze's close political ally, ultimately his bitterest enemy

It took more than that to down Heinze. They could beat him in legislatures and conventions, but he had the public with him. In this case, for example, he returned to Butte, and organized his nondescript flock of political parties. Finding that the Amalgamated was bribing the leaders of his labor party, he went before one of its county conventions, which was slipping from his control through open bribery, threw the charge in the teeth of the delegates, cursed them from the platform, man-fashion,—and whipped them into line. Against Clark and the Amalgamated he carried the Butte election of that year overwhelmingly—carried it in the face of the fact that seventy-five per cent of the voting population were in the employ of his enemies.

The Great "Michael Davitt" Mine Suit

While this battle was going on in the courts and in politics, the depths of the earth were ringing with a less uneven contest. In the lower levels of the Heinze and Amalgamated mines, regiments of miners were carrying on the most peculiar struggle in the troubled history of

Western mining. The hottest of these conflicts occurred in the "Michael Davitt" mine. To understand it, we must, for a few moments, retrace our steps.

In March, 1898, before the Boston companies entered the Amalgamated, the very first suit in the long legal fight had been brought in the United States Court of Montana, by the Butte & Boston, against Heinze and his corporation, the Montana Ore Purchasing Company. The action concerned a claim for large bodies of ore, lying

somewhere on the borderland between the "Michael Davitt" mine, which the Boston company owned, and the "Rarus," belonging to Heinze. Heinze asserted that they "apexed" in his "Rarus" mine, though they were really at depth within the Michael Davitt lines. The case was tried in Butte; and Judge Hiram Knowles, who was presiding, instructed the jury to return a verdict for the Boston company. The jury refused to obey. The second trial of the case, which took place in January, 1900, before the same judge, was transferred to Helena; in the meantime the Boston companies had entered the Amalgamated.

It had been thought that Helena was indifferent to the conflict then raging in Butte; but long before the case came to trial Heinze had begun work with his press bureau. Day by day the leading daily newspaper of the capital began to print the black history of Standard Oil. One of Heinze's lieutenants, a man of social standing, set up an expensive establishment in Helena. Heinze paid the bills and in this house met the leaders of Helena society. Nowhere did Heinze show to better advantage than in a Western drawing-room. His figure filled the eye; he was graceful, commanding, and tactful. Furthermore, he represented the Eastern university man who had invaded the land of rough conflict and conquered. No one appreciates this type better than the born Westerner, who has seen so many college men come out of the East, to fall before leaders who got their education driving cattle, opening mines, or laying railroad ties.

It was the typical Heinze campaign, which, for quick and certain capture of public opinion, has never been equaled in the West. Every method to stir people's sympathy was kept going through the forty-five days of the trial. The jury, without much hesitation, returned a verdict for Heinze. The Amalgamated attorneys moved for a new trial, alleging and proving by affidavits that the attacks on Standard Oil, running in the Helena newspapers, were prepared by one of Heinze's lieutenants in Butte and forwarded daily. On these grounds Judge Knowles granted the motion. Then there was a truce in the case, which lasted for years. While it lay in court and rusted, both sides were under an injunction forbidding them to work the veins. Heinze's lawyers tried to get the case into the

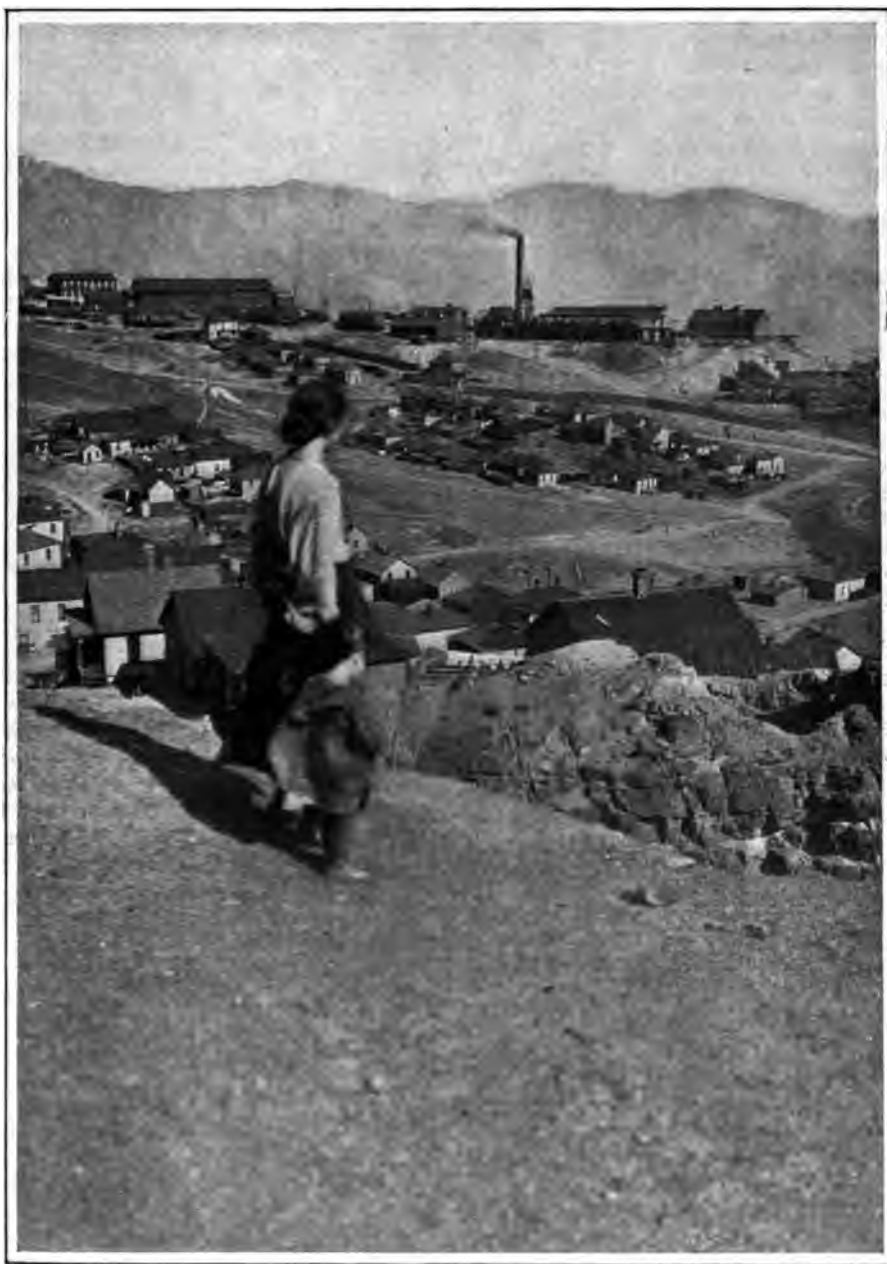
jurisdiction of the Court of Appeals in San Francisco, but failed.

Heinze Loots the Disputed Veins

Disgusted by a restraint which he had never felt in the State courts, Heinze turned his attention to the ore bodies over which the injunction lay. The "Michael Davitt" was phenomenally rich in places. One vein, called the "Enargite," ran as high as forty per cent in copper; another, the "Windlass," was only slightly less valuable.

Apparently Heinze made up his mind to get those ores, court or no court. His first step was to convey (August 5, 1903) to the Johnstown Mining Company—a corporation created for the purpose, which, not being a party to the suit, was not bound by the order of the court—all of his right, title, and interest in the disputed ore bodies. Now the "Michael Davitt" mine and the "Pennsylvania," both Amalgamated properties, lay so close together that their workings adjoined; but it was in the "Michael Davitt" that were located the ore bodies which Heinze especially coveted. His base of operations was his own contiguous property, the "Rarus" mine.

As these disputed ore bodies were now in legal effect the property of the Johnstown Company, Heinze quietly bulkheaded every opening through which the Amalgamated people might gain access to them from the "Pennsylvania" mine. Next he mined secret cross-cuts into the richest portions of the disputed ore bodies lying in the "Michael Davitt." These cross-cuts were so cleverly constructed that any one who gained clandestine entrance into the "Rarus" workings would not be likely to guess their destination or purpose. They wound in and out like the secret passages in the caves of Highland chiefs, and the man who attempted to enter them without permission was more than likely to get lost, or even to fall into a man-trap. One day a scout in the employ of the Amalgamated got into one of these secret cross-cuts. He fell twenty feet down an inclined chute to the place where Heinze's mine foreman was directing operations. Landing unhurt, he picked himself up and began to brush the dirt from his clothes with a fine air of nonchalance. "Hello," said the foreman, "where did you come from?" "From County Galway, Sir," replied the scout.



FROM THE HILLS ABOVE IT, THE CITY OF BUTTE SEEMS TO FULFIL THE ABOMINATION OF DESOLATION OF SCRIPTURE. THIS GREAT DESOLATE WASTE EMBRACES THE WORKING PLACE OF THE MEN, THE HOMES OF THEIR FAMILIES, AND THE PLAYGROUND OF THEIR CHILDREN

Heinze set a large force at work to despoil the "Michael Davitt." As fast as the caverns were emptied of their riches, his miners would fill the spaces with waste matter, just as one would extract a diamond from its setting and substitute paste. The workers would then cement the surface walls, shutting off the view of the waste matter. As the work went on, they grew reckless. Over in the "Pennsylvania," men heard the blasts exploding day and night, as Heinze's miners got closer to their workings. The Amalgamated engineers, roused to a suspicion of these secret operations, found a gossipier among the Heinze followers. He gave them enough information to warrant them in suing for an order of court which permitted them to inspect the ground under litigation. The order was granted October 14, 1903. Heinze answered only by crowding his levels with such a force of men that they actually jostled one another.

Just after it had granted the order, the United States Court adjourned, and the Amalgamated, during its adjournment tried to enter Heinze's unlawful workings by drilling into the "Michael Davitt" through the end line of its own "Pennsylvania." Their blasts finally blew into a winze which led up to the Heinze workings, forty feet above. The way was clear, and the battle began. The "Pennsylvania" men fought with steam and hot water; the "Rarus" miners with powder-smoke and slaked lime. As fast as the "Pennsylvania" miners pierced the waste with which Heinze had filled the looted veins, avalanches of timbers and rocks, followed by floods of water, drove them from the "Michael Davitt" workings. James McQuay,

a "Pennsylvania" worker, more daring than the rest, approached the opening and peered up the passageway. A shower of rocks came tumbling down on him; one of them injured his leg. By the glare of the dark lanterns which the "Rarus" miners carried, McQuay saw two barricades behind which the "Rarus" men had taken refuge. He ordered a full head of steam, and, as he afterwards testified,

"let the invaders have it." The "Rarus" men replied with water and slaked lime. The "Pennsylvania" men "came back" with steam and hot water. A bucketful of slaked lime, dropped down a chute, knocked a "Pennsylvania" miner unconscious, but just as a "Rarus" miner was about to hurl another bucket of lime, he was struck full force by a jet of water. He dropped the bucket and ran, and the force of the stream carried the lime over into the "Rarus" barricades. Later several men in the "Pennsylvania" workings were rendered unconscious by powder-smoke and slaked lime which came through one of the openings and filled the levels of



WILLIAM SCALLON

Heinze's direct antagonist in Butte. "Scallon was a natural recluse, hardly ever mixing with men from personal inclination. His most conspicuous trait was his wavering passivity"

the "Pennsylvania." R. H. Sales, an engineer of the Amalgamated, accompanied by two miners named Finnegan and McGee, made a daring sortie into the "Michael Davitt" one Saturday night. After many adventures they got to a point where, undiscovered, they could look down into a newly-made cross-cut through which the Heinze miners were dumping "Michael Davitt" ore into the "Rarus" workings, whence it was hoisted to the surface. According to the jocular philosophy of the day in Butte, any one of ordinary intelligence, seeing ore coming out of one of Heinze's mine shafts, would know that it was not Heinze's ore.

E. J. Finnegan, one of the miners who had accompanied Sales, went to another part of the "Michael Davitt" and found four men at work in a rich gouge hole. Three of these miners ran when they saw him, but the other was up in the stope, picking down the ore. Finnegan told the man to come down, but the "Rarus" miner only hugged the ledge so as to hide his identity from the visitor. Finnegan got a toe-hold, reached up, and pulled him down by the heel.

"What are you doing here?" inquired Finnegan.

"The ore looked good to me," replied the miner, "and I was just rustling a grub-stake." And before Finnegan could hold further parley with him, he had suddenly disappeared through some mysterious passage. In their hurry the four miners left several sacks of ore. When Finnegan turned round again, after a hasty inspection of the stope in which the miners had been working, the ore sacks had disappeared as if touched by the wand of a magician. Heinze's miners were as thick as ship-rats in every foot of the forbidden ground, and were enjoying the sport with all the human pleasure in forbidden things.

The Amalgamated lawyers went again before Judge Knowles and asked for an order permitting them to get into the ground then crowded with Heinze's sappers. The Heinze lawyers sparred for delay in the hearing on the motion.

"There are eight bulkheads," said John F. Forbis, representing the Amalgamated, "and if we are compelled to force our way underground, it will be necessary for us to run a blockade. By a cunning move, they have encroached upon the "Michael Davitt" ore bodies, and will leave the mine a shell unless relief is shortly granted. If we cannot stop this, the Government might better abandon its courts and leave litigants to determine their rights by the shot-gun. Your Honor should dissolve the order enjoining us from working this ground, and let us go in there and fight for our ore."

Heinze Forced to Admit Amalgamated Inspectors

Judge Knowles granted the order, but Heinze evaded its service by leaving his rooms through a rear window, climbing down the fire-escape, and going into hiding. His mine foreman rushed the "Michael Davitt" ore to the surface with still greater

expedition, ignoring the court's orders on the pretense that they were employees of some one of the numerous corporations which Heinze, in desperate emergencies, organized over night.

Heinze had openly declared that Judge Knowles was biased against him. Under these circumstances the Judge hesitated to take aggressive action. The United States Court of Appeals at San Francisco, brought into the fight, instructed Judge James H. Beatty of Idaho to go to Montana and preside in the matter. On December 19, 1903, Heinze was haled before Judge Beatty and fined two thousand dollars, and J. H. Trerise and Alfred Frank, his superintendents, five hundred dollars apiece for their refusal to obey Judge Knowles' order. Judge Beatty gave the defendants the alternative of submitting their property to the inspection of the engineers of the opposition, as directed by Judge Knowles' order, or of paying these fines and going to jail until the order was complied with.

With this alternative, Heinze admitted his opponents into the "Michael Davitt" through the "Rarus" shaft. H. V. Winchell, chief geologist of the Amalgamated, headed the inspectors. They found men below in the "Michael Davitt" busily extracting the richest ore. The workers did not even stop while the inspectors looked on. Five or six machine drills were tearing into the ore bodies, their deafening crash echoing through the underground vaults and saluting the ears of the inspectors long before they reached the spot. Heinze knew that he was violating the court's orders, and that it was only a question of time when he would have to face the reckoning; but he needed the money. Above ground, in the courts and in the markets, Amalgamated was crowding full sail in its warfare with him, injuring his credit wherever possible, and setting afloat, through many channels in which it was powerful, constant rumors of his impending insolvency. Besides, Heinze reasoned that these ore bodies were his. Had not two juries in the United States Court said so?

Heinze Finishes his Work and Blows up the Mine

As a matter of fact, Heinze was on the edge of financial ruin time and again during his warfare — on occasions drawing drafts for large amounts on New York, and

protecting them only at the last moment, thus gaining five days' respite from immediate stringency — yet his game of bluff was so bold that Amalgamated little guessed how close he often was to the verge.

The Amalgamated inspectors found that for hundreds of feet above their heads the richest fissures of the "Michael Davitt" had been robbed and the mine left in places a worthless shell. Heinze had taken out three hundred thousand dollars from the one stope in which the inspectors first found his men. But to the Amalgamated the most bitter reflection of all was that the Johnstown Mining Company, to which the disputed ore bodies had been conveyed by Heinze, was without any assets from which it could recover damages for the loss of these ore bodies.

Heinze's next move was to destroy the evidence and prevent the Amalgamated engineers from making estimates of the loss by measurements of the holes which the extracted ore bodies had left. He withdrew his army of miners, set immense quantities of powder on the sill-floors — one witness said, "enough to split the globe" — and blew up the stopes, which caved in and demolished the walls of the veins.

The Killing of Oleson and Divel

Judge Knowles had granted permission to the Amalgamated — or, more accurately, to the Butte & Boston Company — to run a cross-cut from its own workings and make an upraise (afterwards called the "legal upraise"), to get into the "Enargite" vein of the "Michael Davitt," in order to ascertain the extent of the spoliation of the Heinze companies. As the miners holed through into the workings, everything possible was done to impede their progress. On the morning of January 1, 1904, two Amalgamated miners, Ostronich and Bonnell, heard the voice of the "Rarus" foreman giving directions to his men to set off dynamite if the "Pennsylvania" miners attempted to break into the Heinze workings. These men were relieved in the afternoon by Samuel Oleson and Fredolin Divel, whom they warned to be careful, telling them that the "Rarus" miners had blasted in the "legal upraise" that morning, and that they themselves would both have been killed but for the fact that they had caught the smell of the burning fuse in time to run for their lives.

Shortly after Oleson and Divel went on

shift, Superintendent J. C. Adams appeared upon the scene. The two men complained to him of the blasting, and Adams ordered the miners to leave the upraise and instructed John Penaluna, a shift-boss, to erect a strong door to cover the entrance and prevent the "Pennsylvania" miners from being smoked out. Oleson and Divel were in the act of putting this door in place, when some one at the top of the "legal upraise" dropped a great quantity of giant-powder down to the bottom. There was a terrific explosion, and Oleson and Divel fell dead. The shift-boss, several hundred feet away, hastened to the spot, was overcome by powder fumes, and was found unconscious later.

A coroner's jury found "that the said explosion was caused by the placing and exploding of a large quantity of giant-powder, or other explosive, at or near the top of the said 'legal upraise,' with the intention of destroying the usefulness and utility of the said upraise," and that the blast had been fired with criminal carelessness, if not with criminal intent.

During the inquest a miner named Richard Reese testified that on the day before his death Samuel Oleson had given him a copy of *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*, saying it had been thrown down the opening by one of the "Rarus" men, who had told him to take it, go back and sit down, read, and not get "too close to the firing line." Notwithstanding the verdict of the coroner's jury, nothing was ever done to prosecute the perpetrators of this affair. The widow of one of the men has since obtained a verdict for twenty-five thousand dollars' damages against F. Augustus Heinze.

\$1,000,000's Worth of Ore; \$20,000 in Fines

Judge James H. Beatty, who had before fined Heinze and compelled him to admit the Amalgamated engineers into his secret workings, was again sent to Butte to hear testimony and pass judgment on Heinze's daring trespass in direct violation of the orders of Judge Knowles. The testimony showed that Heinze had taken over a million dollars' worth of ore from the "Michael Davitt" veins. One of his defenses was that the Johnstown Mining Company, to which he had conveyed his interest in the disputed vein six months previously, was the real culprit, and that the Johnstown Company was not bound by the orders of the

court. Judge Beatty announced that this kind of legal quibbling would not stand for a moment in his court. "I cannot think of the Johnstown Mining Company and the Montana Ore Purchasing Company as two independent companies, working each in its own separate interest," said he. "They were working harmoniously together, and with such harmony as to indicate that they were under the same influence, controlled by the same power. In thirty-two years of experience I have never known of so flagrant a violation of a court's order." This refreshing bit of justice struck a lost chord in the ears of Montanians.

In his decision, given March 30, 1904, Judge Beatty imposed a fine of twenty thousand dollars on Heinze, and further fines of one thousand dollars each on J. H. Trerise and Alfred Frank, his superintendents. He further announced that any more violations of the court's orders would be visited with both fines and imprisonment up to the limit of the law. On the following day

Heinze and his superintendents paid their fines, which did not amount to more than a few months' interest on the value of the ores Heinze had extracted. It is interesting to record that the day before Judge Beatty's decision, Heinze admitted to a friend that he would be satisfied if his fine did not exceed two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

On the "Firing Line"

In the early part of 1904, several months previous to the hearing before Judge Beatty, the underground "firing line," as it was called, covered an area of about a mile and a half in length. Judge Clancy had enjoined the Boston & Montana Company from working a very rich strip of ground on this "firing line," lying between the "Minnie Healy"

mine and the adjoining Amalgamated properties, but made no order governing Heinze's conduct with respect to this strip. The Amalgamated then leased sections of this ground to its miners, partly, it is supposed, to evade the court's orders, but also because men will fight for their own rights when they are reluctant to take physical risks for a corporation. Furthermore, in order to prevent Heinze from getting into this ground, the

Amalgamated forces made a system of mines similar to the sapping of a fortification. As soon as Heinze's miners finished a cross-cut, the Amalgamated skirmishers would destroy it by a heavy blast. Among its forces the Amalgamated placed under the direction of Superintendent J. C. Adams a squad of picked fighters, so reckless that when the Heinze forces learned of their approach to the attack, they usually retired in disorder. "There was more powder burned by the contending forces on that 'firing line,'" said one of Heinze's engineers, "than was



"PAT" MULLINS, MAYOR OF BUTTE

A Heinze sympathizer and a jolly good fellow

burned during the Japanese-Russian War."

In the "firing line" there was one exceedingly rich section, eight hundred feet in height and one thousand feet in length, within the Amalgamated properties, where both parties had been carrying on desperate war for some time. One day a decision was handed down by Judge Clancy, giving Heinze possession of this ground. The Amalgamated people knew that before the case could reach the Supreme Court, Heinze would extract the rich ore bodies, and, as they expressed it, not only rob them, but also have a fuller purse with which to wage war elsewhere. Expecting the usual adverse decision by Judge Clancy, they arranged a large number of blasts of giant-powder throughout this whole area of ground. Fifteen minutes after

the action, "stormy weather," the code words for an adverse result came over the wires. Immediately the Heinze forces were warned to get out of the ground with all possible speed, and within half an hour after the signal had reached the Amalgamated mine office, a hundred blasts in quick succession tore the earth throughout the whole area. Smothered underground, the explosion sounded like the roar of distant artillery. The Amalgamated forces had not only destroyed their own property in the face of capture, but had sent to destruction along with it a vast quantity of valuable machinery belonging to Heinze. Later, the Supreme Court reversed Judge Clancy's decision and decided that Heinze had no title to these ore bodies.

At another point of the "firing line" Heinze had turned an immense volume of water into the Boston & Montana workings, tapping the water column of his "Minnie Healy" mine and the city water-mains to do so. This water was carried by a pipe-line to the Amalgamated stopes, in the expectation of drowning out their men and forcing them back, with a stream from a water nozzle which carried two hundred and fifty pounds of pressure. To prevent the flooding of their properties, the Amalgamated forces built a cement dam ten feet thick in one of their cross-cuts. In one corner of this dam, they made a tight joint and piped the water from the dam, eight hundred feet, back to Heinze's "Minnie Healy" shaft, through which it poured by a hole which they had drilled, after warning the Heinze officials to get their miners to the surface before the deluge. The danger whistles were blown continuously by Heinze himself, and in half an hour fifteen hundred people, among them the relatives

and families of the miners, gathered at the mouth of the "Minnie Healy" shaft. The crowd was led to believe that the Heinze miners were being drowned like rats below, unable to escape to the surface because of the broken shaft. Threats of lynching the Amalgamated officials broke out, but the superintendent of the Leonard properties of the Amalgamated, Wallace Corbett, rifle in hand, sent word to the Heinze officials to stay the mob, or there would be trouble. The situation was finally explained to the crowd, and they left the scene. Next morning the contending factions came together in the Silver Bow Club in Butte, entered into a "gentlemen's agreement," and inaugurated a truce. "We don't want any more of this fighting; it's too savage for us," said Alfred Frank, Heinze's engineer, at the conference. It was generally thought that this "gentlemen's agreement" became a factor in inducing Judge Beatty to make the fine against Heinze as moderate as he did; and it is certain that the truce ended the underground war.

Paradoxical as the statement may seem, Heinze's aggressive fight and his underground development finally enriched the properties of the Amalgamated. They say in the West that he has "an enchanted pick." In his forays into disputed territories he uncovered vast deposits of rich ore of which the Amalgamated never dreamed, and which the timid and scholastic methods of some of its own engineers would have left undiscovered for years, if not forever. To Heinze, more perhaps than to any other factor in the copper industry, are due the recent remarkable discoveries outside of what was supposed to be the ore-bearing zone.

BEFORE A CRUCIFIX

BY WITTER BYNNER

AT dawn denying Thee, at dusk we sell Thee with a kiss;—
Still art Thou, through the many years from that sad night to this,
Content to know the comfort Thou shalt bring us when we weary,
O Jesus, son of Mary!

We nail Thee, Christ, all seven days upon another cross,
With thorns again we crown Thy head, and hail Thee with Thy loss;—
Yet wide Thine arms in agony open their sanctuary,
Forgiving us until at last of cruelty we weary,
Jesus, O son of Mary!

JULY 1907

PRICE TEN CENTS

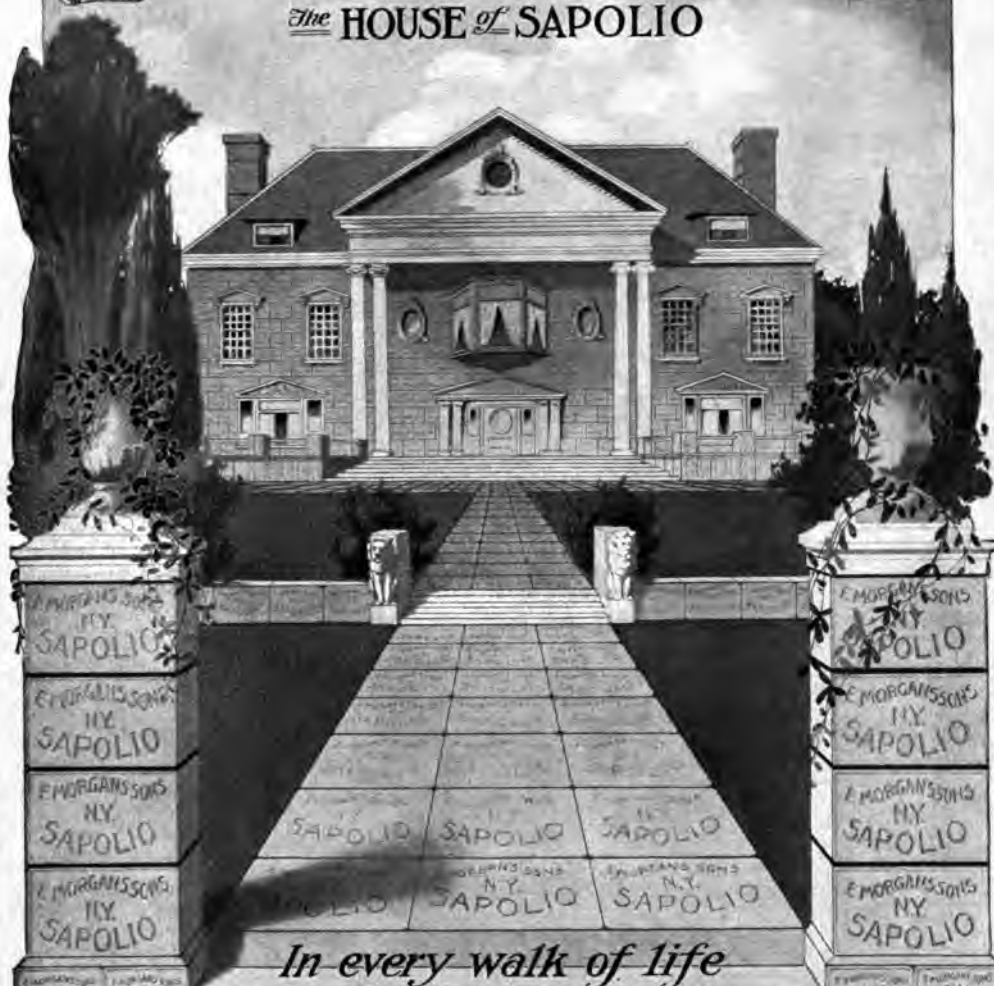
M^CCLURE'S MAGAZINE



ELLEN TERRY AT SEVENTEEN



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has proved a solid foundation on which to build a reputation or to keep a home clean. Every child knows what SAPOLIO is and what it will do, so widely is its honorable record established. Its hall mark is "service," its pride is cleanliness. The esteem won by SAPOLIO as a home keeper guarantees the worth of its kindred product, HAND SAPOLIO, the safest soap for Toilet and Bath.

present state of the arts a metal envelop is practically out of the question. Nor is it necessary. Modern balloon fabrics are quite good enough for the purpose. Ordinary spherical balloons, like the one used by Andree, like those which will be seen in the coming balloon race at St. Louis, are usually of a single thickness of silk or cotton, several times varnished. But for larger airships, subjected to greater strains, two or more fabrics are used, each coated with a thin emulsion of rubber, applied hot under steel rollers much as paper is glazed or calendered in the mills. The "Lebaudy" and the "Patrie"* were built of two cottons, each rubbered, and they have given excellent results. We have used three cottons, each rubbered, or two cottons and one silk, all rubbered, in the central part of the reservoir, where there is the greatest pressure of gas, and two cottons in the ends. These fabrics are stuck together in one piece of cloth, and though the thickest weighs only a little more than one-tenth of a pound per square foot,

* These successful airships, described by Mr. Wellman in an article in McClure's for June, were in a measure the prototypes of the "America." — Editor.

the tensile strength runs as high as 500 pounds to the foot, or five times the maximum work put upon the fabric by the pressure of the gas. This factor of safety is carried throughout. In addition to the tensile strength of the cloth, every seam is lapped about one inch and doubly sewn. Inasmuch as there is danger of the gas escaping through the needle holes, all the sewing lines are covered by double bands of silk cemented to the envelop — first a band covering the seam, then over that another and wider one. The primary purpose of these bands is to make the envelop as gas-tight as possible, but incidentally they add enormously to the strength of the skin. The outer surface of the balloon is caoutchouc, vulcanized, quite smooth, well calculated to shed rain and snow and prevent moisture entering the fabric. There is no netting of cordage or wires on the outside of the balloon to hold snow, frost, or rain-water.

This excellent gas-reservoir was calculated to have a maximum loss of gas equal to one and one-half per cent of the whole volume per twenty-four hours. But when

ENGINEER VANIMAN (AT THE LEFT) WITH HIS HALF BUILT CAR

The platform immediately covering the gasoline tank forms the flooring of the car. Upon it rests, by chance, a section of the guide-rope serpent. At the left is shown a blade of one of the twin steel screws





The "Frithjof" (with the spars) and tourist ships in the harbor at Danes Island

inflated with illuminating gas in the Galerie des Machines, Paris, last January, and kept inflated and under interior pressure for seven days, the rate of loss was less than one-fifth of one per cent daily. Hydrogen being a much lighter and more volatile gas, the loss with it will probably run as high as eight-tenths of one per cent daily.

Now, let us admit more than that. Let us assume that the daily leakage of gas through the envelop decreases each day the lifting force 1.35 per cent of the whole amount, 19,556 pounds. This will mean each day a diminution of 264 pounds, or 11 pounds an hour. Unless we have some means of diminishing in like proportion the weight of the load carried, the ship must soon be forced down to the earth. But we have such means. In the cargo is 6,800 pounds of gasolene. Every hour the motor is in operation it consumes 44 pounds of this. For reasons which I shall advance later, we calculate that on an average day the motor will work something like fifteen hours, thus consuming 660 pounds of gasolene. Ten days at this rate will mean the consumption of 6,600 pounds of gasolene, somewhat less than our total store. Thus, if we lose 660 pounds of dead-weight each day and only 264 pounds of lifting force, the lightening of the cargo is going on much more than twice as fast as the loss of lifting force. If,

indeed, the rate of leakage were to go as high as three per cent, it still would not equal the weight of fuel burned in the motor. Besides, there is always a probability that the motor may be worked more than fifteen hours per day, thus reducing the dead-weight still further. On the other hand, if the leakage does not exceed our calculations, it will only be necessary to motor about six hours a day in order to counter-balance the loss of lifting force by leakage during the whole twenty-four hours.

Using Surplus Gas as Fuel

It will thus be seen that we need have little fear lest the lungs of our machine fail us. In point of fact, it is pretty certain that we shall have gas to spare, and it is unnecessary to give further answer to the oft-asked questions: "Can you make more gas on the way?" "Can't you carry a supply of gas with you, compressed in steel tanks?" Actually, instead of needing new supplies of gas *en route*, we shall have gas "to burn." And we propose to burn it — that is to say, burn the surplus, be it much or little. The more we work the motor, the more rapidly we reduce the weight of the load carried; and the more the load is reduced, the more gas we have to dispose of. Ordinarily, this surplus gas is released, deliberately, through the valves into the surrounding air. But when we remembered the high calorific value of

hydrogen, that its heating power per pound is more than three times that of gasoline, we said: "A pity to waste so much energy, to throw it away, when it lies within ten feet of our motor. Can't we burn it as fuel?"

In response to this, Chief Engineer Vani-man rigged a motor with a two-way valve. Through one inlet came gasoline, through the other hydrogen. To experiment, he started the motor with the liquid fuel, then shut off the gasoline and turned on the gas. Instantly the motor accelerated its rate. This change from fluid to gas, and from gas back to fluid, was effected by the mere turn of a valve. The system worked perfectly. With check-valves to avert the danger of back-fire, and a small metal pipe leading to the gas-reservoir overhead, we see no reason why the surplus hydrogen cannot be used as so much fuel for our engine. The value of this somewhat daring innovation is this: The gasoline carried is expected to run the motor about 150 hours. Each hour the loss of lifting force through leakage of gas is, as I have said, only 11 pounds. But during the same period 44 pounds of fuel are consumed. This means a net gain of 33 pounds of lifting force, representing 450 cubic feet of surplus gas on hand, no longer needed, which must be permitted to escape if

we do not utilize it. In ten hours of motoring the total is, of course, 330 pounds of lifting force, about equal to 4,500 cubic feet of gas, which weighs $31\frac{1}{8}$ pounds, and in calorific power is the equivalent of about 96 pounds of gasoline,* or more than our motor consumes in two hours. Broadly speaking, without

* Our actual tests show that the calorific value of the hydrogen is probably twenty-five per cent higher than the value assumed in this statement. — AUTHOR.

working the calculation too fine, for every ten hours of full motoring with liquid fuel, we gain two hours of motoring with the gaseous fuel, which is relieved of its load as a buoyant force. Hence the store of fuel carried in our ship, roughly, is as follows: Hours of motoring with gasoline, 150; with hydrogen, 30; total, 180 hours. Circumstances will effect the value of the gas fuel one way or the other, and the number of hours of motoring with hydrogen may be more or less than the figure we assumed, but 30 hours is a fair approximation.

And how many miles per hour can the ship make at full speed? From fifteen to eighteen statute miles, which is equivalent to

from thirteen to sixteen sea-miles. This, of course, is the rate of progress it could make in a calm. The French call this the "proper speed" of an airship, meaning thereby its movement by its own motive power through still air, regardless of the effect of the wind. If we reckon the speed at fifteen miles per hour, and assume that the ship must go against a wind of ten miles per hour, the progress will be five miles per hour. But if the wind is blowing ten miles per hour with the course, the progress will be twenty-five miles per hour. It is apparent that, if our engineering has been sound, and the "America" can make about fifteen

sea-miles per hour for 150 hours with the gasoline carried, or 180 hours with both liquid and gaseous fuel, our radius of action, assuming the winds neutral, would be from 2,250 to 2,700 sea-miles — an allowance which seems to us ample.

The distance from our base in Spitzbergen to the Pole and back again is 1,236 sea-miles; the distance to the Pole and thence to North



PAUL BJOERVIG

Norwegian sailor, now at Danes Island for the winter. Bjoervig has thrice accompanied Mr. Wellman on his Arctic expeditions. In the winter of 1898-9 he was one of two men left by Mr. Wellman at an outpost in Franz Josef Land. His companion died, and for two months of Arctic darkness he slept beside the body of his dead comrade, which he was unable to bury

Greenland is 1,000 sea-miles; to the Pole and thence to Alaska, 1,750 sea-miles; to the Pole and thence to northern Norway, 1,740 sea-miles; to the Pole and thence to northern Siberia, an average of 1,550 sea-miles; to the Pole and thence as far south in Europe as Christiania, Stockholm, or St. Petersburg, or in America as far south as the northern limits of settlement in Canada, 2,400 sea-miles.

It may be asked how we can speak with so much confidence of the speed of an airship that has never been tried in the air, that has not even been launched. The answer is that, just as in marine engineering it is practicable to design a vessel with certain displacement, weight, lines, and power, and to calculate within a fraction of a knot her speed in actual trial, so with airships the art has now so far developed that, with a little less certainty and accuracy perhaps, the performance may be known in advance.

It appears, therefore, that our ship is much like a large yacht, able to carry enough fuel for a voyage of 2,000 to 2,500 miles, and reasonably certain to arrive at her destination if the storms and winds do not too much hamper her, and she can avoid the dangers of shipwreck or other disaster. There is this difference: the voyage of the ocean yacht would be in known waters, and the adverse effect of the winds upon her progress would probably be not very great. In our case the influence of the winds or other weather conditions might be controlling, and it behooves us to inquire with care what these conditions are likely to be and how well our craft is adapted to meet them.

The Arctics the Best Field for Airships

Most people think of the Arctics as the region of all the world least favorable for an airship voyage. They have in mind the intense cold, the frightful storms, of which they have read so much. They wonder how a sane man can propose to encounter such dangers in a fragile contrivance of silk, cotton, steel, and gas. But the truth tells quite another story. In point of fact, the Arctics, instead of the worst, are actually the best region in which to navigate an airship through a long distance. We do not mean that it is the best region in all particulars — there are disadvantages as well as advantages. But comparing the polar ocean with France or America, and writing up the debit and credit account for each, the

balance strikes heavily in favor of the far northern field.

The intense cold of which one instinctively thinks when the Arctics are mentioned, does not exist — in summer. In winter it is a grim reality. The Arctic summer is relatively mild. At the North Pole itself, as we know from scientific inference, the mean temperature for July and August is only two or three degrees below freezing in the shade. This condition obtains in all the region lying about the Pole. Here nature has formed on a scale of a million of square miles the very conditions known in the laboratory of physics as "the melting point of ice": an ice-sheeted sea, the sun constantly in the heavens, at midnight as well as at midday, great and constant evaporation from wastes of snow and ice, high humidity, much cloudiness, fog, and mist.

More important than the relative mildness of the temperature is the fact that over the polar ocean the summer temperature is *the most constant to be found anywhere in the world*. The curve of daily or weekly variation on the sheet of a thermograph is almost a straight line. There is no alternating day and night, as in the temperate zones, with high temperature at noon and low at midnight. When the sun's heat has a tendency to produce higher temperature, the great evaporation gives birth to fogs and clouds, the sun's rays are obscured, and the absorption of its heat by the moisture in the air smooths the thermal factors into an almost dead level — cool, humid, steady, about the median point of 32° Fahr., or the melting point of ice.

How advantageous this is to aeronautics may be readily seen. Gas expands or contracts $\frac{1}{482}$ of its volume for each degree Fahrenheit change of temperature. Rapid variations of temperature exhaust the vitality of a balloon or airship. Dilatation by the sun's heat means sacrifice of gas to keep from going too high, contraction from cold means loss of ballast to keep from going too low; gas is the breath of life, ballast the muscle, of the aerial courser.

Storms, properly speaking, are unknown in the Arctics in the summer months of July and August. The best meteorological records in that region were obtained by Dr. Nansen during the three years' drift of the "Fram" across the polar basin. The highest rate of wind encountered in the three years was thirty-eight miles per hour. This was in



CAIRN MARKING THE SPOT WHERE ANDREE INFLATED HIS BALLOON

This unlucky spot is but a short distance from where the "America" will start on her voyage

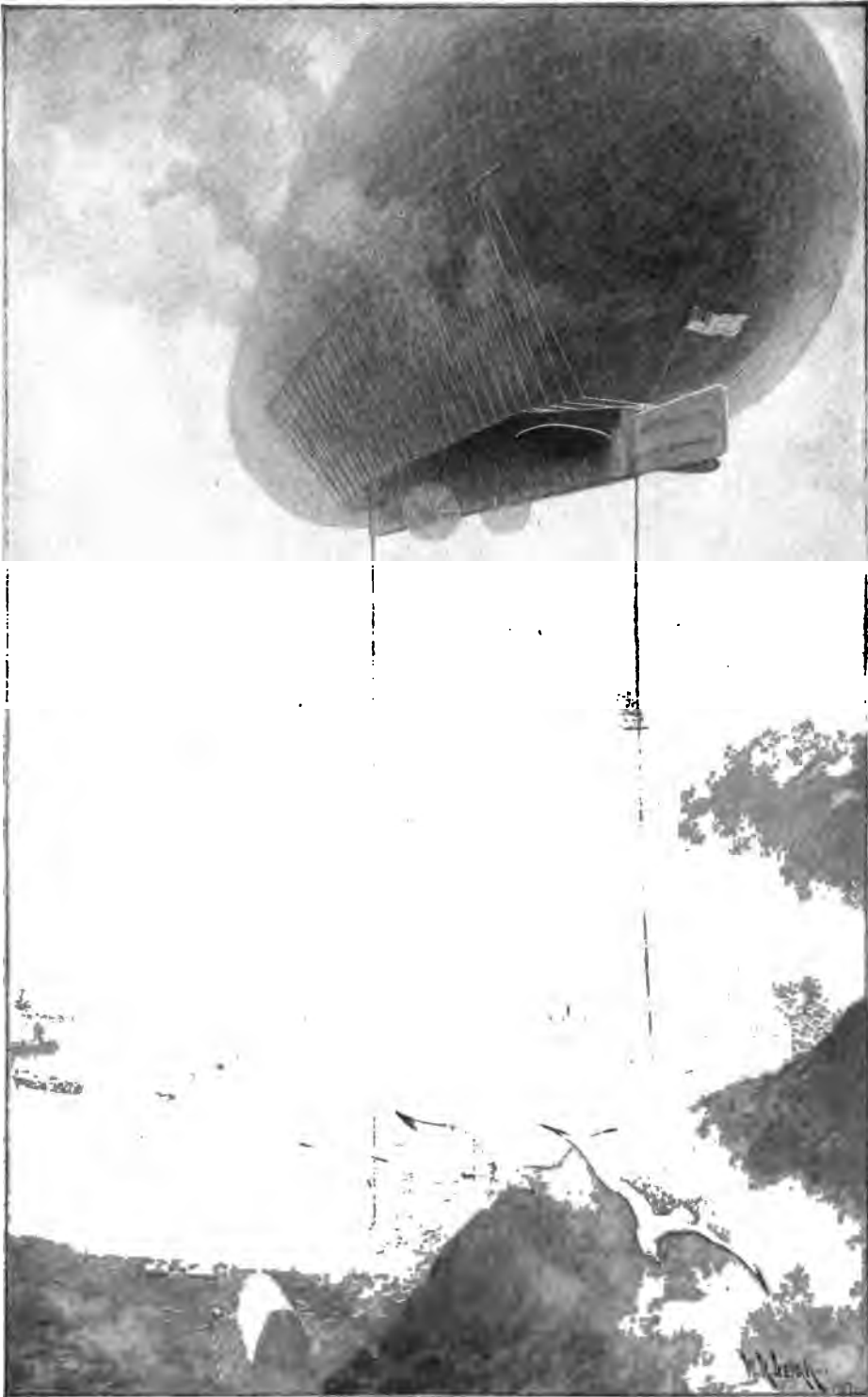
winter. The highest in summer was thirty miles per hour, and such winds were very rare, lasting only a few hours in each summer. In general, the North Polar area has a relatively light wind movement — a decided advantage in aëronautic work.

The Dangers of Fog and Sleet

The most unfavorable aspect of the polar area, so far as meteorological conditions are concerned, is the high humidity, the prevalence of fogs, and the precipitation of snow or rain. We have to take into account the probability that almost any hour the huge surface of our gas-reservoir may take on several hundred pounds' weight of snow or moisture, and the possibility that in a snow- or sleet-storm of unusual severity it may take on as much as a thousand pounds. At all hazards, we must prevent the "America" being overloaded in this manner and forced down upon the surface

of the earth. A ship of the air is like a ship of the sea — usually all right as long as it is kept in the element for which it was designed, but pretty sure to go to smash if it tries to navigate upon the land.

To help us meet these peculiar conditions, we have adopted two ingenious appliances which should contribute materially to our success. One is a very modern adaptation of the old and thoroughly tested balloon guide-rope. This rope, or rather, cable, will fill several important functions. First, it will serve as ballast. In the navigation of any balloon or airship certain frequent vertical oscillations — bobbings, as it were — are inevitable. To overcome them, the method employed by such airships as the "Lebaudy" and "Patrie" is either to let gas escape, or to carry ballast-sand and throw it overboard when necessary. Now, we early made up our minds not to burden our ship with useless material. Our



THE START FOR THE POLE

ballast must be serviceable in other ways. Most of it, as I have said, consists of the fuel in our tanks, but besides this we have the guide-rope, the primary purpose of which, as it hangs from the car with its lower end trailing on the surface of the earth, is to keep the airship in continuous contact with terra firma. This guide-rope is an automatic regulator of the vertical variations of the ship carrying it, since, by simple self-adjustment, it places its weight on the ground as the ship falls, or on the car as the ship rises. In the Arctics we can use this valuable auxiliary to its full advantage, because of the absence of houses, forests, shrubbery, fences, railway and telegraph lines, and all the obstructions which civilization puts in the way of cross-country traveling.

Important as it is to overcome these minor fluctuations, it is still more essential to prevent the airship from rising too high. In the Arctics great altitude means danger to an airship; the experiments of Professor Hergozell of Berlin, made with small balloons from the decks of the yacht of the Prince of Monaco, only last summer, demonstrated that at an elevation of from three to five thousand feet the temperature is likely to fall twenty or thirty degrees below the normal of zero Cent. (32° Fahr.) at the sea level. The risk of exposure to this sudden change of temperature is obviated by the extra ballast furnished by the guide-rope; on the other hand, in case the airship descends too low, the guide-rope would relieve it of its extra weight by paying off on the ground.

We were certain, then, that a guide-rope was necessary, but how best to make it was a question. Obviously, it should have considerable weight, else it would fail to perform the functions expected of it in the handling of such a large ship. The more weight, within reasonable limits, the more safety. An ordinary steel cable would not only cut through the crust of snow generally found upon the surface of the polar ice-floes and so offer great resistance, but it would also sink in water, and should the airship pass over the sea, the steel line would become a mere dead weight dragging the ship down — and, furthermore, all the weight would be of material useless for other purposes.

What we wanted was a snake, a gliding serpent, moving over the ice-floes with the minimum of resistance, riding the snow-crust

instead of cutting through it, and swimming, if need be, upon the water. Above all, the interior of this serpent must be stuffed full of good food, well protected from loss or injury, and the weight of this useful material, in proportion to the useless skin of the snake, must be as great as possible. The principle was easily framed, but it remained for the ingenuity of Chief Engineer Vaniman to find the practicable means of putting the principle into effect.

The Sausage Guide-Rope

The serpent is made of leather, one-eighth of an inch thick, fashioned into a long tube six inches in diameter. This leather has high tensile strength, and the snake will withstand a pull of four tons before parting — an ample margin of safety. It is divided into sections of about ten feet in length, each section a closed compartment, so that if, by chance, water should get into one, it could not pass into its neighbors. Within the skin of the serpent we pack food — bacon, ham, bread, and butter, the bread inside the meat and butter. Should a little salt water get in, it could not hurt the fat meats and could not reach the ship's biscuit enclosed in them. There was at least a little danger that the outer surface of this snake, in crawling a thousand miles over polar sea ice, might be abraded, torn, or disrupted. What to do about that? Again Mr. Vaniman was equal to the occasion. He riveted upon the leathern tube, all round, thousands of little scales of thin steel, one lapping the other, like the scales of a fish, protecting the leather from abrasion and forming an ideal gliding surface, since the snake is expected to crawl but in one direction, and that, of course, as a fish swims, with the tips of his scales to the rear. This serpent or sausage guide-rope displaces 13.4 pounds of sea-water per foot of its length, itself weighs two pounds per foot, its stuffing 8.8 pounds, making the total 10.8 pounds per foot, leaving for buoyancy in water 2.6 pounds per foot, or about 20 per cent. With a snake 130 feet long, we have a grand total of 1,150 pounds of useful material against only 265 of useless, so to speak, a percentage of 81. Certainly this is vastly better than carrying a simple steel cable of a thousand pounds or more, which might do fairly well as a guide-rope (though not as well as the serpent), but would prove dreadfully disappointing if, through some mischance, the crew should wish to eat it.

The guide-rope serpent is made to glide with the least possible friction or resistance. Experiment has shown us that its retardation of the speed of the "America" is likely to equal about one and a half miles per hour at the beginning of the voyage, when all of the weight of the serpent is down upon the ice, and to only half a mile per hour after thirty hours of motoring and gasolene-burning has lifted a thousand pounds of the snake from contact with the earth. In compensation for this small loss of speed, due to friction, we gain safety of operation and more than a thousand pounds of reserve food.

Sail When You Can — Anchor When You Must

One other appliance, somewhat similar in form, was invented to meet a very different purpose. My former explorations had proved to me that the polar fields of ice afford an excellent surface for anchoring a balloon or airship in case of need. I have already pointed out that our ship is to have a proper speed of about 15 knots per hour for from 150 to 180 hours. But as we do not by any means intend to confine the voyage to that number of hours,—indeed, we reckon upon twice or perhaps thrice as many in the aggregate,—the question arises as to what we intend doing during the hours the motor is not working. This brings us to one of the most important features of the project.

Our plan is to use the fuel in the motor and keep the screws in motion only in favorable winds or in the lighter of the unfavorable winds. When winds are both strong and contrary,—that is, when it would be uneconomical to use the motor, because we should get very little result in miles covered, for the fuel expended,—we propose to profit by the peculiar advantages offered by the presence of ice-floes underneath, and anchor the ship to the surface of the earth. Thus, while unfavorable conditions prevail, we lose neither fuel nor position, but hold our own without cost.

By anchorage we do not mean a fast and firm anchorage, but the employment of a simple device—and here is the second appliance I spoke of—called the retarder. It is the strange-looking object that hangs from the forward part of the car, like a huge snake, covered with pointed steel scales, designed to offer the maximum of resistance in proportion to its weight, in gliding over the surface of the ice-floes.

This surface, by the way, is not as rough as it is generally pictured or imagined; instead of mountains of ice and rugged masses of irregularly shaped pieces, it is, generally speaking, a series of undulating, snowy plains. The resistance of this retarder, or drag-anchor (for the principle is the same as that employed by sailors for many centuries), is the result of experiment on similar surfaces to a maximum of about 1,000 pounds, which corresponds to the pull of the airship stationary in a wind of nineteen miles an hour. In winds of less force than this, the retarder would hold the ship firmly; in higher winds it would drag, the ship's speed being proportionate, of course, to the velocity of the wind. In a twenty-mile breeze we should lose a mile or two an hour; in a thirty-mile wind, eleven or twelve miles an hour. By using a gliding instead of a fixed anchor, we keep the strain upon tackle, car, and balloon within the limits of safety. With firm anchorage there would always exist danger that high winds or gusts might cause something to give way and involve us in serious trouble, if not actual disaster. With the retarder, all strains will be limited, and, moreover, will be cushioned to softness through the weight and sag of the long steel cable by which the serpent is let down upon the ice.

The retarder serpent is made in the same way as the guide-rope, save that here the intention is to get the greatest maximum resistance in the snow and ice in proportion to the weight of the device. Instead of with smooth scales, we coat this serpent with sharp, protruding points of steel, which are made to engage in the snow; taking care to have nothing so large or strong that it could by any possibility hold fast enough to make firm anchorage.

I have said that we carried no useless material; but to be strictly accurate, I must explain that we do carry at the outset a small quantity of sand ballast which we throw over at the very beginning of our ascent. The airship, thus lightened, rises until the steel cable of the guide-rope is lifted, and the balloon balances in the air. After that, equilibrium is maintained automatically, the guide-rope adjusting all small fluctuations, and the loss of buoyancy through the burning or the leakage of gas equalizing the weight of the gasolene consumed and the food eaten.

At the beginning of the voyage the retarder is carried on the airship, without

touching the surface of the earth, but ready to be let down at any moment. The guide-rope serpent is trailed on the ice or in the water. Both serpents are worked on the same cable, which passes through a winch in the car, and is therefore under the control of the crew. They can raise one and let the other down at will.

At the start of the voyage, 1,400 pounds is to be the weight of the guide-rope serpent in contact with the earth. But as each hour of motoring makes a net gain of 33 pounds of lifting force, instead of burning or letting out gas at this stage of the voyage, we hold the gas and use it to lift from the earth its equivalent of the weight of the serpent. At the end of 30 hours of motoring, about 1,000 pounds would have been so lifted, and would then hang vertically from the car. Now, if there should come a great accumulation of snow or frost or moisture upon the ship, tending to over-weight it, we have between the craft and the ice the combined weight of the two serpents and their operating cable, a total of more than 1,500 pounds. All this could go down upon the ice in case of need, relieving the ship of its load to that extent, and compensating the weight accumulated from the elements, even if this accumulation were much in excess of a thousand pounds.

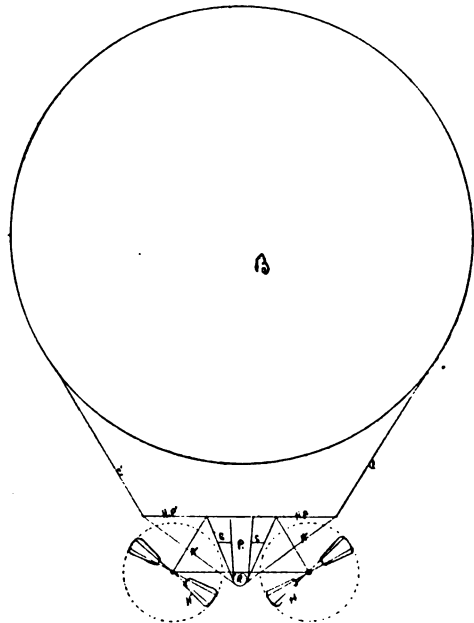
The precipitation of rain and snow in the Arctics in summer is fairly constant, but not heavy. It averages about 19 millimeters per month, equal, as we know by automatic process of the mind, if we use the beautiful metrical system, to 19 kilos per meter square, or, as we are told by a somewhat elaborate calculation, to 3,80 pounds per square foot.

It would be extraordinary if more than one-tenth of a month's average precipitation were to appear in a few hours. The total surface of the reservoir is 24,000 square feet, and if the 12,000 square feet above the middle — the roof, so to speak — were all at once to take on that one-tenth, the total would be over 4,000 pounds — a fatal quantity. This however, is impossible, for all that falls cannot stay upon a smooth, sharp-sloping roof like this; the bulk of it must slip away. But if as much as one-third of this quantity were to remain, we should still have the means of counterbalancing it.

Melting the Snow Cap Off the Balloon

Rain we do not fear. But wet snow or sleet might produce a considerable adhesion

of weight to the envelop. Against this we have a second method of protection. Every hour the motor runs, it burns, as I have said, 44 pounds of gasolene, releasing in combustion about 200,000 calories of heat. Four-fifths of this heat is converted into useful work, or taken up by the jacket-absorption. One-fifth, or 40,000 calories per hour, is thrown off in the exhaust which makes such a clatter in the surrounding atmosphere. It occurred to us that this was an enormous



LONGITUDINAL CROSS-SECTION OF
BALLOON AND CAR

- B Balloon at its greatest diameter
- CC Steel cables supporting car
- HP Horizontal planes enabling the ship to keep a level course
- P Passageway for crew
- HH Helices or propellers
- SS Sleeping berths
- R Reservoir for gasolene.

quantity of heat to throw away, since one calorie is sufficient, theoretically, to raise the temperature of a quart of water nearly two degrees Fahrenheit. Why not throw this waste heat, or a part of it, up into the balloon to warm the gas and, by keeping the skin of the reservoir a few degrees above the temperature of the surrounding air, melt away any snow or sleet that might adhere to the roof?

This device is a part of our system. In a steerable balloon, it should be noted, provision is made to pump air into the interior of the balloon, or, rather, into a balloon within the balloon, called the balloonet, for the purpose of preserving a fairly constant pressure within the gas-reservoir. The use of this pressure is to maintain the form of the balloon, to keep its skin taut, so that it may always present a smooth outward surface to the wind, without infolding. This interior pressure takes the place of stiffening frames such as have been tried with ill-success in some constructions, and it usually ranges at from two to four pounds per square foot. The method is old and highly efficient. To pump air into the interior of the balloon, which must be done quite frequently, a small, independent motor is usually carried, though the air-pump may be worked from the large motor, and also by hand, as an additional precaution.

Instead of pumping in cold air, as others have done, we propose to pump in hot air. And observe how ingeniously Mr. Vaniman has economized his forces. First he draws cold air through the radiator, which cools the water in the jacket or circulating system of the motor, a contrivance needed to keep the motor cylinders properly cool. This cold air aids radiation and is itself warmed a little. It then passes through the exhaust chamber (best described, perhaps, as resembling a water-tube boiler), through which run a number of flues carrying away the red-hot gases which have just been burned in the engine. In this exhaust-chamber the air becomes heated to a high temperature and is then pumped up into the balloonet, there being, of course, no possibility of actual connection between this air and the exhaust gases enclosed in the flues. By manipulation of the valves we can cause the air to escape from the balloonet after the heat has radiated from it into the gas, and so maintain a fairly constant supply of hot air, in slow circulation through the balloonet. The quantity of heat available, which would otherwise be wasted, is more than ample to achieve the result at which we aim. The weakness of the method lies elsewhere — in the faint power of absorbing and carrying away heat which is possessed by stagnant masses of air or gas. Were hydrogen an acute absorbent and distributor of heat, we should have no difficulty in keeping the contents and skin of our balloon

ten or twelve degrees Fahrenheit above the temperature of the surrounding air. But we have to take gases and all other things as they are, and not as we should like to have them. Still, we believe the radiation going on slowly but constantly from the heated air in the balloonet to the mass of gas above and around it, will prove sufficient to keep the skin of the balloon a little warmer than the circumambient air, and therefore aid in removing any frost or sleet that may form on the exterior.

Our Chances For a Fair Wind

In a former article I have referred to the circumpolar winds, which must prove a potent factor in our success. Of these winds in summer we know something specific. By an analysis of thousands of observations taken in different years, we found that for a period of ten days, 240 hours, the wind *probabilities* would enable us to reckon upon a mean of 10 miles per hour, a maximum of 30, and a minimum of zero or calm. But as to their *direction*, nothing whatever can be predicated. The winds are exceedingly variable; they rarely blow more than two or three days together from any one quadrant of the compass. It would be a most extraordinary thing if in a region of great variability all were to blow in our favor, and equally extraordinary if all were to be contrary to our course. By the laws of averages, some must be for us and some against; but in what proportion the values are likely to be mixed, we have not the slightest idea — and wish we had.

Inasmuch as we can reckon with a fair degree of confidence upon the velocity of the average winds, but can count nothing at all upon the direction in which they are likely to blow, is it possible to arrange a plan of navigation which will enable us to achieve success with the mean velocity, if we consider *all winds throughout the entire voyage as directly contrary to our course*?

Selecting Our Own Winds

If the average wind is to be ten miles per hour, directly contrary, and the airship is to make fifteen miles per hour for 150 hours, the net gain per hour over the wind would be five miles, or a total of 750 miles with the supply of fuel carried — more than equal to the distance to the Pole.

But by applying the retarder system we can do this: Motor only in the lighter

winds, and anchor or retard against the stronger winds. Thus, from our table of ten-day periods compiled from "Fram" records, we find that we shall be able, provided these averages are maintained, to select from the total of 240 hours with a mean of 10 miles an hour, 150 hours which have a mean of but 7 miles an hour, during which our ship, with its speed of 15 miles, will gain an average of 8 miles per hour. Eight miles per hour for 150 hours gives a total of 1,200 miles, virtually equal to the distance to the Pole and back again. In the ninety hours of the retarding period, or higher winds, only five hours will then show velocities superior to the holding power of the retarding serpent. In other words, through 85 hours of winds, ranging from eleven to eighteen miles per hour, we can hold our position with the retarder and in five hours drift backward a mean of six or eight miles per hour.

Thus, with all winds *directly contrary*, we should compass nearly the whole of the contemplated distance, and have in reserve something like thirty hours of motoring with the hydrogen, in addition to the 150 hours with the gasoline. Of course it is unreasonable to suppose that all the winds will be directly against us. Some of them must be favorable. At least, we expect to start the voyage in a southerly or favorable breeze, and that may continue from ten to thirty hours. And with the method of anchoring or retarding, it is obvious we have at command the means of waiting for winds either lighter or more favorable in direction. A few hours of wind blowing in the direction we wish to take would make a tremendous difference in the totals.

These figures are based upon grand averages of the season and region, comprising thousands of observations. Curious to learn how greatly the winds of actual ten-day periods would differ from these averages, we arbitrarily chose fourteen such periods, in July and August, and took the winds as they actually blew, as recorded aboard the "Fram" during her drift through the polar sea. To these we applied the navigation method used in the foregoing calculation, still considering *all winds* directly *contrary*. In twelve of the fourteen cases we calculated that we should reach the Pole and make all, or very nearly all, of the return journey; in six of them that we should be able to do much more than this; and in two

only would the total number of miles achieved be discouragingly small—one 112 miles and the other 400. (In twelve of the fourteen examples the wind does not at any time rise above twenty miles per hour.) My point is, that if, with all the winds adverse, the chance of a fortunate outcome is so great, the project seems fairly sound in view of the fact that actually the net effect of the wind should be to our help instead of to our hindrance, because the essence of our method is to take advantage of all the favoring winds, and add their force to our motor-speed, while contrary winds, for the most part, will cost us nothing, either in position or fuel, thanks to the retarder serpent.

Our Unique Car

Now for the car of the "America." Aëro-nautic engineers in France have expressed their admiration for the skill and adaptability shown in its design and construction. V-shaped, it realizes the highest possible ratio of strength and rigidity to the weight of the materials employed. It was a genuine achievement for Chief Engineer Vaniman to build a car 115 feet in length, 8 feet high, and 3 feet wide at the top, all in steel tubing, with joints of steel castings, and cords and binders of the strongest steel wire, and yet not to exceed the limit of weight allowed him. Inasmuch as we had to provide for the storage of about 1,150 gallons of gasoline (6,800 pounds), which must be carried in absolute safety and therefore in strong metal tanks, and inasmuch, further, as the weight of such tanks must be from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds, the question arose: Was it not possible to avoid carrying so much dead weight or useless metal, and make the tank a structural part of the car? The problem was solved by constructing a tank as long as the car itself, forming the bottom of the V, and thus becoming a stiffening and strengthening part of the structure as well as a place of storage. The tank is made of thin steel, divided into fourteen sections, so that if by chance there should be leakage in one, there need be no loss from the adjacent sections. As required, the gasoline can be pumped from any of the sections, thus trimming ship. The form of our gas-reservoir, rather short for the diameter, also makes for stability. Inasmuch as we were not going in for speed, we preferred a stable and evenly managed ship. The more even the keel of an airship,

the less the resistance of the atmosphere. Moreover, Mr. Vaniman has arranged an ingenious device by which a platform, containing 600 pounds of food, can be run to and fro on a little railway at the top of the car, enabling us to use this sliding weight as an additional means of balancing the ship.

Each of the fourteen sections of this car is eight feet, two and a half inches in length. Three of the forward sections are built triangular, for great strength. In the first of these is the navigating deck, in the second the motors and machinery, and the third is the cabin where the crew sleep and eat and where spare supplies are carried. The driving-shaft runs through the motor, and by bevel-gearing works the two screws, placed at either side and securely braced and held. We chose a twin screw cruiser, because a single screw placed forward or aft produces a gyratory or twisting motion throughout the car liable to disrupt the structure. The screws are of the finest steel, they measure eleven and a half feet in diameter, and their pitch, being changeable, has been worked out through trials to the angle of greatest effectiveness. The thrust or effective work of the screws, measured by dynameter in a long series of trials, is from ten to eleven pounds per horse-power, giving a total of from 600 to 650 pounds, equal to a forward motion of the entire craft of about fifteen sea-miles per hour. For our motor, we have chosen, after much investigation, a Lorraine-Dietrich, because, in spite of its considerable weight (750 pounds), it is wonderfully economical of gasoline. At a given weight of motor and fuel combined, it will carry us farther than a lighter motor, which uses a greater proportion of gasoline. It can develop from 70 to 80 horse-power, running steadily, smoothly, and safely. In an aeroplane or mechanical flight machine of any sort, it is of great importance to have a motor of the least possible weight in proportion to the energy developed, and it matters little whether the engine runs but a short time and has a high rate of fuel-consumption, since in the present merely experimental state of the art only short flights are practicable. But in an enterprise like ours the reverse is true. We have a ship that can carry so much weight. Out of that weight we wish to get the greatest possible number of miles. It is easy to see that a light motor, burning a large amount of gasoline per horse-power hour, might produce a result, in the long run,

much inferior to that secured by a heavier motor burning a more moderate quantity.

Upon the top of the great tank is placed a light board runway, giving the crew access to every part of the car—a deck 115 feet in length and only 2½ feet wide. The top of the car is only six feet from the bottom of the balloon, and hence all the valves and rigging are within reach of the hands of a man standing upon the framework. All the suspension apparatus which binds the car to the balloon is of steel cables of the highest tensile strength. The spreaders to which these cables are attached carry a wide horizontal plane of silk stretched taut, and, with the silken sides of the car, give us both horizontal and perpendicular planes, well calculated to steady the ship and prevent most of that pitching and rolling which have attended former aerial craft under way.

What it Means to Navigate An Airship

The navigation of this ship of the air, running through an uncharted sea, is not going to be a simple thing. For our direction we must, of course, depend largely upon the compass, though at times we can steer roughly by the sun. Our compasses must be carefully adjusted and compensated, and we shall find it necessary to "swing the ship" for this purpose at our base, precisely as is done in preparing the compasses of any other steel ship for her voyage on the ocean. We shall carry three main compasses, two in the car, and one, a "jump" compass, swung below the car, beyond the influence of the steel of that structure, and designed to serve as a standard or corrector, from time to time, of the other instruments. The needle of the compass works normally in the Arctic Ocean—that is, as it is expected to work. The magnetic pole is far to the south of the mathematical pole—1,200 miles. In other words, the magnetic pole is as near Winnipeg, Canada, as to the North Pole. Professor Bauer, of the Carnegie Institute, Washington, has provided us with a magnetic chart of the polar cap of the earth, worked out from the latest data, and we believe that the actual variation of the needle will follow almost exactly the theoretical lines laid down thereupon. In the region of the Pole, of course, the needle's north is actually south.

From the compass we shall get our direction with fair accuracy. But it is not going to be easy to write the log of the ship. We

shall know quite accurately the rate of movement imparted to the craft by the screws, but we shall be able only to guess what the influence of the winds is upon the movement, favorable or unfavorable. With a little practice we may be able to guess with fair accuracy, should the weather conditions be such as to enable us to see the icy surface of the earth. But in mists and fogs, which are quite frequent, we shall be floating in space with but faint idea of the velocity at which we are moving. We have designed a log, an instrument attached to a cable, which we let down to the earth's surface, learning from the rate at which the cable runs out an approximation of the speed at which we are moving. But it can be nothing better than an approximation. The real test of position must, of course, be by observation of the sun for latitude and longitude — especially the former, since, in the Arctic regions, longitude is a minor factor, steadily diminishing as we approach the Pole, till, at the Pole itself, it becomes zero. It is not at all improbable that days together may pass without our being able to make more than a guess as to our longitude; but the latitude we hope to be able to secure almost every day. The sun is the only heavenly body visible, and it is often obscured by clouds or fogs; but there is the double chance of getting it, because it is high at midnight as well as at midday. We can get the sun more often than we get a good natural horizon, and the use of an artificial horizon is, of course, as impossible in an airship as in marine vessels. Hence the great care we are employing to make sure of good observations. We have a sextant fitted with a spirit level or bubble, a German invention, which gives the horizon automatically. We have also a sextant fitted with a gyroscope, as used in the French navy, and developed more particularly for use in submarines. A gyroscope or spinning-top is set in motion by a magnet. At a rapid rate of revolution it assumes a plane exactly perpendicular to the axis of the earth at the spot — in other words, it gives us the sea level. Thus, if fog or mist or rain or driving snow obscure the natural horizon, and the sun is visible, we shall still be able to get observations. The answer to the question so often asked, "How will you know when you are at the Pole?" is here: We shall know precisely as the navigator at sea knows where he is at noon

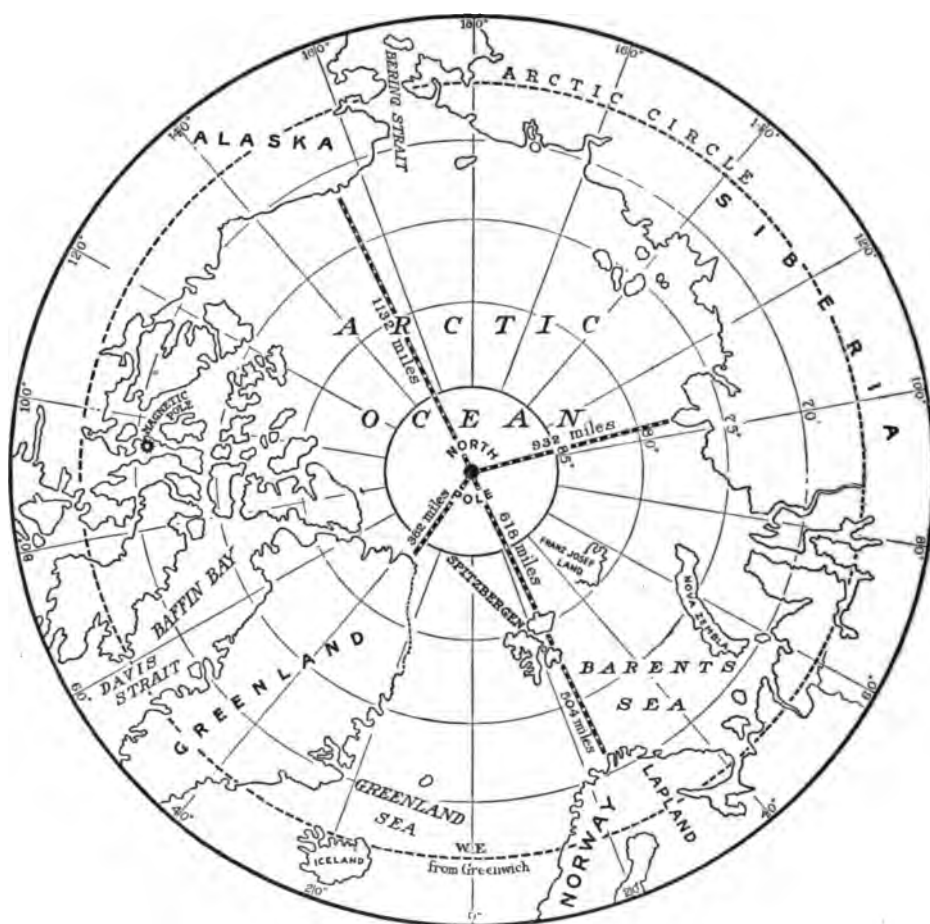
of a given day — by observation of the sun for its latitude and longitude. There is no other way. In our case, the difficulty is to get to the Pole, not to know when we are there.

Once there, if conditions are favorable, we can anchor the "America," and, by means of tackle we carry for the purpose, one or two of us can climb down and carry out a series of observations arranged for us by the scientific committee of the National Geographic Society and by other scientific bodies.

A Busy Voyage

To navigate toward the Pole a craft that most people call a balloon, but which is no more a balloon than a raft is a steamship, may seem a simple matter; actually it is very complex. We must watch our barograph for our height above the earth, which we hope always to keep between two and six hundred feet; our statoscope, to know whether we are rising or falling; our various manometers, which tell us of the pressure of the gas in the reservoir and of the air in the balloonet, as steam gages tell of the pressure in boilers. The log must be thrown every few minutes for the rate of our progress; the compasses must be watched every moment for direction; and every fifteen minutes the record or log of the voyage must be written in a book prepared for that purpose. Gasoline must be pumped, now from one and now from another section of the tank, to trim the ship; the motor and all the machinery must be watched with eagle eyes for the first signs of trouble; the valves of the *aérostat* must frequently be tested, to make sure there is no derangement; solar observations must be taken at every opportunity; the retarder and guide-rope serpents must be worked according to circumstances; and, above all, in fogs or thick weather all ears must be strained for the first signals from the automatic alarm which is to tell us of our too near approach to the earth, since contact of our delicate steel car with the rough ice-floes might spell destruction.

Such an automatic alarm we have; it is simple and should be effective; a steel bottle containing mercury is suspended by a cord 100 feet long; when the ship is within 100 feet of the earth, the bottle touches, is tilted as it drags, the mercury in the bottom of the receptacle makes contact, an electrical circuit is established, and a bell is set ringing



MAP SHOWING THE ALTERNATIVES FOR A RETURN JOURNEY

The figures given indicate sea-miles

in the navigating deck. On the whole, we are likely to be quite busy.

The Personnel of the Crew

Our intention is always to have three men on duty — the navigator in charge, a man in the engine-room, a third to attend to the winch which controls the retarder and guide-rope serpent and other apparatus. This will necessitate at least eighteen hours per day for each man, with the man off duty liable to be called into action at any moment. There will not be much sleeping during the cruise of the "America"; no one will wish to sleep more than is absolutely necessary to keep body and soul together. We shall have comfortable bunks, and hot meals are to be served if we can find time to cook them.

The three men who, together with the writer, will constitute the crew of the "America," are provisionally as follows: First, Major Henry Blanchard Hersey, member of the Rough Riders, inspector in the United States Weather Bureau, representative with the Expedition, last year and this, of the Government and of the National Geographic Society of Washington. He was aide to Lieutenant Frank Lahm in winning the James Gordon Bennett Cup in Europe in September, 1906, and is executive officer and scientific observer of this Expedition. The second is Melvin Vaniman, an American now resident in Paris, where he has built a mechanical flight machine which shows great promise, and where, for the past nine months, his skill and energy as designer and constructor have been devoted to the rebuilding of the airship "America,"

which contains nothing whatever of last year's construction except a part of the envelop of the gas-reservoir. The third man will probably be either Dr. Walter N. Fowler, of Bluffton, Indiana, surgeon of the Expedition last year and this, and also a competent mechanic, or Felix Riesenbergh, of Chicago, now in charge of the Expedition headquarters at Spitzbergen — sailor, navigator, scientific observer. With a crew of only four, each man must be a specialist; not only that, every one must be an understudy in the parts of all the others.

How long do we expect the voyage to take? We have only a vague idea. With a south wind of ten or fifteen miles per hour, it would be practicable to go to the Pole in a single day. With calms, or neutral winds, it would take two days. With winds directly contrary, blowing at the mean force of the region and season, ten miles per hour, it would take five days. With winds blowing always contrary and at a mean force considerably higher than the general average, we could not get there at all.

Four Strings to Our Bow

We intend to return. We have no desire to pose as martyrs. There are four strings to our bow, as follows:

First — We believe we have a fair chance to go to the Pole and back to our headquarters or to other land within ten days or two weeks from our departure, navigating with our own power as a true ship of the air.

Second — If that fails, and the motor and fuel serve only to carry us to the Pole, after the gasoline is exhausted we can use motor and machinery, much of the car and tank, and many other appurtenances, for ballast, throwing them overboard piecemeal, and thus counteract the losses of lifting force through leakage and keep the "America" afloat in the air, simply as a drifting balloon, for a total of from twenty-five to thirty-five days from the start. And in that length of time the chance that the wind would drift us far to the south is a very good one indeed, since the distance from the Pole to land and safety is a mean of only 860 miles, which a fresh breeze might compass in two or three days.

Third — Should the airship serve to carry us to or near to the Pole, we have in our equipment a complete sledging outfit, with a dozen picked dogs from Siberia, and we

believe that within the two months or more of light remaining it would be practicable to sledge back over the ice to Spitzbergen or Greenland. Sledge expeditions propose to travel from land to the Pole and back again; if the airship takes us to the Pole, we have but the return journey to make, with the drift of the ice helping us on our way, an average of from two to four miles per day.

Fourth — Thanks to the increased carrying capacity of our enlarged airship, and to the economical disposition we have made of the serpent principle, we are able to carry with us enough food so that if by any chance the "America" should be blown to some remote spot in the great unexplored area, far from any land, or if accident or ill conditions or other circumstances should make it inadvisable to attempt a sledging return in the autumn, we can pass the entire winter where we come down, making a snug hut of the immense quantities of cloth and other material of which the ship is composed, and leading the simple life, hibernating like bears, without fear of starvation, subsisting wholly upon the supplies taken with us. If this should happen, we should sledge back the following spring, when polar-ice traveling is better than in the autumn, and have enough food to carry us till the first of June.

In anticipation of all possible emergencies, we are taking with us the latest, most minute and authoritative data, maps, and charts of all the lands surrounding the Pole, procured through the coöperation of our own and other governments, and of various geographical societies — information as to tribes, game, outposts, trails, timber, water courses, depots of supplies, in Franz Josef Land, Novaya Zemlya, the great stretch of Siberian coast, Greenland, the northern part of British America and its outlying islands, and Alaska. No matter where the wheel of fortune may drop us, we hope we are prepared for all eventualities — food enough for a wintering in our own larder, and much more food, if nature favors, in our rifles and cartridges.

Should it be necessary, we could pass the long night of the winter at the North Pole itself, be it land or ice-sheeted sea, — the six-months' night, with the moon, the stars and the glorious aurora for our illuminant — and there await the coming of the six months' sun, before setting out on the long journey homeward.

THE STORY OF SHEELAH

BY

MAUDE L. RADFORD

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI



HE six o'clock whistle sounded. For a moment the tall, grim stock-yards buildings stood silent; then they broke into life, as the thousands of men and women workers poured out of the doors and spread into irregular streams over the yards, hurrying homeward, north, south, and west. Their haste was without energy, however; there was little talking and almost no laughter; they were vacant-minded after their hours of rushing, mechanical toil.

Sheelah Doyme almost ran, with short, sobbing breaths, until she had crossed the tracks. She was a slim, delicate girl, with the deep gray eyes and black hair which proclaimed her Irish blood. But she had none of the smiles of Ireland in her eyes; her face showed the haunting Celtic melancholy which is a gift for a poet, but a curse to one whose daily work can bring no happiness.

Big Maggie Kehoe caught up with her as she paused, panting, on the west side of the tracks.

"My Lord, what makes you always give out right here?" Maggie asked, as she drew her arm through Sheelah's.

"'Tis not that," said Sheelah; "'tis that I am always afraid wan uv the childher will come to meet me and get killed by thim backing freights. Hardly a week that some wan don't get hurt."

"Well, tell 'em not to, and slap 'em over the face at the same time, and I bet they'll mind," suggested Maggie.

"Oh, I cudn't," said Sheelah. "My sister niver slapped thim."

"Well," said Maggie, as they turned southward, "if a woman had died and left her five kids to me without a thankye, I bet I'd bring 'em up the way I wanted. Here's the twins, ain't it?"

Two little brown-haired girls were worming their way through the crowd toward Sheelah, their gray eyes alight with shy love. "There's Auntie," they said.

As Sheelah bent to kiss them, Maggie remarked:

"Well, you certainly keep 'em dressed nice, Sheelah. How you can, I don't see. Does Terence Horan help you out?"

Sheelah blushed, as she said angrily:

"I'd not ask a gurr! a question like that."

"Well, you needn't get huffy," said Maggie. "Lots of girls do, that's just as good as you are, 'specially when they've been goin' with a fella long's you have with Terence."

"I've had a hard pull, Mag," said Sheelah; "but I hope I'll never come to borryin'. But I ain't so strong as I was, and it sometimes drives me most crazy thinkin' what will I do if I fall behind on the piece-work."

"Oh, well, you ain't, so fur," said Maggie; "but I tell you, Sheelah Doyme, there's ways we could get more money — honest ways, I mean."

"Well, I wish I knew thim," said Sheelah absently.

"Well, if ever you get in earnest enough to want to know, you come to me, and I'll put you on," said Maggie. "Here's my corner. So long."

Sheelah took the hands of the twins and went on down the shabby street, turning in finally at a little three-room cottage, whose clean white blinds were tied with Irish green ribbon. Inside the cottage there were more evidences of Erin, for Sheelah was very patriotic — the more so because of a stain in her blood. Ireland hates traitors, and yet some one of her children is always betraying her. In the '98, Sheelah's great-grandfather, Malachy Doyme, had turned informer, bringing to the gallows many a poor boy that had worked and sung by his side in the fields. His widow (for informers

usually died quickly in those days) had moved with her sons to another county, but the disgrace had followed the family from generation to generation, with all the curious Irish tenacity of memory for inherited disgrace or honor. And Sheelah's father had taken his two daughters to America, where, swallowed up in the huge Chicago stock-yards, they found that nobody cared what their name was nor where they came from, as long as they paid their way and did not ask too much of their neighbors.

When Sheelah opened the door, three little boys ran to meet her.

"H'lo, Auntie," they said.

"Have you been good in school to-day?" asked Sheelah, sitting down wearily among them.

"Sure," they chorused.

"You've not carried tales to the teacher?" she asked, ever sub-consciously aware of the necessity of staving off from the children the influence of Informer Doyme.

"Sure, we ain't," they said.

"And you did your lessons nice?"

"Sure, we did."

"And I set the kettle bilin', Auntie," said Larry.

Ten-year-old Larry, the eldest, was Sheelah's favorite. She patted his curly head lovingly. Then she turned with a sigh to the second, Ulick.

"Eyes hurt to-day?"

"No, Auntie. I was tellin' the byes how awful much you had to pay the doctor, and they said I lied."

"Niver mind," muttered Sheelah.

Her tears rose as she thought of the oculist's bill, twenty-five dollars! It had taken her more than a year to save that much.

"Auntie," said Larry anxiously, "wasn't that the money that was goin' to help you marry Uncle Terry?"

"Niver mind, avic," said Sheelah, wiping her eyes.

"But can't people get marrud widout money?" asked Ulick, his blue eyes widening.

"Now, don't you be lettin' out that sob behind your teeth, Ulick," she replied; "coorse people get marrud widout money. Well, I guess we'll all go out to the kitchen and get the supper."

She prepared the meager meal, hindered and helped by the little ones. The children chattered and ate, but Sheelah did not

answer their questions and scarcely touched her food. After supper she put the younger children to bed, while Larry washed the dishes. At eight o'clock she carried the lamp into the parlor bedroom, where she slept, with the two little girls. She bent over them a moment, lifting the brown curls from their flushed cheeks and listening to their sighing breathing. Then she sat down to some sewing, waiting for the footsteps of Terence Horan.

Presently he came up the rickety steps, whistling, and opened the front door. He was a stout, smiling young man, so full of life that even before he spoke he seemed to infuse some of his energy into tired Sheelah.

"Well, Acushla Macree, and how are you the night?" he asked.

"All right," she said, with a faint smile.

"How's yoursilf?"

"Grand." He bent over her and kissed her, passing his big hand clumsily over her thin shoulders. Then he sat opposite her, smiling at her across the table.

"You don't ask what I have in this package," he said.

"You'll tell me."

"Maybe you've forgot the day?"

Sheelah dropped her eyes.

"Sure, did you remember, Terry?" she said.

"Hear that! Could I forgit, when three years ago this day a little flower bends over and whispers, 'Tis your heart I'm fur, wan uv these days. I'm yours when the time comes fur pickin'.'"

Tears rose to Sheelah's eyes.

"Three years; and we thought ——"

"Yes; we thought we could be marrud in three months. Well, 'twasn't our faults me mother tuk sick, and your father and sister died, and the strike came."

Sheelah put down her work.

"Ah, Terence," she said; "the poor have no right to love."

"Sure, the love uv the poor's best uv all. If things went smooth, how'd we know how good love was? But luk at the present I've brought; the furrst uv our own weddin' things, a rale plated silver tay-pot."

He unwrapped it and held it up proudly to her gaze. Suddenly Sheelah threw her arms across the table, dropped her head, and sobbed wildly.

"Darlin' rose uv me hearrrt, what is ut at all?" cried Horan. "Is ut sick you are?"

"Oh, sick, sick, heart-sick," she moaned.

"Oh, Terry; that I'd niver seen you!"

"What is ut?" he demanded. "Is ut some other man?"

"Oh, no," she cried; "but I can't marry you, Terry. There's no use. You might just as well think uv some other gurr! —"

"Ah, you're tired," he said; "you've tried this talk on me once before, and you're as silly now as you were then."

Sheelah raised her face.

"Sit you over there," she said, "and listen. Every day my stren'th is less. I must kape on wid the can-paintin', fur it pays the best, but the smell uv the paint makes me sick —"

"Darlin'," he cried, "if only I could say to you to sthoph ut, but there's that fifty dollars a year I've got to pay, that I'll tell you the why uv wan uv these days; and you say yourself we shud put by. But anyway, you'll not have to worrk so hard —"

"Oh, I know you'd be good to me if you could," she said; "but wid these five childher —"

"Larry'll soon be able to go to worrk," he suggested.

"Ah, would you say that if 'twas your own bye?" she asked passionately. "What is there fur little Larry here? I can lie his age up to fourteen, and they'll put him in the bristle-room! The bristle-room! God uv heaven, the sthrongest bye you can put in shows ut in a week, and in two years he's useless, or dead wid the bristles in his lungs —"

"Well, well, there'll be somethin' else," he began.

"The bristle-room!" she went on wildly. "My God, Terence, if a man goes to certain death to take people out uv a fire or somethin' like that, they cheer him and make a hero uv him. But here a child goes to death to help out the family, and not an eye has a tear fur him. The bristle-room! I'd rather kill the bye mesilf than send him there."

Her delicate figure was shaking.

"There, there," soothed Terence; "there'll be other worrk fur him, then."

"There's nawthin' else here! And anyway, I want him to have a chanct. I'd like him to go to high school and maybe be a teacher, and the little gurr!s, too. I want him all to have the aisy life I haven't had."

"Sure, maybe they will," he said. "I'll worrk harder. I'll see can't I git somethin' fur the avenin's and Sundahs."

Sheelah drew a long breath.

"Ah, no; ah, no," she said; "Terry, darlin', I can't marry you. Look at the childher uv these stock-yards, half-fed. Look at their mothers draggin' day after day to worrk, sick and sorry. A child ought to have a chanct in the world."

Terence pushed back his chair.

"Well, in the name uv the blessed saints, ain't you done your best by the childher that are none uv your own? They're well-fed and happy. 'Tis you I'm thinkin' uv, draggin' yourself out day after day. And when I'm willing to help shouldher thim —"

"I know you are, darlin'," she said, reaching her hand to touch his, clenched on the table. "Not wan in a hundred would stand ready to help, as you are. And but fur the presents you've given me fur thim, how we'd have got on, I dinnaw. And maybe if nawthin' ever happened to you, and I got no sicker, 'twud be all right —"

"Well, we'll take the risk," he said confidently. His tone was a little hard and impatient.

"Ah, I'm afraid! Look at how manny men get sick and hurt. Jim Hanrahan was as strong as you, yesterday, and to-day he's lyin' in a pulp at the hospital. Maybe 'tis the coward blood in me that makes — me afraid —"

"That's fool nonsense," said Horan sternly; "so drop ut. Your blood's all right. I wish your common sense was."

"Terence, don't make ut harder fur me be the crass worrds," she said pitifully. "And — and you've not undherstood me —"

"I'm gettin' tired uv the talk," he said sullenly.

"This is it," she said, flushing deeply; "'tis all we can do to get along as we are, — all six uv us. If we marrud, I'd have childher uv me own. The five there'd take away the chances uv me own. I — I can't. I can't let a child uv mine face life in this stock-yards. I can't marry you."

There was a long silence. Then Horan rose.

"I could break you bechune me fists, and then I could kiss the wounds I made," he said hoarsely. "Now, I tell you, you're talkin' fool nonsense. I'm goin' away from you. You send fur me when your sense gets back, fur I'll not come nigh you till then."

She clung to his arm.

"Ah, Terry, alannah, would you lave me like this?"

He bent over her and kissed her.

"I'm heart-scorched you should be makin' sich a fool uv me," he said. "But I'll not lave you widout sayin' agin, there'll niver be anny wan but you fur me."

When he had gone, Sheelah blew out the lamp and went to bed, lying awake almost all night beside the tossing little girls.

She could hardly drag herself to work next day, and when she went into the can-painting room, the odors made her sick and dizzy. She stood in her place at a long table, working quickly, doggedly. Whenever trays of cans were brought in, she rushed to get them, fighting among the other women for the "one- and two-pounders," which paid best. Once or twice big Maggie Kehoe, the acting forewoman, pushed a pile of the coveted tins toward her.

"I'm goin' home with you and cook you a beefsteak," said Maggie, when work was over. "You look sick's a dog."

Sheelah was too tired to protest, and Maggie marched her homeward, buying on the way materials for a magnificent supper.

"Oh, gee!" said Ulick, when he saw the purchases; "'tis almost as if 'twas fur Auntie's weddin'."

- Sheelah burst into tears, and Maggie made her lie down, amid the wailing of the twins and the youngest boy, while she and Larry and Ulick prepared the supper. When the children saw the table, they were so delighted that Sheelah smiled faintly. Maggie stood over her and made her eat the choice morsels, and then she sent her back to the front room. After the children were put to bed, and all was quiet, Maggie went in and sat by Sheelah.

"Now, tell's all about it," she said; "for somethin's up."

So Sheelah told her poor little story, and Maggie pondered on it.

"Well," she said, taking out her side-comb and smoothing her big auburn pompadour, "I ain't goin' to butt in, but it's hard lines on Horan."

"I know," sighed Sheelah; "and suppose I get sicker, what'll be the good uv ut all, annyway? I'll get less and less money, and I've not a cent laid by now."

Maggie looked at her meditatively.

"Well, now, swear you won't tell, and listen to what I've got to say to you. You can see what a lot of good the unions have done the men, can't you?"

"Terry says so," agreed Sheelah.

"Well, us girls ought to have a union. There's no other way of getting the wages put up where they should be and kep' up. And us can-painters ought to lead the van. If us girls have a union, the other women will, too."

Maggie used a number of arguments which she had picked up from the organizer who had converted her to unionism, and Sheelah listened attentively. At the end she said:

"Mag, 'tis a matther uv dollars and cents wid me—and time. I might make time to go to the union meetin's, but I couldn't squeeze out a cent fur dues."

"Well," said Maggie, after a pause, "all the safe girls are willin' but you. If it's on'y the money, I'll see if I can fix it. The girls might meet in this room; it's prettier than any place any of us got, and we'd let it go on rent, or somethin'. I'll fix it. But mind you, don't peep a word to any one. We got to get several unions started before the bosses and them hear of it. They think it's bad enough to have the men in unions, without us."

"You're sure it'll raise our wages?" asked Sheelah wistfully.

"Sure thing; sooner or later. And we got to think of the hull class of working women."

"Sure, it's harrd, when you have five lanin' on you, to think of the other girls," sighed Sheelah. "I'll join, but Mag, honest, I can't feel anny rale interest in ut."

"That'll come," said Maggie.

But poor Sheelah spent little thought on the union. During the next month it met in her front room every week, Maggie conducting the business with a fine air of competence. Sheelah vaguely admired the girls who were able to talk so fluently about their rights and plans, but she had no desire to take part herself. Her mind was either wearily empty, or struggling with questions of food and clothes for the children, or else dwelling painfully on Terence Horan.

He had kept his word; for a month she had not seen him. There were hours when she felt that he did not love her or he would surely come. It was cruel of him to leave her to answer as best she could the wondering questions of the children. Perhaps he was learning to care for some one else. And there were moments when she would forget that they had parted and would find herself listening for his footsteps on the street and for his gay whistle.

It was increasingly hard to keep up her work. To her terror, she found that she was doing less and less piece-work. Each week she fell behind; at first, it was ten cents less than the week before, and now it had grown to twenty-five cents. Sheelah had moments when she put her fingers in her ears and counted out loud to shut away her terrifying thoughts. One day, when her work was over, the boss called her away from the group of women hastily donning their wraps.

"Say, Miss Doyne," he said; "ain't keepin' up your work so well, are you?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Sheelah, trembling; "I do more piece-work 'n lots the gurrlls."

"Don't you get scared," said the boss. He was an alert, quick-voiced, dark young man who had changed his name from Hennissey to Hanecy, and was rising in the world. "Nothin' to be scared of," he went on; "I mean well by you. Say, ain't heard any talk of unions among the women, have you?"

"No, sir," said Sheelah, dropping her eyes.

"That's right. We don't want 'em here. Those that are in 'em 'll wish they weren't, if they form unions," he threatened.

"Yes, sir."

He nodded dismissal, and she went home with a quaking fear lest the boss hear of the can-painters' union and discharge her. Every time he looked at her during the next few days, she trembled and averted her eyes.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked her, a week later. "You look like you was guilty of stealin'."

"Nothing, sir," said Sheelah.

"You ain't forgot what I told you of the unions? If you hear of one forming, you tell me, and I'll make it worth your while."

"Yes, sir," Sheelah said.

That week her wages fell behind fifty cents, and Ulick became sick and needed a bottle of medicine. She had to sell a little harp-shaped clock that her father had brought from Ireland. There were moments when she thought of applying to Terence Horan for money, but she could not bring herself to it. She lay awake night after night, and sometimes her loud sobbing woke the children.

At the end of a fortnight, she went to the boss, wide-eyed and white.

"What'll you give me for the information you want?" she asked. "I'm sick; the childer'll starve. My great-grandfather was an

informer in the '98, Mr. Hanecy, and I'm uv his own black blood."

She looked at him tearlessly.

"Well, I'm sorry for you, Miss Doyne; I am, honest. I wish for your sake it was some one else tellin', though, mind you, it's your duty to the company —"

"I know jist how much that talk is worth," said Sheelah. "I thried to fool mesilf wid ut. I know I'm the black traitor to the gurrlls. What'll you give me?"

"What do you want?"

"I want to be made forewoman."

"We-el," he meditated, "Miss Kehoe is acting forewoman — but of course she belongs to the union. She'll be bounced, of course. We-el, yes, you can have it, and I'm glad it's easier work and better pay."

"I'll pay high fur't before I'm through," said Sheelah. "What do you think the gurrlls'll say?"

"I'm sorry," he said, kindly enough.

"All the girls of the union'll have to go, and two or three others to make it look right. At the end of a week I'll take you back; yes, and I'll pay you for the week you lay off. And now, the names of the girls, please, Miss Doyne, and what you've done so far."

At the week's end, half the can-painters were told that, on account of slack times, there would be no further need of their services. Sheelah stood miserable among the girls who were dismissed. One was laughing hysterically. Two or three looked as if work or starvation meant equally cheerless prospects to them. She caught remarks out of the medley of voices. "And I got my mother and little brother to take care of." "Oh, my Lord, I promised maw I'd pay the two months' rent she owes." "I don't dare tell my old man I got sacked; he'd skin me alive."

"Well," said Maggie Kehoe, looking at her companions, "I can't tell from their faces who sneaked on us; but just let her wait!"

As Maggie put on her hat and coat, she tried to cheer the women about her, telling them that they would be taken back soon; that times were not slack, and quick painters were scarce enough.

"It comes hard on you," she said to Sheelah; "I'm goin' lookin' fur a job to-morra, and I'll see if I can't find somethin' fur you, too."

Sheelah let the week go by in dull apathy. None of the girls seemed to suspect her;

they would, of course, know, when she went back to work. She tried to enjoy her rest, lying late in the mornings and doing all the little odds and ends of sewing for the children for which she had never before had time. But nothing could change the dull misery of her long hours. Sometimes she wondered what Terence would think of her when he found out. Her treachery would strike the love from his heart, she felt sure. And this was her most gnawing fear.

All too soon came the day that she had to go back to work. From the moment that she took her place at the head of the tables, her punishment began. The girls under her were silent, but their glances at each other said all that their tongues dared not. She ate her lunch alone, and at night waited fearfully till all the workers had gone.

"Say," the boss said to her, "I'm goin' to walk home with you, Miss Doyne. I know what'll happen if I don't."

"No," said Sheelah dully; "I'd have to stand ut sometimes, thank you, sir."

As soon as she had passed out of the stock-yards, she met Maggie Kehoe. Sheelah stopped short and waited. Maggie's face was red and tense. She stared at Sheelah blazingly a moment, and then she said:

"I've been waitin' fur you, you dirty sneak! After all I've done for you, too! You sickenin' thing, I'd like to scratch your face!"

"I wish you would," said Sheelah. "I'm as low as you say, Maggie. You can't hate me anny more than I hate mesilf."

"Aw, shut up, you scab," said Maggie. "Some of the girls you got bounced needed the money every bit as bad as you."

She accompanied Sheelah until she had exhausted her power of reviling. Other girls joined her, and some of their relatives. One or two did not keep their hands from Sheelah, but she took the blows steadily. Maggie hurt her most by calling out to the brown-haired twins who were coming to meet her:

"Here's your scab Auntie, kids."

Sheelah got into the house at last, the frightened twins crying under their breath, the three little boys staring in terrified wonder. She knelt on the floor by them and drew as many of them as she could into her embrace.

"Oh, darlin's," she sobbed; "if 'twas only right to go and drown'd all uv us in the lake! 'Twould be aisier."

They wept together until Larry quietly withdrew and began to get the supper. The familiar habit helped quiet them, but when they drew around the table, their talk was subdued and broken, the children casting fearful glances at the windows and doors.

"Don't be afraid, dears," said Sheelah; "'tis only me the gurrils don't like. They won't hurt youse."

At dark some one stumbled up the steps. A hand fumbled at the door, and Terence Horan entered. For a moment, Sheelah felt only that he had come to revile her, too.

"Oh, Terry, Terry," she cried; "don't! I deserve ut, but don't you say thim worrds to me."

Then she saw his white, drawn face, his bandaged arm.

"What is ut?" she cried, as he sank into a chair. "Terry, alannah, what has come to you?"

"I got out uv the house," he said hoarsely. "The doctor'll go seekin' his dyin' patient in the marnin'."

She knelt by his side, and he put a feeble hand on her head.

"I should not have left you, my hearrt's flower," he murmured; "and oh, but it's been harrd fur you."

"Do you know what I've done?"

"Ah, yes; and how could you help ut? God knows, I'm a strong union man, but Sheelah, I know how the wants uv thim childher tugged at your hearrt, and I've no blame for you, Acushla."

He leaned back groaning in his chair.

"Oh, what, what!" she cried.

"Blood-poisin, darlin'. You were right, annyway, when you were afraid to take the risk."

Sheelah laid her head against his breast with a long, shuddering sigh. When she looked up, he had fainted from pain. She leaped to her feet. Then she called Larry, and she and the frightened child lifted him to her bed and undressed him.

"I'm not goin' to let him come to till he has to," she said. "You go and tell the settlement doctor where he is and ask what I'm to do."

When the boy had gone, she leaned over her lover and kissed his white face. Her mind was full of vague memories of other days. She remembered the first time he had sat in their home, talking to her father, but looking at her. She saw them the Sunday they had ridden away over to the park

by the lake, and Terence had told her that her face was sweeter than any flower there. And then she remembered their first kiss. She felt no pain. There was only a dull wonder that she could ever have been happy or hopeful.

The doctor came, and went, leaving Terence conscious. Sheelah had not needed to be told that there was no hope; her father had died of blood-poisoning. She sent Larry to bed, and then she sat looking deeply into Terence's face.

"Well, now," he said weakly, "I want to talk while I can. You'll not nade the priest till to-morra. You know that fifty dollars I had to pay away every year?"

She nodded.

"If was fur a life-insurance. You see, Acushla, you had put into me your own fear of throuble. It'll be near three thousand dollars. It'll come to you."

She did not understand for a moment.

"You get some uv thim settlement people to invest ut fur you. You should get a hundred and fifty a year out uv it, annyway."

"A hundred and fifty a year! Oh, Terry!"

"Larry naden't go to the bristle-room," he said, with a dim smile.

She bent over and kissed his fingers.

"Ah, darlin', if only I had you well instead."

"I want you to get away from the yards," said Terence, with a spasm of fierce energy. "'Tis no place fur a woman. They'll help you at the settlement. I've been thinkin' uv manny things this day."

Suddenly Sheelah sat on the bed beside him.

"Terry, darlin', I undherstand all about the business," she said. "Rest your head, alannah."

He put his arm about her.

"Ah, darlin'," he said; "the pain's bad, but I jist kape thinkin' 'tis you and me together agin."

Sheelah kissed him passionately.

"Maybe we should have took our youth while we had the chanct," she said. "Well, ut don't matther now. I'm not unhappy," she added, with a kind of surprise. "You're lavin' me, but I'm not unhappy!"

"No; nor me," Terence said.

"Maybe 'tis because I'd give up all hope," she murmured; "but 'tis somethin' to have a few hours —"

"I wonder," said Terence, after a pause, "I wonder can people's memories count to help thim? You'll remember I loved you well?"

"Ah, I will," she cried passionately; "and I'll teach the childher to grow up like you."

The moments slipped by in a gentle peace. Horan put his head on Sheelah's shoulder and looked up into her deep eyes. Presently he laughed a little.

"I bet I know what you're thinkin'. You're thinkin' you'll spend some uv that money on a grand funeral and a big grave-stone for me."

"I was thinkin' uv ut a while back," confessed Sheelah. "I'll do as you like, darlin'."

"Nawthin' but a little shmall stone," he said.

After a time he slipped down on the pillows.

"Well," he said wearily, "there's manny a wan in all the years uv his life hasn't had more happiness than we've had the last hour. Would you lay your head beside me, Acushla?"

She put her face by his, kissing him long and tenderly.

"Ah, Sheelah," he whispered, "God's good. 'Tis a queer wedding in death fur us, but when I've left you, remember I told you God is good. He let us love ach other."

They clasped each other's hands, and after a time both slept.



From a photograph by Julia Margaret Cameron

ELLEN TERRY AT SEVENTEEN, AFTER HER MARRIAGE TO
GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS

WHEN I WAS MARRIED*

BY

ELLEN TERRY

FROM July to September every year the leading theatres in London and the provincial cities were closed for the summer vacation. This plan is still adhered to more or less, but in London, at any rate, some theatres keep their doors open all the year round. During these two months most actors take their holiday, but when we were with

the Keans, we were not in a position to afford such a luxury. Kate and I were earning good salaries for our age,* but

* Of course, all salaries are bigger now than they were then. The "stars" in old days earned large sums. — Edmund Kean received two hundred and fifty pounds for four performances, — but the ordinary members of a company were paid at a very moderate rate. I received fifteen shillings a week at the Princess', until I played Puck, when my salary was doubled. — E. T.

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KATE TERRY AT EIGHTEEN

the family at home was increasing in size, and my mother was careful not to let us think that there never could be any rainy days. I am bound to say that I left questions of thrift, and what we could afford and what we couldn't, entirely to my parents.

I received sixpence a week pocket-money, with which I was more than contented for many years. Poor we may have been at this time, but, owing to my mother's diligent care and cleverness, we always looked nice and neat. One of the few early dissipations



ELLEN TERRY AT SIXTEEN

I can remember was a Christmas party in Half Moon Street, where our white muslin dresses were equal to any present! But more love and toil and pride than money had gone to make them. I have a very clear vision of coming home late from the

theatre to our home in Stanhope Street, Regent's Park, and seeing my dear mother stitching at those pretty frocks by the light of one candle. It was no uncommon thing to find her sewing at that time, but if she was tired, she never showed it. She was



KATE TERRY AS "DIANA"



ELLEN TERRY AS "CUPID"

The Terry sisters played these parts in "Endymion" at Bristol during 1862

always bright and tender. With the callousness of childhood, I scarcely realised the devotion and ceaseless care that she bestowed on us, and her untiring efforts to bring us up as beautifully as she could. The knowledge came to me later on, when, all too early in life, my own responsibilities came on me and quickened my perceptions. But I was a heartless little thing when I danced off to that party! I remember that when the great evening came, our hair, which we still wore down our backs, was done to perfection, and we really looked fit to dance with a King! As things were, I *did* dance with the late Duke of Cambridge! It was the most exciting Christmas Day of my life!

I

PLAYING ON THE ROAD 1859-1861



OUR summer holidays, as I have said, were spent at Ryde. We stayed at Rose Cottage (for which I sought in vain when I revisited the place the other day), and the change was pleasant,

even though we were working hard. One of the pieces father gave at the theatre to amuse the summer visitors was a farce called, "To Parents and Guardians." I played the fat, naughty boy, Waddilove, a part which had been associated with the comedian Robson in London, and made the unsophisticated audience shout with laughter by entering with my hands covered with jam! Father was capital as the French usher, Tourbillon; and the whole thing went splendidly. Looking back, it seems rather audacious for such a child to have attempted a grown-up comedian's part, but it was excellent practice for that child! It was the success of these little summer ventures at Ryde which made my father think of our touring in a "Drawing-room Entertainment" when the Keans left the Princess'.

The entertainment consisted of two little plays,— "Home for the Holidays," and "Distant Relations,"— and they were written, I think, by a Mr. Courtney. We were engaged to do it first at the Royal Colosseum, Regent's Park, by Sir Charles Wyndham's father, Mr. Culverwell. Kate



ELLEN TERRY, HENRIETTA HODSON
AND KATE TERRY



E. A. SOTHERN AS "LORD
DUNDREARY"

"Henrietta Hodson as 'Endymion' and Kate as 'Diana' had a dance with me which used to bring down the house"

"I admired him—I could not help doing that—but I dreaded his jokes and thought some of them very cruel"

and I played all the parts in each piece, and we did quick changes at the side worthy of Fregoli! The whole thing was quite a success, and after playing it at the Colosseum, we started on a round of visits.

I Impersonate a Young Terror

In "Home for the Holidays," which came first on our little programme, Kate played Letitia Melrose, a young girl of about seventeen, who is expecting her young brother "home for the holidays." Letitia, if I remember right, was discovered soliloquising somewhat after this fashion: "Dear little Harry! Left all alone in the world, as we are, I feel such responsibility about him. Shall I find him changed, I wonder, after two years' absence? He has not answered my letters lately. I hope he got the cake and toffee I sent him, but I've not heard a word." At this point I entered as Harry, but instead of being the innocent little school-boy of Letitia's fond imagination,

Harry appears in loud peg-top trousers (peg-top trousers were very fashionable in 1860), with a big cigar in his mouth, and his hat worn jauntily on one side. His talk is all of racing, betting, and fighting. Letty is struck dumb with astonishment at first, but the awful change which two years have effected gradually dawns on her. She implores him to turn from his idle, foolish ways. Master Harry sinks on his knees by her side, but just as his sister is about to rejoice and kiss him, he looks up in her face and bursts into loud laughter. She is much exasperated, and, threatening to send some one to him who will talk to him in a very different fashion, she leaves the stage. Master Hopeful thereupon dons his dressing-gown and smoking-cap, and, lying full length upon the sofa, begins to have a quiet smoke. He is interrupted by the appearance of a most wonderful and grim old woman in blue spectacles—Mrs. Terrorbody. This is no other than "Sister Letty," dressed up in

order to frighten the youth out of his wits. She talks and talks, and, after painting vivid pictures of what will become of him unless he alters his "vile ways," leaves him, but not before she has succeeded in making him shed tears, half of fright and half of anger. Later on, Sister Letty, looking from the window, sees a grand fight going on between Master Harry and a butcher-boy, and then Harry enters with his coat off, his sleeves tucked up, explaining in a state of blazing excitement that he "*had* to fight that butcher-boy, because he had struck a little girl in the street." Letty sees that the lad has a fine nature in spite of his folly, and appeals to his heart and the nobility of his nature — this time not in vain!

"Distant Relations" was far more inconsequent, but it served to show our versatility, at any rate. I was all things by turns, and nothing long! First I was the page boy who admitted the "relations" (Kate in many guises). Then I was a relation myself — Giles, a rustic. As Giles, I suddenly asked if the audience would like to hear me play the drum, and "obliged" with a drum solo, in which I had spent a great deal of time perfecting myself. Kate gave an imitation of Mrs. Kean as Constance so beautifully that she used to bring tears to my eyes, and make the audience weep, too!

Both of us, even at this early age, had dreams of playing all Mrs. Kean's parts. We knew the words, not only of them, but of every female part in every play in which we had appeared at the Princess'. "Walking on is so dull," the young actress says sometimes to me now, and I ask her if she knows all the parts in the play in which she is "walking on." I hardly ever find that she does. "I have no understudy part,"

is her excuse. Even if a young woman has not been given an understudy, she ought, if she has any intention of taking her profession as an actress seriously, to constitute herself an understudy to every part in the piece! Then she would not find her time as a "super" hang heavy on her hands.

Some of my readers may be able to remember the "Stalactite Caverns" which used to form one of the attractions at the Colosseum.

It was there that I first studied the words of Juliet. To me the gloomy horror of the place was a perfect godsend! Here I could cultivate a creepy, eerie sensation, and get into a fitting frame of mind for the potion scene. Down in this least imposing of subterranean abodes I used to tremble and thrill with passion and terror. Ah, if only in after years, when I played Juliet at the Lyceum, I could have thrilled an audience to the same extent!

All in the Family

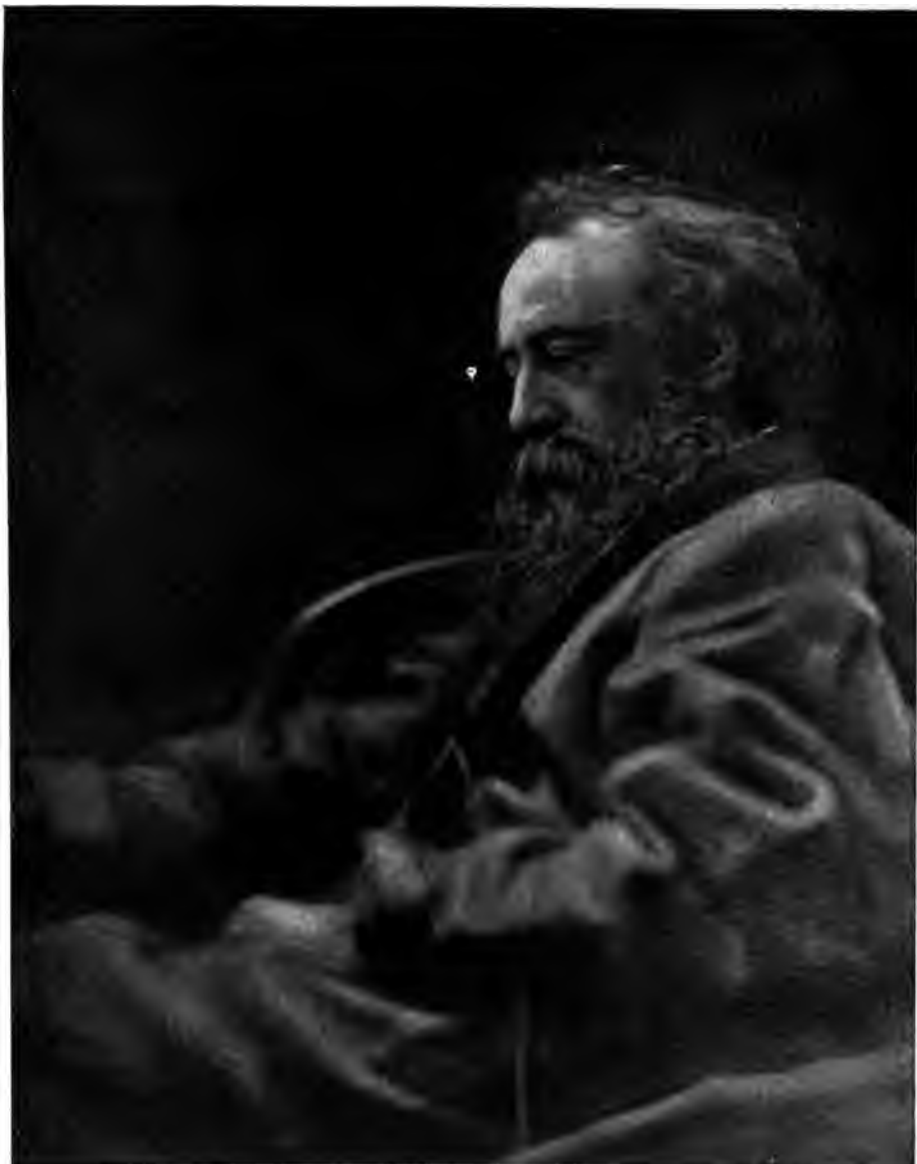
After a few weeks at the Colosseum, we began our little tour. It was a very merry, happy time. We travelled, a company of five, although only two of us were acting. There were my father

and mother, Kate and myself, and Mr. Sydney Naylor, who played the very important part of orchestra. With a few exceptions we made the journeys in a carriage. Oh, those delightful journeys on the open road! I tasted the joys of the strolling player's existence, without its miseries. I saw the country for the first time. . . . When they asked me what I was thinking of as we drove along, I remember answering: "Only that I should like to run wild in a wood!" At night we stayed in beautiful little inns which were ever so much more cheap and comfortable than the hotels of to-day. In some of the



KATE TERRY AS "PUCK"

A very early photograph, published through the courtesy of the owner, Mr. Evart Jansen Wendell



GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R. A.

From a photograph by Julia Margaret Cameron, made about the time of his marriage to Ellen Terry, when he was in his forty-seventh year

places we were asked out to tea and dinner and very much fêted. An odd little troupe we were! Father was what we will call for courtesy's sake "Stage-manager," but in reality he set the little stage himself and did the work which generally falls to the lot of the stage-manager and an army of carpenters combined. My mother used to coach us up in our parts, dress us, make us go to

sleep part of the day so that we might look "fresh" at night, and look after us generally. Mr. Naylor, who was quite a boy at the time, besides discoursing eloquent music in the evenings, during the progress of the "Drawing-room Entertainment" would amuse us — me most especially — by being very entertaining, himself, during our journeys from place to place. How he made us



Photograph by the Autotype Company, London

"THE SISTERS" (KATE AND ELLEN TERRY)

From the painting by George Frederick Watts

laugh, about — well, mostly about nothing at all!

We travelled in this way for nearly two years, visiting a new place every day, and making, I think, about ten to fifteen pounds

a performance. Our little pieces were very pretty, but very slight, too; and I can only suppose that the people thought that "never anything can be amiss when simpleness and duty tender it," for they received our

entertainment very well. The time had come when my little brothers had to be sent to school, and our earnings came in useful.

When the tour came to an end in 1861, I went to London with my father to find an engagement, while Kate joined the stock company at Bristol. We still gave the "Drawing-room Entertainment" at Ryde in the summer, and it still drew large audiences.

I Make Acquaintance with the French Temperament

In London my name was put on an agent's books in the usual way, and presently he sent me to Madame Albina de Rhona, who had not long taken over the management of the Royal Soho Theatre and changed its name to the Royalty. The improvement did not stop at the new name. French workmen had swept and garnished the dusty, dingy place, and transformed it into a theatre as dainty and pretty as Madame de Rhona herself! Dancing was Madame's strong point, but she had been very successful as an actress, too, first in Paris and Petersburg, and then in London at the St. James' and Drury Lane. What made her go into management on her own account, I don't know. I suppose she was ambitious, and rich enough for the enterprise.

At this time I was "in standing water," as Malvolio says of Viola when she is dressed as a boy. I was neither child nor woman — a long-legged girl of about thirteen, still in short skirts, and feeling that I ought to have long ones. However, when I set out with father to see Madame de Rhona, I was very smart! I borrowed Kate's new bonnet — pink silk trimmed with black lace — and thought I looked nice in it. So did father, for he said on the way to the theatre that pink was my color! In fact, I am sure it was the bonnet that made Madame de Rhona engage me on the spot!

She was the first Frenchwoman I had ever met, and I was tremendously interested in her. Her neat and expressive ways made me feel very "small," or rather *big* and clumsy, even at the first interview. A quick-tempered, bright, energetic little woman, she nearly frightened me out of my wits at the first rehearsal by dancing round me on the stage in a perfect frenzy of anger at what she was pleased to call my stupidity. Then something I did suddenly pleased her,

and she overwhelmed me with compliments and praise. After a time these became the order of the day, and she soon won my youthful affections. "Gross flattery," as a friend of mine says, "is good enough for me!" Madame de Rhona was, moreover, very kind-hearted and generous. To her generosity I owed the first piece of jewellery I ever possessed — a pretty little brooch, which, with characteristic carelessness, I promptly lost! Besides being flattered by her praise and grateful for her kindness, I was filled with great admiration for her. She was a wee thing, — like a toy, — and her dancing was really exquisite. When I watched the way she moved her hands and feet, despair entered my soul. It was all so precise, so "express and admirable." Her limbs were so dainty and graceful — mine so big and unmanageable! "How long and gaunt I am," I used to say to myself, "and what a pattern of prim prettiness she is!" I was so much ashamed of my large hands, during this time at the Royalty, that I kept them tucked up under my arms! This subjected me to unmerciful criticism from Madame Albina at rehearsals.

"Take down your hands!" she would call out. "*Mon Dieu!* It is like an ugly young *poulet* going to roost!"

In spite of this, I did not lose my elegant habit for many years! I was only broken of it at last by a friend saying that he supposed I had very ugly hands, as I never showed them! That did it! Out came the hands to prove that they were not so *very* ugly, after all! Vanity often succeeds where remonstrance fails.

The greenroom at the Royalty was a very pretty little place, and Madame Albina sometimes had supper-parties there after the play. One night I could not resist the pangs of curiosity, and I peeped through the keyhole to see what was going on. I chose a lucky moment! One of Madame's admirers was drinking champagne out of her slipper! It was even worth the box on the ear that mother gave me when she caught me. She had been looking all over the theatre for me, to take me home.

The Ingénue and the Snake

My first part at the Royalty was Clementine in "Attar Gull." Of the play, adapted from a story by Eugène Sue, I have a very hazy recollection, but I know

that I had one very effective scene in it. Clementine, an ordinary fair-haired ingénue in white muslin, has a great horror of snakes, and, in order to cure her of her disgust, some one suggests that a dead snake should be put in her room, and she be taught how harmless the thing is for which she had such an aversion. An Indian servant, who, for some reason or other, has a deadly hatred for the whole family, substitutes a live reptile. Clementine appears at the window with the venomous creature coiled round her neck, screaming terribly. The spectators on the stage think that the snake is dead and that she is only screaming from nervous terror, but in reality she is being slowly strangled. I began screaming in a frantic, heartrending manner, and continued screaming, each cry surpassing the last in intensity and agony. This used to bring down the house, and I was assured by Madame de Rhona that I had made a great effect. How sweet and pleasant her flattering words sounded in my young and inexperienced ears, I need hardly say!

Looking back to it now, I know perfectly well why I, a mere child of thirteen, was able to give such a realistic display of horror. I had the emotional instinct to start with, no doubt, but if I did it well, it was because I was able to imagine what would be *real* in such a situation. I had never *observed* such horror, but I had previously *realised* it, when, as Arthur, I had imagined the terror of having my eyes put out.

Imagination! Imagination! I put it first years ago, when I was asked what qualities I thought necessary for success upon the stage. And I am still of the same opinion. Imagination, industry, and intelligence—"the three I's"—are all indispensable to the actress, but of these three the greatest is, without any doubt, imagination.

After this "screaming" success, which, however, did not keep "Attar Gull" in the bill at the Royalty for more than a few nights, I continued to play under Madame de Rhona's management until February, 1862. During these few months new plays were being constantly put on, for Madame was somehow not very fortunate in gauging the taste of the public. It was in the fourth production, "The Governor's Wife," that, as Letty Briggs, I had my first experience of what is called "stage fright." I had been on the stage more than five years and had

played at least sixteen parts, so there was really no excuse for me. I suspect now that I had not taken enough pains to get word-perfect. I know I had five new parts to study between November 21st and December 26th.

What Stage Fright Feels Like

Stage fright is like nothing else in the world. You are standing on the stage apparently quite well and in your right mind, when suddenly you feel as if your tongue had been dislocated and were lying powerless in your mouth. Cold shivers begin to creep downwards from the nape of your neck and all up you at the same time, until they seem to meet in the small of your back. About this time you feel as if a centipede, all of whose feet have been carefully iced, has begun to run about in the roots of your hair. The next agreeable sensation is the breaking out of a cold sweat all over. Then you are certain that some one has cut the muscles at the back of your knees. Your mouth begins to open slowly, without giving utterance to a single sound, and your eyes seem inclined to jump out of your head over the footlights. At this point, it is as well to get off the stage as quickly as you can, for you are far beyond human help.

Whether everybody suffers in this way or not, I cannot say, but it exactly describes the torture I went through in "The Governor's Wife." I had just enough strength and sense to drag myself off the stage and seize hold of a book, with which, after a few minutes, I reappeared and ignominiously read my part. Whether Madame de Rhona boxed my ears or not, I can't remember, but I think it is very likely she did, for she was very quick-tempered. In later years I have not suffered from the fearful malady, but even now, after fifty years of stage life, I never play a new part without being overcome by a terrible nervousness and a torturing dread of forgetting my lines. Every nerve in my body seems to be dancing an independent jig on its own account.

It was at the Royalty that I first acted with Mr. Kendal. He and I played together in a comediotta called: "A Nice Quiet Day." Soon after, my engagement came to an end, and I went to Bristol, where I gained the experience of my life with a stock company.

II
LIFE IN A STOCK COMPANY
1862-1863



THINK anything, naturally written, ought to be in everybody's way that pretends to be an actor." This remark of Colley Cibber's long ago struck me as an excellent motto for beginners on the stage. The ambitious boy thinks of Hamlet, the ambitious girl of Lady Macbeth or Rosalind, but where shall we find the young actor or actress whose heart is set on being useful?

Usefulness! It is not a fascinating word, and the quality is not one of which the aspiring spirit can dream o' nights, yet on the stage it is the first thing to aim at. Not until we have learned to be useful, can we afford to do what we like. The tragedian will always be a limited tragedian if he has not learned how to laugh. The comedian who cannot weep will never touch the highest levels of mirth.

It was in the stock companies that we learned this great lesson of usefulness; we played everything — tragedy, comedy, farce, and burlesque. There was no question of parts "suited" us; we had to take what we were given.

The first time I was cast for a part in a burlesque, I told the stage-manager I couldn't sing and I couldn't dance. His reply was short and to the point: "You've got to do it." And so I did it in a way — a very funny way at first, no doubt. It was admirable training, for it took all the self-consciousness out of me to start with. To end with, I thought it capital fun and enjoyed burlesque as much as Shakspeare.

The Liberal Education of a Stock Company

What was a stock company? I forget that in these days the question may be asked in all good faith, and that it is necessary to answer it. Well, then, a stock company was a company of actors and actresses, brought together by the manager of a provincial theatre, to support a leading actor or actress — "a star" — from London. When Edmund Kean, the Kembles, Macready, or Mrs. Siddons visited provincial towns, these companies were ready to support them in Shakspeare. They were also ready to play burlesque, farce, and comedy to fill out the bill. Sometimes the "stars" would come

for a whole season; sometimes, if their magnitude were of the first order, for only one night. Sometimes they would rehearse with the stock company, sometimes they wouldn't. There is a story of a manager visiting Edmund Kean at his hotel on his arrival in a small provincial town, and asking the great actor when he would rehearse.

"Rehearse! I'm not going to rehearse — I'm going to sleep!"

"Have you any instructions?"

"Instructions! No! Tell 'em to keep five yards away from me and do their damned worst!"

At Bristol, where I joined Mr. J. H. Chute's stock company in 1861, we had no experience of that kind, perhaps because there was no Kean alive to give it to us. And I don't think that our "worst" would have been so very bad. Mr. Chute, who had married Macready's half-sister, was a splendid manager, and he contrived to gather round him a company which was something more than "sound." Several of its members distinguished themselves greatly in after years. Among these I may mention Miss Marie Wilton (now Lady Bancroft), and Miss Madge Robertson (now Mrs. Kendal).

Lady Bancroft had left the company before I joined it, but Mrs. Kendal was there, and so was Miss Henrietta Hodson (afterwards Mrs. Labouchere). I was much struck at that time by Mrs. Kendal's singing. Her voice was beautiful. As an example of how anything can be twisted to make mischief, I may quote here an absurd taradiddle about Mrs. Kendal never forgetting in after years that in the Bristol stock company she had to play the singing fairy to my Titania in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The simple fact, of course, was that she had the best voice in the company and was of such infinite value in singing parts that no manager in his senses would have taken her out of them. There was no question of my taking precedence of her, or of her playing second fiddle to me.

The Terryites and the Hodsonites

Miss Hodson was a brilliant burlesque actress, a good singer, and a capital dancer. She had great personal charm, too, and was an enormous favorite with the Bristol public. I cannot exactly call her a "rival" of my sister Kate's, for Kate was the "principal lady," or "star," and Henrietta Hodson

the "soubrette" and, in burlesque, the "principal boy." Nevertheless, there were certainly rival factions of admirers, and the friendly antagonism between the Hodsonites and the Terryites used to amuse us all greatly.

We were petted, spoiled, and applauded to our heart's content, but I don't think it did us any harm. We all had scores of admirers, but their youthful ardour seemed to be satisfied by tracking us when we went to rehearsal in the morning and waiting for us outside the stage-door at night.

When Kate and I had a "benefit" night, they had an opportunity of coming to rather closer quarters, for on these occasions tickets could be bought from members of the company, as well as at the box-office of the theatre.

Our lodgings in Queen Square were besieged by Bristol youths, who were anxious to get a glimpse of the Terrys. The Terrys demurely chatted with them and sold them tickets. My mother was most vigilant in her rôle of duenna, and from the time I first went on the stage until I was a grown woman, I can never remember going home unaccompanied by either her or by my father.

The leading male members of Mr. Chute's stock company were Arthur Wood (an admirable comedian), William George Rignold, W. H. Vernon, and Charles Coghlan. At this time Charles Coghlan was acting magnificently and dressing each of his characters so correctly and so perfectly that most of the audience did not understand it. For instance, as Glavis, in "The Lady of Lyons," he looked a picture of the Directoire fop. He did not compromise in any single detail, but wore the long straggling hair, the high cravat, the eye-glass, bows, jags, and tags, to the infinite amusement of some members of the audience, who could not imagine what his quaint dress meant. Coghlan's clothes were not more perfect than his manner, but both were a little in advance of the appreciation of Bristol playgoers in the sixties.

At the Princess' Theatre I had gained my experience of long rehearsals. When I arrived in Bristol I was to learn the value of short ones. Mr. Chute took me in hand, and I had to wake up and be alert with brains and body. The first part I played was Cupid in "Endymion." To this day I can remember my lines. I entered as a

blind old woman in what is known in theatrical parlance as a "disguise cloak." Then, throwing it off, I said:

"I'm not so blind as I appear,
And so to throw off all disguise and sham,
Let me at once inform you who I am!
I'm Cupid!"

Henrietta Hodson as Endymion and Kate as Diana had a dance with me which used to bring down the house. I wore a short tunic which in those days was considered very scanty, and carried the conventional bow and quiver.

In another burlesque, "Perseus and Andromeda," I played Pictys; it was in this piece that Arthur Wood used to make people laugh by punning on the line: "Such a mystery (Miss Terry) here!" It was an absurd little joke, but the people used to cheer and applaud.

In March, 1863, Mr. Chute opened the Theatre Royal, Bath, when, besides a specially written play symbolic of the event, his stock company performed "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Titania was the first Shakspeare part I had played since I left Charles Kean, but I think even in those early days I was more at home in Shakspeare than anything else. Mr. Godwin, the architect and archaeologist, designed my dress, and we made it at his house in Bristol. He showed me how to damp it and "wring" it while it was wet, tying up the material as the Orientals do in their "tie and dye" process, so that when it was dry and untied, it was all crinkled and clinging. This was the first lovely dress I ever wore, and I learned a great deal from it.

Sothorn and His Jokes

Almost directly after that appearance at Bath I went to London to fulfil an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, of which Mr. Buckstone was still the manager and Sothorn the great attraction. I had played Gertrude Howard in "The Little Treasure," during the stock season at Bristol, and when Mr. Buckstone wanted to do the piece at the Haymarket, he was told about me. I was fifteen at this time, and my sense of humour was as yet very ill-developed. I was fond enough of "larking," and merry enough, but I hated being laughed at! At any rate, I could see no humour in Mr. Sothorn's jokes at my expense. He played my lover in

"The Little Treasure," and he was always teasing me — pulling my hair, making me forget my part and look like an idiot. But for dear old Mr. Howe, who was my father in the same piece, I should not have enjoyed acting in it at all, but he made amends for everything. We had a scene together in which he used to cry, and I used to cry — oh, it was lovely!

Why I should never have liked Sothorn, with his wonderful hands and blue eyes, Sothorn, whom every one found so fascinating and delightful, I cannot say, and I record it as discreditable to me, not to him. It was just a case of "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell." I admired him — I could not help doing that — but I dreaded his jokes and thought some of them very cruel.

Leaving My Character Behind Me

Another thing I thought cruel at this time was the scandal which was talked in the theatre. A change for the better has taken place in this respect — at any rate, in conduct. People behave better now, and in our profession, carried on as it is in the public eye, behaviour is everything. At the Haymarket there were simply no bounds to what was said in the greenroom. One night I remember gathering up my skirts (we were, I think, playing "The Rivals" at the time), making a courtesy, as Mr. Chippendale, one of the best actors in old comedy I ever knew, had taught me, and sweeping out of the room with the famous line from another Sheridan play: "Ladies and gentlemen, I leave my character behind me!"

I see now that this was very priggish of me, but I am quite as uncompromising in my hatred of scandal now as I was then. Quite recently I had a line to say in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," which is a very helpful reply to any tale-bearing. "As if any one ever knew the whole truth about anything!" That is just the point. It is only the whole truth which is informing and fair in the long run, and the whole truth is never known.

I regard my engagement at the Haymarket as one of my lost opportunities, which in after years I would have given much to have over again. I might have learned so much more than I did. I was preoccupied by events outside the theatre. Tom Taylor, who had for some time been a good friend to both Kate and me, had introduced us to Mr. Watts, the great painter, and to me the

stage seemed a poor place when compared with the wonderful studio where Kate and I were painted as "The Sisters." At the Taylors' house, too, the friends, the arts, the refinements had an enormous influence on me, and for a time the theatre became almost distasteful. Never at any time in my life have I been ambitious, but at the Haymarket I was not even passionately anxious to do my best with every part that came in my way — a quality which with me has been a good substitute for ambition. I was just dreaming of and aspiring after another world, a world full of pictures and music and gentle, artistic people with quiet voices and elegant manners. The reality of such a world was Little Holland House.

The Perfection of Old Comedy

So I confess quite frankly that I did not appreciate, until it was too late, my advantages in serving at the Haymarket with comrades who were the most surpassingly fine actors and actresses in old comedy that I have ever known. There were Mr. Buckstone, the Chippendales, Mr. Compton, Mr. Farren. They one and all thoroughly understood Sheridan. Their bows, their courtesies, their grand manner, the indefinable *style* which they brought to their task were something to see. There was Miss Snowdon (Mrs. Chippendale), a dear, comfortable old body, who long afterwards played with me in "Faust" at the Lyceum and gave me the jewels I wore as Queen Katherine. We shall never know their like again, and the smoothest old comedy acting of this age seems rough in comparison. Of course, we suffer more with every fresh decade that separates us from Sheridan. As he gets further and further away, the traditions of the performances which he conducted become paler and paler. Mrs. Chippendale knew these traditions backwards. She might even have known Sheridan himself. Charles Reade's mother did know him, and sat on the stage with him while he rehearsed "The School for Scandal" with Mrs. Abingdon, the original Lady Teazle in the part.

Mrs. Abingdon, according to Charles Reade, who told the story, had just delivered the line, "How dare you abuse my relations?" when Sheridan stopped the rehearsal.

"No, no! that won't do at all! It mustn't be *pettish*. That's shallow — shallow — You must go up stage with . . . and then

turn and sweep down on him like a volcano! 'How *dare* you abuse my relations!' "

I hope that I shall refrain, in telling the story of my life, from praising the past at the expense of the present. It is an easy thing to do, as there are so few people who can contradict me. Yet even the fear of being classed with the man who liked every country but his own, shall not deter me from saying that although I have seen many improvements in actors and acting since I was at the Haymarket, I have never seen artificial comedy acted as it was acted there.

Not that I was much good at it myself. I played Julia in "The Rivals" very ill; it was too difficult and subtle a part for me, — ungrateful into the bargain, — and I even made a blunder in bringing down the curtain on the first night. It fell to my lot to finish the play — in players' language, to speak the "tag." Now, it has been a superstition among actors for centuries that it is unlucky to speak the "tag" in full at rehearsal. So during the rehearsals of "The Rivals," I followed precedent and did not say the last two or three words of my part and of the play, but just "mum, mum, mum!" When the first night came, I was all at sea with the line, and instead of dropping my voice with the last word in the conventional and proper manner, I ended with an upward inflection!

This unexpected innovation produced utter consternation all round me. The prompter was so much astounded that he thought there was something more coming and did not give the "pull" for the curtain to come down. There was a horrid pause while it remained up, and then Mr. Buckstone, the Bob Acres of the cast, who was very dear and had not heard the upward inflection, exclaimed loudly and irritably: "Eh! eh! What does this mean? Why the devil don't you bring down the curtain?" And he went on cursing until it did come down. This experience made me think more than ever of the advice of an old actor: "Never leave your stage effects to *chance*, my child, but *rehearse*, and find out all about it!"

How I wished I had rehearsed that "tag" and taken the risk of being unlucky!

It was not all old comedy at the Haymarket. "Much Ado About Nothing" was put on during my engagement, and I played Hero to Miss Louisa Angell's Beatrice. Miss Angell was a very modern Beatrice, but I, though I say it "as shouldn't,"

played Hero beautifully! I remember wondering if I should ever play Beatrice. I just *wondered*, that was all. It was the same when Miss Angell played Letitia Hardy in "The Belle's Stratagem," and I was Lady Touchwood. I just wondered! I never felt jealous of other people having bigger parts, I never looked forward consciously to a day when I should have them myself. Wasn't this somewhat peculiar? There was no virtue in it. It was just because I wasn't ambitious.

Playing to Royalty

Louise Keeley, a pretty little woman and clever, took my fancy more than any one else in the company. She was always merry and kind, and I admired her dainty, vivacious acting. In a burlesque called "Buckstone at Home" (in which I played Britannia and came up a trap in a huge pearl which opened and disclosed me!), Miss Keeley was delightful. One evening the Prince and Princess of Wales (now our King and Queen) came to see "Buckstone at Home." I believe it was the very first time they had appeared at a theatre since their marriage. They sat far back in the royal box, the ladies and gentlemen of their suite occupying the front seats. Miss Keeley, dressed as a youth, had a song in which she brought forward by the hand some well-known characters in fairy tales and nursery rhymes — Cinderella, Little Boy Blue, Jack and Jill, and so on, and introduced them to the audience in a topical verse. One verse ran:

"Here's the Prince of Happyland,
Once he dwelt at the Lyceum;
Here's another Prince in hand,
But being *Invisible*, you can't see him!"

Probably the Prince of Wales must have wished the singer at — well, not the Haymarket Theatre; but the next minute he must have been touched by the loyal greeting that he received. When the audience grasped the situation, every one — stalls, boxes, circle, pit, gallery — stood up and cheered and cheered again. Never was there a more extraordinary scene in a playhouse — such excitement, such enthusiasm! The action of the play came to a full stop, but not the cheers. They grew louder and louder, until the Prince came forward and bowed his acknowledgments. I doubt if any royal personage has ever been more popular in England than he was.

III

SIXTEEN AND MARRIED

1864



N the middle of the run of "The American Cousin" I left the stage and married. Mary Meredith was the part, and I played it vilely. I was not quite sixteen years old, too young to be married even in those days, when every one married early. But I was delighted, and my parents were delighted, although the disparity of age between my husband and me was very great. It all seems now like a dream, not a clear dream, but a fitful one which in the morning one tries in vain to tell. And even if I could tell it, I would not. I was happy, because my face was the type which the great artist who married me loved to paint. I remember sitting to him in shining armour for hours and hours and never realising that it was heavy until I fainted!

Little Holland House, where Mr. Watts lived, seemed to me a Paradise, where only beautiful things were allowed to come. All the women were graceful, and all the men were gifted. The trio of sisters — Mrs. Prinsep (mother of the painter), Lady Somers, and Mrs. Cameron, who was the pioneer in artistic photography as we know it to-day — were known as Beauty, Dash, and Talent. There were two more beautiful sisters, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Dalrymple. There were Gladstone and Disraeli. There was Browning. At Freshwater, where I went soon after my marriage, I first met Tennyson.

Gladstone, Disraeli, and Tennyson

As I write down these great names I feel almost guilty of an imposture! Such names are bound to raise high anticipations, and my recollections of the men to whom some of the names belong are so very humble!

I sat, shrinking and timid, in a corner — the girl-wife of a famous painter. I was, if I was anything at all, more of a curiosity, a side-show, than hostess to these distinguished visitors. Mr. Gladstone seemed to me like a suppressed volcano. His face was pale — calm, but the calm was the calm of the grey crust of Etna. To look into the piercing dark eyes was like having a glimpse into the red-hot crater beneath. Years later, when I met him again at the Lyceum and became better acquainted with him, this

impression of a volcano at rest again struck me. Of Disraeli I carried away even a scantier impression. I remember that he wore a blue tie, a brighter blue tie than most men would dare to wear, and his straggling curls shook as he walked. He looked the great Jew before everything. But "there is the noble Jew," as George Meredith writes somewhere, "as well as the bestial Gentile." When I first saw Henry Irving dressed as Shylock, my thoughts flew back to the garden-party at Little Holland House, and Disraeli. I know I must have admired him greatly, for the only other time I ever saw him he was walking in Piccadilly, and I crossed the road, just to get a good look at him. I even went the length of bumping into him on purpose. He took off his hat, muttered, "I beg your pardon," and passed on, not recognizing me, of course; but I had had my look into his eyes. They were very quiet eyes and didn't open wide.

I love Disraeli's novels — like his tie, brighter in colour than any one else's. It was "Venetia" which first made me see the real Lord Byron, the real Lady Byron, too. In "Tancred" I recall a description of a family of strolling players which seems to me more like the real thing than anything else of the kind in fiction. It is strange that Dizzy's novels should be neglected. Can any one with a pictorial sense fail to be delighted by their pageantry? Disraeli was a heaven-born artist, who, like so many of his race, on the stage, in music, and elsewhere, seems to have had an unerring instinct for the things which the Gentile only acquires by labour and training. The world he shows us in his novels is big and swelling, but only to a hasty judgment is it hollow.

Tennyson was more to me than a magic-lantern shape, flitting across the blank of my young experience, never to return. The first time I saw him he was sitting at the table in his library, and Mrs. Tennyson, her very slender hands hidden by thick gloves, was standing on a step-ladder handing him down some heavy books. She was very frail and looked like a faint tea-rose. After that one time I only remember her lying on a sofa.

In the evenings I went walking with Tennyson over the fields, and he would point out to me the differences in the flight of different birds, and tell me to watch their solid phalanxes turning against the sunset

— the compact wedge suddenly narrowing sharply into a thin line. He taught me to recognize the barks of trees and to call wild flowers by their names. He picked me the first bit of pimpernel I ever noticed. Always I was quite at ease with him. He was so wonderfully simple.

A hat that I wore at Freshwater suddenly comes to my remembrance. It was a brown straw mushroom with a dull red feather round it. It was tied under my chin, and I still had my hair down.

It was easy enough to me to believe that Tennyson was a poet. He showed it in everything, although he was entirely free from any assumption of the poetical rôle. That Browning, with his carefully brushed hat, smart coat; and free society manners was a poet, always seemed to me far more incomprehensible than his poetry, which I think most people would have taken straightforwardly and read with a fair amount of ease, if certain enthusiasts had not founded societies for making his crooked places plain, and (to me) his plain places very crooked. These societies have terrorized the ordinary reader into leaving Browning alone. The same thing has been tried with Shakspeare, but fortunately the experiment in this case has proved less successful. Coroners' inquests by learned societies can't make Shakspeare a dead man.

The Child and the Poets

At the time of my first marriage, when I met these great men, I had never had the advantage — I assume that it *is* an advantage! — of a single day's schooling in a *real school*. What I have learned outside my own profession, I have learned from my environment. Perhaps it is this which makes me think environment more valuable than a set education, and a stronger agent in forming character even than heredity. Perhaps I should have written the *externals* of character, for primal, inner feelings are, I suppose, always inherited.

Still, my want of education may be partly responsible for the unsatisfactory blankness of my early impressions! As it takes two to make a good talker, so it takes two to make a good hero — in print, at any rate. I was meeting distinguished people at every turn and taking no notice of them. At Freshwater I was still so young that I preferred playing Indians and Knights of the Round Table with Tennyson's sons, Hallam and

Lionel, and the young Camerons, to sitting indoors noticing what the poet did and said. I was mighty proud when I learned how to prepare his day pipe for him. It was a long churchwarden, and he liked the stem to be steeped in a solution of sal volatile, or something of that kind, so that it did not stick to his lips. But he and all the others seemed to me very old. There were my young knights waiting for me, and jumping gates, climbing trees, and running paper chases are pleasant when one is young.

It was not to inattentive ears that Tennyson read his poems. His reading was most impressive, but I think he read Browning's "Ride from Ghent to Aix" better than anything of his own, except, perhaps, "The Northern Farmer." He used to preserve the monotonous rhythm of the galloping horses in Browning's poem, and made the words come out sharply like hoofs upon a road. It was a little comic until one got used to it, but that fault lay in the ear of the hearer. It was the right way and the fine way to read this particular poem, and I have never forgotten it.

In after years I met Tennyson again, when with Henry Irving I acted in two of his plays at the Lyceum. When I come to those plays, I shall have more to say of him. Gladstone, too, came into my later life. Browning I saw once or twice at dinner-parties, but knew him no better than in this early period, when I was Nelly Watts, and heedless of the greatness of great men. "To meet an angel and not to be afraid is to be impudent." I don't like to confess to it, but I think I must have been, according to this definition, *very* impudent!

One charming domestic arrangement at Freshwater was the serving of the dessert in a separate room from the rest of the dinner. And such a dessert it always was! — fruit piled high on great dishes in Veronese fashion, not the few nuts and an orange of some English households.

It must have been some years after the Freshwater days, yet before the production of "The Cup," that I saw Tennyson in his carriage outside a jeweller's shop in Bond Street.

"How very nice you look in the daytime," he said. "Not like an actress!"

I disclaimed my singularity, and said I thought actresses looked *very* nice in the daytime.



From a photograph made in 1867 by Julia Margaret Cameron

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

„ Always I was quite at ease with him. He was so wonderfully simple ”

To him and to the others my early romance was always the most interesting thing about me. When I saw them in later times, it seemed as if months, not years, had passed since I was Nelly Watts.

Once, at the dictates of a conscience perhaps over fastidious, I made a bonfire of my letters and diaries. But a few letters were saved from the burning, more by accident than design. Among them I found



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

"Mr. Gladstone seemed to me like a suppressed volcano"

yesterday a kind little note from Sir William Vernon-Harcourt, which shows one that I must have known him, too, at the time of my first marriage and met him later on when I returned to the stage:

"You cannot tell how much pleased I am to hear that you have been as happy as you deserve to be. The longer one lives, the more one learns not to despair, and to believe that nothing is impossible to those who have courage and hope and youth — I was going to add beauty and genius." (This is the sort of thing that made me blush — and burn my letters before they shamed me!)

"My little boy is still the charm and consolation of my life. He is now twelve years old, and though I say it that should not, is a perfect child, and wins the hearts of all who know him."

That little boy, now in His Majesty's Government, is known as the Right Honourable Lewis Vernon-Harcourt. He married an American lady, Miss Burns of New York.

Many inaccurate stories have been told of my brief married life, and I have never contradicted them — they were so manifestly absurd. Those who can imagine the surroundings into which I, a raw girl, undeveloped in all except my training as an actress, was thrown, can imagine the situation.

Of one thing I am certain. While I was with Signor, — the name by which Mr. Watts was known among his friends, — I never had one single pang of regret for the theatre. This may do me no credit, but it is *true*.

I wondered at the new life and worshipped it because of its beauty. When it suddenly came to an end, I was thunderstruck; and refused at first to consent to the separation which was arranged in much the same way as my marriage.

The whole thing was managed by those kind friends whose chief business in life seems to be the care of others. I don't blame them. There are cases where no one is to blame. "There do exist such things as honest misunderstandings," as Charles Reade was always impressing on me at a later time. There were no vulgar accusations on either side, and the words I read in the deed of separation — "incompatibility of temper" (a mere legal phrase) *more* than covered the ground. Truer still would have been "incompatibility of *occupation*," — the interference of well-meaning friends. We all suffer from that sort of thing. Pray God one be not a well-meaning friend one's self!

"The marriage was not a happy one," they will probably say after my death, and I forestall them by saying that it in many ways was very happy indeed. What bitterness there was effaced itself in a very remarkable way.

My Later Correspondence with Mr. Watts

I saw Mr. Watts but once face to face after the separation. We met in the street at Brighton, and he told me that I had grown! I was never to speak to him again. But years later, after I had appeared at the Lyceum and had made some success in the world, I was in the garden of a house which adjoined Mr. Watts' new Little Holland House, and he, in his garden, saw me through the hedge. It was then that I received from him the first letter that I had had for years. In this letter he told me that he had watched

my success with eager interest, and asked me to shake hands with him in spirit. "What success I may have," he wrote, "will be very incomplete and unsatisfactory if you cannot do what I have long been hesitating to ask. If you cannot, keep silence. If you can, one word 'Yes,' will be enough."

I answered simply, "Yes."

After that he wrote to me again, and for two or three years we corresponded, but I never came into personal contact with him.

As the past is now to me like a story in a book that I once read, I can speak of it easily. But if by doing so I thought that I might give pain or embarrassment to any one else, I should be silent about this long-forgotten time. After careful consideration it does not seem to me that it can be either indiscreet or injurious to let it be known that the great artist honored and appreciated my efforts and strife in my art; that this great man could not rid himself of the pain of feeling that he "had spoiled my life" (a chivalrous assumption of blame for what was, I think, a natural, almost inevitable, catastrophe), and that long after all personal relation had been broken off, he wrote to me gently, kindly,—as sympathetically ignoring the strangeness of the position, as if, to use his own expression "we stood face to face on the brink of an universal grave."

When this tender kindness was established between us, he sent me a portrait-head that he had done of me when I was his wife. I think it a very beautiful picture. He did not touch it except to mend the edges, thinking it better not to try to improve it by the work of another time.

In one of these letters he writes that "there is nothing in all this that the world might not know." Surely the world is always the better for having a little truth instead of a great deal of idle inaccuracy and falsehood. That is my justification for publishing this, if justification be needed.

If I did not fulfil his too high prophecy that "in addition to your artistic eminence, I feel that you will achieve a solid social position, make yourself a great woman, and take a noble place in the history of your time," I was the better for his having made it.

If I had been able to look into the future, I should have been less rebellious at the termination of my first marriage. Was I so rebellious, after all? I am afraid I *showed*



BENJAMIN DISRAELI

"He looked the great Jew before everything"

about as much rebellion as a sheep. But I was miserable, indignant, unable to understand that there could be any justice in what had happened. In a little more than two years, I returned to the stage. I was practically *driven* back by those who meant to be kind—Tom Taylor, my father and mother, and others. *They* looked ahead and saw clearly it was for my good.

It *was* a good thing, but at the time I hated it. And I hated going back to live at home. Mother furnished a room for me, and I thought the furniture hideous. Poor mother!

For years Beethoven always reminded me of mending stockings, because I used to struggle with the large holes in my brothers' stockings up-stairs in that ugly room, while down-stairs Kate played the Moonlight Sonata. I caught up the stitches in time to the notes! This was the period, when, though every one was kind, I hated my life, hated every one and everything in the world more than at any time before or since.



THE TOWN OF GETTYSBURG

Looking from a point near the position of the Eleventh Corps; from a photograph made in 1863

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



THE Army of the Potomac recovered quickly from the disappointments and fatigues of the Chancellorsville campaign, and when, before the middle of June, the rumor spread that Lee had stretched forth his left toward the Shenandoah Valley to attempt another invasion of the North, it was ready and eager to march and fight.

On the 30th of June I had the good fortune of finding shelter in a nunnery, the St. Joseph's College at Emmitsburg in Maryland, a young ladies' school carried on by a

religious order. I waited upon the Lady Superior to ask her for permission to use one of her buildings as my headquarters for a night, suggesting, and with perfect sincerity, that her buildings and grounds would be better protected by our presence within than by any guards stationed without. The next morning I was waked up by a marching order directing me to take the road to Gettysburg.

We did not know that we were marching toward the most famous battlefield of the War. Neither General Meade nor General Lee desired or expected to fight a battle at Gettysburg. Lee wished to have it at

Cashtown, Meade on Pipe Creek. Both were drawn into it by the unexpected encounter of the Confederate general, Heth, who hoped to find "some shoes" for his men at Gettysburg, and a Federal cavalry general on reconnaissance, both instructed not to bring on a general engagement, but rather cautioned against it. When we left Emmitsburg at seven in the morning, we were advised that the First Army Corps, under General Reynolds, was ahead of us, and there was a rumor that some rebel troops were moving toward Gettysburg, but that was all. At half-past ten, when my division had just passed Horner's Mills, I received an order from General Howard to hurry my command forward as quickly as possible, as the First Corps was engaged with the enemy in the neighborhood of Gettysburg. This was a surprise, for we did not hear the slightest indication of artillery firing from that direction. I put the Division to the "double quick," and then rode ahead with my staff. Soon I met on the road fugitives from Gettysburg, men, women and children, who seemed to be in

great terror. I remember especially a middle-aged woman who tugged a small child by the hand and carried a large bundle on her back. She tried to stop me, crying out at the top of her voice: "Hard times at Gettysburg! They are shooting and killing! What will become of us!" Still I did not hear any artillery fire until I had reached the ridge of a rise of ground before me. Until then the waves of sound had passed over my head unperceived.

About half-past eleven, I found General Howard on an eminence east of the cemetery of Gettysburg, from which we could overlook a wide plain. Immediately before us lay Gettysburg, a comfortable-looking town of a few thousand inhabitants. The elevated spot from which we overlooked this landscape was Cemetery Hill, being the northern end of a ridge which terminated due south in two steep, rocky knolls, partly wooded, called the Round Tops; half a mile distant on our right was a hill called Culp's Hill, covered with timber; and opposite our left, about a mile distant, a ridge running almost parallel with Cemetery Ridge, called Seminary

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE AT EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND

Where General Schurz and his troops found shelter while on the way to Gettysburg



Ridge, from the Lutheran Seminary buildings on its crest,— the whole a smiling landscape inhabited by a peaceful people wont to harvest their crops and to raise their children in prosperous contentment

The Death of Reynolds

From where we stood we observed the thin lines of troops and here and there puffy clouds of white smoke on and around Seminary Ridge, and heard the crackle of the musketry and the booming of the cannon, indicating a forward movement of our First

it was he that ought to have been put at the head of the Army of the Potomac. General Reynolds' death devolved the command of the First Corps upon General Doubleday, the command of all the troops then on the field upon General Howard, and the command of the Eleventh Corps upon me. The situation before us was doubtful. We received a report from General Wadsworth, one of the division commanders of the First Corps, that he was advancing, that the enemy's forces in his front were apparently not very strong, but that he thought that



GENERAL MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS AT GETTYSBURG

Corps, which we knew to be a little over eight thousand men strong. Of the troops themselves we could see little. I remember how small the affair appeared to me, as seen from a distance in the large frame of the surrounding open country. But we were soon made painfully aware of the awful significance of it. The dead body of General Reynolds, the commander of the First Corps, was being carried away from the field. He had been too far forward in the fire line, and the bullet of a Southern sharp-shooter had laid him low. So the action had begun with a great loss. He was known as an officer of superior merit, and in the opinion of many

the enemy was making a movement toward his right. From our point of observation we could perceive but little of the strength of the enemy, and Wadsworth's despatch did not relieve our uncertainty. If the enemy before us was only in small force, then we had to push on as far as might seem prudent. But if the enemy was bringing on the whole or a large part of his army, which his movement toward General Wadsworth's right might be held to indicate, then we had to look for a strong position in which to establish and maintain ourselves until reinforced or ordered back. Such a position was easily found at the first glance.



GENERAL WINFIELD S. HANCOCK

Commanding the Second Corps. General Hancock was in temporary command of the Federal forces before the arrival of General Meade, on the first day of the battle



GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE

In command of the Federal troops at Gettysburg. "This simple, cold, serious soldier with his businesslike air did inspire confidence" but not enthusiasm

It was Cemetery Hill on which we then stood, and which was to play so important a part in the battle to follow. Accordingly, General Howard ordered me to take the First and Third Divisions of the Eleventh Corps through the town and to place them on the right of the First Corps, while he, General Howard, would hold back the Second Division, under General Steinwehr, and the reserve artillery, on Cemetery Hill and the eminence east of it, as a reserve.

About half-past twelve, the head of the column of the Eleventh Corps arrived. The weather being sultry, the men, who had marched several miles at a rapid pace, were streaming with perspiration and panting for breath. But they hurried through the town as best they could and were promptly deployed on the right of the First Corps. But the deployment could not be made as originally designed, by simply prolonging the First Corps' line; for in the meantime a strong Confederate force had arrived on the battlefield on the right flank of the First Corps, so

that to confront it, the Eleventh had to deploy under fire at an angle with the First. General Schimmelfennig, temporarily commanding my division, the Third, connected with the First Corps on his left as well as he could under the circumstances, and General Francis Barlow, commanding our First Division, formerly Devens', deployed on his right. General Barlow was still a young man, but with his beardless, smooth face looked even younger than he was. His men at first gazed at him, wondering how such a boy could be put at the head of regiments of men. But they soon discovered him to be a strict disciplinarian, and one of the coolest and bravest in action.

I had hardly deployed my two divisions, about six thousand men, on the north side of Gettysburg, when the action very perceptibly changed its character. Until then the First Corps had been driving before it a comparatively small force of the enemy, taking many prisoners, among them the rebel general, Archer, with almost his whole

brigade. My line, too, advanced, but presently I received an order from General Howard to halt where I was and to push forward only a strong force of skirmishers. This I did, and my skirmishers, too, captured prisoners in considerable number. But then the enemy began to show greater strength and tenacity. He planted two batteries on a hillside, one above the other, opposite my left, enfilading part of the First Corps. Captain Dilger, whose battery was attached to my Third Division, answered promptly, dismounted four of the enemy's guns, as we observed through our field-glasses, and drove away two rebel regiments supporting them. In the meantime the infantry firing on my left and on the right of the First Corps, grew much in volume. It became evident that the enemy's line had been heavily reinforced and was pressing upon us with constantly increasing vigor. I went up to the roof of a house behind my skirmish-line to get a better view of the situation, and observed that my right and center were not only confronted by largely superior forces, but also that my right was becoming seriously overlapped. I had ordered General Barlow to refuse his right wing, that is, to place his right brigade, Colonel Gilsa's, a little in the right rear of his other brigade, in order to use it against a possible flanking movement by the enemy.

General Barlow's Peril

But I now noticed that Barlow, be it that he had misunderstood my order, or that he was carried away by the ardor of the conflict, had advanced his whole line and lost connection with my Third Division on his left, and in addition to this he had, instead of refusing, pushed forward his right brigade, so that it formed a projecting angle with the

rest of the line. At the same time I saw the enemy emerging from the belt of woods on my right with one battery after another and one column of infantry after another, threatening to envelop my right flank and to cut me off from the town and the position on Cemetery Hill behind.

I immediately gave orders to the Third Division to reestablish its connection with the First, although this made still thinner a line already too thin, and hurried one staff-officer after another to General Howard,

with the urgent request for one of his two reserve brigades to protect my right against the impending flank attack by the enemy. Our situation became critical. As far as we could judge from the reports of prisoners and from what we observed in our front, the enemy was rapidly advancing the whole force of at least two of his army corps, A. P. Hill's and Ewell's, against us, that is to say, forty thousand men, of whom at least thirty thousand were then before us. We had seventeen thousand, counting in the two brigades held in reserve by General



GENERAL SCHIMMELFENNIG

Howard, and not deducting the losses already suffered by the First Corps. Less than fourteen thousand men we had at that moment in the open field, without the slightest advantage of position. We could hardly hope to hold out long against such a superiority of numbers, and there was imminent danger that, if we held out too long, the enemy would succeed in turning our right flank and in getting possession of the town of Gettysburg, through which our retreat to the defensive position on Cemetery Hill would probably have to be effected. For this reason I was so anxious to have one of the reserve brigades posted at the entrance of the town, to oppose the flanking movement of the enemy which I saw going on.

But before that brigade came, the enemy advanced to the attack along the whole line with great impetuosity. Gilsa's little brigade, in its exposed position "in the air" on Barlow's extreme right, had to suffer the first violent onset of the Confederates and was fairly crushed by the enemy rushing on from the front and both flanks.

General Barlow, according to his habit always in the thickest of the fight, was seriously wounded, as happened to him repeatedly, and had to leave the command of the division to the commander of its second brigade, General Adelbert Ames. This brigade bravely endured an enfilading fire from two rebel batteries placed near the Harrisburg road. But it was forced back when its right flank was entirely uncovered and heavy masses of rebel infantry pressed upon it.

At Close Quarters

Now, about four o'clock, the attack by the enemy along the whole line became general and still more vehement. Regiment stood against regiment in the open fields, near enough almost to see the white in one another's eyes, firing literally in one another's faces. The slaughter on both sides was awful. At that moment it was reported that the right wing of the First Corps, which had fought heroically all day, had been pressed back, and one of General Doubleday's aides-camp brought me a request for a few regiments to be sent to his assistance. Alas, I had not a man to spare, but was longing for reinforcements myself, for at the same time I received a report that my Third Division was flanked on its left, on the very spot where it should have connected with the First, General Doubleday's corps. A few minutes later, while this fearful butchery was still going on, an order reached me from General Howard, directing me to withdraw to the south side of the town and to occupy a position on and near Cemetery Hill.

While I was doing my utmost, assisted by my staff-officers, to rally and reform what was within my reach of the First Division, for the purpose of checking the enemy's advance around my right and holding the edge of the town, the reserve brigade I had so urgently asked for, the first brigade of the Second Division, Eleventh Corps, under Colonel Coster, at last arrived. It came too late for that offensive push which I had intended to make with it in order to relieve

my right, if it had come half, or even a quarter of an hour earlier. But I led it out of the town and ordered it to deploy on the right of the junction of the roads near the railway station, which the enemy was fast approaching. There the brigade, assisted by a battery, did good service in detaining the enemy long enough to permit the First Division to enter the town without being seriously molested on its retreat. The Third Division was meanwhile still sustaining the murderous contest. To break off an engagement carried on at long range, is comparatively easy. But the task becomes very difficult and delicate in a fight at very close quarters. Still, the Third Division, when ordered to do so, fell back in good form, executing its retreat to the town fighting, step by step, with great firmness.

As we ascended Cemetery Hill from the town of Gettysburg, we met General Hancock, whom General Meade had sent forward to take command of the field. The line was soon formed. The second brigade, Colonel Orland Smith's, of Steinwehr's division, was already in position on Cemetery Hill, fronting the town and occupying the nearest houses. Coster's brigade, and next, the First Division, under Ames, were posted on the right, and my division, the Third, was on the left. The First Corps was placed on my left, except Wadsworth's division, which was sent to the extreme right to occupy Culp's Hill. The batteries were put in proper position, and breastworks promptly constructed wherever necessary. All this was accomplished in a very short time. This done, General Hancock sat down on a stone fence on the brow of the hill, from which he could overlook the field, on the north and west of Gettysburg, occupied by the Confederates. I joined him there, and through our field-glasses we eagerly watched the movements of the enemy. We saw their batteries and a large portion of their infantry columns distinctly. Some of those columns moved to and fro in a way the purpose of which we did not clearly understand. I was not ashamed to own that I felt nervous, for while our position was strong, the infantry line in it appeared, after the losses of the day, woe-fully thin. It was soothing to my pride, but by no means reassuring as to our situation, when General Hancock admitted that he felt nervous, too. Still, he thought that with our artillery so advantageously posted, we might well hold out until the arrival of the

Twelfth Corps, which was only a short distance behind us. So we sat watching the enemy and presently observed to our great relief that the movements of the rebel troops looked less and less like a formation for an immediate attack. Our nerves grew more and more tranquil as minute after minute lapsed, for each brought night and reinforcements nearer. When the sun went down, the Twelfth Corps was on the field and the Third Corps arriving.

I remember a picturesque scene that happened that night in a lower room of the gatehouse of the Gettysburg Cemetery: in the center of the room a barrel set upright, with a burning tallow candle, stuck in the neck of a bottle, on top; around the walls six or seven generals accidentally gathered together, sitting some on boxes, but most on the floor, listening to the accounts of those who had been in the battle of the day, then making critical comments and discussing what might have been, and finally all agreeing in the hope that General Meade had decided or would decide to fight the battle of the morrow on the ground on which we then were. There was nothing of extraordinary solemnity in the "good-night" we gave one another when we parted. It was rather a commonplace, businesslike "good-night," as that of an ordinary occasion. We of the Eleventh Corps, occupying the Cemetery, lay down, wrapped in our cloaks, with the troops, among the gravestones. There was a solemn stillness in the graveyard, broken by no sound but the breathing of men and here and there the tramp of a horse's foot; and sullen rumblings mysteriously floating on the air from a distance all around.

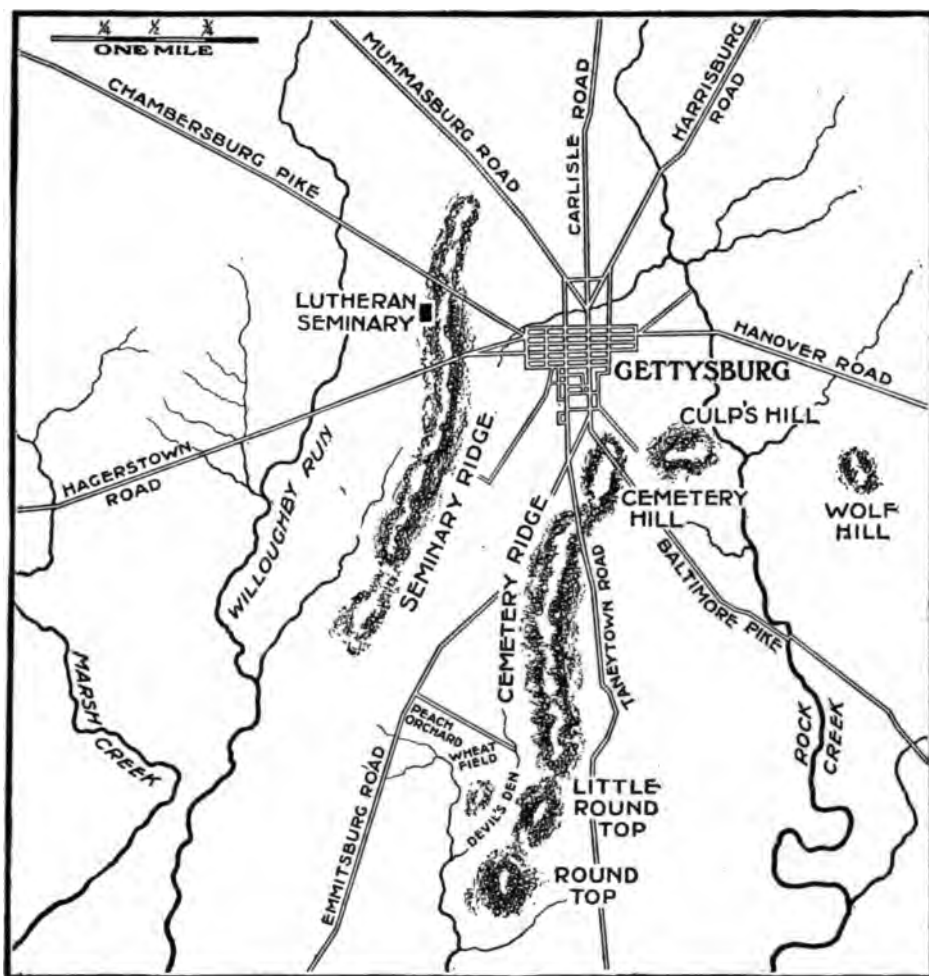
General Meade Takes Personal Command

The sun of the 2nd of July rose brightly upon these two armies marshaling for battle. Neither of them was ready. But as we could observe the field from Cemetery Hill, the Confederates were readier than we were. There was a rumor that Lee's army was fully as strong as ours — which, however, was not the case — and from what we saw before us, we guessed that it was nearly all up and ready for action. We knew, too, that to receive the anticipated attack, our army was, although rapidly coming in, not nearly all up. It was indeed a comforting thought that Lee, who, as rumor had it, had wished and planned for a defensive battle, was now obliged to fight an aggressive one against our army established

in a strong position. Yet we anxiously hoped that his attack would not come too early for our comfort. Thus we watched, with not a little concern, the dense columns of our troops as they approached at a brisk pace on the Taneytown road and the Baltimore Pike, to wheel into the positions assigned to them. It was, if I remember rightly, about eight o'clock when General Meade quietly appeared on the Cemetery, on horseback, accompanied by a staff-officer and an orderly. His long, bearded, haggard face, shaded by a black military felt hat, the rim of which was turned down, looked careworn and tired, as if he had not slept that night. The spectacles on his nose gave him a somewhat magisterial look. There was nothing in his appearance or his bearing — not a smile nor a sympathetic word addressed to those around him — that might have made the hearts of the soldiers warm up to him, or have called forth a cheer. There was nothing of pose, nothing stagy, about him. His mind was evidently absorbed by a hard problem. But this simple, cold, serious soldier with his businesslike air did inspire confidence. The officers and men, as much as was permitted, crowded around and looked up at him with curious eyes, and then turned away, not enthusiastic, but clearly satisfied.

With a rapid glance he examined the position of our army, which has often, and quite correctly, been likened to a fishing-hook, the long shank of which was formed by Cemetery Ridge running south from the Cemetery to Round Top; the head by the Cemetery itself; and the hook, receding toward the southeast, by the woods of Culp's Hill. The General nodded, seemingly with approval. After the usual salutations I asked him how many men he had on the ground. I remember his answer well: "In the course of the day I expect to have about ninety-five thousand — enough, I guess, for this business." And then, after another sweeping glance over the field, he added, as if repeating something to himself: "Well, we may fight it out here just as well as anywhere else." Then he quietly rode away.

The Second Corps of our army had arrived about seven; two divisions of the Fifth about the same time; several brigades of the Third Corps came up about nine; the artillery reserve and the large ammunition train were parked in the valley between Cemetery



THE BATTLEFIELD OF GETTYSBURG

Ridge and Culp's Hill by eleven; the Sixth Corps, under Sedgwick, reached Rock Creek, after a march of thirty-four miles, about four of the afternoon. Thus our line was gradually filled. But the forenoon passed without any serious attack from the Confederates. There were only, as the two armies "felt" one another, occasional sputterings of musketry and abrupt discharges of cannon, like growling barks of chained watch-dogs when you approach them too closely. At last, between three and four, the expected attack came.

Our position had its weak points. On our extreme right the Twelfth Corps, under General Slocum, held Culp's Hill—Wadsworth's division of the First Corps joined the Twelfth Corps to the Eleventh, under

Howard, which occupied the Cemetery, forming the bend of the fishing-hook; to the left of the Eleventh, on Cemetery Ridge, the "long shank," stood Doubleday's division of the First, then the Second Corps, under Hancock, and on its left the Third, under Sickles, which, to gain a higher and apparently more advantageous position, was moved forward on the Cemetery Ridge line to a peach orchard, hence become famous, the two divisions of the corps forming a projecting angle, provoking attack. The Round Tops on the left of the Third Corps were unoccupied. These were the weak points which General Lee's keen eyes quickly perceived. Our Fifth Corps stood in reserve behind our right wing, and our Sixth Corps, under Sedgwick, had not

yet arrived. Lee's army formed a large semi-circle fronting our lines — Ewell's corps on its left, facing Culp's Hill and Cemetery Hill, A. P. Hill's corps in the center, occupying Seminary Ridge and facing part of Cemetery Ridge, held by the Second and the Third Corps, and the Round Tops.

Longstreet's Attack

It was from Longstreet's corps, therefore, that the attack upon our weak points came, A brisk cannonade preceded it, which, to judge from the missiles which whirled over our heads, was partly directed upon Cemetery Hill, and to which the batteries near us replied at a lively rate. Then we heard a confused noise on our left, a continuous rattle of musketry, discharges of artillery, now thundering with rapid vehemence, then slackening as if batteries were silenced, then breaking out again with renewed violence; and from time to time something like an echo of a Union cheer or a rebel yell. Owing to a projecting spur of Cemetery Ridge, we on the Cemetery itself could not see what was happening on our extreme left — nothing but the rising clouds of white smoke. Neither did the sounds we heard indicate which side had the advantage in the battle. But looking to our rear, we observed how regiment after regiment was taken from our right wing to be hurried as quickly as possible toward the left of the army as reinforcement. The fire grew more furious from minute to minute, and about half after six the roar of the battle actually seemed to indicate that our fire line was yielding. A moment later Captain Dilger of my artillery, who had gone to the ammunition train to get a new supply, came galloping up Cemetery Hill in great agitation, with the report that the enemy had overwhelmed the Third Corps in the peach orchard and, pressing after our flying troops, had pierced our left center; that his musket-balls were already falling into our ammunition train; and that unless the rebels were beaten back at once, they would attack us in our rear and take us prisoners in half an hour. It was a moment of most anxious suspense. But it did not last long. Loud and repeated Union cheers on our left, which could be heard above the din of battle, told us that relief had come in time and had rolled back the hostile wave. General Meade had skilfully used the advantage afforded us by the "interior line" in rapidly shifting forces from one point to another as

the necessities of the moment required, and thus succeeded in meeting the assault of the enemy with superior numbers. As evening came, the battle on the left sank into a lull, and we were assured that, although the enemy had gained some ground, we had won a secure lodgment on the Round Tops, owing to General Warren's keen discernment of the situation, and our line from there to Cemetery Hill was substantially restored.

But the dangers of the day were not yet ended. It was already dark when we, on Cemetery Hill, were suddenly startled by a tremendous turmoil at the batteries of Wiedrich and Ricketts, placed on a commanding point on the right of Cemetery Hill. General Howard and I were standing together in conversation when the uproar surprised us. There could be no doubt of its meaning. The enemy was attacking the batteries on our right, and if he gained possession of them he would enfilade a large part of our line toward the south as well as the east, and command the valley between Cemetery Ridge and Culp's Hill, where the ammunition trains were parked. The fate of the battle might hang on the repulse of this attack. There was no time to wait for superior orders. With the consent of General Howard I took the two regiments nearest to me, ordered them to fix bayonets, and, headed by Colonel Krzyzanowski, they hurried to the threatened point at a double-quick. I accompanied them with my whole staff. Soon we found ourselves surrounded by a rushing crowd of stragglers from the already broken lines. We did our best, sword in hand, to drive them back as we went. Arrived at the batteries, we found an indescribable scene of *mêlée*. Some rebel infantry had scaled the breastworks and were taking possession of the guns. But the cannoneers defended themselves desperately. With rammers and fence rails, hand-spikes and stones, they knocked down the intruders. In Wiedrich's battery, manned by Germans from Buffalo, a rebel officer, brandishing his sword, cried out: "This battery is ours!" Whereupon a sturdy artilleryman responded: "No, dis battery is unser!" and felled him to the ground with a sponge-staff. Our infantry made a vigorous rush upon the invaders and, after a short but very spirited hand-to-hand scuffle, tumbled them down the embankment. Our line to the right, having been reinforced by Carroll's brigade of the Second Corps, which had hurried on in good

time, also succeeded in driving back the assailants with a rapid fire, and the dangerous crisis was happily ended. I could say with pride in my official report that during this perilous hour my officers and men behaved splendidly. During the night the regiments that had been withdrawn from my command to give aid elsewhere, returned to their former positions.

The net result of the second day's battle was on the whole not encouraging to either side.

At dawn of day on the 3d of July we were roused from sleep by a fierce rattle of musketry in the woods of Culp's Hill. The withdrawal of several brigades from our right to assist our left, in the fights of the preceding day, had enabled the enemy to get possession of several breastworks abandoned by the Twelfth Corps. General Meade decided that for the security of our right flank those positions must be retaken, and the Twelfth Corps went at the task with great spirit. About half-past ten the firing ceased, and it was reported that the Twelfth, after a six hours' stubborn fight, not too bloody on our side, had retaken the positions held by the enemy during the night.

Silence Before the Storm

And then came that interval of perfect stillness of which most of the descriptions of the battle of Gettysburg have so much to say. That the battle should have come to a short stop would have surprised nobody. But when that stop lengthened from minute to minute, from half hour to half hour, and when it settled down into a tranquillity like the peaceful and languid repose of a warm, midsummer morning, in which one might expect to hear the ringing of the village church-bells, there was something ominous, something uncanny, in these strange, unexpected hours of profound silence, so sharply contrasting with the bloody horrors which had preceded, and which were sure to follow them. Even the light-hearted soldiers, who would ordinarily never lose an opportunity for some outbreak of hilarious spirits, even in a short moment of respite in a fight, seemed to feel the oppression. Some sat silently on the ground, munching their hard-tack, while others stretched themselves out seeking sleep, which they probably would have found more readily, had the cannon been thundering at a distance. The officers stood together in little groups,

discussing with evident concern what this long-continued calm might mean.

The Historic Cannonade

Suddenly the riddle was solved. About one o'clock the long hush was broken by the booming of two guns fired in rapid succession on the enemy's right, where Longstreet's corps stood. And at once this signal was answered by all the batteries of the Confederate Army, about one hundred and thirty cannon, all that could be brought to bear upon Cemetery Hill and the ridge joining it to the Round Tops. Instantly about eighty pieces of our artillery — as many as could usefully be posted in our line facing west and northwest — took up the challenge, and one of the grandest artillery duels in the history of wars followed. All that I had ever read in battle stories of the booming of heavy guns out-thundering the thunders of heaven and making the earth tremble and almost stopping one's breath by the concussions of the air was here made real in terrific effect. The roar was so incessant and at times so deafening, that when I wished to give an order to one of my officers, I had to put my hands to my mouth as a speaking-trumpet and shout my words into his ear. Fortunately the enemy had aimed their artillery a little too high, so that most of its missiles passed over our heads, but enough of them struck the ground on the Cemetery and exploded there, to scatter death and destruction among the men immediately around and to shatter gravestones and to blow up ammunition caissons. But as most of them flew over us, rushing, screaming, whirling, and as they burst above and sent down their deadly fragments, they added to the hellish din a peculiarly malicious noise of their own. How would the men endure this frightful experience? One of the hardest trials of the courage and steadfastness of the soldier is to stand still and be shot at without being able to reply. This ordeal is especially severe when the soldier is under a heavy artillery fire which, although less dangerous than that of musketry, is more impressive to the nerves. It bewilders the mind of the bravest with a painful sense of helplessness as against a tremendous power, and excites to peculiar vivacity the not unnatural desire to get into a safer place out of range. As a matter of course, we ordered the troops to lie down flat on the ground, so as to present the smallest possible target.

But when I observed the effect of the dropping of a shell right into the midst of a regiment, which caused some uneasy commotion, I thought it my duty to get upon my feet and look after it. I found that it had a very steadying and cheering effect upon the men to see me quietly walking up and down the front smoking a cigar. I could not speak to them, for the incessant roar of the cannonade would not let them hear me. But I noticed that many of them returned my smile in a sort of confidential way when I happened to catch their eyes, as if to say: "It is not jolly, but we two will not be frightened by it." Indeed it was not jolly, for I felt as if the enemy's projectiles rushing over me were so near that I might have touched them with my riding-whip held up at full length of my arm. But observing the good effect of my promenade in front, I invited, by gesture, some of the regimental officers to do likewise. They promptly obeyed, although, I suppose, they liked the stroll no more than I did.

I had the good fortune of saving in a curious way the life of one of my aides, Captain Fritz Tiedemann, one of whose daughters, more than thirty years later, was to become the wife of one of my sons. During an interval between two of my front promenades, I stretched myself out on the ground, my aide Fritz by my side. Feeling a nagging desire to eat something, I shouted into his ear: "Fritz, go and see whether you cannot borrow a cracker for me from somebody. I am desperately hungry." Fritz had hardly moved two paces away from me when a piece of a bursted shell, about half as large as my hand, fell upon the place on which he had been lying and buried itself several inches in the soil. Thus the life of my son's father-in-law that was to be was saved by the craving of my stomach.

The furious bombardment had lasted more than an hour, when the excellent Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, General Hunt, passed along the line the order to "cease firing"; not all the batteries to cease firing at once, but one after another. The intention and the actual effect were, not only to prevent the further useless expenditure of ammunition, but principally to make the enemy believe that our artillery was in great part seriously crippled and would no longer be able to offer effective resistance to a vigorous attack. In fact, the actual effect of the enemy's

grand bombardment of our lines had been very trifling.

The Final Charge

But the enemy seemed to think differently. As our batteries grew silent, so did his. And then came forth that famous scene which made the battle of Gettysburg more dramatic than any other event of the Civil War, and which more nearly approached the conception of what a battle is in the imagination of persons who have never seen one. I will describe only what we observed of it from the crest of Cemetery Hill. From a screen of woods opposite our left center emerged a long line of Confederate infantry, mounted officers in front and behind; and then another and another — about fifteen thousand men. The alinement was perfect. The battle-flags fluttered gaily over the bayonets glittering in the sunlight. The spectacle has often been truly likened to a grand holiday parade on a festive ground. A mile of open field separated them from our line of defense. They had hardly traversed one-tenth of that distance when they became fully aware that those of them who had counted upon our artillery having been much disabled, had grievously deceived themselves. No sooner had the attacking column appeared on the open, than our batteries, which had in the meantime been reformed and well supplied with ammunition, opened upon them from the front and from the right and left, with a terrific fire. Through our field-glasses we could distinctly see the gaps torn in their ranks and the ground dotted with dark spots — their dead and wounded. Now and then a cheer went up from our lines when our men observed some of our shells striking right among the advancing enemy and scattering death and destruction around. But the brave rebels promptly filled the gaps from behind or by closing up on their colors, and unshaken and unhesitating they continued their onward march. Then the Confederate artillery behind them, firing over their heads, tried to silence our batteries, or at least to attract their fire so as to divert it from the infantry masses advancing in the open field. But in vain. Our cannon did not change their aim, and the number of dark spots dotting the field increased fearfully from minute to minute. So far not a musket had been discharged from behind the stone fences protecting our regiments. Now the assailants, steadily

marching on, seemed to disappear in a depression of the ground, where they stopped for a little while to readjust their alinement. But when they emerged again, evidently with undismayed courage, and quickened their pace to make the final plunge, a roar of cannon and a rattle of musketry so tremendous received them, that one might have thought any force coming against it would have been swept from the face of the earth. Still the attacking lines, although much thinned and losing their regularity, rushed forward with grim determination. Then we on the Cemetery lost sight of them as they were concealed from our eyes by the projecting spur of the ridge I have already spoken of. Meanwhile a rebel force consisting apparently of two or three brigades, supporting the main attack on its left, advanced against our position on Cemetery Hill. We had about thirty pieces of artillery in our front. They were ordered to load with grape and canister, and to reserve their fire until the enemy should be within four or five hundred yards. Then the word to fire was given, and when, after a few rapid discharges, the guns "ceased" and permitted the smoke to clear away, all we saw of the enemy was the backs of men hastily running away and the ground covered with dead and wounded. Our skirmishers rushed forward, speeding the pace of fugitives and gathering in a multitude of prisoners.

But on our left the struggle which from the Cemetery we could not see still continued. We could only hear a furious din which seemed to be stationary. Could it be that the rebels were breaking our lines? With nervous anxiety we turned our eyes upon the valley behind us. But there we saw, not fugitives or skulkers from our positions, but columns of troops hurrying to the scene of the decisive conflict. This was reassuring. At last, looking again at the field which had been traversed by the splendid host of assailants, we saw, first, little dribbles, then larger numbers, and finally huge swarms of men in utter disorder hurrying back the way they had come, and then soon after in hot pursuit clouds of blue-coated skirmishers from our front, rushing in from both sides, firing and capturing prisoners. This spectacle could have but one meaning. The great attack had failed disastrously. That magnificent column that had so proudly advanced upon us was not only defeated but well-nigh annihilated. A

deep sigh of relief wrung itself from every breast. Then tremendous cheers arose along the Union lines, and here and there the men began to sing: "John Brown's soul." The song swept weirdly over the bloody field.

The Lost Opportunity

The general feeling in our ranks was that we had won a victory and that we had now to reap its fruits. The instinct of the soldiers demanded a prompt aggressive movement upon the enemy, and I think the instinct of the soldiers was right. The strongest of our army corps, the Fifth, kept in reserve, was substantially intact. Hardly any of the other corps had suffered so much as to be incapable of vigorous action. Their spirits were elated to genuine enthusiasm by the great event of the day. An order for a general advance seemed to be the natural outcome of the moment, and many men in the ranks fairly cried for it. But it did not come. Our skirmishers followed the retreating enemies for a certain distance and then returned with their prisoners without having touched the positions from which the attacking force had emerged. Then two or three batteries of rebel artillery galloped forth from the belt of timber which screened the enemy's scattered forces. They advanced a short distance, unlimbered, fired a few discharges, limbered up again, and galloped back—probably to make us believe that the enemy, although repulsed, was still on the ground in fighting trim. (I do not remember having seen this fact stated in any of the histories of the battle of Gettysburg, but I observed it with my own eyes, and the impression is still vivid in my memory.)

Soon darkness and deep silence fell upon the battlefield. Officers and men, utterly exhausted by the fatigues and excitements of the past three days, dropped asleep in the ranks. In a moment we of the Eleventh Corps were soundly asleep among the shattered gravestones. About two o'clock in the morning I was suddenly aroused by a sharp but short rattle of musketry, the sound coming clearly from the plain on the north side of the town. It lasted only a few seconds—then complete stillness again. What could it mean? Only that the enemy was withdrawing his pickets and that some of our outposts had sent a volley after them. This was my own opinion and that of my officers. The next minute we were fast asleep.

A Curious Adventure

Of all the losses we had suffered in the first day's bloody battle, that of my old friend Schimmelfennig went nearest to my heart. He had not only been an officer of exceptional ability, but my military instructor in the old German days, and a dear personal friend. We did not know what had become of him — whether he lay dead on the field, or had been wounded or made a prisoner by the enemy. Some of his officers had last seen him in the thickest of the fight and had observed that when the order to retreat was given, he had left the field in the rear of his command. Further their accounts did not go. Now, when on the early morning after the three days' struggle I entered the town of Gettysburg — what should I see? In the door of one of the houses on the main street, General Schimmelfennig, alive and waving his hat to me. "Hallo!" he shouted. "I knew you would come. I have been preparing for you. You must be hungry. I found some eggs in this house and saved them for you. We shall have them fried in a few minutes. Get off your horse and let us take breakfast together." It was a jolly repast, during which he told us his story. When, during that furious fight of the first day, the order to retreat reached him, he did his best to take his command out of the fire line in as orderly a shape as possible — a very difficult operation under any circumstances — and therefore left the field in the rear of his troops. But when he reached the town, he found the streets crowded with a confused mass of artillery and vehicles of all sorts, and disorganized men. Somehow he was crowded into a blind lane and suddenly ran against a high fence barring his progress, while some rebel infantrymen in hot pursuit were yelling close behind him. To clear the tall fence on horseback was impossible. He therefore dismounted and climbed over it. While he was on the top rail, his pursuers came up to him, and one of them knocked him on the head with the butt of his gun. The blow did not hurt him much, but he let himself drop on the other side of the fence as if he were dead, or at least stunned. Fortunately he wore an ordinary cavalry overcoat over his general's uniform, so that no sign of his rank was visible. The rebel soldiers, thus taking him for a mere private, then passed by him.

After a little while he cautiously raised his head and discovered that he was alone in a little kitchen-garden, and that within a few yards of him there was a small stable or shed that might serve him as a temporary shelter. He crawled into it and found a litter of straw on the ground, as well as some bread crumbs and other offal which seemed to have been intended for pigs. Soon he heard voices all around him, and from the talk he could catch, he concluded that the rebels had taken possession of the town and were making preparations for its defense.

There he lay then in his pig-sty, alone and helpless, surrounded on all sides by enemies who might have discovered him at any moment, but fortunately did not, and unknown to the inhabitants of the house to which the kitchen-garden belonged. He had nothing to eat except the nauseous scraps he found on the ground, and nothing to drink except the few drops that were left in his field flask. And in this condition he lay from the afternoon of the 1st of July until the early morning of the 4th. But worse than hunger and thirst during those two and a half days and three nights was his feverish anxiety concerning the course of the battle. There was an ill-omened silence during the first night and the early forenoon of the second day. Had our army withdrawn? From the noises he heard he could only conclude that the enemy held the town of Gettysburg in force. But the roar of cannon and the rattle of the musketry during the afternoon assured him that our army was present in force, too. Only he could not tell which side had the advantage, or whether there was any advantage achieved by either side. And so it was on the third day, when the battle seemed to rage furiously at different times and at different points, apparently neither advancing nor receding, until late in the afternoon the artillery became silent and a mighty Union cheer filled the air. Then his hope rose that something favorable to us had happened. Still he was disquieted again by the continued presence of the rebel infantry around him, until late in the night he heard something like the passing around of an order among them in a low voice, whereupon they seemed quietly to slink away. Then perfect stillness. At break of day he ventured his head out of the pig-sty, and finding the kitchen-garden completely deserted, he went into the house, the inhabitants of which greeted him first with some

apprehension, but then, upon better knowledge of the situation, with great glee. A happy moment it was to me when I could telegraph Mrs. Schimmelfennig, who was with my family at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, that her husband, who had been reported missing after the first day's battle, had been found, sound and safe!

The Price of War

No contrast could have been gloomier than that between the light-hearted hilarity of our breakfast and my visit to the battlefield immediately following it. The rebels had removed many if not most of their dead, but ours lay still in ghastly array on the ground where they had fallen. There can be no more hideous sight than that of the corpses on a battlefield after they have been exposed a day or more to the sun in warm weather — the bodies swollen to monstrous size, the faces bloated and black, the eyes bulging out with a dead stare, all their features puffed out almost beyond recognition, some lying singly or in rows, others in heaps, having fallen over one another, some in attitudes of peaceful repose, others with arms raised, others in a sitting posture, others on their knees, others clawing the earth, many horribly distorted by what must have been a frightful death-struggle.

There were more harrowing experiences in store for me that day. To look after the wounded of my command, I visited the places where the surgeons were at work. At Bull Run I had seen only on a very small scale what I was now to behold. At Gettysburg the wounded — many thousands of them — were carried to the farmsteads behind our lines. The houses, the barns, the sheds, and the open barnyards were crowded with moaning and wailing human beings, and still an unceasing procession of stretchers and ambulances was coming in. A heavy rain set in during the day — the usual rain after a battle — and large numbers had to remain unprotected in the open, there being no room left under roof. I saw long rows of men lying under the eaves of the buildings, the water pouring down upon their bodies in streams. Most of the operating-tables were placed in the open, where the light was best, some of them partially protected against the rain by tarpaulins or blankets stretched upon poles. There stood the surgeons, their sleeves rolled up to the elbows, their bare arms as well as their linen aprons

smear'd with blood, their knives not seldom held between their teeth while they were helping a patient on or off the table, or had their hands otherwise occupied; around them pools of blood and amputated arms or legs in heaps, sometimes more than man-high. Antiseptic methods were still unknown at that time. As a wounded man was lifted on the table, often shrieking with pain as the attendants handled him, the surgeon quickly examined the wound and resolved upon cutting off the injured limb. Some ether was administered, and the body put in position in a moment. The surgeon snatched his knife from between his teeth, where it had been while his hands were busy, wiped it rapidly once or twice across his blood-stained apron, and the cutting began. The operation accomplished, the surgeon would look around with a deep sigh, and then — "next!"

And so it went on, hour after hour, while the number of expectant patients seemed hardly to diminish. Now and then one of the wounded men would call attention to the fact that his neighbor lying on the ground had given up the ghost while waiting for his turn, and the dead body was then quietly removed. Or a surgeon, having been long at work, would put down his knife, exclaiming that his hand had grown unsteady, and that this was too much for human endurance, hysterical tears not seldom streaming down his face. Many of the wounded men suffered with silent fortitude, fierce determination in the knitting of their brows and the steady gaze of their bloodshot eyes. Some would even force themselves to a grim jest about their situation or about the "skeddaddling" of the rebels. But there were, too, heartrending groans and shrill cries of pain piercing the air, and despairing exclamations, "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" or "Let me die!" or softer murmurings in which the words "mother" or "father," or "home" were often heard. I saw many of my command among the sufferers, whose faces I well remembered, and who greeted me with a look or even a painful smile of recognition, and usually with the question what I thought of their chances of life, or whether I could do anything for them, or sometimes, also, whether I thought the enemy were well beaten. I was sadly conscious that many of the words of cheer and encouragement I gave them were mere hollow sound, but they might be at least some solace for the moment.

“HER THAT DANCED”

BY

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

ILLUSTRATION BY F. WALTER TAYLOR



WOMAN stood with her elbows on the post of a white paling gate, gazing out at the mountains darkly defined against the gold of the sunset sky. Behind her was a little garden flaring with scarlet geraniums and yellow zinnias, and a cottage brave and flaunting in fresh paint. In Zenith, a mining village of straggling, unpainted cabins, and yards adorned with tin cans, broken crockery, and stray bits of wire, the neat vividness of house and garden presented a pictorial and artificial effect, toy-like in its setting of austere and gloomy mountains; but if the little dwelling seemed the expression of a primitive and childlike imagination, the woman who leaned upon the gate was real.

She had been standing quite still for a long time, her gaze fixed on the mountains, her face held in the cup of her hands, a long, narrow, white face with dark eyes and arched brows, which gave her a wistful and rather startled expression; but her hair added a touch of incongruity to her whole appearance, an exotic hint of some marked dissonance and inharmony of character. Densely black at the roots and about the nape of the neck, the mass twisted around her head was a strange burnt umber, with broad strands as yellow as corn running through it; evidently colored by a natural process, bleached by burning suns.

She did not even turn her head as Mrs. Nitschkan paused beside the gate, a basket of brook trout over her arm.

“Hello, Mis’ O’Brien,” called that hardy gipsy jovially as she drew near. “You always a-lookin’ at the mountains. Are you tryin’ to see what’s on the other side?”

“Was you ever down in the desert, Mis’

Nitschkan?” asked the woman, with apparent irrelevance.

“Lived down there once.”

“An’ me.” Mrs. O’Brien spoke in a soft, lazy voice. “I don’t like the mountains. I always feel as if they was goin’ to fall on me an’ smother me. An’ you get to the top of them where you think you kin breathe, an’ there’s ranges and ranges beyond. I—I want places where there ain’t nothin’ to shut you in, where you kin breathe free.”

Mrs. Nitschkan shook her head. “The mountains fer mine,” she said emphatically. “Look at the fishin’ an’ the huntin’! Nice cool streams to wade in an’ fish; nice cool woods to hunt in, an’ you never know when you’re a-comin’ round a corner an’ meet a bear, or a deer. It’s sure the woods fer mine. I—” she paused and peered curiously into the other woman’s face. “What’s that mark on your forehead, Pearl? You must ‘a’ got an awful whack some way.”

The woman turned her vague, passionate, veiled gaze from the distant peaks with the last, red glow of the sun on their shining summits, and became suddenly alive to the mundane. “Oh, that.” She ran her fingers across her brow and laughed. Her slightly crooked mouth broke into dimples, and there was a cool deviltry in the sidelong glance she threw Mrs. Nitschkan. “Why, Shock give me that three or four days ago.”

The mountain woman surveyed her for a moment in silence and with a tolerant and dispassionate curiosity. “Why can’t you leave the boys alone, Pearl?” she asked finally. “There ain’t none of ‘em here nor anywheres else that’s worth standin’ a lickin’ fer.”

“You bet,” agreed Mrs. O’Brien indifferently, but with perfect acquiescence. “But say, Mis’ Nitschkan, I wasn’t doin’ a thing. Just standin’ here at the gate, talkin’ to Bob

Flick, when Shock come down the road. Well, I wisht you'd 'a' seen him!" The reminiscent coquetry of her smile brightened her weary eyes. "That French-Irish face of his'n was blacker'n a cloud, an' his eyes was a-blazin' fire. We had it hot an' heavy about all night. Shock, you know him! He can't bear to see another man so much as look at me."

"Then what you always a-teasin' him fer, Pearl?" asked Mrs. Nitschkan, with indubitable reason and practicality.

"I d' know," with a slight shrug of the shoulders. "I always been used to the boys. They know, an' I know, that I wouldn't look at one of 'em now. But Shock, the big fool, he don't know nothin'; an' Lord, but he's jealous!"

"Jealous! Catsfoot!" replied Mrs. Nitschkan with sturdy scorn. "I'd like to see any man kick an' cuff me about as he pleases, that's what I'd like to see; an' you always a-yellin' about bein' free."

There were tiny flickers of fire in Mrs. O'Brien's eyes. The slow, heavy crimson crept up under her dark skin, and her thin, curving mouth became suddenly pointed and animal. The upper lip curled slightly on either side and showed two white, pointed teeth like a wolf's.

"You think you're smart, don't you, Sadie Nitschkan?" in a coarse, muffled scream. "You think you know a thing or two, don't you? Well, let me tell you, once an' fer all, that you don't. You think I'd stay with any man I didn't want to? Why, all hell couldn't hold me. Ask some of the boys that knew me down in the desert. They'd laugh in your face. They know I'd knife him without countin' one, two, three. Oh, you — you tramp woman. You know a lot about huntin' and fishin', but you know a mighty little about women — you ain't never been one."

"Now, Pearl, there ain't no occasion to spit like a cat," returned Mrs. Nitschkan, unmoved by these taunts. "An' if you give me much more sass, I'll jerk you over the fence an' throw you out into the road. Oh!" with a scornful laugh, "I ain't a mite afeard of that knife they say you always keep down in your stockin'."

But Mrs. O'Brien's tempest of anger had fallen to calm as quickly as it had flamed. Without further notice of her companion, she had again dropped her face into the cup of her hands and was gazing idly out at the rapidly blurring outlines of the hills.

"Bob Flick's a-stayin' at our house," advanced Mrs. Nitschkan presently, in a casual and friendly tone. "I suppose he told you he was up here fer a week or two to deal faro bank. He was a-talkin' last night to Jack an' me, an' he jus' couldn't get over seein' you here thisaway. 'Lord!' he says, over an' over again, 'it do beat everything to see the Black Pearl livin' up here so plain. Why,' he says, 'I shouldn't wonder if she's even forgot to cross her feet — her that's danced in every town in the Southwest.'"

Pearl laughed, "I guess I ain't forgot," lazily. Then her whole expression changed. The listlessness vanished from her face. "There comes Shock," she said.

Down the mountain road came Jacques O'Brien, with his dinner pail over his arm. The lithe elegance of the Latin races was in his carriage; but the gray eyes of his Irish father shone in his weak, emotional, beautiful face.

"Oh," muttered Mrs. Nitschkan, with a hurried glance at him, "I'd best be movin' on."

"Wait a minute," said the Pearl in a rapid whisper, "I want to see Bob Flick. You tell him I'll be walkin' up the south trail of Excelsior Mountain to-morrow afternoon."

Appalled by her daring, Mrs. Nitschkan glanced apprehensively at O'Brien, almost at her elbow, and then hastened on; but after a few paces, she turned, like Lot's wife, to look back.

The Pearl, her arm through her husband's, was sauntering up the narrow path which led from the gate to the cottage. It was only when she walked that she showed to the full her exquisite and undulating grace. "I just been waterin' the flowers, Shock, while I was waitin' fer you." Her lazy, colorless voice was full of animation. "Don't they look great?" She stooped, and, breaking off a scarlet geranium, thrust it in her hair.

"You bet," replied the man, with just the trace of an accent; but his eyes were not upon the garden, but upon the flower in her hair.

"It jus' seems like I can't get enough reds and yellows," complained Mrs. O'Brien, "but I tell you what, Shock, this garden rests my eyes a whole lot, after lookin' out at those old mountains with snow on their tops. Ugh!" she shivered.

Jacques laughed. "What else you been doing, Pearl, beside watering the garden?"

"I finished my new dress," — she stepped back from him that he might the better observe her handiwork. She had fashioned some cheap pink material, so that it fell, as soft as crêpe, into wonderful, long lines about her slender height. "Do you like it, Shock?" She tilted her head sideways and looked up at him with her crooked, heart-shattering smile.

"Yes," he caught her hands and drew her toward him. "Are you glad to see me, Pearl?"

"Air I glad to see you? Air I glad to see you? No. Understand, once and fer all, no."

They laughed, and he pulled her sun-burned head to his breast and kissed the purple bruise on her brow.

"Crazy!" She still laughed, and dragged at his hand. "Come on in an' eat your supper."

"Crazy's the word," philosophized Mrs. Nitschkan, shaking her head doubtfully as she walked on. "Seems to me like the Pearl's possessed. She sure acts like she's wild about Shock, an' yet she's a-sendin' word to Bob Flick to meet her to-morrow afternoon. That's what comes of bein' a hussy."

That Mrs. Nitschkan, in spite of her views, delivered the message, was evidenced by the fact that the following afternoon Bob Flick might have been seen slowly climbing the south trail of Excelsior Mountain. At last, after keen glances to the right and left, he paused, and, drawing a large handkerchief of checkered silk from his pocket, slowly wiped his brow. He was a tall fellow, with the pale, impassive face of the professional gambler. There were tense lines about his mouth; and the deep crow's-feet about his eyes betokened that he had long lived in the lands of vivid sunlight.

For a moment his absent gaze swept the magnificent panorama of purple range melting into purple range, beneath him; and then he glanced indecisively up into the blue-green shadows of the slopes above.

"Hello, Bob, why don't you come and sit down in my parlor?" said the soft, sliding voice he remembered so well, and he wheeled quickly to meet the laughing eyes of the Black Pearl. She was sitting on a huge, flat rock in the soft gloom of a row of encircling pine-trees, whose tall, dark tops pointed upward like Gothic spires in the deep blue sky. "You looked as if you thought you'd have to climb clear to the top of the

mountain before you found me," she chuckled. "Here, don't stand there staring. Come on in an' sit down here beside me an' tell me the news. How's Jim Hurd; an' was it true he got shot over the cards? An' Frank Applewaite? Did he honest run off with a Greaser girl, like one of the boys told me? Oh, I'm hungry for the news. Have they?" — with wistful coquetry — "have they plumb forgot me yet, Bob?"

"I should say not," with emphasis. "But it does seem funny to me to see you like this, Pearl, with jus' that plain, gold ring on your finger. Why, I was a-talkin' to a jeweler down in Tucson the other day, an' he says: 'I wonder if I could get the Black Pearl's necklace. She's got the finest matched string of emeralds I ever see.'"

"Well, he'll never get 'em," with smiling, indifferent finality.

"What did you do with 'em, Pearl?" asked Flick curiously, "Sell 'em?"

"Sell 'em? No. I give 'em to Father Gonzales the night before he married Shock an' me. I guess he's hung 'em round the neck of the Virgin, or maybe he's keepin' the poor in luxury on 'em yet. Lord! Can't you hear those old Mission bells, kind o' cracked and sweet and far-a-way? They always sounded like time and eternity to me. Oh, Bob, there ain't nothin' like the desert, is there?" She looked out at the mountains, as if from glistening peaks and pine-grown slopes she strove to create for herself the image of those monotonous and sultry wastes she loved. "I can't get used to havin' the mountains so close. I feel all the time like they was a-crowdin' an' a-pushin' on me. I want to be where I kin breathe."

The gambler laughed outright. "Well, you ain't so much changed, after all," he said, and some new, almost exultant note rang in his voice. "Same old cry. Jim Hurd was a-speakin' to me only a little while back of the old days, an' he says: 'Can't you see the Pearl a-flingin' up her arms an' sayin', 'I want to be free?' I wonder what ailed that girl?' he said. 'She was always a-goin' on about wantin' to be free. Why, how,' he says, 'could any one be freer 'an her? When she got tired of one place, she was off to the next. Her pockets was always full of money, an' her fingers blazin' with colored stones. If that ain't bein' free,' he said, 'I'd like to know what is?'"

"Those rings wasn't half so pretty nor so bright as the beetles that crawled out in

the sand when you turned over a stone." The veil of moodiness had again fallen over her eyes.

For a long time they sat in silence. Flick coughed once or twice; but she seemed to have forgotten his presence, until, finally, with an air of apology, he made bold to break in upon her reverie.

"It's sure nice seein' you again, Pearl."

"It sure is," she replied dreamily.

"It ain't the last time, is it?" with sudden anxiety.

"Sakes, no!" rousing herself. "But, my land! Look how low that sun's gettin'! Let's see. You're at the Nitschkan's, ain't you?"

"Yes," his eyes on her face.

"All right, I'll tell Sadie when you can call again. I'll put it to her this way, 'Tell Bob to call on me to-morrow,' I'll say careless; an' you kin understand that means this here parlor, not my own parlor, you bet," with a sparkle of amusement in her eyes, "'less you want every bone in your body broke."

During the next few weeks Mr. Flick was a more or less frequent caller on Mrs. O'Brien in her parlor among the pines; and not being an especially discerning person, he failed to notice that her interest in him continued to be singularly desultory and impersonal. It was enough that she would meet and talk with him; but it was not possible for him to suspect that her conversations with him had become to her the gate by which she could escape the high, crowding mountains and wander again in the remote and shadowy wastes of the desert. That her manner toward him was one of unchanged and careless indifference, and that her light coquetry was inherent and habitual, did not trouble him. She had always been that way since he had known her.

One afternoon they had been sitting gazing down into the valley shimmering in sun-hazes below, silent for the time; the Pearl's mind busy, as usual, with the mirage of her fancy. Suddenly she drew her breath in sharply. "A person could breathe down there," she cried. "Say, wasn't that air good? It just seemed to put fresh life into you."

Flick looked at her curiously. "Pearl, where was you born and raised?"

She glanced up quickly, "Oh, I d' know," evasively. "I been about a good deal, most everywhere. I never could stand cities long, though. But it seems to me

that I been lookin' fer it, Bob, forever; that somethin', I don't know what, that I always, always been a-dreamin' of an' longin' fer."

"I don't ketch what you're harpin' on," he said patiently. "I don't see how anybody could be more free than you was. 'Course, if you would go and get married —"

"I wasn't never free," she said passionately. "There ain't nothin' free that's hobbled, even if the hobble's round your heart and don't show."

"The mountains do seem to kind o' hedge you in," said the man, adopting what he supposed to be her point of view, "an' it sure don't seem right fer you to be caged up here. You" — he looked at her half fearfully and slightly moistened his lips — "I'm a-goin' down the trail in a few days; come on and go with me."

She shook her head. "I can't go junketing round with you, Bob, you're a-forgettin' Shock."

"Oh, I ain't a-forgettin' Shock," he answered coolly. "If you go with me, Pearl, him and me'll probably have it out sometime; but that ain't worryin' me none. Pearl, I ain't never forgot the first time I saw you. It was in the back room at Chickasaw Pete's, an' you was a-shakin' dice with two or three of the boys, an' I joined the game. I never admired no one in my life like I admired you then, for I knew you wasn't shakin' 'em square; but you done it so slick that I couldn't tell how you managed it, an' you walked out in about twenty minutes with the best part of our money. You remember, Pearl?"

"Oh, I remember"; the mysterious veil of reverie had fallen over her sulky eyes.

"An' the next time I seen you, you was dancin'. You had them emeralds twisted round your neck. Have you forgot how to dance?"

"No, I ain't forgot." She stirred her feet restlessly. "Oh, I ain't forgot." There was a moment of silence. "Bob, I always could talk to you, some way. I wonder why. With the other boys it was laugh an' carry on; but I always could sit down and talk sober an' serious to you. You never made a fool of yourself about me."

The man's face had grown gray. He attempted to speak once or twice before the words came. At last he laughed, one brief, harsh note.

"Maybe I didn't, Pearl. They was enough of 'em makin' fools of themselves about you,

God knows! An' I see right from the start that you didn't give a darn for any of 'em; but I was always a fool about you in my heart. They's always plenty of men to go crazy about you, Pearl, to lie an' steal and killeach other fer you, an' make damned fools of theirselves generally. There's a plenty that likes to show off thataway; but there's only two or three in all your life that'll ever really love you, an' one of 'em's me."

He turned to meet her faintly astonished, cynical gaze. "It's true, it's God's truth," he said doggedly, drawing a handkerchief from his pocket with a trembling hand and passing it over his brow and his ashen face. "Oh, I always wanted you. Yes, I'd 'a' stole an' lied an' fought fer you, too. You drove me as stark, starin' crazy as the rest of 'em; but that weren't all. There was somethin' in you, Pearl, that kind o' made me dream, an' that's stayed with me; an' it don't let me think much about myself. It's about you. An' now, I feel it's thisaway. You ain't jus' quite yourself. You're a-feelin' the need of a little change. See? Well, you come down the trail with me of a Thursday."

It was several minutes before she answered, "I couldn't, Bob," and she added gently, "You've kind of surprised me. I didn't know you felt that way fer me, an' I'm awful sorry, honest I am; but I couldn't go."

"Maybe I ain't made it plain to you," he pleaded. "Maybe you didn't understand. I mean it thisaway," in laborious explanation. "I ain't a-tryin' to take you away fer myself. It's because I see you ain't happy that I'm a-askin' you to go. All I'm a-askin' is to kind of look after you an' see that you're comfortable. You kin think of me as a kind of human dog. You'll let me set around when it don't bother you none; an' when you get tired of me, you can kick Fido out, and it'll be back to the kennel fer his. That's all I'm a-askin', Pearl."

She drew in her breath and looked at him strangely, with something new in her glance, something he had never seen there before.

"God, Bob! But you're a good fellow!" she said in an awed voice. "I didn't suppose there was any of your kind on the earth; but you don't understand."

"I kin learn," he said humbly. "Try me an' see if I can't."

She smiled at him, her heart-shattering, cynical smile. "I don't see how you're

a-goin' to learn somethin' that I don't understand myself," she answered, "an' that's me. There's so many of a person," resentfully, "so terrible many of a person. There's somethin' in me that's tired, somethin' that's played the game for a thousand years an' knows there ain't nothin' in it; an' there's somethin' in me that's got to live, and that somethin' says, 'Everything comes to you so easy, reach out an' enjoy it'; an' maybe that's the reason it don't never seem of no account. 'Cause it always comes so easy."

The pine-needles fell about them. New arrows of sunlight pierced the soft gloom, and for a time they sat in the silence of the hills, the Pearl's wistful eyes searching the past.

"You was a-talkin' about my jewels awhile back, Bob," she began suddenly. "Well, the night before I was married I give 'em all to Father Gonzales. It was in that dark little chapel with just a candle or so burning before the shrines; an' it was so quiet and so still, an' smelled faint of incense. An' you kind o' felt things, things you hadn't never known. Well, I give him my emeralds, an' I says: 'Make some poor souls happy with what you can get for these, Padre.' Then he handed out a line of talk that sounded mighty good to me. He says, 'This deed that you done, my daughter, redeems your soul. Live clean an' happy from now on,' he says, 'an' forget the past.' Oh, but his words felt warm to my heart! 'That's what I want, Padre,' I says, 'that's what I want.' I stripped the rings off my fingers, an' I piled 'em up in his hands; an' I cried, Bob, Lord! how the tears run down my face, an' I don't know when I'd ever cried before! Well, he took and laid the rings on the altar, an' he said, 'These offerings an' your tears washes your soul white. Go in peace, my daughter, an' sin no more.' An' I believed him." There was despair in her voice. "But it was a lie, all a lie, jus' like everything else. I can't find no happiness. There's too many of me; an' yet I know there's somethin', somethin' that I've missed, an' I don't know how nor where to find it. You all always laughed at me 'cause I didn't know how to tell it, I jus' called it bein' free."

Flick turned on her with a sudden passion. "An' you won't never find it as long as you stay with Shock O'Brien. They tell me —" he clinched his hands on his knees, and the

dark purple crept up slowly under his skin — "they tell me that he ain't no scruples against knockin' you round as he feels like. I'd —"

She sprang to her feet, livid with fury. "They say, they say —" She broke into a torrent of oaths. "Yes, Bob Flick," growing calmer, "it's true. He's hit me, an' he's hit me more'n once. But why? 'Cause he was jealous."

"I don't see what difference that makes," he muttered.

"You don't? I s'pose not," with infinite scorn; "but any woman would. Why, he loves me so much that it drives him plumb off his head to see another man look at me. An' when he gets that way, he ain't no idea what he does. An' he ain't never raised a bruise on me, not once, that he ain't cried like a baby an' broke his heart over it when he come to himself. Maybe you think, Bob Flick, 'cause I kind of like to talk over old times with you, that I'd go off with you an' leave him. Why, I'd see you dead in the ditch first. Maybe you think, 'cause I kind of hate the mountains and the flat, old life here, that I'm tired of Shock. Well, you got another good, long guess comin'."

She swept by him, drawing her skirts contemptuously from his shoe, and started down the trail. Then her mood changed, she turned and smiled cajolingly at him, and ran back to stretch out a conciliatory hand.

"Don't pay no 'tention to me, Bob. You're one of the best ever, an' I know you mean kind, no matter how I take on. But, my Lord! I got to run. Shock'll be home, an' no supper fer him. So long."

She hastened down the hill, the cheap pink gown falling in long folds of beauty about her Diana-like grace, the last rays of the sun brightening her sunburned hair — and never a thought for the man who sat motionless watching her.

As she almost ran along the mountain road, she met Mrs. Nitschkan, who, with a flea-bitten dog at her heels, and carrying some samples of ore tied up in a handkerchief, was returning from a prospecting expedition. Elated by success and in high spirits, the mountain woman grasped the Pearl by the arm and held her fast.

"Let me go, let me go," cried Mrs. O'Brien, laughing and struggling. "Shock wants his supper. You — you prize-fighter, I'll throw a pail of scalding water over you the next time you come to my house."

With a quick movement she slipped out of the other woman's grasp, and flew on, throwing back laughing mockeries over her shoulder.

"You're too gay, Pearl," called her baffled captor. "You're fey, that's what's the matter with you. You'll be cryin' before morning."

The idea of her jesting words containing a prophecy never occurred to that particularly practical and unimaginative woman, and yet they rose in her mind late the next afternoon when she happened to be passing the O'Brien cottage. Involuntarily, she paused at the gate, struck by something indescribably neglected and forlorn in the air of the whole place. The flowers drooped dustily in the garden; the door, usually so hospitably open, was barred, the blinds were drawn before the closed windows. Mrs. Nitschkan considered a moment or two, and then, curiosity getting the better of her, she unlatched the little white gate and walked up the path with its glaring, scentless border of scarlet geraniums and yellow zinnias. She knocked loudly once or twice, and then, failing to elicit an answer, forced an entrance at the kitchen door. Here a sight met her eyes which caused her to raise her hands with a loud "Gosh A'mighty!" The room was in appalling disorder. A cloth had been half dragged from the table scattered with food, while the floor was covered with pots, pans, and broken dishes. After one rapid and comprehensive glance, Mrs. Nitschkan made her way to an inner room. There she stood on the threshold peering about her until her eyes became accustomed to the darkness. Then she dimly discerned a black, huddled shape on the bed, and her gaze was caught and held by the smoldering, sullen fires of two dark eyes.

"Pearl?" she asked uncertainly.

The woman on the bed did not answer, only gazed at her in silence.

"Pearl, air you sick?"

No answer.

Mrs. Nitschkan threw the windows wide, and then bent over her friend.

"Now, Pearl, you speak up. What's the matter? Air you sick?"

"I'm a-goin' to kill him. I'm a-goin' to kill him," whispered the woman on the bed. "He beat me last night, an' he wasn't jealous. He come home with all the devils in hell in his face. When I set him out his supper,

he threw the vittles all over the place an' said it wasn't fit fer dogs to eat; an' then he beat me."

"Gosh A'mighty! An' you the best cook in the camp! He must 'a' been crazy drunk," exclaimed Mrs. Nitschkan indignantly.

"He wasn't drunk, an' he wasn't jealous. He wasn't jealous, an' he beat me, *me*." She raised herself with difficulty in the bed and lifted her stag-like head superbly.

"Air you hurt, Pearl?" anxiously.

"Am I hurt? Am I hurt? Oh, that-away. Yes, I guess so. Come to think of it, there ain't a inch on me that don't ache. I guess none of my bones is broke, though. But he'll get it." She half drew her hand from under the pillow, disclosing the sharp, keen edge of steel. "That's the medicine he's a-goin' to get. I'm a-goin' to knife him, sure."

"Now, Pearl," remonstrated Mrs. Nitschkan severely, "that ain't no way to talk. You're all right to get even with him, but you mustn't forget a thing or two. Us ladies here in Zenith has overlooked your past, 'cause you're a decent married woman now, with a ring on your finger, an' a certificate framed on the wall. Now you go to knifin' him, an' it'll be a disgrace to the whole camp. What I say, an' what I always say in such cases is, get even with him an' get even with him good; but for the Lord's sake, do it ladylike. Heave skilletts an' stove lids at him all you're a mind to; but throw that knife away."

The Pearl looked at her a moment with sullen, contemptuous eyes. "Shut up," she commanded, "I'm tired of hearin' you talk."

"Here, here," admonished Mrs. Nitschkan. "Now, I'll hustle round an' make you a good, strong cup of coffee. There's nothing like it fer soul an' body. You'll feel better then. Then we'll get your clothes off, an' a nightgown on, an' we'll see where you're hurted."

"Where I'm hurted?" repeated the Pearl, her vague eyes more veiled, more tragically mysterious than ever. "I'm hurted so deep that you can't find it, Sadie Nitschkan."

"Aw, come now, we'll have you all right in a jiffy, an' Shock a-hangin' round cryin' over you an' beatin' his chest in that crazy

French way of his'n. Now you lay still, an' I'll heat up some water."

She bustled about making a fire, preparing coffee and putting the place in order, when her attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of flying footsteps on the path outside. Then a thunderous knocking, and before she could reach the door, it was burst open, and a white-faced boy stuttered on the threshold, "Mis' O'Brien, Mis' O'Brien, Bob Flick's shot Shock up at Johnson's, and he wants you quick."

The Pearl had leaped to her feet, casting her knife from her, and before Sadie Nitschkan could reach her, she was flying up the mountain road.

A tiny crescent moon was swinging far up in the pale sky. On the platform before the saloon was a black group of men, who made way for the Pearl as she darted through them. The doctor was bending over Jacques, who lay in an open space where the air might reach him. The Pearl dropped beside him, her face to his for a moment, and then lifted him to her heart.

"Shock, Shock," she moaned.

"Pearl" he whispered, his accent more marked than ever, "it wasn't the vittles. I heard straight that Flick was after you, an' I was jealous mad. I tried to get him first; but he pulled his gun too quick for me."

"Oh, Shock. I never cared for nobody really but you."

A faint reflection of his charming smile flickered over his face. "I know it," he said. "You — you always talked about being free, Pearl. I guess you're free at last." He smiled again, and then lay heavily on her heart.

For a moment, while she held him closely to her breast, her eyes showed some ecstatic illumination, as if she had followed him to the vast and illimitable spaces her spirit craved. Then the shackles of that desolate semblance of reality which she knew as life fell about her again.

"Free!" she cried in the voice of one who faces the terrible nemesis of a granted desire. "Free!" her anguished eyes challenged the grave group of men about her. "There ain't no such damned word fer a woman that kin love."



"FOR A LONG TIME THEY SAT IN SILENCE"

INTRODUCTORY NOTE TO THE CONFESSION AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HARRY ORCHARD

BY

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WITH this number of McClure's Magazine we begin the publication of the confession of Harry Orchard. Orchard is the State's chief witness against the so-called "inner circle" of the Western Federation of Miners, composed, it is alleged, of Moyer, Haywood, Pettibone, and Simpkins. The trial comes as a climax to fifteen years of bitter conflict between labor and capital in Idaho and Colorado, — years marked by a long series of riotings and murders, including the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg, for whose death the officers of the miners' union are placed on trial. Orchard confesses to eighteen of these murders, including that of the Ex-Governor, and in his confession implicates the four defendants. This is, therefore, the core of the great Idaho contest. Irrespective of its truth or its value as legal evidence, it is of great historical importance.

THE HISTORICAL SETTING

Orchard went to the Idaho mining district in 1896, and in 1899 joined the miners' union. He tells much intelligently and coherently about the Idaho labor war from that time on. For several years previously there had been frequent outbreaks of murder and lawlessness. These began in 1890, when the mines of the Coeur d'Alene district* were organized by agitators from Butte, and a savage campaign was begun to drive non-union men out of the district. The first of the more violent disorders occurred on July 11, 1892. Twelve hundred armed union men at that time attacked the concentrating mills of the Gem and Frisco mines in the town of Gem and blew up the latter, filled with non-union men, with dynamite. Three men on each side were killed in the fight, and only a miracle prevented the death of sixty more.

The non-union men, who numbered only two hundred, after several hours of fighting, surrendered and agreed to leave the section. The union men then filled the mill of the Bunker Hill & Sullivan mine at Wardner with dynamite and gave the manager of the mine his choice of sending out his

non-union workmen or losing his plant. He chose the former. On the next evening, when the unarmed non-union men were waiting to leave the district at a lonely steamboat landing at Mission, Idaho, they were attacked and robbed by a band of men composed partly of unionists and partly of roughs. Many of them were driven out into the woods, one man was shot through the body and barely escaped death, and it was asserted that several more were killed, cut open, and sunk in the Coeur d'Alene River.

On July 13, 1892, martial law was declared by Governor N. B. Willey, and about one thousand Federal troops were brought into the district. Martial law was kept in force until November 18th. During this time some three hundred and fifty union men were confined in an improvised prison at Wallace called the "bull pen."*

A few of the leaders in this 1892 trouble were punished with short sentences, the number including George A. Pettibone, who himself caused the destruction of the Frisco mill by sliding dynamite down the penstock.

It was as a result of this outbreak that the Western Federation of Miners came to be organized. The Federation was first formed at a meeting in Butte, Montana, May 15, 1893; but it is a matter of common knowledge that it had its inception in the Coeur d'Alene troubles, and its leaders have said publicly that it was first planned by men confined in jail at Boise for that outbreak. Since then this union has spread over the great mining states of the West, and although it contains less than forty thousand men in regular standing, it has been concerned in the most serious strikes in the history of the United States.

As soon as the Federal troops had retired, after the disturbances of 1892, the Union resumed the policy of driving out all non-union men from the district. Those who did not go were cruelly beaten or killed. At Wallace, on July 3, 1894, John Kneebone,† one of the principal witnesses against the union leaders in 1892, was shot down while at work in the Gem mill, by a party of forty masked men, and the superintendent and two other employees of this non-union mine were escorted out of

* The Coeur d'Alenes are in a narrow slit in the empty hills of northern Idaho. In 1886 extensive lead and silver mines were found there; by 1890 it was one of the greatest mining sections of the country. It was immediately filled with miners — not of the type of the rough soldier of fortune who came into the old-time gold field — but the hired workmen of corporations. Even more than in other mining-camps, society there slipped back into primitive and brutal conditions.

* The name "bull pen" was first given to the temporary prison for the rioters in the Coeur d'Alenes. Later it was applied generally to the prisons of all kinds used to imprison strikers.

† For years in the Coeur d'Alenes objectionable persons were notified to leave the district by threatening letters, signed "Kneebone."

the district. Four weeks after this event, the Gem and two other large mines gave up their fight with the unions and agreed to discharge all non-union men and never again employ them. All the mines in Gem and Burke were now union, and the union absolutely controlled the business and politics of those places. By 1898 the same conditions existed in Mullan.

The Bunker Hill & Sullivan mine in the town of Wardner, the largest single mine in the district, refused steadily to recognize the union, being practically the only mine which did so. On April 29, 1899, all of the union miners of the district came to Wardner in a body and wiped out this company's two hundred and fifty thousand dollar concentrator, with a charge of over two tons of dynamite. The mob killed two men — one union and one non-union. On May 3rd martial law was again declared in the Coeur d'Alenes, and five hundred Federal troops were brought in, the State militia being in the Philippines. For eighteen months the region was under martial law. Over seven hundred men were thrown into a "bull pen" at Wardner, and the miners' unions were practically driven out of the district. Steunenberg was Governor of Idaho at this time and was very active in suppressing the disorder. This outbreak is described clearly and adequately in the following instalment of Harry Orchard's autobiography. The next two instalments will take up the story of the labor troubles in Colorado.

THE MAN

The first emotion on seeing Harry Orchard is invariably astonishment. This is the confessed assassin of eighteen men. In appearance he is like nothing so much as your milkman — the round-headed, ruddy-faced, sandy-mustached milkman, with his good-natured diffidence, breaking easily into an ingenuous smile.

A year and a half ago, when he was first arrested, this man was clearly one of the most dangerous characters our civilization can produce. His face showed this more accurately than words. It possessed the characteristics of a clearly developed type — the nervous eyes, the compressed lips, and the hardened face muscles of the hunted beast we call the criminal. Immediately after his arrest Harry Orchard reached the great determining crisis in his life.

It is no permanent amusement to be a hunted beast, whatever may be the individual theory concerning the criminal. His face showed that. There was more than defiance and cunning about the muscles of that mouth; there was pain. On his arrest for the murder of Governor Steunenberg, Orchard believed that, if he would keep silence, he could never be convicted. This belief was undoubtedly justified. But his career had come to a culmination. The question raised itself if the whole game were worth while; if he cared to continue this existence of the damned. Under the suggestion of the master detective, McParland, he eased his tortured mind by confession, fell over from sheer weakness, and staggered back to his cell for his first sleep in over a week. Under the sympathy of Dean Hinks of Boise, — a man's man, and one of the noblest and most devoted Christian characters alive, — he returned to the simple faith of his childhood. In eighteen months the deep marks

cut in his face by the last decade of his life have gone like an evil mask.

It is difficult to believe in a transformation of this kind. The men who saw Orchard most — professional handlers of criminals — declined at first to do so. Gradually they have become convinced. No promises of clemency have been made to the man. He refuses absolutely to favor himself in the smallest detail of his story. His judgment of the men whom he accuses is much more lenient than that of any other person connected with the prosecution. He has turned to the task of assisting the State with the same unhesitating directness which made him the surest murderer of a generation. And every one who has seen him closely is now absolutely convinced of his sincerity.

I have been for two weeks in constant personal communication with Orchard. He has impressed me, as he has practically every one who has observed him, with three things: — his absolute and level sanity, his extraordinary and detailed candor, and his utter vacancy of fear.

The man is about five feet seven — wide forehead, short nose, bright blue eyes that kindle quickly into a smile, and a mouth with possibilities of both humor and tenderness — though when closed, in the pictures of the time before he put on his mustache, it lies across his face like the straight gash of a knife. He comes toward you, across the ante-room of the penitentiary, — a round head, a deep, rounded barrel of a body, the kind that carries large, strong vital organs, balanced sturdily on short, stout legs — a most excellent and workmanlike human machine, with the power and directness of a little Orkney bull.

It is a wanton waste of good American time to discuss the question of Orchard's sanity — whoever or whatever was responsible for raising it. He is sane to the point of bleakness. It is a mind direct, practical, concrete, absolutely devoid of imagination. It is this last quality which accounts for the man's utter lack of fear.

The first inevitable repugnance to the acceptance of Orchard's story comes from the accepted conventional belief in the cowardice of the assassin. This particular feeling is entirely unjustified in this case. In fact, the active and successful assassin, working, as Orchard did, with high explosives and firearms, planning his "get away" to avoid the safeguards and precautions of the big modern city, can scarcely be a physical coward. This man was from the first — from his varied and resourceful ventures in business and his burning of his factory, down to his readiness in exploding mines and transforming human beings into a pile of bleeding jelly — shrewd, self-reliant, direct. He is without the timid imagination of the ordinary man; these matters simply do not present themselves to him in terms of horror. He discusses his own death and preparations for it as impersonally as he would a problem in arithmetic. He followed his career of murder as practically as he had followed the plow. In another century — four hundred years ago — he might have been the invaluable instrument of some petty European sovereign as the most fearless and workmanlike of bravos.

Harry Orchard is an uneducated man. He has small power of generalization. But for the concrete he has a mind that is a marvel of accuracy. His memory has the sensitiveness and retentiveness

of a child's. It is a camera, which catches and holds every arrested detail of the actual scene, with all the fidelity of the instantaneous photograph. The relations and significance of these details in the picture of the whole must be brought out by other minds.

There is no question with those who are the most intimate associates of Harry Orchard of the sincerity of his change of purpose and of character. They believe, unreservedly, that this man, under the influence of a simple and unquestioning faith, has turned from a career of hideous crime to an unqualified devotion to truth; and upon this faith in his sincerity has been placed — first of all — the carrying foundation for the weight of one of the greatest criminal cases ever tried in the United States.

Finally, it is simply as a human document that Orchard's confession most deeply engages our interest. He tells a story of crime that is monstrous, staggering to the imagination, "so full of horror as to be unbelievable," as the Governor of Idaho said in his message to the present Legislature; yet his narrative must make an impression on the most skeptical, in its grasp, its continual calculated reference to easily tested data, and in the use of a strong memory that does not appear to remember too much; it seems on its face unimpeachable by any lesser genius than Defoe. Its defects of grammar and form are a part of the biographical value of such a record as this, and in this case its historical importance makes any corrections out of the question. We publish it as it was taken down from Orchard's lips by stenography.

THE CONFESSION AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HARRY ORCHARD

MY EARLY LIFE IN ONTARIO



WAS born in Northumberland County, Ontario, Canada, on the 18th of March, 1866. My father was born of English parents, and my mother of Irish. I was brought up on a farm and received a common school education, but as my parents were poor, I had to work as soon as I was old enough. I never advanced farther than the third grade. I was one of a family of eight children, consisting of six daughters and two sons.

While we were poor and had to work for a living, we always had plenty and dressed respectably. The country was prosperous, and poverty was a thing almost unheard of in the country at that time. Most everybody worked there at that time, either for themselves or for some one else, as the chief industry there was farming; and the people were happy and contented. The cost of living there then was much less than it is to-day, and the people dressed and lived much plainer then than now.

I was brought up to love and fear God and to believe in a hereafter. My parents usually attended church, and I was sent to Sunday-school and church, and always had to observe the Sabbath, as there was no manner of work practised there on the Sabbath except chores about the farms that were necessary to be done. Most of the people in that section of the country belonged to some church and usually attended it on Sunday.

I was next to the oldest of our family, and my brother next to the youngest. We bought a small farm when I was about ten years old, and I and my sisters used to work and help father all we could, as we used to raise garden truck for market. I used to work on the farm summers and go to school winters. As soon as I was old enough, I used to work out for some close neighbor, sometimes by the day and sometimes by the month, but my parents always got the benefit of my work until I was past twenty years old. When working away from home, I always looked forward to Sunday, as I would have a chance to go home and spend the Sabbath with my folks, and they always looked for us on that day if we were away from home. It makes me feel sad now when I look back over those happy days and think especially of our dear loving mother and the anxiety she had for our welfare, and the many hard, weary days she toiled and worked and underwent many privations for us, as a loving mother will do for her family. We may not have had as nice clothes as some of our neighbors, but they were always clean and neatly mended. I always loved my mother very much and thought I was good to her, but I can look back now and see that I did not love her half as much as she did me, and I might have been much better to her. My dear mother is dead and gone many years ago, and I am glad in my heart on her account that she never lived to see me where I am to-day. My father also died since I left home.

When I was about twenty-one years old, I thought I ought to keep whatever money I earned myself, as my parents were not able to give me anything, and they did not object, so I worked away from home all the time then and saved all I earned. I had never been very far away from home and always worked on a farm. When I was twenty-two, I think, I went to Saginaw, Michigan, to work in the lumber woods, as wages were much more there.

I had been keeping company with a young lady at home and was engaged to be married. I went back home and went to work for a farmer I had worked for previous to going to Michigan. I had saved up a little money by this time and got married the next summer and went to keeping house a little time after.

My Wife and I Become Cheese-makers

My wife had worked in a cheese factory before we were married and learned how to make cheese, and as that was a great industry there and paid pretty well, we thought we would try to get a factory and try cheese-making. We had no money to buy a factory, but that winter we succeeded in renting one and moved there in the spring. The cheese-making was carried on only during the summer months, about six or seven months. We did not have any money left to start with, but got credit for what we needed and started out pretty well. It was an old factory we rented and pretty well run down, but we worked up a pretty good trade and had some good friends that helped us. Competition was keen, and a person had to understand the business perfectly to make a success. My wife understood it thoroughly, as she had learned with a man that was very successful, but I knew practically nothing about it. We did our own work at first and got along well, but I soon discovered there were many little tricks in the buying and many ways for the buyer to job the maker.

I will explain briefly how the cheese was mostly sold at that time. There would be a salesman for every factory, and they would meet at the most central city and had a regular cheese board of trade. The board met every week during the early summer, and after they had bought the cheese they would send out their inspectors to the factories they bought from. This would sometimes be several days after they had been

sold, and often the market fluctuated a good deal, and if it happened to fall during the time the inspector was inspecting the cheese, he often culled them and would leave some of them on your hands or would take them at a reduced price. A maker did not like to have it get out that his cheese had been culled. That would give him a bad reputation and hurt his trade. I did not know what to do at first when an inspector culled some of our cheese, but he told me if I would weigh the cheese and knock off a pound or so on a cheese and make out two invoices, give our treasurer the short one and send him the correct one and also a copy of the short one, that he would accept them and no one would be any the wiser. I at first thought there was no harm in this, but I kept it to myself; I do not think I even told my wife.

Sharp Practices in Cheese-making

It takes lots of patience to make cheese, and especially if a person is not particular in taking the milk. The patrons will not all take good care of their milk, and it often comes to the factory tainted with some bad smell, either from the cows eating something or drinking bad water, and it often comes from the milk being kept in some filthy place, and it takes lots of work and time to get this out of the curd, often all day and part of the night; whereas, if you had all good, pure milk you could get through in eight or nine hours; and I think after I had worked at the cheese-making awhile I was not as particular as my wife and often hurried it up to get done early. While we were bound to make a first-class cheese, we also had the patrons bound to furnish first-class milk, but we did not have them bound to send any at all if they did not see fit, and as I have stated, competition was very keen, and a good many of the patrons were so situated that they could send their milk to different factories, and if we would send it home and tell them it was not good, they would often do it, and we had to take a chance on lots of milk that we ought not, especially in hot weather.

This throwing in a few pounds of cheese to the buyer by making the short invoices would seem all right, but if you did much of this you would run the average away up, and it would take too much milk to make a pound of cheese. As it takes about ten pounds of milk to make a pound of cheese, we had to keep pretty close to this to compete



HARRY ORCHARD

From a photograph taken in January, 1906, shortly after his arrest for the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg

with other factories, and thus the only way to do this was to weigh the milk short. Still another difficulty confronted us, as a great many of the patrons weighed their milk at home, and if there was too much difference they would kick, and so the man that did not weigh his milk at home suffered the most. We could usually find this out through the man that hauled the milk. Our salesman and treasurer was on to all this, as he had been in the business a good while, and he said it was all right, and a maker hadn't ought to make up any deficiency at the price he got for making, and that they did not pay enough anyway. This man was a good friend of mine and helped me in many ways.

They used to most always contract the last two or three months' make about the middle of the season, and often the market would fall, and this worked a great hardship on the maker, as the buyers were more particular. The first year we made cheese they contracted the last three months' make, and the market fell afterwards, and they left

several hundred dollars' worth of cheese on our hands, and I sold them to the man I rented the factory from. He failed to pay all for them, and I had to borrow about four hundred dollars to make up this, and I never got it from him, as he had sold the factory and was not worth it. I never did get it. We bought the factory after that and stayed there four years.

I Begin to Live Beyond My Means

I just want to relate these circumstances to show the reader where I first fell and began to be dishonest. This was the first business I had done for myself, and I was handling quite a lot of money, and it was quite a change from working for somebody on a farm sixteen or seventeen hours a day for twelve to fifteen dollars a month. As long as I stayed home with my wife and worked in the factory, I was all right, but I thought I would keep a team of horses and haul a milk route and haul away the cheese to the depot, and hire a man or girl to work in the factory to help my wife when I was not there. Then I got to buying the whey at the factory and keeping hogs there and feeding them, and all this took me away from home more and more all the time, and took me to the city a good deal, where I met a different class of people from those I had been used to. I got to drinking some and spending a good deal of money and staying away from home longer than my business required, and I got mixed up in politics some, and to make a long story short, I got to living beyond my means and going in company that I was not able to keep up my end with. The patrons of our factory noticed this and talked a good deal about it, and I kept living a little faster all the time. My credit was good, and if I wanted money I could go to the bank and borrow it.

My wife did not like my being away from home so much, but she made no serious objection, but looked after things the best she could when I was not there. For that part, she would do it better than I, because she understood it better and was more particular, and if I had attended to my business and done my work and saved the money, we would have been all right and could have saved some money. But I could not stand prosperity, and kept good horses and rigs, and lived a pretty fast life and did not deal very honestly with the patrons.

Where I made the greatest mistake of my life was in not telling my wife anything about my business transactions, or very little, and I think this was the cause of our first estrangement. I did not keep this from my dear wife because I did not love her, but I knew if she knew about how I was doing the business she would not stand for it, and would wonder what I was doing with the money. If she asked me about something I did not want to tell her, I would either tell her a falsehood or put her off some other way, and I think the truth began to dawn upon her, and she got so she did not ask me anything much about business matters at all. I thought at the time I was only saving her pain. I knew I was doing wrong, but still kept doing more to cover up what I had done, and so it was I kept on. I did not drink to excess, nor did I seem to spend any great amount of money. We made pretty good money through the summer, but nothing in the winter, and as I kept two or three horses all the time and had to buy everything, the money got away, and after working there four years and selling the factory for about four hundred dollars more than we gave for it, I think I was some in debt yet, although most folks thought we had some money.

Our Patrons Become Dissatisfied

The way we came to sell the factory was like this: The patrons began to get dissatisfied, and the treasurer and salesman advised me to sell, and found a buyer for me, and no doubt it was a good thing for me.

We moved from Cramahé the spring of 1892, and went to make cheese for a company at Wooler near my home. There was not as much money in this as we had been making. We had more work to do in the factory, as there was more milk to handle. I was at home more here, and as we were amongst my own folks I tried to lead a better life. We had an uncle who was a preacher, and we were close to his church and usually went to church. I had many good Christian friends there that gave me good advice and tried to get me to lead a better life, and I did try, but to no purpose. I only tried to keep my wicked life away from my Christian friends, and I would make some excuse to get away from home as often as possible to the city or away hunting and fishing, any place to get away from home and have a little time, as we called it. We stayed there



HARRY ORCHARD

From a picture taken at the Boise Penitentiary, in May, 1907

three years, but the people did not like the way I lived, as most all the patrons were Christians, and my actions would get out.

I had some good friends that managed to keep the factory for me three years, but at the end of that time I lost it, and a friend of mine put up money to buy a factory at Hilton, and I was to manage it and pay him back. That winter I started to build a new factory a few miles from the one we bought, and this kept me away from home a good deal that winter. I stopped in a town called Brighton near where I was building the new factory. This was the beginning of my downfall. I boarded there with a man and became infatuated with his wife and she with me.

I finished this factory and moved there about the opening of the cheese-making season. There was a dear little girl born to us this spring, and thus my dear wife was no longer able to look after the cheese-making as she had formerly done, and I had to depend altogether on hired help. I rented a nice house in town shortly after our dear little girl was born, and lived there. I was

away from home most all the time now, and when I was not at the factory I was downtown. Our once happy home had lost all attractions for me now, and my dear wife would often complain and plead with me to stay at home, or at least to come home early. To make a long story short, I lived away beyond my means and was some in debt, and my credit was not so good, and as I neglected to look after the making of the cheese and depended all on hired help, they did not turn out any too good, and my chief prop was not able to look after this as she had formerly done.

I Burn My Factory for the Insurance and Leave the Country

But I managed all right until we had to settle up in the fall of 1895, and this woman and I had planned to run away together, and I had to have money to do this. I was all right at Hilton; but at Brighton I had overdrawn my account several hundred dollars and was still in debt, and to cover up some other misrepresentations on the books, I burned the factory I had built and got the insurance. I had taken from five to six hundred dollars' worth of cheese from the storehouse at Brighton and sold it and kept the money. The factory was insured in my name and the cheese in the name of the company. In the fire everything was destroyed, and the account books of the company were destroyed, with the record of my debt in them. I paid up my debts with the insurance money, and had about four hundred dollars left, and I left there a month or so afterward, and this woman followed me a short time later and met me in Detroit, Michigan, and we went to Nelson, British Columbia. We stayed there three months or so, and I found out that she had written home and her folks knew where she was, and I bought her a ticket, and she went home, and I left there and came to Spokane, Washington. I did not hear from her after I came to Spokane, only in an indirect way. I wrote to a friend of mine about six months afterwards. He told me she was living with her husband again and everything was all fixed up. He also told me my wife had written to him and wanted to know if he knew where I was. He said she said some pretty hard things and said he thought it would not be best for me to come back there. I had no notion of going back, and did not let him know where I was.

I was a very miserable man and began to see the great mistake I had made, but did not know how to repair it. I thought my wife would never forgive me, and I made up my mind to begin life over again and forget the past, but alas, that was not so easy to do, but I thought that was all there was left for me to do, and I started in to do it.

I got a job up at Wallace, Idaho, driving a milk wagon for Markwell Brothers, and thought I would start over and save up some money and get in some business. I went under an assumed name (my real name was Albert E. Horsley), and worked steadily for a few months. I saved my money, and bought an interest in the Hercules Mine. It was only a prospect then. I bought one-sixteenth interest for five hundred dollars, and if I had kept it I would be worth probably five hundred thousand to-day. I worked on that milk wagon nearly a year, but the last few months I got to drinking and sporting around, and could not content my mind on anything, and tried to drown my sorrow in many evil ways, and kept going from bad to worse. I quit the milk wagon and bought a wood yard in Burke, the mining-camp I had sold milk in. I might have made good money had I attended to business, but I got to gambling and spent my money faster than I made it. I was pretty well acquainted there and had a good business; I worked hard all day, but stayed up at night until I spent what I made that day.

II

UNION RULE IN THE COEUR D'ALENE



BOUGHT out the wood yard and one team at Burke, Idaho, early in the year 1897, and quit the employ of Markwell Brothers. I was well acquainted in the camp, having delivered the milk there nearly a year.

The Coeur d'Alene district is composed of the following towns and mining-camps, as they are called—this is one of the greatest silver and lead producing districts in this country: Wallace is the largest town in the district and a distributing point for the rest of the camps, also the county seat of Shoshone County; Gem, Mace, and Burke are all up Cañon Creek, Burke being the farthest up, and the end of the railroad being about six miles from Wallace. There are several large mines up this cañon.

Then Mullan is about ten miles up another cañon, and there are also several large mines up there. Wardner is about twelve miles down the Coeur d'Alene River, with several more large mines. Then Murray is about twenty-six miles from Wallace; this is mostly a gold-producing camp and is the oldest camp in the district. At the time I was there, there were about four or five hundred miners working in and around Burke.

I will endeavor as far as I know to give the past history and also the history during my stay there for the next three years or so. I do not know the past history only from hearsay, but as to the next three years or thereabouts, I will speak of what did actually happen.

The Outbreak of 1892

The miners up there seemed to be a pretty good lot of fellows and seemed to be worse to themselves than anybody else. The worst trouble with them was that they drank and gambled, and some of them neglected their families on this account.

There were six saloons in Burke, and they all ran gambling, and the other things that go with such places were there; there were no churches there. There were two general stores, drug-store and post-office. Most of the saloons kept some furnished rooms. There were also one or two restaurants there, and a big company boarding-house.

The men were well organized; I do not think there was a man working there that did not belong to the unions. The men working underground belonged to the Western Federation of Miners, and those working on the surface belonged to the Knights of Labor. They could transfer from one to the other. Of course, there were men working there that did not belong to the unions, such as held some official position connected with the mining companies. The unions would not admit these.

When I first came to work for Markwell Brothers, almost the first thing they asked me was if I belonged to any labor organization or had ever had any trouble with them. I told them I had never belonged to any nor ever had any trouble with any. Mr. Markwell then explained to me some of the conditions up at the mining-camps and told me of some of the former troubles they had had during the strike of 1892 and 1893. He said it nearly broke them up in business, as their

father had talked against the unions, and the only way they could settle it with the unions was to buy their father out and for him to leave the country, and the dairy was in the three brothers' names.

He told me something of that trouble, but I do not remember the cause, so I will not attempt to tell much about it. I know there was a fight up at Gem on the 11th of July, 1892, between union and non-union men; several men were killed, and the Frisco mill was blown up with dynamite and completely destroyed, and the non-union men were run out of the camp. The United States soldiers were brought there a little afterwards, and a great many of the men were arrested and thrown in the bull pen, and some were sent to the penitentiary, but they all were released in a short time. I do not know how this strike was settled, but the miners always claimed the victory and celebrated the 11th of July every year as long as I was there.

Mr. Markwell told me if any one up in the camps that I went to with milk was killed or run out of the camp, to say nothing about it, or at least not to express my opinion one way or the other. He said that was what got his father into trouble, as he openly condemned these depredations, and the unions boycotted them, and the best way was if anything like this happened to say nothing one way or the other. I thought this a queer condition of affairs at first, and began to think the stories told of the wild and woolly West were no dreams, and from time to time I heard of many such things that had taken place, but I said nothing about them to anybody except to Mr. Markwell.

The Killing of Whitney

They did not ask me to join the union while I was on the milk wagon, and I got along all right, but after I quit the milk wagon and went to Burke, I joined the Knights of Labor. There were some men run out of the camp while I was there, and one or two killed because they refused to go. I did not know who did this. The miners' unions were so strong that they weren't satisfied with only driving out the scabs, but they did the same thing with bosses or superintendents they did not like. For instance, there was the case of Mr. Whitney,* who was foreman of the Frisco mill. They sent a letter

* Frederick D. Whitney, shot December 23rd; died December 25, 1897.

to him and told him to leave the camp or he would suffer the consequences. Mr. Whitney answered that he would not leave, and a while after this a gang of masked men with Winchester's went to Mr. Whitney's room in Gem one night, a little before midnight, and started to drive him down the cañon. I talked with a woman who saw them taking him out. They came marching down the street at Gem under the bright electric lights, and when people began sticking their heads out of the windows, she said, these men with guns told them to go back in again or they would shoot them. They took Whitney down the railroad. A little way below Gem he tried to get away from them. There was some box-cars down there, and he thought if he could run back of these in the dark he could escape. But they shot him in the hip and left him there, and somebody else got him and took him down to the hospital at Wallace, and he died there a few days afterward when they were operating on him. Mr. Whitney's relatives were wealthy people, and they and the State offered seventeen thousand dollars reward for the men who shot him, but nothing ever came of it, and nobody was ever arrested, though a great many people must have known who did it. Nobody in Cañon Creek ever dared to testify about a thing like this. They knew if they did they would be killed themselves. You would hardly ever hear a man express his opinion unless he was drunk, and they generally expressed themselves as well pleased, and no doubt this was best for them.

There never seemed to be much exertion on the part of the officers to find out who did these things, especially if there was just some one run out of town. All the peace officers — the sheriff and constables and justices of the peace — were elected by the unions and were in with them. The miners made up their minds who they were going to nominate and vote for, and when they did this, they voted almost solid for their man. The peace officers, of course, always sided with the unions, and whenever a non-union man got into the camp and got beaten up and they took him before the justices of the peace, they would fine him or send him to jail. George A. Pettibone was justice of the peace at Gem back in 1892 and used to tell how he did this.

In the summer of 1898, I had to take in a partner. This was a Scotchman named James McAlpin. We were in partnership

until March, 1899. I stopped gambling and tried to straighten up. But I used up so much money paying off my old debts, that when we made a settlement, I found I had overdrawn my account several hundred dollars, and finally I offered to sell my share of the business to McAlpin for one hundred dollars in cash. He accepted this offer, and in this way I went out of business for myself.

The last of March, 1899, I got a job through Lewis Strow, a shift boss I knew well, as a "mucker" in the Tiger-Poorman mine — that is, I shoveled out the rock the miners blasted down in the stopes. I had to be transferred from the Knights of Labor to the miners' union, and then for the first time I became acquainted with the workings of this union as a member.

I Join the Western Federation of Miners

It has often been said that the Western Federation of Miners is an anarchist organization, but this is very wrong to speak of the organization as a whole this way, but I do believe, and in fact know, that the head men of this organization from the time it was first organized until the present time have been murderers and anarchists; that is some twelve or fifteen years ago, I do not know the exact time it was first organized. I can speak from my own personal knowledge of some of them for the last seven years, and they have told me many things that I know did happen that the head men that preceded them were responsible for, and it is true the head men of this organization have been anarchists ever since its first inception.

But I think I would be safe in saying that there is not over ten per cent of this organization that know their leaders are anarchists and murderers and are personally responsible for many murders and depredations that have been committed throughout the many mining-camps where they were organized. There is no doubt but a good many had a good idea where these things came from and also approved of them, but the great majority of them did not, especially when there was no trouble. A man never heard anything of these things in a union meeting, and during all the union meetings I ever attended I never saw nor heard any of the propositions mentioned except once, and that was a special meeting.

The Famous "Inner Circle"

The Western Federation of Miners is composed of a national president, secretary, and an executive board, of which the latter is made up of one representative from each district, who are elected at the regular annual convention. Each district also has what they call a district union made up of one representative from each union in the district. In some cases the local district unions used to be called the central unions.

The great majority of the union men pay their dues and let a few run the unions and know practically nothing of the workings, and a great many never attend the meetings without they are compelled to by a fine sometimes being imposed if they do not attend every so often. This, in my opinion, is just where union men make the great mistake. The rank and file takes no interest in the unions and let a few men run things to suit themselves. It was common talk almost from the first, in the Coeur d'Alenes, that there was an "inner circle," which ran the district. The "inner circle" was supposed to be a few men that were really back of the central union, and planned all the rough work, as they did in the Federation. George Pettibone was one of these when he was there in 1892, and later Ed Boyce and Lewis J. Simpkins and Marion W. Moor, who were in the "inner circle" of the Federation. I have no doubt they got their idea of the Federation from the Coeur d'Alenes, for the Federation started just after the first fight there in 1892, and a good many of the men in the Federation "inner circle" came from there.

The "Boyce Policy" and the Arming of the Unions

Ed Boyce, who was president of the Federation for a long while in its early years, had more to do with getting it started than any other man. He began the "Boyce policy"* soon after he was elected; that is,

* Ed Boyce, as president of the Western Federation of Miners, said in an address to its annual convention at Salt Lake City, May 10, 1897: "Every union should have a rifle club. I strongly advise you to provide every member with the latest improved rifle, which can be obtained from the factory at a nominal price. I entreat you to take action on this important question, so that in two years we can hear the inspiring music of the martial tread of 25,000 armed men in the ranks of labor. I would recommend the adoption of a new ritual. The Constitution (of the Western Federation of Miners) should also be amended so as to declare all members of the National Guard ineligible to membership, and withhold our patronage and assistance where any member of the National Guard is employed or admitted to membership."

This speech inaugurated what became known as the Boyce policy.


he advised that every union man should arm himself with a rifle, because they all might have to go out and fight the capitalists before long; and that nobody in the union should join the militia. The leaders of the different unions took this up, and I have heard it advised in unions time and time again by the officers that every union man should buy a good rifle and plenty of ammunition, for the time was coming when they would need it.

As a matter of fact, many of the men did arm themselves. I think there was quite a number of guns left over from the fight of 1892, and then I know there were some shipped in. George Pettibone has told me that he sent in rifles from Denver in 1899 for the union men. He sent a hundred of them in piano boxes, and ten thousand rounds of ammunition, and addressed it to Jim Young, who was sheriff at that time, and was in deep with the unions. Then, in 1897, the guns which belonged to the militia company that had disbanded as Mullan, were stolen one night by masked men. The union denied having done this, but a great many of the guns showed up in the hands of union men when we made our raid on the Bunker Hill & Sullivan Mill in Wardner. All these guns which the union men used were cached in places known to the union leaders, so that when the time came to use them they could be dug up and given to the men.

I had worked only a little over a month when the strike at Wardner broke out. Wardner, as I have stated, was down the cañon about twenty miles from Burke. They never had paid the same scale of wages there as they had up Cañon Creek, and had never recognized the union. Although there were a good many union men working there, the mines did not all recognize them, but the union men at Wardner thought they were strong enough to compel the mine operators to comply with their demands and recognize the union and pay the same wages the mines in the rest of the district did. I think myself this was a just demand as far as the wages were concerned, as these mines were the largest and richest in the district, but they did not do it, and in a few weeks the Bunker Hill & Sullivan, the largest mine there and employing from five to seven hundred men, and the one which the principal fight was being made on, was working again nearly full-handed, and the men kept breaking away from the union.

III

WE BLOW UP THE BUNKER HILL MINE

 IN THE morning of the 29th of April, 1899, as I was going up to breakfast in Burke, Idaho, I was told there would be no work at any of the mines that day, and that there was going to be a meeting at the miners' union hall early that morning, and they wanted every one that belonged to attend.

After breakfast the union men began to gather at the hall, and it soon was crowded, and Paul Corcoran, the secretary of the Burke miners' union, called the meeting to order, and began to address it and to explain the object of the meeting at that unusual time. As he was the representative of the Central Union, he told the men at the meeting that the Central Union had held a meeting the night before at Gem and had decided to go to Wardner in a body that day and blow up the Bunker Hill & Sullivan mill or hang the superintendent or both. I am not quite sure whether he stated openly of the latter, but I know that was talked of through the crowd. He went on and explained the conditions of the strike at Wardner, and said the rest of the mines, besides the Bunker Hill & Sullivan, had temporarily granted the demands of the union and would abide permanently by whatever agreement was made with the Bunker Hill, but that that company had absolutely refused to grant the demands of the union and furthermore to have anything to do with the miners' union; that the union men at Wardner were breaking away from the union and going to work; and that other non-union men that had been driven out of the camp from time to time were coming back and going to work at the Bunker Hill, and that the Central Union had decided to go to Wardner that day in a body, drive the scabs from the mill, and blow it up, and put an end to the strike.

He went on and outlined the following program which had been agreed to by the Central Union: The Northern Pacific train left Wallace for Burke every morning about ten o'clock, and he said after the train left Wallace the wires would be cut so that the railroad officials could not find out anything that was going on up the cañon, and he said when the train arrived at Burke they wanted to be all ready, and five or six men would go out and take possession of the train and give the train crew orders to make up what empty

cars were needed and run down to Wardner. He said the Gem union would be ready when we arrived at Gem, and the Mullan unions would meet us at Wallace. He said it had been arranged to stop at the Frisco magazine, and it would be open, and we would load on what powder we wanted to blow up the mill. He said there was a militia company at Wardner guarding the mill, and he wanted everybody that had any firearms and ammunition to get them. He said they had some new rifles, and they would be distributed at Gem, and he thought we would have enough firearms to easily whip the militia company.

There were a good many that objected to such proceedings, and a lively discussion followed. During this discussion the president of the union came in and was very angry to think a meeting had been called without consulting him; he said he had not been notified and only just heard of it a little before and that by chance. The secretary said he had sent him word and thought he knew, as he said he had been up all night and notified all he could and told them to tell every one they could. After Mr. Devy, the president, learned the object of the meeting, he did not approve of the plan at all, and so expressed himself, as did many others, but Mr. Corcoran said it was the wish of the Central Union, and he believed it the best thing to do, and did not believe that anything would be done about it. He said the Governor would not do anything, because they owned him, as their district had voted solid for him and the Federal government would not do anything either, because they did not propose to interfere with the United States mail, as the train could go back to Wallace on time. That was as far as they carried the mail, as this was just a local train running between Burke and Wallace. Some thought differently and thought we would have the Federal troops there, and many remembered when they were there a few years before, and did not want them again. But it was finally left to a vote, the men dividing on either side of the hall and counting them that way, and it was carried by a very small majority to go to Wardner, and it was soon whispered around that any that did not go had better be going the other way.

I do believe a great many voted through fear, not having the moral courage to stand by their convictions, and one did not know

at first how the other would vote, and then the way the vote was taken, the men being divided on either side of the hall, there was not so much chance for him to change without everybody noticing it. After the vote was declared, I think nearly every union man in Burke made ready to go. Every one was supposed to get himself ready; he was to get a piece of white cotton and tie it around his arm, which would signify he belonged to the Burke union, and he was also supposed to get some kind of a mask to disguise himself.

The Run to Wardner

It is a peculiar thing to say, but when they were once started nobody seemed to think there was anything serious going to be done. I do not even remember how I voted in the hall. When the train arrived, a few masked men took possession of it and boarded the engine with rifles in hand, and the train was made up of box-cars, some flat bottom cars, and a passenger car or two and a baggage-coach, and the men boarded the train. Some were in the passenger coaches, and others on different parts of the train. I think everybody that rode in the passenger coaches paid the regular fare to Wallace.

At Wallace, James Young, the sheriff, and Tom Heney, a former sheriff and then a deputy sheriff, got on the train, and though I did not hear them, I was told they were advising the men on the way down to Wardner how to do the work and not get into trouble over it.

The train was stopped at the Frisco magazine about a mile from Gem, and about forty fifty-pound boxes of powder were loaded in a car, and the train then went down to Gem and stopped in front of the miners' union hall. A number of the Burke men got off the train and went into the hall, and some new rifles and ammunition were distributed amongst them. It was thought we did not take enough powder, and the train was backed up again to the magazine, and about as much more as we had taken first was loaded in the car with the first, and we ran back to Gem, stopped at the union hall, and the men from Gem boarded the train, and we ran on down to Wallace. The union men from Mullan and Murray joined us there and got on the train, and we switched over on the Oregon Railroad & Navigation track and ran on down to Wardner, stopping at the depot. There was a large crowd at the depot. The

sheriff got off in front of the crowd and demanded that the mob should disperse and go home. Everybody knew this was a bluff and that he really would make no attempt whatever to stop them, and there was some laughing and joking about it.

The men all got off the train except some that were left on the engine to see they did not run away and leave us. W. F. Davis, who was one of the heads of the Gem union, was in charge. The powder was unloaded, and armed guards were left to guard it, and the rest of the men were lined up in the following order: All men from Burke union with long guns were ordered to fall in line two and two. I do not remember in what order the other unions came, but all with long guns out of each union followed, and the others that had only six-shooters followed them, and there were a great number left that had no guns at all. I did not get into the line myself, as I waited at the depot restaurant to get something to eat. I only had a small revolver and wouldn't have been any particular use. After the crowd were all formed in line, there were twelve men sent around upon the hill above the mill as a skirmish line, to fire on the mill and see if they could draw any fire from it, as we supposed it was full of armed guards. The mill was about half a mile from the depot. These twelve men went up on the hill about two or three hundred yards above the mill and about the same distance from our men below in full sight of us, and when the signal from our leader was given for these men on the hill to fire on the mill, they did so. It seems our leader had not told all our men about the arrangements, for as soon as the men on the hill fired on the mill, a lot of our men fired on them and killed one of them before they could be stopped. This was a man named Smith. No one fired from the mill, and we found a couple of men there, a Scotchman named James Cheyne who was watchman at the mill and a man named Harris, who told us there was no one in the mill. So they got ready and began to take the powder up and put it in under the mill to blow it up. Eighty or ninety of us who were at the depot each took one of the fifty-pound boxes of dynamite and carried it on our shoulders down to the mill. I remember even then I didn't understand who those fellows on the hill were, and I said to Gus Peterson, who was carrying a box of dynamite beside me, "What do they let those scabs stay there



“‘Twaz me good angel sint that cat to warn me right!’”

see how the clouds waz obscurin' what moon there waz. They wazn't obscurin' it, an' it waz brand new, an' I waz lookin' at it over me lift shoulder. Ye may laugh at signs be daytime, but whin the night is around ye — But I hild me nerve an' wint on, walkin' the little wall at the idge for fear of cracklin' on the tin, an' wishin' I'd screwed me head the other way, me driss-suit makin' me feel like I waz canned.

“‘Five houses out,’ I says to mesilf. ‘Now does that mean count five an’ take the nixt wan, or count five an’ don’t take the nixt wan? I’ll be takin’ number five, an’ trust the saints,’ says I, an’ just as I turned on me walls a great big scut of a black cat skinned rappity-hell across the roof afore me eyes. ‘Faith, the nixt house it is!’ I says, after nearly fallin’ off the wall. ‘‘Twaz me good angel sint that cat to warn me right!’”

“Whin I had worked me way, cautious, across the nixt roof, I come to a man sittin’ flat on it, leanin’ against a chimney, with his legs stretched out as far as his toes, an’ be all that waz amazin’, he waz in one of thim driss-suits like me own! I spoke out afore I knew it, him havin’ done no more than turn his head whin I come.

“‘The saints preserve us,’ I says, tryin’ to straighten me coat, ‘what do ye think ye are doin’ here?’

“‘I’m not thinkin’,’ says he, merely lookin’ up at me, calm-like, ‘I’m writin’ a poem.’ An’ I seen he waz drunk.

“‘Holy Mother!’ says I, ‘on a tin roof? I thought —’

“‘On me lady’s lashes,’ says he, ‘an’ me cuff.’

“‘It will be after spoilin’ the whole shirt,’ says I, remonstratin’ with him. ‘These attached cuffs is hell on the laundry bills.’ An’ I begun pushin’ me own against each other to git thim up me sleeves.

“‘It’s only goin’ to be a quat-rain,’ says he.

“‘Goin’ to what?’ I says. ‘Rain?’ says I. ‘Rain? It’s a clear sky, man! There ain’t enough water in thim clouds to make a highball for a man that takes it straight.’

“‘O lady fair,’ says he, with his pencil dug into his cheek, ‘O heart of mine, O soul of all the world —’

“‘How did ye git here?’ I inquires of him.

“‘I met a frind of mine who isn’t a poet, an’ we had dinner,’ he says, ‘an’ wine. A loaf of wine, a jug of bread, an’ thou beloved beside me singing up in Paradise oh Paradise waz wilderness in now.’

PATSY MORAN AND THE WARNINGS

BY

ARTHUR SULLIVANT HOFFMAN

AUTHOR OF "PATSY MORAN AND THE LUNATICS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



NE of the first warm days of an early spring had tempted Patsy and Tim out into the sunshine even so far as across the Island to the North River, where they sat on an empty barge, their feet dangling over the waters of the Hudson.

"I think I will become a Turk," Patsy announced, after a silence to which even he had been a party.

"Phwat's thim?" grunted his companion.

"They is people what believes in fatality an' wears red pajamies," Moran explained, "an' other colors. Not that I'm caring annything about the pajamies, but there ain't nothin' on earth as sure as fatality. It's much the same as believin' in signs."

In the absence of any response, Patsy continued:

"Me an' Lucy had a fine lay worked up in the Fifties near the Avenue, whin she wint an' got sick. She waz all for us waitin' till she waz well, but with me man's sinse I put a stop to that notion.

"Says I, 'The doctor has been tellin' ye to stay in the house till Tuesday. Winsday they'll be after fixin' up the place for the family to come home to. Now think of this—Tuesday is the thirteenth. We'll take no fool's chanct on such date as that. Do ye stay here where ye should, an' I'll do the job on Monday night. I won't be needin' ye, anyways,' I says.

"'Oh,' she says. 'Well,' says she, 'it's an easy lift, an' I suppose ye can't go wrong,' she feelin' disagreeable be reason of bein' sick. Thin she begun tellin' me what I waz to do all over agin, an' I wint on home.

"The next day I had me first warnin'. Whin I waz drissin' mesilf, me mind waz so full of the driss-suit I waz to be after rintin', it bein' a issintial part of me plans, that I wint an' laced up me lift shoe before iver I put on the right wan. 'Faith,' says I, 'if I waz believin' in thim signs at all, this would be turnin' me back, for it's the worst of the whole lot.' So I took off me shoe agin, praise the saints for that much grace, an' begun over, hopin' the evil would fall on the driss-suit an' nothin' ilse beside.

"Well, it fell on the driss-suit, anyways. Whin Isaac Linsky begun puttin' thim clothes on me, me troubles come in a bunch. Sure, Tim, thim driss-suits is queer things. I wonder how folks iver waz so bad, the divil waz allowed to invint thim at all. Ye notice he goes naked himsilf. An' tight, is it? The vests of thim is intinded to fit ye under the skin instid of outside your shirt. Says I, 'How do ye eat without undrissin'?' 'Ye don't eat,' says Linsky. 'They have dinner-coats for that.' Whin I saw mesilf in the glass, it waz like lookin' at a big, black doughnut with legs to it an' a white hole in the middle. But I rinted the driss-suit an' wint home to practise livin' in it.

"Monday night about eight o'clock I begun gettin' in it, an' at elivin'-thirty, after a nip of the old stuff at O'Brien's place, I walked in the front door of the Eldeane as big as life. Owin' to me driss-suit, they asked me no quistions, an' at the fifth floor I lift the ilivator. Down the hall I wint to No. 509 an' wandered round thim impty rooms, till the lights I waz watchin' all wint out, an' I made ready to slip down on the roofs of the row of houses nixt the Eldeane.

"As I waz hangin' from the windy an' feelin' for the roof with me feet, some spalpeen of a d'vil made me screw me head to



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see how the clouds waz obscurin' what moon there waz. They wazn't obscurin' it, an' it waz brand new, an' I waz lookin' at it over me lift shoulder. Ye may laugh at signs be daytime, but whin the night is around ye — But I hild me nerve an' wint on, walkin' the little wall at the idge for fear of cracklin' on the tin, an' wishin' I'd screwed me head the other way, me driss-suit makin' me feel like I waz canned.

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"'Niver mind,' says I, soothin', 'niver mind. What I waz meanin' waz, do ye live here?'"

"'Oh, no,' he says, 'I only come here to write po'try. I live somewheres in this block. I knew where it waz before dinner, an' whin I come out of it, but not now,' says he. 'Not now,' he says agin, pathetic, 'not now.'"

"'Didn't ye leave the trap-door open?' says I, keen-like.

"'Yis,' says he, 'but whin I wint back to all of thim, they waz shut,' says he, 'an' locked.' An' thin agin, 'An' locked.'"

"'Here,' says I, 'stand up!' An' I took him be the shoulder. 'Stand up. It will be makin' ye feel better.'"

"'He come to his feet, mostly be himsilf. 'Oh, I'm all right,' he says, 'I'm all right. I waz just feelin' sad-like.' Thin he says, leanin' over to whisper it, 'Poets is queer,' says he, mysterious.

"'They sure is,' says I.

"'Oh, I'm all right,' says he. 'I waz just a bit drowsy.'"

"'An' faith, my makin' him stand up seemed to give him a new grip, for he sort of shook himsilf an' straightened out. Thin he begun walkin' slow but stidy, me with him, an' him cracklin' terrible as he wint.

"'I begun debatin' with mesilf. 'The thing to do,' thinks I, 'is to put him up against his chimney agin, on the far side, an' let him go to sleep, while I open the trap-door an' pull off me job. He won't ray-mimber me from the chimney be marnin'.' An' I waz just after doin' it, whin the howl of a dog rose up from some of thim back yards an' sint the cold chills down me! 'Be the powers, it's death or the black luck to some wan if I do what I'm plannin'!' But he paid no heed to it, seemin' to be thinkin' up more po'try. 'Maybe it's nayther of us at all,' thinks I, an' looked away just in time to see that big gomerel of a cat prowlin' square atween us an' the place I had intinded takin' him to! I waz not the fool to throw away its warnin'. 'The man's poor, annyways,' thinks I, 'an' if he don't relapse, he can be helpin' me inside.' Whin wanc't me mind is made up, it's no time is lost.

"'Ye say ye are poor,' says I. 'Do ye need money?'"

"'Money, is it? Look at me hair,' he says. 'Close cropped. Ye can tell how poor a poet is be how short his hair is.

Some of thim is bald-headed,' says he, 'bald-headed.'"

"'I thought they all wore it long,' says I.

"'Not thim,' he says. 'Whin they git real poor, they have to wear it short so people will give thim a job makin' a livin' be workin'. It's only whin they git rich enough to starve as a poet that they can afford to let it grow long. An' such of thim as sells enough po'try to the magazines to live on it ivery other week or so, keeps it long to prove they're poets in spite of the ividence against thim,' he says.

"'Ye're Irish,' says I.

"'I'm drunk,' says he. 'I always talk bist whin I'm drunk, an' thin I can't ray-mimber it whin I'm sober.' An' he begun makin' tearful sounds agin.

"'Are ye still drinkin'?' says I, loosenin' at me collar.

"'Hilp yoursilf,' says he, polite, passin' me a bottle from his back pocket. 'Ye're a humorist,' says he.

"'Me?' says I. 'An' why do ye call me that?'"

"'They're the only wans poor enough to borrow of a poet,' he says.

"'I looked at him a minute, severe, an' feelin' a bit hurt.

"'Oh, ye're welcome,' says he, laughin' some more — it waz either laughin' or weepin' he waz most of the time — 'I'm not wantin' to get drunk, annyways,' he says.

"'Faith, the spirit of him! I put it to him all to wanc't:

"'I'm a burglar,' I says, 'an' I'm goin' to clean out this house. If ye help me, there's a share comin' ye for the trouble. Do ye want the money?'"

"'Oh,' says he, 'a burglar,' puttin' the ind of his pencil in his mouth an' lookin' at me thoughtful. 'Oh,' he says. 'In thim clothes? Do ye always wear thim?' he says.

"'Whin I'm with gintlemen,' says I, flatterin' him — that bein' good for thim as is drunker than yoursilf — an' feelin' proud I waz drissed with the best of thim. 'Will ye go with me?'"

"'I would go annywhere so it's the other side of wan of thim trap-doors,' says he. Thin he comminc'd to laugh. 'Surely,' says he, an' thin he wint on laughin'. 'But ain't no wan to home?' he says, in the middle of it.

"'The family's out of town,' I says, not seein' the joke.

"'In we go, thin,' says he, sittin' down against the chimney wanc't more.

"'Do ye understand,' says I, irritated, 'do ye understand that I'm not needin' ye at all for this, an' 'tis only through charity that ye come along?'

"'Niver mintion the word atween gintlemen,' says he. 'Your tie is up in the back.'

"'Oh, it is?' says I, still irritated, but reachin' for it. An' thin I opened me grip an' wint at the trap-door.

Ye may know it took but a minute, for all that me clothes waz cuttin' me into sandwiches. It seemed to please him to see it come off, an' he come over an' took a look at the hole.

"'You first,' says I, polite, bein' too old a hand to take anny chances of him shuttin' the door on me an' goin' to sleep.

"'Oh,' says he, as I come to me feet without bustin' me waistband, 'whin ye fixed your tie in the back, ye twisted it to wan side in front. To the right,' says he, 'to the right.'

"'Oh,' says he agin, 'ye shouldn't have put your fingers on it after handlin' the roof. Ye've soiled it now — all soiled. Permit me,' he says, an' begun fussin' with it dainty, me feelin' foolish. 'There,' says he, pattin' it with his hand, an' standin' back to look at me. 'There,' says he, proud an' smilin'. 'Excip't the spots,' he says, 'excip't the spots — the spots.'

"'He waz losin' interist agin, an' begun lookin' at the chimney, but I pointed to the hole. 'Git in,' says I.

"'Of course,' says he, as if it had slipped his mind, an' he laughed some more.

"'I've been thinkin',' he says, as he put wan leg down the hole to the ladder an' begun workin' the other like a pump-handle, 'I've been thinkin' it over,' says he, 'an' if ye are to go on keepin' the bottle an' I —'

"'Go wan down!' says I. 'This is no time for thinkin'. Ye might as well be writin' po'try. 'Tind to your duty,' I says, 'an' don't talk so much.'

"'That is a beautiful thing,' says he, an' he stopped pumpin' with his leg an' looked up at me like a dyin' calf; 'I could not love the deer so much loved I not duty — honor — duty —'

"'But I put me foot against his fingers, an' he wint down sayin' it waz a beautiful thing. Whin I reached the bottom of the ladder, he waz sittin' on the floor an' still sayin' it.

"Well, for a house wid the owners of it away, the haul waz a fine wan, they seemin' to have gone in a hurry, leavin' much behind thim. Wan of the things they lift waz different kinds of liquor, enough to make sinsible people of all the fools, to say nothin' of makin' what sinsible people they is foolish. I tried some of those that waz new to me, holdin' him back from havin' too much. Thin we filled me grip an' wan we found for him an' all our pockets widout bulgin' thim too much, an' thin I says to him, kind-like:

"'I think we will be goin' home now,' says I, buttonin' up me vest an' makin' tidy to pass the Eldeane people like gintlemen. We waz in the library-room, an' him sittin' on the floor with the grip atween his legs an' croonin' to himself.

"'Home?' says he. 'Me?' he says, an' begun bein' sad. 'Home,' says he pathetic, wavin' a soup-ladle in front of him, 'Home?' Thin he looked me in the eye: 'Home they brought her warrior dead, Sheener wept —'

"'For God's sake, talk sinse,' says I, 'an' come with me where ye can sleep it off!' I says, takin' him be the shoulder agin. He come up all right — he niver had no trouble walkin' wanc't he waz started — an' we made for the door.

"I give a last look around, an' the first thing that come to me eyes waz the new moon through the windy! It waz over me right shoulder this time, praise be, but I'd seen it *through glass*!

"'Tis not the time for leavin' now,



"'In this small glass,' says he, 'I hold the curse of Cain, an' Adam, an' Eve'."

asthore!' thinks I quick. 'Twas a warnin' to me!

"An' just thin he sat down agin. 'That's another sign,' thinks I, but he didn't recite nothin'. Instid of that he looked up at me, smilin' that little girl smile, an' he says:

"'I will just be settin' here,' says he, peaceful, 'till I git wan more drink,' he says. 'Just wan, on me word as a gintlemen. Be yonder moon I swear——'

"That waz enough. I niver heard what come after him sayin' 'moon'!

"Whin I handed him a bottle, me frind got up without anny hilp, but they waz no pleasure showin' in his face.

"'There,' he says, solemn, 'there lies the whole hist'ry of the human race, past, prisint, future, an' what comes after that. There is more unhappiness in thim bottles than there is outside of thim. In this small glass,' says he, 'I hold the curse of Cain, an' Adam, an' Eve, an' Joshwah, an' Job, an' Joseph, an' all the rist of thim down to Noah, an' up to us. Yis,' he says, sighin', 'it's up to us. Here's lookin' at ye.'

"He waz so sad be this time it made me own liquor taste bad, like they waz tears in it. 'I'll be watchin' him close,' thinks I to meself. 'Be the time that wan drink works in to where his thoughts waz intinded to come from, he's like to die of grief. The

poor young fool, he ought niver to be after touchin' it at all.'

"But he didn't git no worse to speak of, an' pretty soon I begun gittin' interisted in his po'try meself, an' it wazn't many drinks after that afore I waz recitin' him some things I knew whin I waz a lad.

"After while he begun cryin' an' laid his head down sideways on the shiny table, holdin' his hands together behind his back an' twistin' his fingers. I sat there contemplatin' him, an' he wint right on sobbin', just turnin' his head over on the other side. Ivery time he sobbed, his head worked back an' forth on the table, his ear stickin' where it waz.

"At last he unhooked his hands an' begun gropin' out over his head amongst the bottles, me pickin' thim up after him, till he found wan that waz a comfortable size an' begun pourin' it on the table, dainty. I took it from him, but he wint right on pourin' without it, still sobbin'.

"'To him,' says he from the table, chokeful. 'To him,' he says. 'Yisterday he waz with me. To-day he is no more. To-morrow,' he says, 'to-morrow he ain't either. He ain't either,' he says, 'he ain't either.'

"'No,' says I, 'he ain't, me poor frind. Who waz he?'

"'His hair waz white,' says he, 'an' curly,' says he. 'An' curly. With little

"'I niver hit anything I shoot at whin I'm sober,' says the poet, 'but I'm not sober.'"



bunches at the knee. Four of thim,' he says, 'at the knee.'

"'Four?' says I. 'Four what?'

"'Bunches,' says he, melancholy.

"'Waz they two on each knee?' says I.

"'Oh, no, no, no!' he says, cryin' bitter. 'They waz four knees,' says he, 'only the wans on his legs wazn't knees, an' the other wans waz elbows. Oh, no, no! They wazn't two bunches on *anny* of thim. Just wan,' he says, 'just wan.'

"'Thin they waz four knees on him,' says I, irritated. 'That's what you said. With wan bunch on each of thim, makin' four bunches altogether.'

"'Yis,' says he, 'an' wan on his tail,' he says. 'Tail.'

"'Holy saints,' says I, seein' through it at wanct, 'thin he waz a dog, him an' his bunches! Preserve us! An' you weepin' round here for a blamed dog that's dead an' buried, an' him a poodle at that!'

"'He ain't buried!' says he, fierce, an' raisin' up his head off the table.

"'He *ain't*!' says I.

"'No,' says he, sad agin. 'How *could* they bury him? He waz only in wan of me poems,' he says. 'In wan of —'

"'Served him right,' I says, havin' lost me timper.

"'Brute!' says he.

"'Not him,' says I. 'He waz just a poodle, an' they wazn't anfy of him annyways, him with his knees that waz elbows.'

"'Do you like ridin' in a hansom?' says he. 'I do.'

"'Who?' says I.

"'On a wintry evenin',' he says, smilin' through his tears an' stretchin' out his arm, 'with the snow siftin' down an' layin' quiet while they walk on it, all thim people on the Avenue, with the lights shinin' on thim as they pass. An' all the other hansom. Me mother don't care for it in summer, but I like it in the spring. A carriage won't do,' says he, 'a carriage won't do. Won't do.'

"'Now ain't that like you rich folk,' says I, me dander up, 'not carin' for carriages in the spring, an' we poor wans trampin' our way in the dirty snow! What did ye want to put a poem in the poor dog for? I niver did the like of that be anny dumb beast, the faithful frinds they are,' says I, thinkin' mournful-like of all the men an' women what had been cruel to me. 'Why, 'twas only Winsday a week gone I come on Flaherty's little Mike throwin' boards at

wan of thim little black dogs with three legs, an' I —'

"Just thin a man stood up in the door in front of me! A little man with a black beard, wearin' a high hat, an' a overcoat, an' pointin' a gun straight into me eyes!

"'It's bad enough,' says the little man, 'to come home an' find a pair of thieves with all me valuables, but to have thim make a night of it with me choicest wines — turnin' over to the police is too good for ye.'

"Me driss-suit begun fittin' me tighter than what it had, which waz tighter than annything ilse in the world up to thin. I cominced debatin' with meself, but just thin the poet started to laughin' at God knows what, he bein' drunk, an' begun tryin' to stand up.

"'While the two of ye are listenin',' says he, pleasant, 'I will be gittin' a book down from the shelves an' readin' some po'try to ye — from the shelves.' An' be all that's holy, he begun walkin', him that couldn't set up in his chair a bit gone! For wan that's drunk, he waz most unreliable. But the man in the door niver took his eyes from me, knowin' me for the thinkin' an' dangerous wan of the two an' havin' no regard for the way me clothes felt on me.

"'Now,' he says to me, 'I will keep this gun on ye till ye collect all your plunder in wan place. After that I will attind to ye both!'

"I waz turnin' me wits inside out be this time, but for the wanct there waz nothin' in thim, an' me driss-suit bosom waz pushin' me under the chin most distractin'. Excpt for the poet rummagin' around just beyant the corner of me eye where I couldn't see him, they waz nothin' but silence in that room, the man in the door furnishin' most of it. We waz nayther of us givin' anny heed to the poet chap, whin he cominced laughin' to himsilf tremendous an' maunderin' some more po'try. It's funny how thim words stuck in me raymimbrance whin I wazn't listenin' to thim:

"'An' no wan shall work for money, an' no wan shall work for fame, but each,' says he, 'each — an' no wan shall work for money —' an' he begun draggin' a chair over the floor an' thin another wan, '— work for money — said it waz a nice thing to come home to an' called me a pair of thieves — me! Oh, all of thim work for money,' he begun agin, jiggin' it out like he waz dancin' to it, only I knew he couldn't,

'an' none of thim work for fame, an' each-of-thim-each-of-thim-each-of-thim — now I'm ready,' says he, sudden an' continted. 'Now I'm goin' to shoot the new gintlemin!'

"For the risk of the life of me I couldn't help rollin' me eyes round to him an' turnin' me head, an' so help me God, he waz settin' comfortable in a chair, holdin' another wan in front of him with his feet, an' restin' a gun on the back of it! Both hands waz wrapped round the handle of it, an' all the

" 'Oh,' says the poet, gintle, 'blow ahead. I niver laid eyes on him till this evenin'. Blow,' says he, 'blow, blow, thou winter wind, thou are a nut — an' ye can't hit me because of me swimmin' about so,' he says, 'with both of these guns. Both-of-thim-both-of-thim-both-of-thim, an' a hay nunny, nunny! Shall I begin doin' of it?' says he.

"For wanc't me wits wint back on me, an' I begun wishin' me collar would finish chokin' me to death an' ind it all, for with the little wan aimin' at me, an' that drunken fool of



" 'I bowed graceful an' encouragin'."



fingers of thim waz squirmen' over the trigger most alarmin'.

" 'I niver hit annything I shoot at whin I'm sober,' says the poet, 'but I'm not sober. Not me,' he says, 'not me. An' whin I begin shootin', I'm goin' to keep right on till I hit you. I have another gun in me lap,' he says, 'an' I'm awful drunk,' says he, 'awful drunk, *awful* drunk. Oh, each-of-thim-each-of-thim-each-of-thim, an' a hay nunny, nunny!'

"Did ye iver hear such nonsinse even from a sober man! But the other wan hild his gun on me an' kept the two of us in his eye, while he talked to the poet.

" 'Lay it down!' says he, fierce-like. 'Lay it down, or I'll blow the head off your frind, ye drunken fool!'

a poet tryin' not to, me chances waz black as the divil's soul at eliction time. Thin out of the million things I waz seein', the man's face come workin' out prominint, an' twaz plain he waz thinkin' hard himsilf. Be the same token he waz lookin' worried. I waz thirty-two whin the poet quit talkin', an' whin I was about forty-six, the man says to me all of a sudden, so quick it made me jump:

" 'Moran!' says he, me hair standin' up on tiptoes at him knowin' me name, 'Moran, the frind that saved me from thim ruffians down on the Bowery last summer! I niver knew ye. Ye have no need to rob my house!' he says. 'If ye wanted money, why didn't ye come to me? Ye will stay here the night, an' in the marnin' I will give

ye a blank check with me name on it for what ye please. Tell your frind it's all right, an' we'll drink to another happy meetin', he says. 'Are ye still livin' up over Noonan's bake-shop?'

"If I had been starin' at him before, it waz fair out of me head me eyes wint now, an' me brains tied thimsilves in a hard knot. 'Twas plain he knew me, but I couldn't raymimber iver havin' laid eyes on the face of him, an' I begun wonderin', waz I drunk mesilf. What he said didn't seem to mean annything, though he was puttin' his gun away an' comin' toward me peaceable. 'Thin,' says I, for I may as well confiss me wits waz not quick on their feet for the wanct, 'thin' says I, 'I'll be loosenin' this collar from inside me neck. Me teeth is catchin' on it.' Which I done, dreamy-like, whilst he come to the table, bringin' a chair with him.

"Thin I raymimbered the poet an' lost no time lookin' to see how he was takin' it all. There he sat with a gun in each hand, pointin' thim together an' rubbin' the muzzles round and round against each other, peaceful and contint, an' still callin', 'Hay!' to thim nuns, like they waz rabbits. An' all this time the other man waz implorin' of me to sit down an' drink with him. So I done it, for a drink's a drink at anny time, an' he wint right on askin' me questions about mesilf.

"But me wits waz workin' agin be this time, an' better than iver. Says I to mesilf, 'He's either crazy or drunk, or ilse he ain't. If he's crazy, shoot him. If he's drunk, shoot him. An' if he ain't, shoot him. Or annyways, git the drop on him. There's but two things for me to do — wan of them is to git out of here, an' the other wan is to git out of here *quick*! The poet is drunk enough to prove an alibi, an' annyways he couldn't git out of the house if you waz to start him on a toboggan-slide. I will be takin' just wan more drink with this amazin' lunnytic, frindly-like, an' thin —' But as I was reachin' for a green bottle bulgin' in at the middle, me arm knocked over a glass, an' the red wine in the bottom of it wint out on the table!

"'A warnin'! A warnin'!' says I, chokin', to mesilf, though I niver opened me mouth. 'Wirra, wirra, can't I as much as draw me breath this evenin', without wan of thim signs raisin' its head? But the saints forgive me for what might have come to me

but for thim warnin's. I will stay here an' be a whole rigimint of gallant preservers, bad cess to thim, an' thank ye for the hint,' I says to mesilf.

"So I begun doin' of it an' asked him if he raymimbered how one of thim ruffians waz just ready to do for him whin I rushed in promiscuous an' begun savin' his life. He said he did, an' we took another drink, an' thin I begun to raymimber it mesilf. But niver a moment that I didn't have me eyes an' ears open for more of thim guidin' signs. The poet, he wouldn't join us, sittin' over in his chair croonin' to himsilf an' playin' with thim guns. He said he didn't care for drink.

"Well, after we had opened a bottle containin' yellow liquor that wazn't hot, but seemed to be still boilin', me grateful frind said he would just be gatherin' the silver an' puttin' it in the little alcove openin' off the library-room for the night. I wint right on drinkin' that yellow liquor with pins in it, an' pretty soon he wint into the alcove, an' I heard him pilin' the silver away on the shelf. Whilst I waz waitin' for him an' ruminatin' at the poet, wonderin' which of thim guns would go off first, there waz a rustlin' behind me, an' I screwed round in me chair to listen to it. Be all the saints, there waz two women standin' there, an old wan an' a young wan, with their hats on, an' each of thim lookin' more surprised an' sorrowful than the other! It waz the poet they waz lookin' at mostly, an' I raymimber feelin' kindly to thim for it. Thin both of thim women blowed up to wanct, abusin' the poet an' weepin' over him stupendous. I couldn't make nothin' out of it excipt they waz glad the auto had broke down near enough a trolley-line for thim to git home afore marnin', an' they waz sorry to git there. The poet, he waz smilin' up at thim, pleasant, layin' down his guns, an' pretty soon he says to thim like they had just come in:

"'Well, Mother,' says he cheerful, 'did you an' Sis have a jolly ride?' he says, 'a jolly ride?'

"'Mother!' gasps me brains to me. 'It's his own house he's been robbin', that scut of a poet! Thin,' says me brains agin, keen as a steel-trap, 'thin the other wan — thin who — thin what — thin where —' an' I stood up where I waz an' begun speakin' out loud. Me collar waz still on in the back, an' the inds of it stuck up in front of me



"There ain't no argymint at all," growled Tim. "*It was Lucy took the swag!*"

eyes with the tie hangin' from thim most confusin'. 'Thin,' says I, 'thin —'

"'An' who is *this* disreputable character?' the old lady says, meanin' me, most impolite.

"'Oh —' says the poet, easy-like, an' I forgive him thin and there — 'Oh,' says he, 'that's me old frind, Moran, what saved me life wanct from some ruffians.'

"I bowed graceful an' encouragin'.

"'Umph!' says the old lady, like she had bit into something bad.

"'I had dinner with him,' says the poet, 'at his club this evenin' an' brung him home. An' brung him home,' he says, 'an' brung him home.'

"'An' what a room!' says she, payin' no heed to him. '*What* a room!'

"While she was noticin' of it, I wint for the alcove, lookin' for me grateful frind an' the silver. So hilp me, the shelves waz impty, an' the door to the nixt room stood open! Stickin' to it be means of a fork waz a scrap of paper with writin' on it. I leaned against the wall, an' pristinly I read it, the handwritin' bein' bad. It says:

"'Wine in, wit out. Thanks for collectin' the silver.'

"Think of the conceit of the impidint scum, an' him niver suspectin' that but for the warnin' sint me be means of the spilled

wine, I'd 'a' had a hole in him ye could 'a' stuck a bottle into!

"I put the insultin' thing in me pocket, an' they waz little trouble in makin' me excuses to the rist of thim, they havin' gone back to bullyraggin' the poet, an' him bein' asleep. The old lady herself let me out the front door, lockin' it after me.

"Just as I was walkin' down the steps, close to the railin', an' carryin' me high hat in me hands, I heard a big clock strikin' the hour. I counted up to three, an' thin all to wanct it come over me, — the secret of the whole thing, — an' I blissed the saints an' angels I waz out of that house alive an' not arristed or in the hospital or me waitin' grave. It waz late in the early marnin' of Tuesday, an' Tuesday *waz the thirteenth!*

"An' that's why," said Moran, settling back against his post once more, "that's why I believe in all the signs they is an' am be way of becomin' a fatalist. If it hadn't been for thim signs, like as not I'd not be here this minute watchin' of the boats an' the glue factory, an' swingin' me feet comfortable."

"Do yez listen," said Tim, in his thunderous monotone, "ye and yer fool's signs! Ivery time ye changed yer plans for wan av thim warnin's, ye made a bigger fool av yersilf than ye waz born. Widout thim signs ye might 'a' got what ye wint for, drunk as ye waz."

Moran put down his unlighted pipe, scorn and dignity in his every move. "The bist answer to such a argymint as that wan —"

"There ain't no argymint at all," growled Tim. "*It waz Lucy took the swag!*"

"Holy Mother!" said Moran, and his jaw dropped open. Then he recovered himself manfully:

"With a beard?" he said. "Ye're a lunytic! An' wouldn't I be knowin' her voice annywheres?"

"Thim things is easy fixed," Tim answered in disgust, "an' ye so drunk ye couldn't tell a tug whistle from a trolley-car. An' annyways, it waz."

"Well," replied Moran, "it just shows what fool plans a woman makes whin there's no man to keep her sensible. I might 'a' shot the lunytic."

"Umph!" said Tim.

TURNPIKE CRONIES

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

BEHIND the mountains dropped the sun,
At five o'clock, in Turnpike Town;
The locusts dark against the sky
Shed all their tender fragrance down.

Beneath the locusts Sarah Green
And Harriet Goodchild sat to sew,
Like little ladies each to each
Showing her scraps of calico.

"This pretty piece I had from Jane";
And, "Who that sweet sprig gave to you?"
And, "Sister from her wedding dress
Saved me this lutestring white and blue."

Gazing across the mountain's rim,
And deeply musing, Harriet said,
"Her Wedding Dress! O do you think
That you — that I . . . shall ever wed?"

They clasped their hands about their knees,
And each her fancies dared to say,
While all across the sprouting fields,
Their pretty pieces blew away.

THE FIGHT FOR THE MINNIE HEALY

BY

C. P. CONNOLLY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



HE history of the war of the copper kings has previously had little to do with the "Minnie Healy" mine. The story of that property is one of the strangest tales in all the romantic history of the West. Since its discovery, in the early days of Butte, it has been the cause of nearly every crime in the calendar. Forgery, perjury, bribery, fraud; the making and loss of fortunes; attempted murder and successful theft; they are all on its record.

No one remembers the "Minnie Healy" who gave her name to all this trouble. Indeed, a compilation of the sources from which the mines on the Butte Hill were named would make an interesting study. There is, for example, the "Wake Up Jim." Two partners were working the prospect. One slept while the other worked. One morning the man on shift ran into a body of rich ore. He hurried to his partner's bunk. "Wake up, Jim," he cried. "We've struck it!" and the mine was named.

The "Minnie Healy" does not come into this story till the autumn of 1900, when Miles Finlen, who figured in the Clark-Daly feud as a friend and adviser of Daly, leased it for two years from the owners. In consideration of this lease, Finlen was to sink the shaft two hundred feet deeper, but had the option of purchase for a hundred thousand dollars at the end of the two years. The mine brought Finlen no luck. He was only one of many who had found the "Minnie Healy" the graveyard of fortunes. Gradually he grew discouraged, and one day he admitted to F. Augustus Heinze that he had spent fifty-four thousand dollars on the game and was tired of it. Now, Heinze had no notion that the mine was worth anything in itself. He wanted it for another reason.

Adjoining it were the "Piccolo" and "Gambetta" claims of the Boston & Montana,* and he had an idea that certain rich veins then exposed in these two claims came to the surface or "apexed"† in the "Minnie Healy"; which, if true, would give him grounds for a suit against the Boston company. What he learned from Finlen corroborated this theory. As for Finlen, he placed little confidence in "apexes." They meant lawsuits, and, when it came to lawsuits in the Butte courts, he preferred the paths of peace.

Two Versions of a Bargain

According to his own testimony, Heinze said to Finlen:

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take this lease off your hands, continue the work necessary to hold it, and pay you back what you have lost. I'll give you twenty-seven thousand dollars one year after I have bought the property from the owners, and another twenty-seven thousand dollars a year after that. In return, you are to say nothing of this deal until you have brought suit against the Boston & Montana for ore extracted from the veins in the 'Piccolo' which apex in the 'Minnie Healy.' Your men can work there until after you have brought the suit, and I will pay all expenses."

Heinze testified that Finlen jumped at the offer, and, according to the gossip current at the time in Butte, Finlen went to the bar-room of the Butte Hotel, set up champagne, and bragged of his bargain. It was near Christmas, a member of Finlen's family was sick in Chicago, and he was in a

* The Boston & Montana became an Amalgamated property during the Copper War.—EDITOR.

† It may be well to remind the reader that, according to the apex theory, when a vein rises to the surface within the limits of a claim, all ore bodies contained within its walls belong to the owner of that claim, no matter where the vein may run.—EDITOR.



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F. AUGUSTUS HEINZE

Ten years after he had been working in the drifts as a miner at five dollars a day, Heinze sold his mining interests for \$10,500,000. This photograph was taken last spring in Mr. Heinze's New York office

hurry to get East. Accordingly, Heinze's chief attorney, John J. McHatton, drew up the papers hastily, and Heinze, with two of his lieutenants, took Finlen to McHatton's office to sign them. Something in their form did not quite suit Finlen. A discussion followed, but, according to the testimony of the Heinze witnesses, Finlen said:

"You go ahead anyway; I'll turn the property over to you. When I come back from the East, I'll sign the papers. My word is as good as my bond."

Finlen's own account was very different. He maintained that he had simply allowed Heinze to take temporary possession for the purpose of finding out whether the "Piccolo" and "Gambetta" veins "apexed" in the "Minnie Healy." Later, if a price could be agreed on, Heinze was to have the option of purchase.

There is no use in trying to account for the luck of Heinze. Within a few days after he took possession, he bored into a great body of immensely rich ore. Finlen and his predecessors had explored again and again within a few feet of the vein — but Heinze found it.

When this news reached New York, there was consternation at 26 Broadway.* Daly and Rogers had just perfected their plans for taking the Boston & Montana Company into the Amalgamated. Now, not only was this new and rich mine outside their combination, but the reports that came to them hinted that some of the richest veins in their own properties probably apexed within its territory. Finlen did not hear the news until he went to see Daly, who was in New York, stricken with his last illness.

"Go back to Butte and get Heinze out of the 'Minnie Healy,'" said Daly. "Why, if that young buccaneer gets hold of the 'Healy,' he'll have us all on the hip. He'll claim ownership of every pound of copper in the 'Piccolo' and 'Gambetta'." Back to Butte Finlen went and told Heinze's attorney that he wouldn't sign any papers. The deal was off.

Meantime, Heinze was working like mad on the "Minnie Healy" and uncovering every day richer and richer bodies of ore. Street rumor in Butte had it that there was no end to its wealth. Finlen applied for possession, was refused, and tried to take it by force. Heinze was ready for him. The Finlen forces were met by an armed guard at the mouth

of the "Minnie Healy" shaft and forced to withdraw. Then Finlen brought suit for possession.

Before the case came to trial, however, Finlen sold his whole interest in the lease to the Amalgamated, which thus took over the suit. Under the law, it was to be tried without jury by one of the two judges of the District Court in Butte. This judge, a man with human weaknesses, was alone to decide whether Heinze or Finlen told the truth; and, barring possible errors of law, his decision was to be final. Heinze had not a single scrap of paper to justify his possession of the "Minnie Healy"; but possession he did have, and he maintained it at the rifle point. The fight was on: the "young buccaneer" against the most powerful financial force in the world, 26 Broadway.

Since Amalgamated interests inspired the action, Finlen's suit was naturally not brought in Judge Clancy's department of the District Court. At the time Judge John Lindsay was the other judge of that court. Suits were assigned to the two judges in regular rotation, and the Amalgamated attorneys carefully watched the numbers, so as to escape Clancy's judicial hopper. Before the case came to trial, however, Heinze and Clark had made the "vindication" campaign of 1900, had reelected Clancy, and had replaced Lindsay by Edward W. Harney. The new judge became not only the heir to the "Minnie Healy" case, but also the pivot of the Heinze-Amalgamated intrigues. On June 18, 1901, he handed down a decision favoring Heinze on all points. This decision was hardly published before the Amalgamated began to weave that web of charges, counter-charges, bribes, and counter-bribes, whose main threads I shall try to follow.

In his early career Judge Harney had been a cow-boy in Nebraska. He was a lawyer of education and some reputation, and was ordinarily an excellent judge. In disposition he was kindly, companionable, and good-natured, but he had the weakness which often goes with the best of dispositions — the craving for liquor. Frequently, while on the bench, he was unfit for his duties.

The Woman in the Case

The principal feminine rôle in the melodrama of the trial was played by a certain Mrs. Ada H. Brackett. Mrs.

* Known as the Standard Oil building.— Editor.

Brackett was a public stenographer in Butte. She had known Judge Harney before his election to the district bench, and had acted as his amanuensis. Afterwards, during the absence of the Judge's wife and children in the East, she began to appear occasionally in public places with him. About the time of the trial of the "Minnie Healy" case, Mrs. Brackett moved into a small house at No. 409 West Quartz Street. Here Judge Harney became a regular visitor. An agent of Heinze's corporation, the Montana Ore Purchasing Company, rented this house from the owner. A detective in the service of the same company guarded it during the term of Mrs. Brackett's residence.

During the trial of the "Minnie Healy" case, which lasted about two months, Mrs. Brackett carried on a clandestine correspondence with Judge Harney. Her messenger was a lawyer whose office adjoined hers, one George B. Dygert. Dygert was a boon companion of Captain D'Gay Stivers, an attorney for the Amalgamated, and it thus came about that the whole correspondence passed through the hands of Amalgamated detectives. Before delivery, each note was taken from its envelop and copied. Also, whenever it was possible, Dygert got hold of the originals of Harney's notes after Mrs. Brackett had read them. When the Judge was in his chambers, Dygert delivered these letters in person. When he was on the bench, they were handed over to the court clerk, a kind of "fidus Achates" to the Judge. This whole purloined correspondence afterwards turned up in judicial hearings; and the most important letter — afterward known in Montana as the "dearie letter" — was an important factor in the reversal of the "Minnie Healy" decision in the Supreme Court.

The Purloined Correspondence

This letter began with a warning to the court clerk to see that the Judge destroyed it. After a tender and affectionate opening paragraph, it continued:

"In the first place, dearie, all that is asked of you by me, or any one, is to be absolutely impartial and free in your decisions, and not to get tied up to anybody, so that you are forced to be anything but honest. I do not want you to favor my friends, unless you are convinced it is right for you to make such a decision; on the other hand, if it should be such a close decision that

friendship (I would not insult you by saying 'money') might sway you, I want you to remember me as your friend, and that you can help me when it is not at the expense of your honesty or conscience; and also to remember who were your friends before you were 'Judge Harney.' I mean the people who elected you and stood by you. You know the Amalgamated people fought your election, and that they were not half so complaisant to you and so attentive until after your election. (I can give you instances to prove this, if you do not already know it.) Do not be influenced by attention and flatteries, and all the things they say about knowing what a fine fellow you were all the time; because they did not think and say all these things when they might have helped you — not until they were interested. I ask you to remember this. . . . If you are in debt, and some money would make you freer, I will gladly let you have what money I have for the sake of relieving you from any pressure. If they offer to loan you money, or let you have money, and if you need it enough so that unconsciously (I know it would be unconsciously) you might be influenced by that need, I will let you have money. If you want it, take it from me, and leave yourself free. Mr. MacGinniss asked me to say to you that all they want you to do is to be honest in every decision, whether it is for or against them — they are willing to stand on their rights — and to keep yourself from entanglements on either side, so that your decisions will be entirely unbiased. As for your future, after you leave the bench, if you will allow me, I am empowered to promise you certain things which will assure that most generously. . . . You told me last night from the evidence you thought Mr. Finlen had made a poor showing; if you honestly feel that way, do not allow anything to change your opinion."

To this letter Judge Harney replied:

"My dear MRS. BRACKETT:

"I received your letter, and will be glad to talk further with you on the subject therein mentioned. On account of the pain in my ankle, I did not sleep last night. I have been listening to arguments concerning the Minnie H. and they will probably consume all of to-morrow. I will see you to-morrow evening, if you are at leisure. I have some matters that I must attend to

this evening. I appreciate your solicitude and your feelings, which are reciprocated, as you know, and I beg you not to be uneasy. My ankle is some better than on last evening, but I think it will be well for me to go to the Springs Saturday evening.

"As ever,

"ED."*

Detectives on Harney's Trail

Both Heinze and the Amalgamated had detectives at work in Butte during the "Minnie Healy" proceedings; but just before Judge Harney's decision in favor of Heinze, there appeared in Butte two other secret agents in the service of the Amalgamated, whose connection with the case is important. They were "J. W. Waters," and "Miss E. L. Waters," of Denver, ostensibly brother and sister. They busied themselves in tracing the movements of Mrs. Brackett, and when she was about to start for Salt Lake City they took berths on the same train and set about winning her confidence. Gradually she unbosomed herself completely.† She told her new friends that she was in the employ of the Heinze faction; that she had done work of a secret nature for Heinze; that she had Judge Harney's entire confidence; that Heinze was going to buy her a house in Butte, so that she might entertain her political friends; and that she was going to Salt Lake City under orders. Two days after the decision of the "Minnie Healy" case, Mrs. Brackett was back in Butte. She, Judge Harney, Mr. Waters, and Miss Waters spent a merry evening together at the Butte Street Fair. At the Alamo saloon, where they ended the evening, Harney gave seven hundred dollars in bills to Mrs. Brackett. The next morning she deposited this money to the Judge's credit at the Silver Bow National Bank. Later, she told Mr. and Miss Waters that one of Heinze's henchmen, John MacGinniss, had reprimanded her for going out to public places with Harney.

Again, while in company with one of the detectives, Harney drew some papers out of his pocket and began fumbling with them.

* Judge Harney did not deny the authenticity of this correspondence when, as the Supreme Court held, he should have denied it. In other proceedings, more than a year later, he admitted that his own letters were genuine, but intimated that the long letter from Mrs. Brackett, parts of which are quoted above, was a clever forgery.—AUTHOR.

† To this conversation, and to the other events which are here set forth as happening in their company, the detectives testified in the court proceedings which grew out of the "Minnie Healy" decision.—AUTHOR.

In doing so, he dropped a telegram. He was not in a condition to notice the loss; and the detective carried the despatch away. It read:

"New York, June 19, 1901.

"E. W. HARNEY,

"Butte, Montana.

"Congratulations on your decision in Healy. Himsee* will take care of you. Continue the good work.

"O'FARRELL."

All this testimony to prove the influence brought by Heinze to secure a favorable decision from Judge Harney was hot shot for the Amalgamated locker. On the other hand, the evidence gathered by the Heinze forces was quite as formidable. While the "Minnie Healy" case was under Judge Harney's advisement, according to his own sworn testimony W. J. Guthrie, a close personal friend, made him a blunt offer on behalf of the Amalgamated. "They can afford to pay you one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to get out of this," he said, according to Harney's story. "If it came to a pinch, they could well afford to pay you a quarter of a million. They don't expect to win the case, and if you decide in their favor, don't be cheap. I am not trying to bribe you to decide the case; but I understand that it can be decided for Finlen on law points." Then, still according to the testimony of Harney, Captain D'Gay Stivers, of the Amalgamated legal department, asked the Judge to come to his office. There Stivers offered him, on behalf of H. H. Rogers a lease worth from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

"Tell Rogers that I have already rejected just such a proposition," said Harney.

"I knew you would not take it," said Stivers. "I know you too well for that. It is the first time I have ever been employed to make a proposition of this kind, and it will be the last." Stivers, on the stand, admitted that he had talked over a lease with the Judge in his own office; but he explained

* "Himsee" was either a mistake of the operator, or a bit of caution on the part of the alleged sender. O'Farrell, who will be remembered as the head of Heinze's press bureau, has denied under oath having sent this telegram, but another witness testified that O'Farrell admitted it to him, excusing his action on the ground that he had been celebrating too freely. The telegraph operator who received this message in Butte moved to Canada before the trial of the case in which the telegram was introduced; but he was evidently familiar with going judicial prices in Butte; for, in the endeavor by Amalgamated to trace the receipt of this message over the wire, he demanded by letter of D'Gay Stivers, the Amalgamated attorney, the sum of ten thousand dollars for proof of its authenticity.—AUTHOR.

that he referred to the details of a proposal regarding a lease, made by a third person who pretended to represent Judge Harney, which had nothing to do with attempted bribery.

After a considerable amount of damaging testimony had been collected concerning the bearing which the relations of Judge Harney and Mrs. Brackett had upon the "Minnie Healy" decision, the couple were haled before a notary public and ordered to testify to certain facts concerning the extra-judicial features of the case. Both refused, and the notary thereupon committed them for contempt.

At this interesting juncture the chief counsel in Montana for the Amalgamated, one Arthur J. Shores, took the opportunity to call upon Judge Harney at his rooms in the Hotel Thornton and to represent to him that his client, the Amalgamated, felt obliged to file much disagreeable testimony in order to protect itself. What Shores ostensibly desired was an order from Judge Harney, extending the time for filing a bill of exceptions on motion for a new trial; but in reality he wanted time to secure additional affidavits affecting the Judge's integrity,—a fact he naturally did not wish the Judge to know.

"We dislike very much to file these affidavits," remarked Shores, "and I believe, while I do not say so, that it will not be necessary, if you will grant us an extension of time. We must have a new trial in this case, if possible."

"What good will a new trial do you?" replied Harney. "I understand you said the decision was a just one, and that another judge would render the same decision."

"We may be able to get the case tried in some other county the next time," answered Shores.

Judge Harney refused to sign the order, and by way of emphasizing the disapprobation of Amalgamated, the following morning a number of the affidavits, so dangerous to the Judge, were filed in the District Court. These affidavits were for the most part made by attorneys of the Amalgamated, and though they foreshadowed what might befall Judge Harney, they could not be expected to convince the public like the unprejudiced affidavits by reputable and independent citizens, which the Amalgamated was still engaged in completing.

Judge Harney's personal attorney, Jesse B. Roote, happened, curiously enough, to be

a law partner of W. A. Clark, Jr., brother of Charlie Clark, and an adviser of his father, the Senator. On the 5th of August, 1901, Charlie Clark summoned Roote to his house and fell immediately to talking of the Harney case.

Ruin or a Fortune

"There is trouble in store for your client, Judge Harney," said he. "Shores has just left here. He has had a lot of detectives at work looking into Judge Harney's conduct, and they have procured positive evidence that Harney received money to decide the 'Minnie Healy' case. To-morrow is their last day to file the motion for a new trial. They have papers all ready to arrest Harney to-morrow, and have some more affidavits ready to be filed. Shores called here to see me out of sympathy for Harney. The Amalgamated people are determined, at all hazards, to make an example of him. There is but one way for him to get from under the hammer. If Harney will make a clean breast of the whole matter, as to the manner in which Heinze has bribed him, they will not follow the matter up. I have sent for you to see Harney. If he will do this, it will give us a club over Heinze, and Harney will get one hundred thousand dollars."

"It is a delicate subject on which to approach Harney," observed Roote.

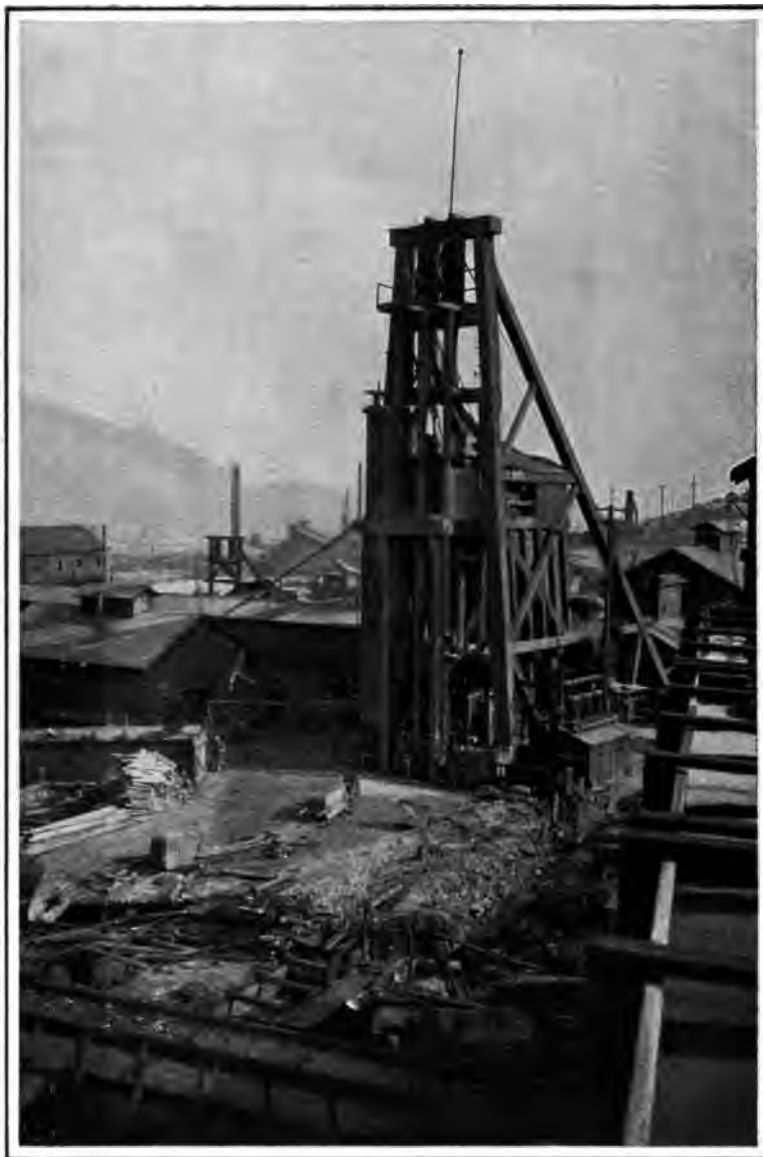
"It won't be bribery," said Charlie Clark. "It is all right to spend money to secure evidence."

Roote went to look for Harney. All the afternoon and evening he searched and, failing to find his man, went home to bed. Just before midnight, Shores, the Amalgamated attorney, who was also on the hunt, called him up by telephone and said that Harney had just returned to the Thornton. Would Roote come downtown at once? The fact was, D'Gay Stivers, of counsel for Amalgamated, had found Harney at Mrs. Brackett's house and had persuaded or frightened him into joining in a conference at the Thornton.

As Stivers and Judge Harney passed through the lobby of the Thornton Hotel, they met J. M. Kennedy, a lieutenant of Heinze, on watch for his master's interests.

"I'd like to speak to you," said Kennedy to the Judge.

"I will be down in a few minutes," said Harney. "Jesse Roote has been looking for me all the evening and wants to see me."



THE MINNIE HEALY MINE

The battleground of one of the bitterest fights in the history of Western mining. This mine proved for many years a graveyard of fortunes, but almost from the day Heinze took possession of it, its yield has been phenomenal

When Roote reached the hotel, he went at once to room 403, part of a suite which Shores occupied. He found there the two Amalgamated attorneys, Stivers and Shores, closeted with Harney. Half an hour later they were joined by Charlie Clark. They had a few drinks; then Shores and Stivers retired, leaving the unhappy Judge alone

with Roote, his attorney, and Charlie Clark. Every one felt a terrible tension as Charlie Clark moved toward the object of the conference.

"Has Roote told you about his conversation with Shores and about what they have against you?" he began. Harney replied in the affirmative.

Raising the Bribe

"This is an awful mess," continued Charlie Clark. "I have seen copies of seven affidavits. You will be arrested to-morrow for bribery and perjury, and they are going to impeach you at the next session of the legislature. Now, you can avoid all this. Do as I want you to do. Make an affidavit that Heinze paid you for rendering a decision in the 'Minnie Healy' case. They can prove that, anyway. You can resign. I am authorized to say to you that they will suppress the affidavits and give some explanation of those already filed which will make them harmless. You will not be prosecuted. What do you say to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars?"

Harney replied that he could not make any such affidavit; that he had not received anything from Heinze or any representative of his; and that if he had wanted any Amalgamated money, he could have had it long ago.

"There is no other way for you to avoid this," said Charlie Clark. "You are

ruined now. If one hundred and fifty thousand is not enough, we can do better."

"You don't need to raise the price," said Harney. "If I am guilty, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars is enough. What interest have you got in this, anyhow, Charlie?"

"The only interest I have is this: Father has had a fight here for years. He has at last got control of the Democratic party of the State. His will, after that fight, ought to be the law of the Democratic party of this State. Daly is dead, and we can easily

reconcile his former following. Father has been reelected to the United States Senate. He was entitled to this before, but you know the tactics those people have pursued, the same tactics they will pursue against you now. Heinze is a political upstart. When we thought we had this fight settled, Heinze,

without any political experience or influence, has come in and beaten us in some measures that we desired to have passed in the legislature. You are merely an incident. Heinze is the man we are after, and we are going to get him yet. When father is through with the senatorship, it is likely to fall to me. Heinze is trying to get up another contest against father's seat in the Senate. We don't want a repetition of the investigation we had two years ago. If you will make this affidavit that Heinze paid you sixty thousand dollars, and resign, Heinze will be discredited. What do you say to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars?

Harney Stands Pat

"I have not received any money for my decision," insisted Harney, "and I

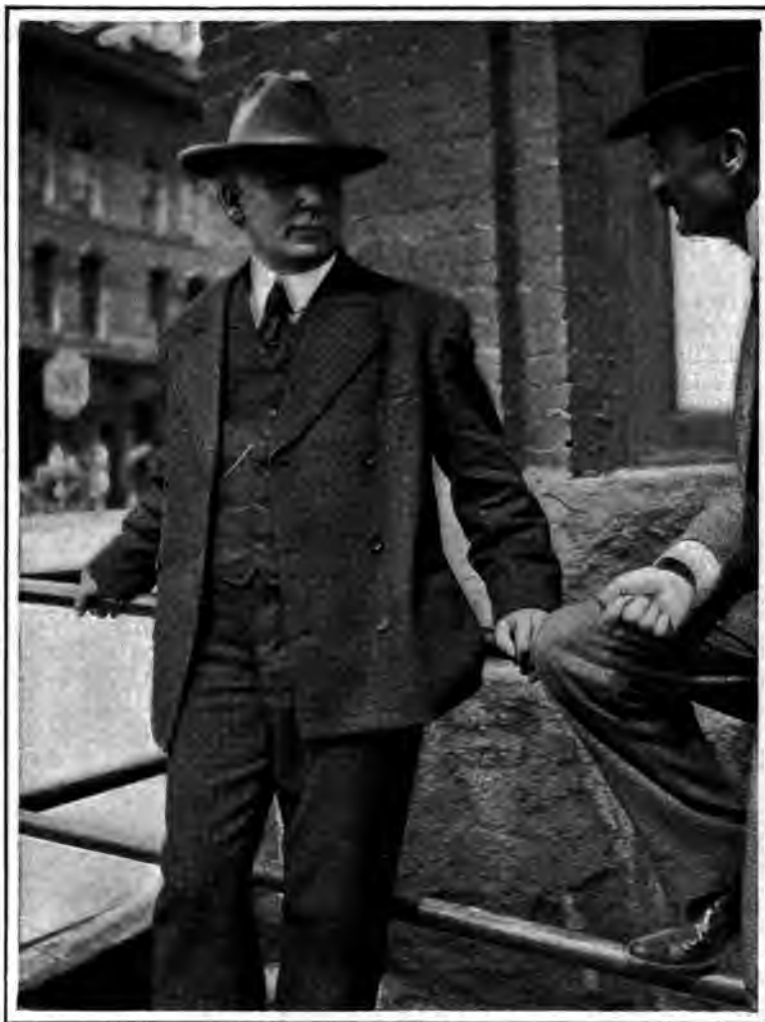
will not make such an affidavit. I would rather drink cold water and eat corn-bread the rest of my life, than disgrace my children by confessing to a crime that I am not guilty of."

"That is rot," said Clark. "You cannot fight these people. If you haven't got money, people will not care whether you are ruined or not. Come; it is getting on toward morning. Hurry up — consent. Do you want more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars? Here — quit now, and give up. Make this affidavit, and resign.



MILES FINLEN

The last unsuccessful owner of the Minnie Healy. His lease of the mine to Heinze was the main cause of all the trouble which followed



JUDGE HARNEY TALKING WITH THE AUTHOR

Judge Harney, within whose jurisdiction lay the decision regarding the Minnie Healy, was offered by Charlie Clark his choice between absolute ruin and \$250,000. "I never saw a man stand so pat as Harney did," said Charlie Clark, describing the transaction

They want a new trial in this case, and they are going to get it."

"I will not say that I will not grant them a new trial when they apply for it in court, but I do say that I will never sign this affidavit. I will not resign. I will not accept their money; and, damn them, they cannot send me to the penitentiary. They have no evidence on which to base such an accusation."

"By —, they can send anybody to the penitentiary that they start after. If you have not been up there at the court-house long enough to find out that they can procure any testimony they want, you will find it out now. Besides, for a tenth of

what I have offered you, you might be put out of the way when you start for home some night; and nobody would ever hear of you again."

"I have five brothers; and, whenever they do that, while my wife is crying, some other woman's eyes will not be dry."

Harney could hear footsteps outside in the hallway, and once he heard his name called. It was the voice of J. M. Kennedy, Heinze's watchful lieutenant.

The scene was prolonged until half-past three o'clock in the morning. Then Charlie Clark went into the next room, where Shores and Stivers were eating sandwiches.

"What success?" inquired Shores eagerly.

"Harney stands pat. He denies his guilt and refuses to resign or do anything else. But it is only natural for him to hold out. I have offered him two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"What do you mean by offering him such an amount?" demanded the chief counsel for Amalgamated. "My people will not stand for that. I can't say that they will stand for more than one hundred thousand."

"I will make the difference good. Leave that to me," said Charlie Clark. Then he went back to the conference.

At half-past four o'clock he reappeared.

"It looks as if Harney was not going to do anything," said Clark. Shores, Stivers, and Clark then talked in low tones.

"Mrs. Brackett has more influence over him than anybody else," said Stivers. "Twenty thousand dollars to her will do the work." Clark agreed to add five thousand more out of his individual purse.

The Scenes at Mrs. Brackett's

Meantime, the watchful Kennedy, who had listened all night in the hallway, overheard Mrs. Brackett's name mentioned and jumped to the conclusion that they were going to send for her. He rushed down-stairs, leaped into a hack, and was driven to Mrs. Brackett's house. There he told her that an effort to influence Judge Harney was being made at the Thornton Hotel by Amalgamated attorneys, and that from a conversation he had overheard, he thought she would probably be asked to go to the Thornton. While they were talking, another hack drove up, and Kennedy, stepping to a window, saw Captain D'Gay Stivers, one of the men who had been attempting to coerce Harney, get out of the hack.

"You let him in," he said to Mrs. Brackett, "and say nothing about my being here. I'll step into the next room." Kennedy slipped into the adjoining room, leaving the door slightly ajar. He had just disappeared when the Captain walked in. "This is my second unusual visit to your house to-night," said he. And then he asked who it was he had seen at the window.

"It was I," said Mrs. Brackett.

"Is there any one else present?" asked Stivers, in subdued tones, and Mrs. Brackett told him she was alone.

"I have come to see you on a desperate

mission, and desperate cases require desperate measures. Mrs. Brackett, I am employed by a corporation, and my first allegiance is to it. I am a soldier and obey orders. I know you are working for the Montana Ore Purchasing Company* for your living."

"How do you know that?"

"Every one knows that. It is common property. Didn't you tell Lulu—that you got one thousand dollars from John MacGinniss a few days ago? I know you are earning your living by your wits. I know your services are valuable, and I want to enlist you with the other side. We got the worst of it in the 'Minnie Healy' case."

"I think it is a just decision," said Mrs. Brackett. "Whatever his faults, I think Judge Harney is honest."

"He may be honest; but if he will accept the proposition that will be made to him to-night, both you and he will be taken care of for the rest of your lives. If you will go to the Thornton Hotel and consult with Shores, Jesse Roote, and Charlie Clark, who are waiting for you there, it will be advantageous to you. If you will do as they want you to, we will give you twenty thousand dollars. Charlie Clark will join his guarantee to ours for the payment of the money, and you can have the cash as soon as the bank opens in the morning."

Mrs. Brackett seemed to assent. She told Stivers to go to a room in the Lenox Block and ask a certain woman friend of hers to come and take care of the house in her absence. As Stivers closed the outer door, Kennedy stepped out of the rear room and told Mrs. Brackett that he had heard the conversation. "Don't go to the hotel," he said, "but have them come to this house, and I will go for an officer, a stenographer, and witnesses. If they attempt to carry the thing any farther, I will have them arrested. Leave the back door of the house unlocked, and I will get in that way."

Kennedy ran downtown. He was in time to see Stivers get into the hack, at the entrance of the Lenox Block, with Mrs. Brackett's friend. He hailed another hack, got in, and followed the Stivers' hack back to Mrs. Brackett's house. As his carriage turned into the alley, at the rear of the house, he noticed Judge Harney's court stenographer standing on guard. Then his

*It will be remembered that this was Heinze's company.—
EDITOR.

plans miscarried. In his anxiety to get inside the house as soon as possible, Kennedy made an error, and got into the rear yard of the house next door to the Brackett residence. When he finally found the yard he was seeking, he discovered that the back door was locked. He ran hastily around the alleyway to the front of the house, and was just in time to see Mrs. Brackett come out and get into the hack with Stivers. The driver whipped up the horses and drove furiously to the Thornton Hotel. Kennedy followed in his hack.

The Final Assault on Harney

When Stivers and Mrs. Brackett reached the hotel, they found Roote asleep, but as they entered the room, he half waked up. Charlie Clark, who was still pleading with Harney in the inner room, was called out. He explained to Mrs. Brackett that they wanted her to use her influence to have Harney accept their proposition. In the presence of all the parties, Stivers repeated that he had agreed to give Mrs. Brackett twenty thousand dollars. Clark endorsed the offer, and said he would add to it five thousand dollars of his own.

"Why didn't you come to me ten days ago?" exclaimed Mrs. Brackett. "I have been urging Judge Harney to stand pat in this business, and if I now attempt to change him, I may lose all my influence." Little by little, however, she seemed to be persuaded, and went into the room where Judge Harney was sitting alone. The door closed, and for half an hour Mrs. Brackett and the Judge were closeted together. At the end of that time, both came out, and Mrs. Brackett,

addressing the little party of anxious watchers, observed that it was very late, and that she had better go home.

"Shall I go home with you?" asked Mr. Stivers.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Brackett, somewhat curtly. "Judge Harney will accompany me home." It was a simple sentence;

but it served notice on the Amalgamated that the fight was lost.

It was half-past six in the morning. That night twenty million dollars had slipped away from Amalgamated, and Charlie Clark had missed fire in a shot which would have blown up Heinze's credit in every financial center of the world.

"I never saw a man stand so pat as Harney did," remarked Clark to Roote, on their way home.

J. M. Kennedy and John MacGinniss were walking up and down the sidewalk before Mrs. Brackett's residence when Harney and Mrs.



MRS. ADA H. BRACKETT

A public stenographer in Butte, whose great influence with Judge Harney was sought by the Amalgamated lawyers under extraordinary circumstances

Brackett drove up. Kennedy reached into the carriage and shook hands with the Judge.

"I have had a hell of a night," said Judge Harney, half sobbing.

Four hours later, the additional affidavits that had been so often referred to by Charlie Clark were filed in court. They created a profound sensation.

The Fate of the Minnie Healy

There is no need to tell in full the history of the trials and formal accusations which grew out of the events of that night. In their slow course, the story came out. A year later, after the case had passed out of his jurisdiction, Judge Harney filed in the

district court at Butte disbarment proceedings against Shores and Stivers. There was a great legal battle over these cases; finally Shores was acquitted, and the Stivers case was dropped. The offer of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to Judge Harney was excused on the theory of its being a recompense to him for the disgrace incident to his proposed admission of guilt. On the day when Harney started these proceedings, County Attorney Peter Breen filed information against Charlie Clark, charging him with attempting to bribe Harney. Clark, ill at the time, avoided service, fled to California, and thus ended his connection with the whole Heinze-Amalgamated fight. The Amalgamated tried to have Judge Harney impeached by the legislature. The Judiciary Committee, after hearing much evidence bearing upon Harney's alleged intoxication while on the bench, and his conduct during the "Minnie Healy" case, reported to the House against the impeachment and was unanimously sustained.

Finally, on the showing of the charges made against Judge Harney in the Brackett affidavits, the Supreme Court of Montana reversed his "Minnie Healy" decision and returned it to the Court of Silver Bow County for a new trial. Back it went, into the department of Judge Clancy.

Just about the time when Judge Harney had the "Minnie Healy" case under advisement, and when the Amalgamated detectives were busy getting evidence against Mrs. Brackett, Heinze began two sweeping actions against Amalgamated which were finally joined with the "Minnie Healy" decision in the climax of the great fight. The Parrott Mining Company was one of the independent companies which had gone into the Amalgamated. Two political allies of Heinze, Daniel Lamm and John MacGinniss, bought forty shares of stock in the Parrott Company, and brought a stock-holders' suit against the Amalgamated Copper Company, H. H. Rogers, William G. Rockefeller, and James Stillman. Stated in its simple terms, this suit alleged that the Amalgamated was a trust, formed to control the supply of copper; that its directors were managing the affairs of the Parrott Company to the injury of those shareholders who were not in the Amalgamated; and that they had managed affairs for the benefit of other companies in the trust and against the interests of the Parrott

Company. Further, the complainants alleged that the whole transaction was illegal, because the Amalgamated was a trust, in violation of the Montana law. They asked that the Amalgamated be enjoined from paying dividends upon the stock of the Parrott Company owned by the Amalgamated, and that a receiver be appointed to administer the affairs of the company for the benefit of the shareholders.

A little later MacGinniss, as a minority shareholder of the Boston & Montana, brought against the Amalgamated another suit which had, to all intents and purposes, the same object.

The main contentions in both these cases were legal ones, but Judge Clancy heard some testimony as to facts after the pleadings had been filed, and then took the matter under advisement. For nearly two years the decisions rested — a club in Judge Clancy's hands, ready to be used at the psychological moment. Then, one day, he announced from the bench that on October 22, 1903, he would hand down his decisions in both cases, together with that in the second trial of the "Minnie Healy" case.

There was great excitement as the day approached. Every one suspected that Judge Clancy's decision in the "Minnie Healy" case would be favorable to Heinze, but the public wanted to know whether he would declare Amalgamated an outlaw in Montana. The court-room was crowded when, at ten o'clock, Judge Clancy mounted the bench and proceeded to read his decision with his heavy drawl.

Heinze's victory was complete. Judge Clancy handed him over the "Minnie Healy," thus, at one stroke, recompensing him for the losses of the campaign against the Amalgamated, and still leaving him a fortune of millions. He declared that the Amalgamated was an interloper in Montana; enjoined the Parrott and Boston & Montana companies from paying it any dividends; and declared that the two companies, having been organized before the Montana law was passed, which permitted one corporation to hold or vote stock in another, could not by law enter into such a corporation. He did not appoint a receiver, but declared that he had the right to do so whenever he saw fit.

Amalgamated Replies by Shutting Down

The Amalgamated Copper Company had long known what to expect. Within six hours

from the moment the decision was rendered, all Amalgamated mines in Montana and adjoining States were closed down. At a stroke fifteen thousand men were thrown out of employment. Shipments of coal and coke to Butte were stopped; the lumber mills in western Montana were closed down; horses and mules which had not seen daylight before for months and years were raised to the

surface from the Butte Hill mines; the smelters at Anaconda, Great Falls, and Butte were tapped and cooled off—and when these great plants are cooled off, a shut-down is no longer a bluff.

It was all wholly unnecessary. The Amalgamated never had any respect for the decisions of Judge Clancy. To get a stay of proceedings, pending an appeal, from the Supreme Court of Montana, was only a matter of form, but Amalgamated was determined to get to the root of the trouble, to get rid of Harney and Clancy, and to punish the laboring men of Butte for their support of Heinze.

Once more a stream of idle men poured down Butte Hill into the town; and this time Heinze seemed to lose his grip on the popular imagination. The Miners' Union turned against him; he was denounced in the streets and in the saloons. In vain he contended that the shut-down was for the purpose of manipulating stocks, and asserted that the supply of copper was greatly in excess of the demand. Under clever manipulation by the agents of Amalgamated, the miners saw only that he had thrown them out of employment.

On the day that Judge Clancy rendered his decisions, Heinze's leading attorney

asked Judge Clancy for five days' time in which to furnish the bonds which the court had required of Heinze for the purpose of indemnifying Amalgamated. "Oh, no," said Judge Clancy, "I can't give you any five days. I am going to break away to the woods about to-morrow. I will stay here until two o'clock to-morrow, but I am not going to stay around here for five days." On

the following day Mr. Shores, leading attorney for Amalgamated, requested a hearing before the Supreme Court as early as possible.

"If it is not impertinent," said Mr. Shores, "I should like to ask your Honor when you expect to go away, and when you intend to come back, so that we can present this matter to you."

"That all depends, about my coming back," replied Judge Clancy from the bench. "If I go out and can't get an elk before the first of November, I'll have to hunt for jack-rabbits."

Two days later a miners' meeting was called for the purpose of devising means to relieve imminent suffering and, if possible, bring about the reopening of the mines. Senator William A. Clark, the First National Bank, and the Daly Bank & Trust Company sent a joint communication to the meeting, offering to furnish to the Miners' Union such sum of money as might be necessary to purchase from Heinze's allies, MacGinniss and Lamm, their shares of stock in the Boston & Montana and the Parrott companies, the Union to control the stock and to dismiss the suits then pending. The Union decided to accept these terms and appointed a committee of five to submit to John MacGinniss



CAPTAIN D'GAY STIVERS

An attorney for the Amalgamated who was instrumental in securing Judge Harney's correspondence with Mrs. Brackett

the proposition for the purchase of the stock. MacGinniss had paid twenty thousand dollars for his shares of Boston & Montana stock. The Miners' Union decided to offer him fifty thousand dollars for these shares, and the same proportion for the shares of Parrott stock, but MacGinniss could not be found. He was in his office when the resolution, proposing to buy his stock, was passed at the meeting of the miners, and one of Heinze's employees, present at the meeting, told him over the telephone of the action taken by the miners. Without grip or overcoat, MacGinniss hurried down the stairs, ran through an alleyway, came out on another street, and there jumped into a hack. He ordered the driver to drive him to Silver Bow junction, seven miles away, where he took a southbound Oregon Short-Line train for Salt Lake City.

As for Judge Clancy, he did not hunt jack-rabbits after all. He had his hunting paraphernalia and luggage already packed, when a committee from the Miners' Union waited on him at his home. After that interview, he decided not to go hunting. He appeared on the streets guarded by officers in civilian clothes, and his house was guarded.

The committee of the Miners' Union started through streets electric with excitement, to find Heinze. The public clamor was rising stronger and stronger every minute. Idle men crowded the town. Amalgamated had never played politics like this before; it seemed as if its hour of revenge had come.

Heinze and his leaders were holding a conference in the Butte Hotel. The Miners' Committee entered and placed before Heinze the proposal to buy the stock of Lamm and MacGinniss. It was no time to answer them then; the value of his words would lie in their effect on public opinion, and he had no assurance that he would be quoted correctly on the streets and in the newspapers.

"I will give you my answer to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock from the court-house steps," said Heinze. The committee withdrew.

Heinze at Bay

The next afternoon ten thousand men gathered before the court-house. Many of them were armed. The mob was hostile, but scattered among them were Heinze's loyal miners, ready to fight at the word.

Promptly at four o'clock, Heinze, accompanied by a single friend, pushed his way through the crowd and mounted the steps of the court-house.

He was facing a kind of natural amphitheater whose cliff-like walls circled in the distance. Beside him stood the members of the Miners' Committee. President Long, who stood a little before the others, was armed. Behind him stood one of Heinze's miners, a dead shot, watching his every movement. The chairman tried to speak, but his voice failed to carry. He was interrupted by calls for Heinze himself.

Apparently as indifferent as though it were a public celebration, Heinze stepped to the front of the balcony and faced the crowd. Only the defiant ring of his voice showed his emotion.

"My friends," he began, "I could have met the committee of the Miners' Union in my private office, but as a free American citizen, relying on the justice of his cause and not afraid to place it before the people of Silver Bow County, I preferred to meet that committee here in public.

"The statement has been made that I am hounding the Amalgamated Copper Company in the courts of this county and State. Six or seven years ago, these gentlemen came to me and said: 'You must leave the State. If you don't get out, we will drive you out.' They have been trying to do that ever since. They have injunctions against me at this time which, if removed, would make it possible for me to give employment to two thousand extra men. They have fought me in every possible way. They have beaten me a dozen times in one way or another, and I have taken my defeat like a man. I fought my own battles, explaining them to the public when I had the opportunity, and asking their support at the polls. I will stake my life on the statement that there are within the sound of my voice a hundred men, now in my employ, who have been offered bribes all the way from a thousand to ten thousand dollars to commit perjury for the purpose of defeating me in my law-suits.

"My friends, the Amalgamated Copper Company, in its influence and functions, and the control it has over the commercial and economic affairs of this State, is the greatest menace that any community could possibly have within its boundaries. That stock of Mr. MacGinniss' is a bulwark to protect you, and others here in Butte, miners

and merchants, from the aggressions of the most unscrupulous of corporations, the Standard Oil Company. Rockefeller and Rogers have filched the oil-wells of America, and in doing so they trampled on every law, human and divine. They ruthlessly crushed every obstacle in their path. They wrecked railroad trains and put the torch to oil refineries owned by their competitors. They

these many years. You are my friends, my associates, and I defy any man among you to point to a single instance where I did one of you a wrong. These people are my enemies, fierce, bitter, implacable; but they are your enemies, too. If they crush me to-day, they will crush you to-morrow. They will cut your wages and raise the tariff in the company stores on every bite you eat, and



HEINZE MAKING HIS GREAT SPEECH, OCTOBER 26, 1903

"He made every workingman in that dense crowd believe that the cause of his troubles was not Heinze, but the Amalgamated, and that his fight was their fight." Heinze is the man without a hat in the lower left-hand corner

entered into a conspiracy with railroads, by which competitors were ruined and bankrupted. Sometimes they were caught in the act, but they bought the judges and saved themselves from prison stripes and punishment. The same Rockefeller and the same Rogers are seeking to control the executive, the judiciary, and the legislature of Montana.

"I am responsible for John MacGinniss' leaving the State of Montana. Mr. MacGinniss is not going to let any man point a gun at his breast and say: 'If you don't take this price, you take your life in your hands.'"

"It is true, I am deeply interested in the outcome of this struggle. My name, my fortune, and my honor are at stake. All have been assailed. You have known me

every rag you wear. They will force you to dwell in Standard Oil houses while you live, and they will bury you in Standard Oil coffins when you die. Their tools and minions are here now, striving to build up another trust, whose record is already infamous. Let them win, and they will inaugurate conditions in Montana that will blast its fairest prospect and make its very name hateful to those who love liberty. They have crushed the miners of Colorado because those miners had no one to stand for their rights.

"In this battle to save the State from the minions of the Rockefellers and the piracy of the Standard Oil, you and I are partners and allies. We stand or fall together."

An Adroit Climax

For nearly an hour, Heinze rehearsed the history of Standard Oil and of his own fight with the Amalgamated. He drove the story home when he told how Rogers had induced the Miners' Union of Butte to invest fifty thousand dollars of its funds in Amalgamated stock at one hundred dollars a share, at a time when it was selling on the market at one hundred and twenty dollars a share. Back of this was a guarantee that, if the stock declined, the miners would get their money back. "The miners did get their money back," said Heinze, "but think of the thousands and thousands of people all over the country that Mr. Rogers influenced to buy Amalgamated at one hundred and twenty dollars a share because the miners had bought it—with a hidden guarantee behind it which the people of the East knew nothing about. The officers of the Union who put through this deal got small fortunes in leases, but Rogers failed to divide with the Union one dollar of the money which he fleeced from Eastern investors by this trick."

Gradually Heinze came to his own counter-proposition. MacGinniss and Lamm, he said, had been offered for their stock twice the sum that the Miners' Union was now offering, but if it would do any real good they were quite willing to accept the Union's offer. Indeed, they would sell it to the Miners' Union at cost and interest, provided that the costs in their law-suits were paid by the Amalgamated, and provided, further, that in the interests of peace the Amalgamated would sell to Heinze, at the price paid for it, its five thirty-sixths share in the "Nipper" mine. The remaining interest in this mine was owned by Heinze, and the division of ownership had been the cause of endless litigation. Finally, and here Heinze reached the effective climax of his speech, the Amalgamated must enter into a hard and fast agreement to keep its mines in operation for a year and to pay the existing scale of wages for three years. Should Amalgamated fail to carry out the agreement, a board of arbitration must settle all disputes.

Heinze had held in reserve his popular proposal to maintain the wage scale, but even before he came to it, the crowd was

with him. The applause burst into cheers. He had made every workingman in that dense crowd feel that the cause of his troubles was not Heinze, but the Amalgamated, and that his fight was their fight. They believed in him, were loyal to him, once more. In all his wonderful career, I know of no event where Heinze showed himself so masterful as he did that day. Once more he had caught and bridled the monster which had defied courts and congresses and had shaken its mane at the rulers of the world.

This was the climax of the long fight; and it came near to the end. From that time, events moved toward a final settlement. As Heinze perhaps had foreseen, the Amalgamated officials laughed at his proposition. James J. Holl, Joseph K. Toole, governor of Montana, and the two senators for Montana tried to arrange a plan of settlement, but failed. Then William Scallon, managing director of the Amalgamated, made the proposition which cut the knot. If Governor Toole would call a special session of the legislature to pass a "Fair Trial" bill, Amalgamated would open the mines. The proposed bill was simplicity itself. It granted the right of a change of courts in cases where there was suspicion that the judge was prejudiced. Petitions poured in upon the Governor. On November 11th he called the extra session, and the mines were reopened. This legislature passed a bill enabling litigants to file affidavits of prejudice on the part of any judge, which of itself disqualified the judge from conducting the case.

The passage of this law practically disarmed Heinze, but, as it turned out, the blade was two-edged. A year later, when he lost the Butte judges, but elected his county ticket by increased majorities, the Fair Trial Law became a weapon in his own hands. Eventually, when Amalgamated formed the Coalition Mining Company and bought for ten million, five hundred thousand dollars, over and above all counter-claims, all of Heinze's properties which had caused the long struggle, the young mining engineer who, ten years before, had been working in the drifts for five dollars a day, had a greater fortune than either William A. Clark or Marcus Daly ever dreamed of possessing at his age.

ERRATUM. On page 3 of the May number appeared a photograph bearing the erroneous caption "F. Augustus Heinze and John Maginniss." Heinze's companion in the picture is the late George H. Robinson, a mining engineer.

MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY

GEORGINE MILMINE

THE REVIVAL OF WITCHCRAFT

Indeed, one of the most primitive and fundamental shapes which the relation of cause and effect takes in the savage mind, is the assumed connection between disease or death and some malevolent personal agency. . . . The minds of civilized people have become familiar with the conception of natural law, and that conception has simply stifled the old superstition as clover chokes out weeds. . . . The disposition to believe was one of the oldest inheritances of the human mind, while the capacity for estimating evidence in cases of physical causation is one of its very latest and most laborious acquisitions.—John Fiske.



THE fifth article of this series recounted the establishment and growth of Mrs. Eddy's new religious cult in Lynn, and attempted to give some idea of how the new faith was fashioned and launched. At the beginning of 1877, her seventh year as a teacher in Lynn, Mrs. Eddy and her Science were little known outside of Essex County, though the first edition of "Science and Health" had been published more than a year before, and the author was busy preparing a second edition. Her loyal students, however, believed that she was on the way to obtain wider recognition. Miss Dorcas Rawson, Mrs. Miranda Rice, and Daniel Spofford labored unceasingly for her interests. Mr. Eddy, immediately upon his marriage, withdrew from practice, dropping the patients he had taken over from Mr. Spofford, and devoted himself entirely to his wife's service. Three days after her marriage Mrs. Eddy wrote to one of her students concerning Mr. Eddy: "I feel sure that I can teach my husband up to a higher usefulness, to purity, and the higher development of all his *latent noble* qualities of head and heart."

In spite of the frequent jars and occasional lawsuits between Mrs. Eddy and her students, new candidates for instruction were

constantly attracted by the Science taught at Number 8, Broad Street, where the large sign, "Mary B. Glover's Christian Scientists' Home" still aroused the curiosity of the stranger.

The Christian Science faith has, from the beginning, owed its growth to its radical principle that sickness of soul and body are delusions which can be dispelled at will, and that the natural state of the human creature is characterized by health, happiness, and goodness. The message which Mrs. Eddy brought to Lynn was substantially that God is not only all good, all powerful, and all present, but that there is nothing but God in all the Universe; that evil is a non-existent thing, a sinister legend which has been handed down from generation to generation until it has become a fixed belief. Mrs. Eddy's mission was to uproot this implanted belief and to emancipate the race from the terrors which had imprisoned it for so many thousands of years. "Ye shall know the Truth," she said, "and the Truth shall make you free."

Mrs. Eddy Suffered for the Sins of Others

Yet Mrs. Eddy herself was not always well, was not always happy. She used at first to account for this seeming inconsistency by explaining that she bore in her own person the ills from which she released others.

When sick or distraught, Mrs. Eddy frequently reminded her students that Jesus Christ was bruised for our transgressions and bore upon His shoulders the sin and weakness of the world He came to save. She apparently did not realize that Christ, by the very act of His atonement, admitted the reality of sin, while she, having denied its existence, had forfeited any logical right to suffer because of it. The missionary who frees the savage from the fear of demons and witchcraft, and the nurse who assures the child that there is no evil thing lurking for him in the dark, do not suffer from the enlightenment they bring, and they do not assume the fear which the child casts off. Mrs. Eddy, on the contrary, for many years believed that she herself suffered from the torturing beliefs she had taken away from others. The reader of these articles will remember that in 1863 Mrs. Eddy wrote to Dr. Quimby that while treating her nephew, Albert Baker, to rid him of the habit of smoking, she herself felt a desire to smoke. By 1877 Mrs. Eddy not only believed that she suffered from the physical ills from which her students were released, but declared that her students followed her in thought and selfishly took from her to feed their own weakness. The work upon the second edition of her book could not go on because they nourished themselves upon her and sapped her powers.

By the 1st of April, three months after her marriage to Mr. Eddy, she was almost in despair, and on April 7th she wrote one of her students: "I sometimes think I cannot hold on till the next edition is out. Will you not help me so far as is in your power, in this way? Take Miss Norman, she is an interesting girl and help her *through*. She will work for the cause but she will swamp me if you do not take hold. I am at present such a tired swimmer, unless you do this I have more than I can carry at present. Direct your thoughts and everybody's else that you can away from me, don't talk of me."

Driven into the Wilderness

A week later she fulfilled an old threat, and, attended by her husband, went away for some weeks, leaving no address; "driven," as she said, "into the wilderness." She felt that if her students did not know her whereabouts, their minds could not so persistently prey upon hers. The following

letter to Daniel Spofford is postmarked Boston, April 14th, but seems to have been written upon the eve of Mrs. Eddy's flight from Lynn.

"Dear Student—This hour of my departure I pick up from the carpet a piece of paper write you a line to say I *am* at length driven into the wilderness. *Everything* needs me in science, my doors are thronged, the book lies waiting, but those who *call on me mentally* in suffering are in belief killing me! *Stopping my work* that none but me can do in their supreme selfishness; how unlike the example I have left them! Tell this to Miss Brown, Mr. McLauthlen, Mrs. Atkinson, and Miss Norman* but do not let them know they *can call* on me thus if they are doing this ignorantly and if they do it consciously tell *McLauthlen* and *them all* it would be no greater crime for them to come directly and thrust a dagger into my heart they are just as surely in belief killing me and committing murder.

"The sin lies at their door and for them to meet its penalty *sometime*. *You can teach* them better, see you do this.

"O! Harry, the book must stop. I can do no more now if ever. They lay on me suffering inconceivable.

"MARY.

"If the students will continue to think of me and call on me, I shall at *last* defend myself and this will be to cut them off from me utterly in a spiritual sense by a bridge they cannot pass over and the effect of this on them they will then learn.

"I will let you hear from me as soon as I can bear this on account of my health; and will return to prosecute my work on the Book as soon as I can safely. I am going far away and shall remain until you will do your part and give me some better prospect.

"Ever truly,

"MARY."

Mrs. Eddy believed that her students not only depended upon her for their own moral and physical support, but that, when treating their patients, their minds naturally turned to her, in whom dwelt the healing principle, and unconsciously coupled her in thought with the ill of the patient, which was thus transferred to her.

* Four of Mrs. Eddy's students. Miss Brown was an invalid of Ipswich, afterward the plaintiff in the famous Witchcraft Case (see page 147). Miss Norman was also of Ipswich, and a friend of Miss Brown. Mrs. Atkinson was the wife of Mayor Atkinson of Newburyport. Mr. George T. McLauthlen was a manufacturer of machinery in Boston.

Even after she had escaped into solitude, the book progressed but slowly, and she complained that whenever she had succeeded in concentrating herself upon her work, the beliefs (illnesses) of other people would seize her "as sensibly as a hand." From Boston, shortly after her departure, she wrote to a trusted student one of those incoherent letters which indicate the excitement under which Mrs. Eddy sometimes labored.

"April, 1877, Sunday.

"Dear Student: I am in Boston today feeling very very little better for the five weeks that are gone. I cannot finish the Key* yet I will be getting myself and all of a sudden I am seized as sensibly by some others belief as the hand could lay hold of me my sufferings have made me utterly weaned from this plane and if my husband was only willing to give me up I would gladly yield up the ghost of this terrible earth plane and join those nearer my Life. . . . Cure Miss Brown† or I shall never finish my book. Truly yrs.

"M."

A letter to Mr. Spofford, written a week after she left Lynn and postmarked Fair Haven, Connecticut, shows that despite her sufferings she was eagerly planning for the second edition of her book, and that, notwithstanding the cold reception of the first edition, her faith in its ultimate success was unshaken.

"April 19, 1877.

"My dear student, . . . I will consider the arrangement for embellishing the book. I had fixed on the picture of Jesus and a sick man — the hand of the former outstretched to him as in rebuke of the disease; or *waves* and an *ark*. The last will cost less I conclude and do as well. No rainbow can be made to look right except in colors and that cannot be conveniently arranged in gilt. Now for the printing — would 480 pages include the Key to Scriptures and the entire work as it now is? The book entitled Science and Health is to embrace the chapter on Physiology all the same as if this chapter was not compiled in a separate volume; perhaps you so understand it. If the cost is what you stated, I advise you to accept the terms for I am confident in the sale of two editions more there can be a net income

* "Key to the Scriptures."

† The student from Ipswich referred to in the preceding letter.

over and above it all. If I get my health again I can make a large demand for the book for I shall lecture and this will sell one edition of a thousand copies (if I can stand it). I am better, some. One circumstance I will name. The night before I left, and before I wrote you those fragments, Miss Brown went into convulsions from a chemical, was not expected to live, but came out of it saying she felt perfectly well and as well as before the injury supposed to have been received. I thought at that time if she was not "born again" the Mother would die in her labors. O, how little my students *can* know what it all costs me. Now, I thank you for relieving me a little in the other case, please see her twice a week; in healing you are *benefitting yourself*, in teaching you are benefitting others. I would not advise you to change business at present the rolling stone gathers no moss; persevere in *one line* and you can do much more than to continually scatter your fire. Try to get students into the field as practitioners and thus healing will sell the book and introduce the science more than aught but *my* lecturing can do. Send the name of any you can get to study for the purpose of practicing and in six months or thereabouts we will have them in the field helping you. If you have ears to hear you will understand. Send all letters to Boston. T. O. Gilbert will forward them to me at present.

"Now for the writings you named. I will make an agreement with you to publish the book the three years from the time you took it and have twenty-five per cent royalty paid me; at the end of this period we will make other arrangements or agreements or continue those we have made just as the Spirit shall direct me. I feel this is the best thing for the present to decide upon. During these years we shall have a treasurer such as we shall agree upon and the funds deposited in his or her hands and drawn for specified purposes, at the end of these three years if we dissolve partnership the surplus amount shall be equally divided between us; and this is the best I can do. All the years I have expended on that book, the labor I am still performing, and all I have done for students and the cause gratuitously, entitle me to *some income* now that I am unable to work. But as it is I have none and instead am sued for \$2,700!* for what? for just this,

* Reference to George W. Barry's suit for payment for services rendered. See McClure's for May.

I have allowed my students to think I have no rights, and they can not wrong me!

"May God open their eyes at length.

"If you conclude not to carry the work forward on the terms named, it will have to go out of edition as I can do no more for it, and I believe this hour is to try my students who think they have the cause at heart and see if it be so. My husband is giving all his time and means to help me up from the depths in which these students plunge me and this is all he can do at present. Please write soon.

"As ever,

"MARY.

"Send me the two books that are corrected and just as soon as you can, and I with Gilbert will read them.*

"Please tell me if you are going to have the chapter on Physiology in a book by itself that I may get the preface ready as soon as I am able.

"I do nothing else when I have a day I can work. Will send you the final corrections *soon*.

"Think of me when you feel *strong* and well only, and think only of me as well

"Ever yrs. in

"Truth

"MARY."

It is an interesting fact that, however incoherent Mrs. Eddy became in other matters, she was never so in business. Through hysteria and frantic distress of mind, her shrewd business sense remained alert and keen. When, upon receipt of this letter, Mr. Spofford wrote her that he did not see how he could pay all the cost of printing, advertising, and putting the second edition upon the market, and still pay Mrs. Eddy her twenty-five per cent royalty upon each copy sold, she replied to him that her work upon the book would more than offset his invested capital:

"The conditions I have named to you," she wrote, "I think are *just*. I *give three years and more* to offset the capital you put into printing. . . . Now dear student you can work as your teacher has done before you, unselfishly, as you wish to and gain the reward of such labor; meantime you can be fitting yourself for a higher plane of action and its reward."

* Mr. Spofford had agreed to mark the typographical and other errors in two copies of the first edition of "Science and Health"

The above letters, with their refrain of dread, seem anomalous from one who had discovered the secret of health and happiness. Although she absolutely denied the influence of heredity, Mrs. Eddy told her students that she had a congenital susceptibility to assume the mental and physical ills of others. She felt that such a state was incompatible with a full realization of the principles of Christian Science, and in the first edition of "Science and Health" she says of Christ:

He bore their sins in his own person; that is, he felt the suffering their error brought, and through this consciousness destroyed error. Had the Master utterly conquered the belief of Life in matter, he would not have felt their infirmities; he had not yet risen to this his final demonstration.*

Mrs. Eddy believed that she herself in time overcame this weakness, and says in the edition of 1881:

In years past we suffered greatly for the sick when healing them, but even that is all over now, and we cannot suffer for them. But when we did suffer in belief, our joy was so great in removing others sufferings that we bore ours cheerfully and willingly. This self-sacrificing love has never left us, but grows stronger every year of our earth life.†

Malicious Mesmerism

This important addition to Mrs. Eddy's Science was developed gradually, almost by chance. Even the most haphazard philosopher is likely at some time to have to account for the element of evil, but Mrs. Eddy came to do so purely through the exigencies of circumstances and was quite unconscious that she was repeating history. She added to her philosophy from time to time, to meet this or that emergency, very much as a householder adds an ell or a wing to accommodate a growing family. Christian Science as it stands to-day is a kind of autobiography in cryptogram; its form was determined by a temperament, and it retains all the convolutions of the curiously duplex personality about which it grew.

When Richard Kennedy left Mrs. Eddy in 1872, she was confronted by a trying situation. It was inconceivable to her that, having broken away, he should not try to harm her, and she felt that his very popularity put her in the wrong. The means with which Mrs. Eddy met emergencies were often, indeed almost always, in themselves

* "Science and Health" (1875), p. 130.

† "Science and Health" (1881), chapter vi, p. 38.

ill-adapted to her ends; but she had a truly feminine adroitness in making the wrong tool serve. When she thought it necessary to discredit Mr. Kennedy and to demonstrate that his success was illegitimate, she caught up the first weapon at hand, which happened to be mesmerism. Mesmerism loomed large in Mrs. Eddy's vision just then, for only a few months before Wallace W. Wright had published a number of articles in the *Lynn Transcript*, asserting that the Science taught by Mrs. Eddy was identical with mesmerism. She had been obliged to confess that there was an outward similarity. Here was the solution, ready made. When Kennedy left her, he left true Metaphysics behind. How, then, could he still succeed? By mesmerism, that dangerous counterfeit which so resembled the true coin. Mrs. Eddy thus explained her discovery:

Some newspaper articles falsifying the science, calling it mesmerism, etc., but especially intended, as the writer informed us, to injure its author, precipitated our examination of mesmerism in contradistinction to our metaphysical science of healing based on the science of Life. Filled with revenge and evil passions, the mal-practitioner can only depend on manipulation, and rubs the heads of patients years together, fairly incorporating their minds through this process, which claims less respect the more we understand it, and learn its cause. Through the control this gives the practitioner over patients, he readily reaches the mind of the community to injure another or promote himself, but none can track his foul course.*

Without a doubt Mrs. Eddy had speculated somewhat upon the possibility of a malignant use of mind power before Kennedy's separation from her, but she never got very far with abstractions until she had a human peg to hang them on. Her indignation against Kennedy gave her reflections upon the subject of malignant mind power a vigorous impetus, and she fell to work to develop the converse of her original proposition with almost as much fervor and industry as she had bestowed upon the proposition itself. She thus explained her discovery of Kennedy's "malpractice":

Some years ago, the history of one of our young students, as known to us and many others, diverged into a dark channel of its own, whereby the unwise young man reversed our metaphysical method of healing, and subverted his mental power apparently for the purposes of tyranny peculiar to the individual. A stolid moral sense, great want of spiritual sentiment, restless ambition, and envy, embedded in the soil of this

* "Science and Health" (1875), p. 375.

† Throughout this chapter on Demonology Mrs. Eddy uses the editorial "we" in referring to herself. Mr. Eddy is designated as "our husband."

student's nature, metaphysics brought to the surface, and he refused to give them up, choosing darkness rather than light. His motives moved in one groove, the desire to subjugate; a despotic will choked his humanity. Carefully veiling his character, through unsurpassed secretiveness, he wore the mask of innocence and youth. But he was young only in years; a marvelous plotter, dark and designing, he was constantly surprising us, and we half shut our eyes to avoid the pain of discovery, while we struggled with the gigantic evil of his character, but failed to destroy it.

The second year of his practice, when we discovered he was malpractising, and told him so, he avowed his intention to do whatever he chose with his mental power, spurning a Christian life, and exulting in the absence of moral restraint. The sick clung to him when he was doing them no good, and he made friends and followers with surprising rapidity, but retained them only so long as his mesmeric influence was kept up and his true character unseen. The habit of his misapplication of mental power grew on him until it became a secret passion of his to produce a state of mind destructive to health, happiness, or morals. . . . His mental malpractice has made him a moral leper that would be shunned as the most prolific cause of sickness and sin did the sick understand the cause of their relapses and protracted treatment, the husband the loss of his wife, and the mother the death of her child, etc.*

Kennedy the Young Nero

Mrs. Eddy had always been able to wring highly-colored experiences from the most unpromising material, and she never accomplished a more astonishing feat than when she managed to see a melodramatic villain in Richard Kennedy. Her hatred of Kennedy was one of the strongest emotions she had ever felt, really a tragic passion in its way, and since the cheerful, energetic boy who had inspired it was in no way an adequate object, she fell to and made a Kennedy of her own. She fashioned this hypothetical Kennedy bit by bit, believing in him more and more as she put him together. She gave him one grisly attribute after another, and the more terrible she made her image, the more she believed in it and hated and feared it; and the more she hated and feared it, the more furiously she wrought upon it, until finally her creation, a definite shape of fear and hatred, stood by her day and night to harry and torment her.

Without Malicious Mesmerism as his cardinal attribute, the new and terrible Kennedy could never have been made. It was like the tragic mask which presented to an Athenian audience an aspect of horror such as no merely human face could wear. By a touch really worthy of an artist Mrs.

* "Science and Health" (1881), chapter vi, p. 2.

Eddy made the boy's youth, agreeable manner, and even his fresh color conducive to a sinister effect. Given such a blithe and genial figure, and suppose in him a power over the health and emotions of other people, and a morbid passion for using it to the most atrocious ends, and you have indeed the young Nero, which title Mrs. Eddy so often applied to Kennedy.

Mrs. Eddy feared this imaginary Kennedy as only things born of the imagination can be feared, and dilated upon his corrupt nature and terrible power until her new students, when they met the actual, unconscious Kennedy upon the street, shuddered and hurried away. During the sleepless nights which sometimes followed an outburst of her hatred, Mrs. Eddy would pace the floor, exclaiming to her sympathetic students: "Oh why does not some one kill him? Why does he not die?"

She afterward wrote of him:

Among our very first students was the mesmerist aforesaid, who has followed the cause of metaphysical healing as a hound follows his prey, to hunt down every promising student if he cannot place them in his track and on his pursuit. Never but one of our students was a voluntary malpractitioner; he has made many others. This malpractitioner tried his best to break down our health before we learned the cause of our sufferings. It was difficult for us to credit the facts of his malice or to admit they lie within the pale of mortal thought.*

To Richard Kennedy and his mesmeric power Mrs. Eddy began to attribute, not only her illnesses, but all her vexations and misfortunes; any lack of success in her ventures, any difficulties with her students.

In the famous chapter on Demonology she enumerates a long list of friends whose warm regard for her was destroyed by Kennedy's mesmeric power. "Our lives," she writes, "have since floated apart down the river of years." She charges this "mental assassin" with even darker crimes.

The husband of a lady who was the patient of this malpractitioner poured out his grief to us and said: "Dr. K — has destroyed the happiness of my home, ruined my wife, etc."; and after that, he finished with a double crime by destroying the health of that wronged husband so that he died. We say that he did these things because we have as much evidence of it as ever we had of the existence of any sin. The symptoms and circumstances of the cases, and the diagnosis of their diseases, proved the unmistakable fact. His career of crime surpasses anything that minds in general can accept at this period. We advised

him to marry a young lady whose affection he had won, but he refused; subsequently she was wedded to a nice young man, and then he alienated her affections from her husband.*

The real Richard Kennedy must not be confounded with the smiling Elagabalus of Mrs. Eddy's imagination. While she was perfecting her creation, the flesh-and-blood Kennedy was establishing an enviable record for uprightness, kindliness, and purity of character. In 1876 he became prosperous enough to move his office to Boston. There he was, as he had been in Lynn, an active agent for good. He had made many friends and had built up a good practice, when, in 1881, in the third edition of "Science and Health," Mrs. Eddy broke forth into that tirade of invective which she called "Demonology"—the flower of nine years of torturing hatred. Kennedy's old friends in Lynn were stirred to mirth rather than indignation when a passage like the following was applied to a man whose amiability was locally proverbial:

"The Nero of to-day, regaling himself through a mental method with the tortures of individuals, is repeating history, and will fall upon his own sword, and it shall pierce him through. Let him remember this when, in the dark recesses of thought, he is robbing, committing adultery, and killing; when he is attempting to turn friend away from friend, ruthlessly stabbing the quivering heart; when he is clipping the thread of life, and giving to the grave youth and its rainbow hues; when he is turning back the reviving sufferer to her bed of pain, clouding her first morning after years of night; and the Nemesis of that hour shall point to the tyrant's fate, who falls at length upon the sword of justice."†

Spofford Becomes a Mental Marauder

In the beginning, then, Malicious Mesmerism was advanced merely as a personal attribute of Richard Kennedy, and was a means by which Mrs. Eddy sought to justify her hatred. In the first edition of "Science and Health" though she usually links it with some reference to Kennedy, Mrs. Eddy occasionally refers to mesmerism as an abstract thing, apart from any personality.

In coming years the person or mind that hates his neighbor, will have no need to traverse his

* "Science and Health" (1881), chapter vi, p. 6.

† "Science and Health" (1881), chapter vi, p. 38.

* "Science and Health" (1881), chapter vi, p. 34.

fields, to destroy his flocks and herds, and spoil his vines; or to enter his house to demoralize his household; for the evil mind will do this through mesmerism; and not in *propria personae* be seen committing the deed. Unless this terrible hour be met and restrained by *Science*, mesmerism, that scourge of man, will leave nothing sacred when mind begins to act under direction of conscious power.

The sign of the mesmerist, however, the plague spot which he could not conceal, was "Manipulation"—the method which she had taught Kennedy and afterward repudiated. "Sooner suffer a doctor infected with smallpox to be about you," she cries, "than come under the treatment of one who manipulates his patients' heads." And again, "the malpractitioner can depend only on manipulation." From 1872 to 1877 Mrs. Eddy counted many victims of Kennedy's mesmeric power, but charged no other student with consciously and maliciously practising mesmerism. In 1877, however, an open rupture occurred between Mrs. Eddy and Daniel Spofford. Now, Mr. Spofford was, like Kennedy, a man with a personal following, and his secession would mean that of his party. Though she never hated Spofford as bitterly as she hated Kennedy, he was the second of her seceding students who was deemed important enough to merit the charge of mesmerism—a charge which conferred a certain distinction, as only those who had stood in high places ever incurred it.

But in her book, published only two years before, Mrs. Eddy had clearly and repeatedly stated that the mesmerist could "depend only on manipulation," and could always be detected thereby. Now Mr. Spofford did not manipulate—he had been so soundly taught that he would sooner have put his hands into the fire. But as "*Science and Health*" had not yet been definitely announced as the revealed word of God, modifications were not an inconsistency. Accordingly, Mrs. Eddy got out a postscript. The second edition, which Mr. Spofford had labored upon and helped to prepare, was hastily revised and converted into a running attack upon him, hurried to press, labeled Volume II., and sent panting after "*Science and Health*," which was not labeled Volume I., and which had already been in the world three years. This odd little brown book, with the ark and troubled waves on the cover, is made up of a few chapters snatched from the 1875 edition, interlarded with vigorous rhetoric such as the following apostrophe to Spofford:

"Behold! thou criminal mental marauder, that would blot out the sunshine of earth, that would sever friends, destroy virtue, put out Truth, and murder in secret the innocent befouling thy track with the trophies of thy guilt,—I say, Behold the 'cloud, no bigger than a man's hand,' already rising in the horizon of Truth, to pour down upon thy guilty head the hailstones of doom."

The purpose of this breathless little courier—a book of 167 pages—in looks very unlike the somber 480-page volume which had preceded it—was to announce that mesmerism could be practised without manipulation—indeed, that the practice was more pernicious without a sign than with it. Mrs. Eddy thus explained her new light upon the subject;

Mesmerism is practised through manipulation—and without it. And we have learned, by new observation, the fool who saith "There is no God" attempts more evil without a sign than with it. Since "*Science and Health*" first went to press, we have observed the crimes of another mesmeric outlaw, in a variety of ways, who does not as a common thing manipulate, in cases where he sullenly attempted to avenge himself of certain individuals, etc. But we had not before witnessed the malpractitioner's fable without manipulation, and supposed it was not done without it; but have learned it is the addenda to what we have described in a previous edition, but without manipulating the head.*

Personal Animosity Becomes a Doctrine

Malicious Mesmerism, or Malicious Animal Magnetism, then, was first conceived as a personal attribute of Richard Kennedy, and six years later the conception was stretched to accommodate Daniel Spofford. By 1881, when the third edition of "*Science and Health*" appeared, a personal animosity had fairly developed into a doctrine, and Mrs. Eddy was well on the way toward admitting a general principle of evil—a thing she certainly never meant to admit. She had decided that mesmerism was not merely a trick employed in practice, but a malignant attitude of mind, and that a person evilly disposed, by merely wishing his neighbor harm, could bring it to him—unless the object of his malice were wise in Metaphysics and could treat against this evil mind-power. Unless a man were thus protected by Christian Science, his enemy might, through Mesmerism or Mortal Mind, bring upon him any kind of misfortune; might ruin his

* "*Science and Health*" (1878), p. 136.

business, cause a rash to break out upon his face, vex his body with grievous humors, cause his children to hate him and his wife to become unfaithful.

Having instanced a few cases of the evil workings of the hidden agency in our midst, our readers may feel an interest to learn somewhat of the indications of this mental malpractice of demonology. It has no outward signs, such as ordinarily indicate mesmerism, and its effects are far more subtle because of this. Its tendency is to sour the disposition, to occasion great fear of disease, dread, and discouragement, to cause a relapse of former diseases, to produce new ones, to create dislikes or indifference to friends, to produce sufferings in the head, in fine, every evil that demonology includes and that metaphysics destroys. If it be students of ours whom he attacks, the malpractitioner and aforesaid mesmerist tries to produce in their minds a hatred towards us, even as the assassin puts out the light before committing his deed. He knows this error would injure the student, impede his progress, and produce the results of error on health and morals, and he does it as much for that effect on him as to injure us.*

The question is often asked, "How did Mrs. Eddy justify this evil power with her scheme of metaphysics? If God is all and all is God, where does Malicious Mesmerism come in?" The answer is evident; when the original Science of Man, as she had learned it from Quimby and as she at first taught it, no longer met the needs of her own nature, Mrs. Eddy simply went ahead and added to her religion out of the exuberance of her feelings, leaving justification to the commentators—and she has rapped them soundly whenever they have attempted it.

No philosophy which endeavors to reduce the universe to one element and to find the world a unit, can admit the existence of evil unless it admits it as a legitimate and necessary part of the whole. But the very keystone of Mrs. Eddy's Science is that evil is not only unnecessary but unreal. Admitting evil as a legitimate part of the whole would be to deny that the whole was good and was God. Admitting evil in opposition to good would be to deny that good and God were the whole. Whenever a train of reasoning seemed to be leading to the wrong place, Mrs. Eddy could always drop a stitch and begin a new pattern on the other side. Since neither the allness of God nor the Godhood of all could explain the injuries and persecutions which she felt were inflicted upon her, she fell back upon Mortal Mind.

* "Science and Health" (1881), chapter vi, p. 35.

"As used in Christian Science," she says, "animal magnetism is the specific term for Error, or Mortal Mind."

Mortal Mind is Mrs. Eddy's explanation of the seeming existence of evil in the world.* Whatever seems to be harmful,—sin, sickness, earthquakes, convulsions of the elements,—are due to the influence of Mortal Mind. Now, Mortal Mind, she says, has no real existence except as a harmful tradition; she affirms that its very name is a fallacy, and she admits it merely for the sake of argument. Hence, though there is no such thing as evil, there is an accumulated belief in evil, a tradition which overshadows us, as Mrs. Eddy says "like the deadly Upas tree." The belief in evil, then, is the only evil that exists. This belief is Mortal Mind, and Mortal Mind is Mesmerism.

Mrs. Eddy says:

The origin of evil is the problem of ages. It confronts each generation anew. It confronts Christian Science. The question is often asked, If God created only the good, whence comes the evil?

To this question Christian Science replies: Evil never did exist as an entity. It is but a belief that there is an opposite Intelligence to God. This belief is a species of idolatry, and is not more true or real than that an image graven on wood or stone is God.†

But concerning the origin of the *belief* in evil, Mrs. Eddy is silent; and certainly with the belief we are immediately concerned, since that and that alone brought death into the world, and all our woe. The cause of this knot or tangle in the human consciousness, however, remains unexplained down to the very last page of the very last edition of "Science and Health."

The Reverend James Henry Wiggin, for some years Mrs. Eddy's literary adviser, said that "Mesmerism was her Devil," and it does seem that she has routed Satan from pillar to post only to be confronted by him at last. Designate Evil as Mortal Mind, and demonstrate that it is non-existent; if it can still harm us, if it can harm even Mrs. Eddy, have we got very far? Kant said

* Mortal mind includes all evil, disease, and death; also, all beliefs relative to the so-called material laws, and all material objects, and the law of sin and death.

† The Scripture says, "The carnal mind (in other words mortal mind) is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Mortal mind is an illusion; as much in our waking moments as in the dreams of sleep. The belief that Intelligence, Truth, and Love, are in matter and separate from God, is an error; for there is no intelligent evil, and no power besides God, Good. God would not be omnipotent if there were in reality another mind creating or governing man or the universe. Miscellaneous Writings, p. 36, Sixty-sixth Edition (1883-1896.)

† Miscellaneous Writings (1896) p. 346.

that "a dream which we all dream together, and which we all must dream, is not a dream, but a reality."

Adverse Treatment

Mrs. Eddy's method of protecting herself against Malicious Mesmerism — the "adverse treatment" which later became such a prolific source of scandal in the Christian Science church — was first practised by her students about 1875. By now mesmerism had become an indispensable household convenience. After she moved into her Broad Street house, Mrs. Eddy had a long succession of tenants and housekeepers, all of whom she at first found satisfactory, but against whom she soon had a grievance. She accused nearly all of them of stealing; of taking her coal, her blankets, her feather pillows, her silver spoons, and especially of taking her knives and forks, which kept magically disappearing like the food to which the clown sits down in the pantomime. It seemed as if the only way in which she could keep these knives and forks at all was actually to hold them in her hands. All this trouble she bitterly accredited to Kennedy. People came into her house well disposed toward her, she said; he set his mind to work upon their minds, and in a few days she could see the result. They avoided her, looked at her doubtfully, and her spoons and pillows began playing hide and seek again.

Mrs. Eddy talked of Kennedy continually, and often in her lectures she wandered away from her subject, forgot that her students were there to be instructed in the power of universal love, and would devote half the lesson hour to bitter invective against Kennedy and his treachery. This, of course, made an unfavorable impression upon new students, and Mrs. Eddy's advisers, Mr. Spofford, Mrs. Rice, and Miss Rawson, besought her to control her feeling and not to darken the doctrine of Divine love by the upbraids of hatred. When thus advised, she would tell her students how she had withdrawn herself from the world and labored night and day through weary years, "standing alone with God," that she might give this great truth to men; and how Kennedy had perverted it and put it to evil uses. Not only did he rob her of her students and set the minds of men against her, she declared, but he pursued her mind "as a hound pursues its prey," causing her

torment, sleeplessness, and unrest. She explained that even his cures were made at her expense; that when standing beside his patients and "rubbing their heads years together" he took up Mrs. Eddy in thought, united her mentally with the sick, and cured them by throwing the burden of their disease upon her. Thus weighed down by the



RICHARD KENNEDY

The most successful of Mrs. Eddy's students, whom she described as a Nero, regaling himself in torture

ills of his patients, she could go no further. Unless some means were found of protecting her against Kennedy, she must sink under his persecution and her mission be unfulfilled. In this extremity she implored her students to save her by treating against Kennedy and his power.

Those of Mrs. Eddy's students who did not know Mr. Kennedy, believed that their teacher was suffering acutely at his hands. She so wrought upon their sympathies that they actually consented to meet at her house and take part in this treatment which

they believed would injure the young man. One of the faithful students present in the circle would say to the others:

"Now all of you unite yourselves in thought on Kennedy; that he cannot heal the sick, that he must leave off calling on Mrs. Glover mentally, that he shall be driven out of practice and leave the town, etc."



MISS DORCAS RAWSON

Whose patient Miss Brown was when she thought she was the victim of witchcraft

Mrs. Eddy was never present at these sessions, and her students soon discontinued them. One of the number, who used to meet with the others to treat against Kennedy, explains that he was unwilling to go on with it because he discovered that the more he wished evil to Kennedy, the more he felt the presence of evil within himself. He writes that "while thoughts born of love or its attributes are unlimited in their power to help both their author and their object, thoughts born of malice influence only those who originate them."

Mrs. Eddy's Rupture with Daniel Spofford

Although no open rupture occurred between Mrs. Eddy and Daniel Spofford until the summer of 1877, by the spring of 1877 Mrs. Eddy's feeling for him had begun to cool. It will be remembered that she had turned a number of her students over to Mr. Spofford

for instruction in the Interpretation of the Scriptures. As a teacher, Mr. Spofford proved so popular that Mrs. Eddy repented the authority she had given him. His success in practice also made her restive,—doubtless one of the causes which led her to insist upon his turning his practice over to Asa Gilbert Eddy and devoting his time to pushing the sale of her book. It would be scarcely fair to draw the conclusion that Mrs. Eddy resented the success of her students in itself, but she certainly looked upon it with apprehension if the student showed any inclination to adopt methods of his own or to think for himself. Mrs. Eddy required of her students absolute and unquestioning conformity to her wishes; any other attitude of mind she regarded as dangerous. She often told Mr. Spofford that there was no such thing as devotion to the principle of revealed truth which did not include devotion to the revelator. "I am Wisdom, and this revelation is mine," she would declare when a student questioned her decision.

In July, 1877, Mr. Spofford closed out the stock of "Science and Health," which he had received from George H. Barry and Elizabeth M. Newhall, the students who had furnished the money to publish the book. Mr. Spofford paid over the money which he had received for the books, something over six hundred dollars, to these two students, and although Mrs. Eddy had agreed to ask for no royalty upon the first edition, she was exceedingly indignant that the money had not been paid to her. She declared that Mr. Barry and Miss Newhall had advanced the money to further the cause, and that whatever was realized from the sale of the first edition should have gone toward getting out a second. Mr. Spofford told her that if Mr. Barry and Miss Newhall wished to put the money into a second edition, there was nothing to prevent their doing so, but that he had received from them a number of books which were their property, and he was in duty bound to turn over to them any money received for the same. Mr. Barry and Miss Newhall lost over fifteen hundred dollars on the edition, and Mr. Spofford paid out five hundred dollars of his own money for advertising and personal expenses, besides giving his time for several months. Mrs. Eddy made no effort to reimburse them.

The estrangement thus brought about between Mrs. Eddy and Mr. Spofford continued

until, in January, 1878, Mr. Spofford was expelled from the Christian Scientists' Association and received the following notice:

"Dr. D. H. Spofford of Newburyport has been expelled from the Association of Christian Scientists for immorality and as unworthy to be a member.

"Lynn, Jan. 19th, 1878.

"Secretary of the Christian Scientists' Association, Mrs. H. N. Kingsbury."

A notice also appeared in the Newburyport *Herald*, stating that Daniel H. Spofford had been expelled for alleged immorality from the Christian Scientists' Association of Lynn. Mr. Spofford brought no action against the Association, as he thought the charge would be considered absurd and could do him no harm.

"Immorality" was a favorite charge of Mrs. Eddy's; she insisted it meant that a

student had been guilty of disloyalty to Christian Science. The very special and wholly unauthorized meanings which Mrs. Eddy had given to many common words in writing "Science and Health" doubtless confirmed her in the habit of empirical diction. An amusing instance of this occurred years afterward, when Mrs. Eddy quarreled with a woman prominent in the Mother Church in Boston and declared that she was an adulteress. When the frantic woman appealed to her to know what in Heaven's name she meant, Mrs. Eddy replied gravely, "You have adulterated the Truth; what are you, then, but an adulteress?"

*Mr. Spofford Charged with Witchcraft
—Lucretia Brown his Victim*

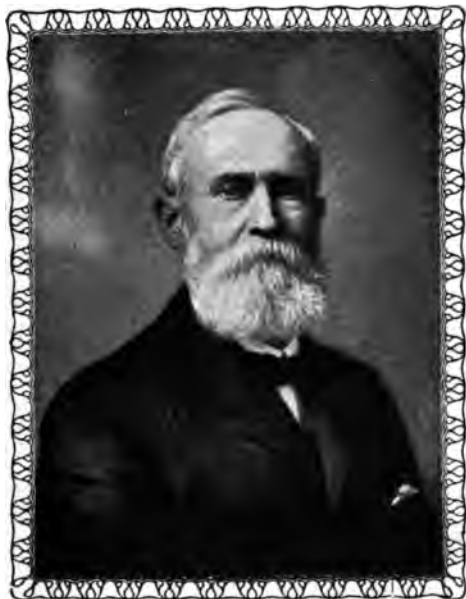
The test of loyalty in a disciple was obedience. "Whosoever is not for me is against me," Mrs. Eddy declared in an

MRS. EDDY'S HOUSE IN LYNN, MASS.

The property at Number 8, Broad Street, as it looked when the first Christian Science organization met there. The sign read "Mary B. Glover's Christian Scientists' Home." On one end was painted the cross and on the other an open copy of "Science and Health"



angry interview with Mr. Spofford. If a student were "against" her, there could be but one cause for his hardening of heart — Richard Kennedy and Malicious Mesmerism. Mr. Spofford was amazed, therefore, in the spring of 1878, to find that a bill had been filed before the Supreme Judicial Court at Salem, charging him with practising



MR. DANIEL HARRISON SPOFFORD
OF HAVERHILL, MASS.

Mr. Spofford is probably the only living American who has ever had a legal action brought against him for witchcraft

witchcraft upon one of Mrs. Eddy's former students, Lucretia L. S. Brown, of Ipswich.

Lucretia Brown was a spinster about fifty years of age, who lived with her mother and sister in one of the oldest houses in Ipswich, facing upon School-house Green. When she was a child, Miss Brown had a fall which injured her spine, and she was an invalid for the greater part of her life. Although not absolutely bedridden, she had often to keep to her bed for weeks together, and seldom walked further than the church. She conducted a crocheting agency, taking orders for city dealers and giving out piece-work to women in the village who wished to earn a little pin-money. Miss Lucretia was noted for her system and her neatness. On certain days of the week she gave out this crochet work at exactly two o'clock in the afternoon,

and whoever arrived a few minutes early had to await the stroke of the clock, as Miss Brown was not visible until then. The women who came for work gathered in the sitting-room, and one by one they were admitted to Miss Lucretia's sleeping chamber, where she received them in a bed incredibly white and smooth. They used to wonder how Miss Lucretia could lie under a coverlid absolutely wrinkleless, and how she could handle her worsted and give all her directions without rumpling the smoothness of the turned-back sheet, or marring the geometrical outline of her pillow. As the candidate retired from Miss Brown's presence, her bundle of yarn was sharply eyed by the other women who waited in the sitting-room, as there was a rumor that Miss Lucretia gave more work to her favorites than to others, and that they rolled their worsted up tightly to conceal the evidence of her partiality.

In the matter of good housewifery, the three Brown ladies were triumphant and invincible. They carried their daintiness even into their diet, regarding anything heavier than the most ethereal food as somewhat too virile and indelicate for their spinster household. The assertion was once made that Essex was the cleanest county in Massachusetts, and Ipswich was the cleanest town in Essex, and the Browns were the cleanest people in Ipswich. Even when Miss Lucretia was suffering from her worst attacks and was supposed to be helpless in bed, she was occasionally discovered late at night, slipping about the house and "tidying up" under cover of darkness.

Before Miss Lucretia knew Mrs. Eddy and Miss Rawson, she was a Congregationalist, but after she was healed by Christian Science she withdrew from her old church. Her cure was much talked about. After she was treated by Miss Rawson, she was able to be up and about the house all day and to walk a distance of two or three miles, whereas before she had made much ado to call upon a neighbor at the other end of the Green. After her healing she made some effort to practise upon other people, but Ipswich folk were slow to quit their family doctors in favor of the new method.

Miss Brown, however, remained a devout Scientist until her death in 1883, and up to that time occasionally took a case. The story goes that she got the cold she died of by airing the house too thoroughly after

having treated one of her patients. Fifty years of frantic cleanliness were not to be overcome in an instant; and although Miss Lucretia well knew that disease was but a frame of mind, that contagion was a myth, and that dirt itself was only a "belief," the moment a patient was out of the house, up went the windows, and the draperies went out on the clothes-line.

In her last illness she called in her old family physician, but refused to let him prescribe for her, explaining that she merely wished him to diagnose her case so that her Christian Science healer would know what to treat her for. Her death was as orderly as her life. When she felt that her "belief" (pneumonia) was gaining on her, she called in her mother and sister, talked over her business, and put her affairs in order, telling them where they would find all her things. When she had given all her directions, she asked them if there were anything about which they wished to question her. When they replied in the negative, she said, "Good-by, Mother. Good-by, Sister," and smoothing once again that never-wrinkled turned-back sheet, she folded her hands and almost instantly died.

Dorcas Rawson and Miss Brown

In 1878, when Miss Brown believed that Mr. Spofford had bewitched her, she was a patient of Miss Dorcas Rawson. Miss Rawson and her sister, Mrs. Rice, it will be remembered, were among Mrs. Eddy's first students in Lynn. They were daughters of a large family in Maine, and when they were very young girls came to Lynn to make their way in the shoe shops. Miranda soon married Mr. Rice and left the factory. After the two sisters had studied with Mrs. Eddy, Dorcas also left the factory and became a practising healer. She was as ardent in her new faith as she had been before in Methodism. While a Methodist she had been one of a number who "professed holiness," that is, who felt that in their daily walk they were so near to God that His presence protected them from even the temptation to sin. Miss Rawson was a thoroughly good and unselfish woman, and so earnest and forceful that perhaps in a later day she would have been called "strong-minded." However devoted in service, such a firm and independent nature would almost inevitably clash with Mrs. Eddy's at times, and Miss Rawson had more than one painful difference with her

teacher. But it was hard for Miss Rawson to give up a friend, harder than to bear with Mrs. Eddy's unreasonableness. After these disagreements she always came back, telling her friends that she could not endure to be separated from Mrs. Eddy in spirit, and that, when she was, she felt her health failing and discouragement threatening to overwhelm her.

When, under her treatment, Miss Brown suffered a relapse, Miss Rawson, in her perplexity, went to Mrs. Eddy. Mrs. Eddy had the solution at her tongue's end. Daniel Spofford, in his general opposition to truth, was exercising upon Miss Brown his mesmeric arts. Miss Rawson was at first loath to believe this. Mr. Spofford was an old and trusted friend; even had he been subsidized by Richard Kennedy, why should Mortal Mind, as exercised by Mr. Spofford, prevail over Divine Mind as employed by Miss Rawson? But Mrs. Eddy convinced her, with her will or against it, and also convinced poor Miss Brown.

Mr. Spofford's Call on Miss Brown

Mr. Spofford's acquaintance with Miss Brown had been slight. When she was studying with Mrs. Eddy, she, with other students, had entered his class in the Interpretation of the Scriptures. When Miss Brown's health began to fail, he had not seen her for some months and was ignorant alike of her illness and the supposed cause of it. After Miss Lucretia had begun to regard him as the author of her ills, Mr. Spofford was in Ipswich one day and bethought him of calling upon his old student. Accordingly he went down to the Green and knocked at her cottage. Miss Brown herself came to the door and immediately fell into great agitation. Ordinarily a pale woman, her cheeks and forehead flushed so hotly that Mr. Spofford innocently thought that she must be making preserves and had just come from the stove. She stood for a moment, very ill at ease, and, without asking him to come in, begged him to excuse her and ran back into the house. When she reappeared, she seemed even more distracted than before, and Mr. Spofford now felt sure that he had intruded upon some critical moment in preserve-making and told her that he would call again when he next happened to be in Ipswich. He went away leaving Miss Brown to wonder whether he had merely come to see how his

victim did, or whether he had come to do her further harm.

A Campaign Against Mr. Spofford

By this time Mrs. Eddy had Mr. Spofford upon her mind almost as constantly as she had Richard Kennedy. In April, a month before the charge of witchcraft was made against him, Mrs. Eddy filed a bill in equity against Mr. Spofford to recover tuition and a royalty on his practice. This suit was still pending when the witchcraft case came up, and was dismissed June 3d because of defects in the writ and insufficient service. The Newburyport *Herald* of May 16th, in commenting editorially upon the witchcraft case, said: "Mrs. Eddy tried, some time since, to induce us to publish an attack upon Spofford, which we declined to do, and we understand that similar requests were made to other papers in the county."

In preparing to prosecute the witchcraft case, Mrs. Eddy first selected twelve students from the Christian Scientists' Association — she has always been partial to the apostolic number — and called on these students to meet her at her house and treat Mr. Spofford adversely, as other students had

formerly treated Richard Kennedy. She required each of these twelve students, one after another, to take Mr. Spofford up mentally for two hours, declaring in thought that he had no power to heal, must give up his practice, etc. Mr. Henry F. Dunnells of Ipswich was one of the chosen twelve. He says in his affidavit: "When the Spofford lawsuit came along, she took twelve of us from the Association and made us take two hours apiece, one after the other. She made a statement that this man Spofford was adverse to her and that he used his mesmeric or hypnotic power over her students and her students' patients and hindered the students from performing healing on their patients, and we were held together to keep our minds over this Spofford to prevent him from exercising this mesmeric power over her students and patients. This twenty-four hours' work was done in her house."

Bill of Complaint in the Witchcraft Case

Having thus prepared her case through the agency of Divine Mind, Mrs. Eddy next set about making the most of human devices. She went to her lawyer in Lynn and had him

HOUSE AT IPSWICH, MASS.

Where Lucretia Brown lived with her mother and maiden sister. The house, built by John Baker about the year 1761, faces on School-house Green, and is one of the oldest in the village



draw up a bill of complaint in Miss Brown's name, setting forth the injuries which Miss Brown had received from Mr. Spofford's mesmeric malice and petitioning the court to restrain him from exercising his power and using his arts upon her. The text of the bill is in part:

Humbly complaining, the Plaintiff, Lucretia L. S. Brown of Ipswich in said County of Essex, sheweth unto your Honors, that Daniel H. Spofford, of Newburyport, in said County of Essex, the defendant in the above entitled action, is a mesmerist and practices the art of mesmerism and by his said art and the power of his mind influences and controls the minds and bodies of other persons and uses his said power and art for the purpose of injuring the persons and property and social relations of others and does by said means so injure them.

And the plaintiff further sheweth that the said Daniel H. Spofford has at divers times and places since the year eighteen hundred and seventy-five, wrongfully and maliciously and with intent to injure the plaintiff, caused the plaintiff by means of his said power and art great suffering of body and mind and severe spinal pains and neuralgia and a temporary suspension of mind, and still continues to cause the plaintiff the same. And the plaintiff has reason to fear and does fear that he will continue in the future to cause the same. And the plaintiff says that said injuries are great and of an irreparable nature and that she is wholly unable to escape from the control and influence he so exercises upon her and from the aforesaid effects of said control and influence.

As Mrs. Eddy's attorney flatly refused to argue the case in court, she arranged that one of her students, Edward J. Arens, should do so. At the opening of the Supreme Judicial Court in Salem, May 14, 1878, Mrs. Eddy and Mr. Arens appeared under power of attorney for Miss Brown, attended by some twenty witnesses, "a cloud of witnesses," as the *Boston Globe* put it in an account of the hearing. When they were assembled at the railway station in Lynn to take the train for Salem, one of the witnesses went to Mrs. Eddy and protested that he knew nothing whatever about the case and would not know what to say were he called upon to testify. "You will be told what to say," replied Mrs. Eddy reassuringly.

The Witchcraft Hearing

Having arrived at the Salem Court House, Mrs. Eddy and her loyal band awaited in the jury room the entrance of the chief justice. As soon as Judge Horace Gray had taken his seat, Mr. Arens arose and presented his petition for a hearing on the bill of complaint. He then made an exposition of the

case to the Judge, who ordered that an order of notice be served upon Mr. Spofford, and appointed Friday, May 17th, for a hearing of the case. Mr. Arens at once took the train for Newburyport to search for Mr. Spofford, as Mrs. Eddy feared that he might escape into another State.

Meanwhile the Massachusetts press was



LUCRETIA L. S. BROWN OF IPSWICH

Miss Brown believed that she had been mesmerized by Mr. Spofford. In her name Mrs. Eddy brought an action against him in the Salem courts, charging him with causing Miss Brown "great suffering of mind and body and severe spinal pains."

making the most of the novel legal proceedings at Salem. A reporter from the *Boston Globe* called at Miss Brown's house in Ipswich, but was told that she was away from home. Of this call the *Globe* published the following account:

In an interview with a sister of Miss Brown, the latter being out of town, the lady informed the *Globe* reporter that she and her family believed that there was no limit to the awful power of mesmerism, but she still had some faith in the power of the law, and thought that Dr. Spofford might be awed into abstaining from injuring her sister further. That he does so she believes there is no possibility of a doubt. In answer to a query put by the reporter, she admitted that should Dr. Spofford prove so disposed, even though he be incarcerated behind the stone walls at Charlestown, he could still use his mesmeric power against her sister.

On Friday morning the crowd which had assembled at the Salem Court House was disappointed. Mr. Spofford himself did not appear, but his attorney, Mr. Noyes, appeared for him and filed a demurrer, which Judge Gray sustained, declaring with a smile that it was not within the power of the Court to control Mr. Spofford's mind. The case was appealed, and the appeal waived the following November.

*The Witchcraft Case an
Anachronism*

So, after a lapse of nearly two centuries, another charge of witchcraft was made before the court in Salem village. But it was an anachronism merely, and elicited such ridicule that it was hard to realize that because of charges quite as fanciful, one hundred and twenty-six persons were once lodged in Salem jail, nineteen persons were hanged, and an entire community was plunged into anguish and terror.

During the long years that the grass had been growing and withering above the graves of Martha Corey and Rebecca Nurse and their wretched companions, one of the most important of all possible changes had taken place in the world — a change in the mode of thinking. The work of Descartes, Locke, and Sir Isaac Newton had become a common inheritance; the relation of physical effect with physical cause had become established even in ignorant and unthinking minds, and a school-boy of 1878 would have rejected as absurd the evidence upon which Judge Hawthorne condemned a woman like Mary Easty to death.

Mrs. Eddy's attempt to revive the witch

horror was only a court-room burlesque upon the grimmest tragedy in New England history. It is interesting only in that it demonstrates how surely the same effects follow the same causes. When Mrs. Eddy had succeeded in overcoming in her students' minds the tradition of sound reasoning of which they and their century were the fortunate heirs, when she had convinced them that there were no physical causes for physical ills, she had unwittingly plunged them back into the torturing superstitions which it had taken the world so long to overcome. The capacity for estimating evidence in cases of physical causation, which John Fiske calls "one of the world's latest and most laborious acquisitions," once denied, the Christian Scientists had parted with that rational attitude of mind which is the basis of the health and sanity of modern life; which has abolished religious persecution as well as controlled contagious disease, and has made a revival of the witchcraft terror as impossible as a recurrence of the Black Death. This rational habit of mind once broken down, two good women like Lucretia Brown and Dorcas Rawson could suspect a good man of the malice of a fiend. Among this little group of people who had been friends and fellow seekers after God, there broke out, in a milder form, that same scourge of fear and distrust which demoralized Salem from 1692 to 1694. In the attempt to bring the glad tidings of emancipation from the operation of physical law, which is sometimes cruel, Mrs. Eddy had come back to the cruellest of all debasing superstitions — that of attributing disease and misfortune to a malevolent human agency.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

JUDGMENT

BY

FRANCES S. LYMAN

JUST a look of swift surprise,
Down in deeps of childish eyes,
But my soul to judgment came,
Cowered, as before a flame,
Hid itself in dust of shame;
Not a word, a lisp of blame,
Just a look of swift surprise
In the quiet, lifted eyes.

AUGUST 1907

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M^CCLURE'S MAGAZINE



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QUICK!
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SAPOLIO
CLEANS SCOURS POLISHES

The picture-base is an enlargement of an actual photograph taken July 17, 1905, at Lake Cobboscontee, Winthrop, Me., by Mr. Lewis C. James, Cambridge, Mass.

and other horses, so they said. But it is now above three hours, and I fear the wretches have got drunk, or — what is more likely from their sullen looks — never meant to come back at all. The weather is bad, and I lacked money to buy their good-will. You are the only person who has passed this way since."

"If he believes that cock-and-bull story, it will go far to convince me that all the fools aren't dead yet," said Chance inwardly; for, whereas the lady had begun with some hesitation and fumbling, either for words or ideas, she gathered fluency as she went on, and by the end the tale tripped almost too glibly from her tongue. But the old gentleman listened with real concern.

"Without breakfast? Good God!" said he, visibly moved, "Shocking! Shocking! Madame, you have my deepest sympathy."

Sympathy, if an amiable sentiment, was hardly all that the circumstances called for, and for a flash the lady looked as if she thought so. Her black eyes snapped, but she stuck patiently to her rôle.

"I need it, sir," she said, looking down mournfully. "I fear my poor friend by this time has breathed her last —" here she put her handkerchief to her eyes, with a fine dramatic effect.

"Don't do that, ma'am, now don't do that," said the old gentleman earnestly. "Your friend dead — you with no breakfast — oh, dear me, that's too bad! Where did you say you live?"

"B — B — Borthwick," sobbed the mourner.

The old gentleman uttered an exclamation of regret. "How unlucky! I am on my way to Tudley End, otherwise nothing could give me greater pleasure than to see you safely home. But you understand, ma'am, on such a day to — turn aside — however, I'll leave you one of my men, and send back help from the next —"

"Barbara lived at Tudley End," interrupted the lady. "I wouldn't go home, not for worlds, without seeing her, if only —" here the handkerchief came into play once more.

"Well, of all the comedies!" thought Chance scornfully. "However, it's no affair of mine."

"Now, don't do that, ma'am, now, I beg of you, don't," said the old gentleman nervously. "If you'll accept a seat in my carriage, we'll get you to your friend's in time, perhaps, — and if not — well, we've all got to go some day, you know, — I don't mean go to Tudley End, of course, — I mean — ahem — in the midst of life, we are in death. She may be a great deal better off, you know, maybe it's a blessed release — and — and all that sort of thing, in short. Here, you, Tim! Gregory! Turn across the road so that the lady can step in without soiling her feet.

Oh — ah — is that young man your servant, ma'am?"

"I know nothing whatever about him," said the black-eyed one primly. "He had but just come up a moment before yourself," (at this point she cast down her eyes in a telling motion of modesty). "Indeed, sir, I feel your arrival was most timely."

"Madame!" cried the young man indignantly — and then stopped short in an angry confusion. Whether he resented the innuendo or let it pass, he was equally in a false position; the woman seemed to be animated by the impersonal malice of Satan. Or else, he reflected, the last speech was of a piece with the rest of her policy of hoodwinking the old gentleman. In that case, its effect must have given her the artist's glow of satisfaction; he took fire at once.

"You are a shameless rogue, sir," he vociferated, turning a blazing countenance on the helpless Chance, "(don't be frightened, my dear madame, I am severe, but never violent). You're a damned impudent coward and villain, sir, insulting unprotected women! You've galls-bird written all over you — I've seldom seen as low, ruffianly a face, and I've seen many, sir, many —"

"What company you must keep!" said Chance, struggling between anger and a strong desire to laugh.

"Don't you talk to me!" shouted the old gentleman, "don't come any of your fine tales to *me*! You can't fool *me*, sir, you can't take *me* in! If I had any jurisdiction here, I'd have you whipped out of the parish (I beg of you not to be alarmed, ma'am, I express myself forcibly, but I'm always just), but as it is, I sincerely trust I may have the pleasure some day of assisting you to the hulks. A little more to the right, Gregory."

The manoeuvres of the chaise brought it at this juncture with its back to the young man, who had been gradually retreating before such a broadside of maledictions; and one of the servants, pushing his horse close to him, whispered behind his hand, with a glance towards the lady, then in the act of stepping from one vehicle to the other: "Harkye, my lad, who is she, anyhow?"

"I know no more than yourself," returned Chance shortly.

"Oh, come," said the fellow. He disengaged one foot from the stirrup and poked a playful toe into Chance's ribs. "Oh, come, now," he repeated, winking.

"I tell you, I never saw her before — I don't know anything about her," said Chance again, unwilling to gossip with a servant, yet answering the other's grin in spite of himself.

"I see," said the groom, and eyed him approvingly, "*you* don't know anything — oh, no, not you! But ain't 'Squire a reg'lar old innocent, though? Anybody could see through *her*, with half an eye. Oh, I wasn't born yesterday — I know 'em like a book. She —" he illustrated with a word and a bit of pantomime the dullest could scarcely have failed to understand. And, as the post-chaise with its doubled burden floundered off Tudley-ward, he turned in the saddle and gave the young man a parting grimace of prodigious shrewdness, spreading one hand in mock benediction.

Chance watched until the road, looping about the base of a hill, took them from view, then turned to his own way with a half-smile. "He's a fine, hearty, simple old boy," said he aloud; "a pity that adventure has got him between her talons." He walked on, knitting his brows over another thought, to which he at last gave voice. "I wish I had asked the footman fellow his master's name; there would have been no harm in that much curiosity, at any rate. It seems to me I have seen him before somewhere, I cannot think —" he stopped short upon this, ransacking his memory, gave it up finally, shook his head, and set forward again in a sudden pelting burst of rain. The wind had risen in the last half hour with a promise of greater cold, yet there was a kind of light and scurry among the clouds, as if they might presently shred away and leave it clear. "If I could find any sort of sheltered corner to weather through this downpour, it would be as well," thought he, surveying the austere landscape; and coming just then to a lane or private road opening upon the highway, he turned into it, expecting to reach some farm or outpost of stables. He was mistaken; the lane went on interminably, bounded now by low stone walls, now by stout hedges, without getting anywhere. He said to himself that it was the original lane that had no turning, the grandfather of all long lanes; and still he trudged, and still the rain poured diligently. It took all his reckless philosophy to bear with it, and just when his patience was at the final ebb, and he was ready to cry out an anathema on the lane and the man who made it, it brought up abruptly at a little enclosure around a tumble-down wooden pagoda, whence issued a rich, full-bodied, vinegarish odour. He sniffed and recognized it. Here must be a cider-press, that much he knew by the heaps of pulped apple trodden about its doors. The place looked slovenly and neglected; it was late in the year for cider-making; Chance wondered if the owner or his workmen were anywhere about. He set a foot across the threshold, he saw the silhouette of hopper

and wheels in the dim interior of the shanty — and for the second time that day, started back, exclaiming aloud. For the second time, he stood and dumbly stared. "Oh, this is absurd!" went through his mind; "another young woman! The country must be peppered with them lying in wait for me —"

"Is this your cider-house?" the young woman asked. She had been sitting on an overturned bushel-measure, just within the door, and now rose and faced him, putting her question with a sort of timid daring; she looked at once scared and defiant.

"No, it's not my cider-house," said Chance mechanically, "it's not yours, I suppose?"

"No."

A pause, during which they eyed each other with the candid distrust of two strange dogs.

Then Chance collected himself. "May I come in?" he asked civilly. The girl moved aside by way of answer, and he stepped in, set his fiddle and knapsack on the floor, and, casting about among the rusty pans, broken potsherds, and piles of rotting fruit that littered it, found a three-legged fragment of a chair. He propped it against the press and sat down opposite the girl on her bushel-measure; she was very young, as he now saw, and wore a riding-dress of green cloth, liberally laced with gold in the fashion of the day; it was almost as muddy and bedraggled as his own attire.

"This is bad weather to be out in," ventured the young man, after another silence of sheer awkwardness.

"Yes." She hesitated a moment, then said, with a rather engaging frankness, "I daresay you think it's very queer my being here at all?"

"I hadn't allowed myself to think anything about it," said Chance soberly.

"You startled me at first," said the girl. "I thought maybe it was some one sent after me — until I saw you. You see, I am running away."

It would have been hard to match the child-like gravity of this last utterance. Chance might well have believed her crazy or half-witted, had not her face plainly showed her to be neither. He considered her in silence, telling himself that she was really not pretty as he had at first thought; she had hardly a single pretty feature, yet her homeliness became her better than other women their good looks. She was too tall, too thin, too dark. Her face was all delicate angles, but its shifting expressions were so sudden and vivid, they drew the eye like the unstable glitter of a diamond. The girl, for her part, returned his gaze with growing confidence and not a little curiosity.

"What is your name?" she asked — and then blushed furiously, in an accession of shyness.

"John Chance. I come from York."

"Mine is Sophy Drake, and I — but I suppose, so long as I am running away, I oughtn't to tell any more about myself. It's not prudent, is it?"

She was obviously in a quiver of eagerness to tell everything; and Chance, hesitating between curiosity and an aversion to taking advantage of her, at last laid a middle course.

"Why, Miss Drake," said he, "I think whatever you chose to tell would be safe with me, but I can't honestly say I'm in favour of — of young ladies running away. Think of the pain you must be giving your father and mother —"

"No, I'm not — because I haven't any!" interrupted Miss Drake triumphantly. "They're both dead long ago, when I was a baby."

"Well, the people you live with, then, — your guardians or —"

"But it's my guardian I'm running away to."

Chance was reduced to astounded silence. Running away to her guardian! Here was a novel procedure.

"I'm glad you came," said the girl, a little plaintively; "it's some one to talk to, and I was so lonesome."

"Had you been here long?"

"I don't know. It seemed a great while. You see, I was out riding, and all at once it came to me that I might ride off and get to my guardian before any one could stop me. That was this morning. So I started and rode very hard and fast, until the horse went lame; and then I met a farmer-looking man and offered to sell him the horse, because I had come away without any money — and one always needs money. He asked a good many questions, but of course I wouldn't answer them. And then he gave me ten shillings for the horse. That doesn't seem very much for a whole horse, but he said it would ruin him to give any more for a lame one — and, after all, he was a farmer and knew a great deal more about horses than I. So I took it and asked him the way to Tudley End, and he said to take this lane. But he must have been mistaken, for it don't go anywhere, but just here. And now I don't know exactly what to do."

Something of appeal in her voice went to the young man's heart; and, instead of being amused at the financial transaction just related, he warmed with indignation. He saw it clearly his duty to take charge of so helpless and attractive a creature — for she *was* attractive, he now decided, in her elfin fashion.

"The man was a rascal," said he severely; "but nothing of the sort shall happen to you

again, Miss Drake. I'll take care of you to Tudley End, or wherever you want to go —"

She broke in with a high exclamation. "There! I've told you nearly everything, after all, and I didn't mean to at all!" And they both began to laugh.

"I might as well tell you all the rest now, Mr. Chance," she said, straightening her face. "Then you'll be sure I'm not crazy," (and here she darted him a look of infantile shrewdness). "To begin with, I'm in a bad, bad place. I've a great deal of money —"

"That's not generally considered troublesome."

"Oh, but it is, though. If I were a poor girl, no one would care *that*! But, being rich, they want me to be married —"

"Wait a minute," said Chance, "who are 'they'?"

"Why, all of them, everybody, the young man's father and the rest. And think of it, Mr. Chance, I've never seen him! I had rather go to the stake than marry him that way!" she concluded tragically.

"Too bad!" said Chance, meaning to sympathize; "very like he feels just the same about you."

"You don't know anything about it," said Miss Drake, with surprising sharpness.

"He's never seen *you*, you know," said Chance hastily.

"That's true, too," said the girl, mollified; "well, his name is Philip Ashmore, and his father was to bring him to see me in a day or two. I've been at Miss Fennel's — that's a boarding-school in Westhampton — and I know he's horrid, and I *won't* see him, so I've run away! There!"

"I don't wonder," said Chance warmly, "but, after all, this is England, and not Constantinople; they can't marry you off against your will. Now your guardian —"

"That's what I'm going to tell him," cried the girl; "I'm going to see him by himself and reason with him. He hardly knows me; he's only seen me three or four times in my whole life. I believe he thinks it would be the finest thing in the world to get me married and settled and off his mind, with my fortune. He's a fat old gentleman with a red face, and his wife has a great big nose, and they live at Tudley End, and the name is Sir Benjamin Tidbury — do you know him?"

"The name has a familiar sound," said the young man, pondering. "Tidbury — if he ever goes to York, I may have seen him in my father's counting-room (though Heaven knows I'm seldom enough there!). Tidbury — there are so many fat, red-faced old gentlemen —"

he stopped short with a swift change of expression. "Fact," he cried, and clapped his knee, "that was the man."

She jumped and glanced about, startled. "What? What?"

Chance apologized. "The fact is," he explained, "I am sure I saw your guardian to-day. He passed me on the road, and I thought I remembered the face. 'Twas he beyond a doubt. So that's the man you're running to?"

"Did he seem in a good temper?" asked the girl nervously.

"Not very — the last I saw of him," said Chance, grinning.

"Well, it can't be helped; I'm going to tell him I won't be married — to that Ashmore man, at any rate," said Miss Drake firmly; "and I won't be penned up in a school any longer, either. It's no better than a prison — and I'm nineteen years old. Why can't they let one alone? Do you know that I like it as well out here in the rain as at the very finest party I ever was in my life? It's freedom, that's the reason."

Chance looked at her with quickening interest. "Why, that was bravely spoken!" said he. "They tie up all your sex in so many withes of custom and propriety, I wonder how any woman of sense or spirit can endure it. People lay down strange rules to be happy by. I tramp the wide roads and take my pleasure so — my father, good man, niggles at a ledger all day long and says he spends his life in toil that I may live mine in idleness. I am very sure he is right, and I am a thankless fellow — but when all's said, that is his happiness. Every man to his taste. I should sicken like a caged beast at his pastime, and what kind of a figure would he make sitting in an outhouse in the rain?"

He laughed outright at the notion; the girl joined him. "He would think us both crazy!" she said; and this seemed to them the richest of jokes.

While they talked, the brief winter afternoon had insensibly slipped into twilight; the rain had ceased, but the wind might still be heard, loud as an organ in the near treetops, and sometimes felt, when a shifting gust pounced upon their little shelter and rattled it viciously. The features of the landscape were all confounded in the dusk; that which looked a stump might be a man; or the hedge a trailing row of carts. They could hardly see each other's faces, and Chance was about to suggest their moving on, when the girl, in the midst of her chatter, of a sudden laid her hand upon his arm.

"There is some one prowling about the cider-house and watching us," she whispered. "I saw

a light flicker between the cracks over there behind you."

She had scarcely got out the words when the light flashed into the open doorway. It came from an ordinary stable-lantern held about waist-high and slowly revolving so as to explore every part of the hut; owing to this ingenious management, their dazzled eyes could only distinguish, intermittently, a pair of legs and hobnailed boots, beneath it, an the shimmer of two eyes under a visored cap, somewhere behind and above. Monstrous shadows swarmed and skipped from side to side with the wavering light.

The apparition spoke. "Here they be, Jem, right and tight," it announced huskily; and a second indeterminate block of darkness in its rear emitted an affirmative grunt.

"You are the owner of this place?" said Chance, recovering.

"Young man," said the other, with deliberation, "I'm not saying whether I am or I ain't. I don't have to give an account of myself. The point is, you and that young woman have got to come out o' here immediate, d'ye see?"

"I don't think we have damaged your valuable cider-house," said Chance, not much relishing the fellow's tone; "if we have, I'm willing to pay for it. We came here to be out of the rain, and were just about going."

"Eggzackly. I've no doubt you were going," returned the lantern-bearer, unmoved. "All the more reason for your coming along with me. Now *are* you going to come peaceable? There's two of us here, young man, and half a score more within hearing, so you might as well give up first as last."

"Why, what do you mean — what do you want with all this hurry?" demanded John, with rising temper. "You don't need to use force. We're glad enough to go. Consider the lady, man; in common decency —"

"Here, take the lantern, Jem," said the other, without heeding him; and the second shadow, advancing, solidified into another set of cap, eyes, sleeve-waistcoat, corduroys, and hobnail boots. He took the lantern silently and held it aloft, thereby giving them a fuller view of one another. Miss Drake uttered a small shriek of astonishment.

"Why, that's the man that bought my horse!" she cried, pointing to the first speaker. "You told me this was the way to Tudley End, and all the while it was only to your own cider-house! What did you do that for?"

"Well now, miss, ma'am — I dare say *you* know as well as I do — or you can guess. I had my little plan," said the man, a smile of gross self-satisfaction appearing on his broad, heavy face. "The game's up, you may take my word

for it. *Will* you come along nice and quiet now?"

"Oh, mercy me, you've been sent after me, I suppose," said the girl pettishly. "Why didn't you say so this afternoon, instead of making all that ridiculous pother over the horse? I don't see why they sent such a man, and I won't go anyhow, Mr. Chance, would you?"

"You hear that, Jem?" said the man. "Pity you can't write, you'd ought to take that down. You'll be a witness, you know."

Jem eyed the girl and grunted again.

"Look here, men," said Chance, puzzled and impatient and a little uneasy, too, "in the name of sense, what are you after? I don't understand your talk. You surely don't call it trespass for us to take shelter in your cider-house from the rain? Look around you. Have we harmed it? Witness! What on earth do you want of witnesses?"

"It's me they want, I know it," interrupted the girl. "Didn't Miss Fennel send you?"

"You heard *that*, Jem?" said their captor, in a powerful aside; then he added benevolently, "My advice to you, miss — ma'am — is not to say anything more, you've no call to incriminate yourself, you know. And it ain't any use putting it on Miss Fennel, for I never heard of her before. There ain't anybody has had a thing to do with this here but *me* —"

Jem grunted.

"And Jem," said the other hastily. "Of course, you'll get your share o' the reward, Jem, though I've done the most of the work."

Chance stared at them, utterly befogged by this last cryptic sentence; the girl shrank beside him, with wide, startled eyes. It was not until the owner of the cider-house made a movement towards her as if to enforce his commands that the young man regained his presence of mind.

"None of that, you lout," said he savagely, and threw a protecting arm in front of her. "I've told you we're willing to go, but we're not to be hustled like beggars. Reward? Reward for what? What's 'reward' got to do with us? Who do you take us for?"

Here Jem, after certain rumblings of the chest, similar to seismic disturbances beneath the earth's crust, entered into the conversation. "Best show un the bill, Tom," said he, and rumbled into silence again, like retreating thunder. And thereupon Tom produced from the lining of his cap a printed document, more or less greasy from its late sojourn, and ragged with handling. He spread it under the lantern-rays, and Chance, with every variety of feeling, read:

NOTICE

London, November 8, 1806 — Twenty-five pounds (£25) is offered for the arrest and detention of the

notorious felon Mary Gurnett, *alias* Mary Shaw, *alias* Gipsy Moll, etc., escaped from Chatford Gaol the fourth inst. and last seen between Trent and Brixham on the Great North Road. Communicate with Messrs. Sears & Dudley, Att'ys-at-Law, Broome Court, Fleet Street, London; or W. Barton & Son, Chatford; or the nearest magistrate.

DESCRIPTION

About twenty-seven years of age, five feet seven inches in height, black hair and eyes, regular features, fine teeth. Of free manners, generally well-dressed, appears to have plenty of money. Any information will be thankfully received by the above.

The young man read it through twice, beginning to have some inkling of how matters stood.

"This handbill," he said at last, slowly, "is four weeks old, but you think the woman may be about the countryside still? It is possible I myself have seen her. This afternoon —"

"Turn your head, young feller, and you'll see her now," interrupted Tom, with a triumphant chuckle. He folded away the bill as if it had been a bank-note.

"You are mistaken," said Chance, forcing himself to patience. "This young lady does not at all answer the description —"

"Don't, eh?" cried Tom sarcastically. "You'll say next she ain't tall and black-haired and black-eyed. Maybe I didn't meet her, behaving suspicious on the Road at three o'clock this blessed afternoon? Maybe she wasn't glad to sell her horse — stolen, likely, — for ten shilling? A horse for ten shilling! Maybe I didn't send her here where she'd be safe, until I could go home and fetch Jem here? Maybe she didn't tell you in so many words (and I heard her) that she didn't know what to do, and she was in a bad way, and had a lot of money? Young man, I don't know who *you* are, for the bill don't say nothing about you, but it's easy guessing. You're her pal, and you mark my words, *it — won't — wash!* Your — talk — won't — wash!"

Chance stood helpless; he did not for an instant doubt the girl, yet he had to admit, inwardly, that her story was fantastic enough; the face of things might have misled a cleverer man than this yokel. It was plain that Tom was blown up beyond the reach of argument by pride in the success of the trap he had set for her. His was the unconquerable stupid cunning of a perfectly honest man.

Sophy herself was the first to break the silence.

"I — haven't — got — regular — features," she sobbed, and at this funny and pitiful little wail John lashed out suddenly in impotent anger.

"Use your eyes, fools, the two of you," he cried. "Can you look at her, and believe this? Think —"

"Young man," said Tom, swelling majestically, "I don't *think*. I *knows* and I *acks*! *It won't wash*! Any one could see through you. Looks just like that fellow what was hanged for stealing sheep at Tudley Assizes last June, don't he, Jem?"

Jem held forward the lantern and studied the furious young face critically.

"No," he said, shaking his head, "he don't favour the sheep-stealer any, Tom —"

"That's the first sensible word I've heard from either one of you," said John vigorously.

"Good-looking chap, the sheep-stealer was, fine upstanding fellow," continued Jem.

Tom turned to the girl.

"I ain't much of a judge o' features, miss — ma'am," said he, "but maybe we'd better take a look at your teeth to be on the safe side. This way with the lantern, Jem —"

"You'll take a look at my fist first!" said John Chance, in a chill rage.

"Here, now! Hands off!" cried Tom, shrinking into a very unvaliant posture. "Help! Hold him, Jem! Lord, but he's a desp'rate villain, to be sure —"

"Mr. Chance, oh, don't, please!" screamed Sophy.

"Put up your hands, one of you, put up your hands and fight fair!" gasped Chance, struggling. "Call yourselves Englishmen, and two against one!"

"Ouch! Damn it, Jem, drop the lantern, can't you? You're burning my leg off!" shouted Tom. And with that the three fell apart of one motion, like a mechanical toy; and stood, panting and glaring at one another. The sound and fury subsided as abruptly as it had begun. Chance, secretly nursing a set of badly-cut knuckles, surveyed the black eye he had bestowed on Tom with acute satisfaction, and, all at once, felt entirely cool and reasonable.

"Now then, men," said he serenely, "where are you going to take us, and what are you going to do with us?"

"Take you to 'Squire," Jem answered, as Tom was occupied with his injuries; "it's a main long way. We've got the cart."

"Very good, take us to-night, now, at once," John said, with emphasis. He drew the girl's hand through his arm and stepped towards the door.

"Look out, Jem, he's a wild one, he'll give us the slip yet," cried Tom, alarmed. "Call Job Bemis and the rest."

"On the contrary," retorted the young man, "I want to see your magistrate. I never wanted to meet a man more in my life. He may have some sense — and that will be a refreshing novelty."

The cart turned out a two-wheeled, springless vehicle, with a bundle of straw in the bed by way of seat, and between the shafts an elderly, meditative donkey, with what is technically known as a "wall-eye," glimmering opalescent in the lantern-light. Chance helped the girl in and made her as comfortable as might be; he was dropping back, when one of the men growled out: "In with you, too, young feller."

"We ride, and you walk? Admirable arrangement!" said John affably. He climbed in, and for some unexplained reason took the girl's hand in his own again, as they perched together on the straw.

"I walks on the nigh side, and Jem on the off," said Tom warningly. "It's no use your whipping up to get away, for Dumps is fifteen years old, and has heaves into the bargain. A slug could give her a half-a-mile start and beat her."

"It would be a pity to deprive you of so congenial a companion," said John gravely; "be easy. We sha'n't try."

As the procession moved off, the girl leaned towards Chance's shoulder to whisper: "Mr. Chance —"

"Yes?"

"I *knew* he was cheating me about that horse!"

II

The Tidbury residence stood considerably back from the highway, on the eastern confines of Tudley End. It was a comely old building of yellowing bricks, set at the head of a handsome slope of lawn, with gardens in a formal style under the southern windows. The drive entered by a florid iron gate between two high, square brick pillars, topped with globes of stone, and at the front door one encountered a brass knocker designed like the forepart of a ram's skull in miniature, with the horns curving down on either side, and a tasteful garland of brass laurel-leaves, ribbons, etc., depending therefrom. Neighbourhood wags pointed out a striking resemblance between it and the portrait of Lady Tidbury (in side-curls and a muslin scarf) over the library mantelpiece. But in the latter, the artist had succeeded to admiration in catching the lively expression of command in her ladyship's eye. The servants never went by it without a twitter; and Sir Benjamin himself owned to a slight discomfort when in its society.

"Damn that picture, it looks just like Maria!" he said irritably. "Did you ever notice, Pellew, how the eyes watch you all around the room?"

Doctor Pellew glanced at the portrait, not without awe, and hastily adjusted his shirt-frill,



"I'M GLAD YOU CAME . . . IT'S SOME ONE TO TALK TO, AND .
I WAS SO LONESOME"

as if he had been in her ladyship's bodily presence. "Very often, Sir Benjamin," said he. "It's a remarkable likeness. But with regard to the matter in hand —" and here he tapped his forefinger lightly on a printed handbill lying on the table beside him, "with regard to the matter in hand —?"

They were sitting by the library fire; the library was a fine, big room, whereof the wall spaces, panelled with oak, offered an ample field for a geometrically accurate distribution of book-cases and Tidbury family portraits. They alternated around it, the order only broken by four long windows giving on a terrace outside; two doors, one into the hall, and one opposite it, into Sir Benjamin's private study, where he kept his accounts and cash-box; and the chimneypiece by which the baronet now sat. Pellew, over against him, stretched a pair of lean shanks to the warmth. The doctor was a tall man, inordinately neat in his dress, with a kind of spinster neatness; no one could have looked less the man of fashion than he. Between them, at the apex of the triangle, O'Brien sat astride of his chair; he was not neat, and his legs were splashed with mud to the knees; even the tails of his coat dribbled muddy water. He had ridden far in a hurry and was indifferent to the havoc he made with Lady Tidbury's highly polished floor. The Irishman's little light grey eyes sparkled, his sandy hair stood this way and that, he could no more control his excitement than the terrier he resembled.

"It's the truth I'm telling ye, Sir Benjamin," he cried, bringing his buckhorn handled riding-stick down on the handbill with a sounding whack at every other word; "the woman's a — the divvie! Doctor dear, did I hurt you? Nothing could have been farther from me intention —"

"If you'd keep your stick as far off as your intention, it would be more to the purpose, sir," said the doctor epigrammatically, caressing his bruised thumb. "To come back to the point, Sir Benjamin, I think that part of her story relating how she got stranded on the road without horses or post-boys may be true — undoubtedly the horses ran away — undoubtedly the men *did* desert her — but all the rest, the dying friend and so on!" He shook his head. "She is, of course, in a hurry to get anywhere where she won't be known, and you and your chaise were a lucky chance for her. Observe, when you get to Tudley, you hear no more of the dying friend. Instead, she gladly accepts your hospitality. Then you meet O'Brien here on the road —"

"Immediately upon seeing the woman, I galloped off home to take a look at the handbill

and refresh me memory," interrupted the latter. "'It's her,' says I to meself, 'as sure as death and taxes!' So then —"

"So then you come pelting here, and raise such a whirloo as never was heard since the days of Fin Mac Coul," said the baronet; "all for nothing — or, at most, a fancied resemblance. As if I didn't know a lady when I see one!"

O'Brien raised his hands to heaven. "Hear him! Why, the very post-boy suspected her! *That* a lady! Ask Tim — Ask Gregory —" he appealed to the doctor — "You've seen her, Pellew?"

"I'm afraid," said the doctor, hesitating, "I'm afraid our friend O'Brien is right, Sir Benjamin. The description coincides exactly, and I found the — er — the lady's manner not convincing. Where is she now, by-the-way?"

"I invited her to make herself comfortable until the servants could get us up something to eat," said the baronet uneasily. "She's in the blue bedroom, I believe."

"If she isn't listening at the keyhole," said O'Brien, dropping his voice. "What's her last *alias*, eh?"

"Sir," said Sir Benjamin, glowering, "her name is Smith."

With all the good-will in the world, it is not possible to make the name of Smith impressive; and O'Brien shrugged his shoulders.

"Her invention flags," said he with scorn. "She should have stuck to Shaw or Gurnett."

"Did she say or do anything on the way that would lead you to — ahem —?" inquired the doctor delicately.

"Oh, Lord, how should I know," cried the harassed man, "I'm old enough to be her father; I remember she recommended the use of some kind of table-water for gouty and — and gravelly disorders —"

O'Brien uttered a deep groan. "Ah — h — h, that's the way they all begin —"

"Hey?"

"I make no doubt," he added hurriedly.

"After all, this may be a mere coincidence, and nothing is proved," said the baronet, casting an anxious glance over the bill. "The poor creature —"

"Poor creature indeed!" exclaimed O'Brien, in an exasperation, "why the thing's as clear as noonday. She's a well-known criminal wanted on a dozen counts. She's a receiver of stolen goods, and a thief herself, and worse than that. She's as common as the Great North Road. She —"

"Mr. O'Brien!" said, or rather shouted, Sir Benjamin, "I'd thank you to remember, sir, you're in my house, and I won't allow any unfortunate female under my roof to be so referred



“‘Put up your hands, one of you, put up your hands and fight fair!’”

to. You might get something better to do, I think, than to blacken the reputation of —— ”

“Oh, wirra, *her* reputation, blacken *her* reputation!” screeched the Irishman. “Her reputation is that colour a little blackening would whitewash it!” and while Sir Benjamin grappled with this statement, he added a yet more potent word: “What will Lady Tidbury say?”

Sir Benjamin’s face lengthened; he directed a haggard look at the portrait. What *would* Lady Tidbury say, sure enough? If the black-eyed woman were as chaste as Susannah, if the entire universe concordantly bore testimony thereto, it would still be impossible to explain her to Lady Tidbury.

“Where is her ladyship?” the doctor asked.

"Gone to Chaworth on a visit to our second daughter, Emma, you know," the baronet answered; "but they've been expecting her home all day — she may be here any moment."

"The roads are heavy," said Pellew encouragingly.

"Yes — but —" Sir Benjamin looked around, helpless, — "what's to be done, gentlemen?"

"Done! Why, give the woman up to justice, to be sure — what else?" cried O'Brien — and upon that the door opened, and there she stood.

The moment was so well-chosen, they could hardly doubt that she had put the keyhole to the use O'Brien hinted; if they had, her first words would have illuminated them.

"Give me up and get the twenty-five pounds, gentlemen?" she said pleasantly; "oh, consider a little. Second thoughts are always best." She swept them a curtsy, crossed the room, and took a seat, with due attention to her skirts; her manner touched the high-water mark of impudence; and so strangely constructed is the mind of man, that these three honest gentlemen stood before her, tongue-tied and ashamed, like three truant school-boys.

"Madame," said Sir Benjamin, finding voice at last, "I — I — am pained and — and shocked beyond measure at the — the disclosures — in short, madame, I shall be obliged, however reluctantly, to place you in custody —"

"Oh, la, la, la, what a hurry you're in, papa," interrupted the lady. "Put me in' custody! After all that has passed between us?"

"Ma'am —?" stammered Sir Benjamin, seeing no relevance in this remark.

"You are a magistrate, and highly respected in the community, I dare say?"

"Madame," said Sir Benjamin, gathering composure, and with it, severity, "I try to do my duty, and I trust my neighbours know it."

"What a treat your neighbours are going to have!" observed Gipsy Moll, with a smile that sent a chill down Sir Benjamin's spine, "when I have told on the stand all those nice things you said and did in the carriage!"

The baronet, grasping the hint conveyed in these words, gazed at her in speechless dismay; never did an innocent man wear a more convincing aspect of guilt. At that moment, if Sir Benjamin had been required to describe man's arch-enemy, he would have pictured him in a drawn-silk bonnet, lace shoulder-scarf, and reticule.

"Repeat what I said, madame! I defy any man to — to — repeat what I said, ma'am!" he exploded desperately.

"Oh, fie, Sir Benjamin, before these gentlemen!"

"O'Brien, Pellew!" cried the baronet, alarmed at what he saw in his friends' faces, "you surely can't believe I was so foolish as to say or do —"

"Nothing actionable, at any rate, I hope, Sir Benjamin?" said the doctor anxiously.

Sir Benjamin glared at him, breathing hard.

"At your age, too, Sir Benjamin! What a stir it will make!" pursued the lady. "And your wife — people will sympathize with her. Even I regret — but, of course, if I have to tell, I have to tell — I owe it to myself."

"This is blackmail!" bellowed the outraged Sir Benjamin.

"Oh, lud, Sir Benjamin, what a horrid word!"

"Keep your temper, Tidbury, keep your temper," counselled the exceedingly temperate O'Brien. "Bedad, there's so much smoke, I think there must be some fire!"

"Another word like that, sir, and I'll call you out!" bawled Sir Benjamin.

"At your service, sir," said the little Irishman magnificently.

The doctor interfered to make peace — and he got the peacemaker's wage. "For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, not so loud —"

"Mind your own business, sir!" shouted O'Brien.

And the baronet: "Damme, sir, I'll be as loud as I choose in my own house!"

"I hear wheels, I think," remarked the adventuress tranquilly. "Perhaps Lady Tidbury has returned. How pleased she will be to see me!"

A pail of cold water thrown on the assembly would have had much the same effect. Dead quiet fell; the lady hummed a little tune and fanned herself; and they heard steps and voices in the hail.

"Something has to be done now, and done quick," said the woman, and briskly got upon her feet. "Well, Sir Benjamin, do I go to gaol? Do you want your wife to know, yes or no?"

"Yes — no — oh, go to the devil!" groaned the baronet wildly.

"Your study yonder is a better place," she said, with a laugh. "You can come and let me out when the coast is clear."

"It's no use, the servants all know," cried Sir Benjamin, catching at her sleeve in his extremity. "What shall we do?"

"Buy 'em off," she said, and whisked into the study, noiseless and active as a cat. She stuck out her head: "Bye-bye, papa!" blew him a kiss, and dodged back in the nick of time. When butler Thomas entered, Sir Benjamin and the others were clustered by the fire, trying to look casual and indifferent and succeeding so well that each man's air struck a nice mean between Guy Fawkes and Latimer at the stake.

"Was that your mistress, Thomas?" asked the baronet, for the first time in his life afraid to look a fellow-man in the eye.

"Just come in, and says she'll be down in a few minutes, Sir Benjamin," said the man. "But there's two men here with a couple in a cart, a young man and a girl they've took up on the road for doubtful characters. And they want to search —"

"Search what? They sha'n't search—I'll not have any searching in my house!"

"If you please, sir, they want to search —"

"That's enough, Thomas, I don't care who they are, there'll be no searching. Send them here, and I'll talk to them."

"It's the young woman they want to search, please, sir," said Thomas doggedly. "They think she's a thief."

Sir Benjamin exchanged a ghastly glance with his advisers. "W—what woman?" he asked with difficulty.

"Please, sir, the young woman in the cart."

The baronet mopped his forehead. "Send 'em here," he reiterated; and then: "Oh—ah—Thomas —"

"Yes, sir?"

"I—I've always been a good master to you, Thomas," said Sir Benjamin feebly.

"Yes, sir?"

"I—ah—there's a shilling for you, Thomas. You—you remember the lady that came in with me?"

"Yes, sir," said Thomas, a grin twitching at his lip.

"She's—ah—she's gone, Thomas, and I particularly don't want her mentioned to Lady Tidbury. I wish you'd tell the rest of the servants. I—I'm preparing a surprise for Lady Tidbury—and—and—damme, if one of you says a word about her, off he'll pack that minute, d'ye understand?" finished Sir Benjamin, forgetting how he had begun.

"Oh, Lord, yes, sir, I understand," said Thomas—and this time he grinned outright.

"The fellow smells a rat—you're worse off now than you were before," whispered O'Brien, when the man had left the room.

"I couldn't be," said Sir Benjamin grimly. "Here's Lady Tidbury, gentlemen. Maria, my dear —"

Pellew remarked afterwards that he had never seen the likeness to the knocker come out so strong; but that may have been his uneasy conscience. Her ladyship was chilled and peevish from her long journey; also, she disapproved of her husband's guests. In the frigid nod she gave them both, in the very dropping of her eyelids and crossing of her black lace mits, she intimated that the one, as a mere medical man,

was no fit associate for a county family, and that the other was a fox-hunting, hard-drinking Irishman.

"Good-evening, gentlemen. It's really getting very late. I suppose you have finished your business?" she inquired pointedly. "I believe Thomas is bringing up some people to see you, Benjamin. The maids tell me they think they've caught that woman the reward was out for."

"What!" chorused all three conspirators. And then there was a bar of silence.

"This is very amazing—most amazing, indeed!" ejaculated Sir Benjamin finally. "I—really I don't know what to think—" he looked over his wife's head, as the hall door once more opened—"Sophia!"

"How do you do, Uncle Benjamin?" said the girl placidly. "This is my friend, Mr. Chance."

Sir Benjamin gazed vacantly at the young man, at the girl still clinging to his arm, at the figures of Tom and Jem in the background, at his friends, at the mute Tidburys on the wall—and received enlightenment from none.

"This—is—the—cap-sheaf!" said he, sitting down heavily; "we've all gone mad!"

Tom pushed forward, eager, embarrassed, but respectful.

"It's the young woman, 'Squire, no doubt about it," he said. "I see you've got one o' the bills same as I have. Me and Jem would like to have the reward-money now, sir, being as Christmas' coming on, if so be 't ain't asking more than's proper."

Sir Benjamin turned a lacklustre eye toward him. "Stark, staring, raving mad!" he repeated. "Reward? What's this fellow gibbering about?"

"Sir Benjamin," said Chance straightforwardly, "these two honest men think that Miss Drake is the Gurnett woman advertised for in that bill under your hand—and that I am her confederate. Nothing we could say could undeceive them, so they brought us here."

The baronet contemplated him for a moment while this explanation filtered through his mind. Then he slowly turned to Tom. "Is this true?"

"Why, yes, sir—yes, your Honour, I hope—I hope nothing's wrong—" stammered Tom.

"I was wrong," said Sir Benjamin, solemnly addressing the company; "we're not all mad—two of us are idiotic." He wagged a hand at the butler. "Take 'em away, Thomas, take 'em to the kitchen, to the stables, to anywhere you please, but take 'em."

"If you please, 'Squire—your Honour—" Tom began aghast.



“WELL, SIR BENJAMIN, DO I GO TO GAOL? DO YOU WANT YOUR
WIFE TO KNOW, YES OR NO?”

Sir Benjamin smote the table such a blow with his clenched fist that everything upon it hopped, and the prisms fringing the old gilt candelabra tinkled together.

"Damnation!" he roared. "I'm a patient man, but I can't stand this! Take 'em away, I tell you, or ——"

"Benjamin!" ejaculated his horrified wife.

"Don't 'Benjamin,' me, ma'am, I won't be 'Benjamined,' by any woman alive!" And when Thomas had at last hustled the two crest-fallen thief-takers out of the room: "Now then, young man," said he to Chance, in a slightly milder manner, "perhaps you'll be so good as to state who *you* are, and how *you* happen to be at large, without *your* keeper and straight-jacket?"

Chance briefly recited his own story and the girl's. "I hope you won't be hard on the men, Sir Benjamin," he finished. "They meant well. And as for Miss Drake and myself ——" he stopped in an odd confusion. "I think you may perhaps know who I am," he resumed diffidently. "My father is Richard Chance of York. And ——"

"Are you Dick Chance's son?" interposed the baronet. "Why, I thought I remembered your face. But how you've grown!" His face cleared; he looked at the young man kindly. In his interest he forgot Destiny waiting for him behind the study door.

"I'm twenty-five," said John. "I was going to say, Sir Benjamin, that Sophy and I ——"

"So you don't want to marry Ashmore, eh?" said the old gentleman, turning to her with something like a twinkle in his eye.

"Mr. Philip Ashmore is ——" began Lady Tidbury, in a funereal voice.

"I don't want to marry anybody," cried Sophy. "That is —— well, I won't marry *him*, anyhow!"

"Lord, my dear, you've no need to," said Sir Benjamin benevolently. "Your Aunt Maria here talked me into it, to begin with."

"Mr. Philip Ashmore is ——" Lady Tidbury began again.

"He's horrid, I know it," the girl cried out, casting herself upon the old gentleman. "Oh, Uncle Benjamin, I knew it would be right, if I could only see you!"

"Mr. Philip Ashmore," said Lady Tidbury impressively, "is an estimable young gentleman who plays the French horn, with a slight squint. I doubt very much if there can be any question of marriage with him now that Sophy has compromised herself by this piece of regrettable folly ——"

"Oh, compromise be da —— be dished!" cried John, seizing the girl's hand. "Any man that

couples 'compromise' with her name in my presence gets a caning. Sir Benjamin, Sophy and I ——"

"Here, here, here!" exclaimed the baronet, startled. "She can't marry a man she's only known four or five hours."

"Why, you wanted her to marry a man she didn't know at all!" cried Chance.

"Troth, he's got ye there, Sir Benjamin," observed the Irishman, with relish.

John looked at him inquiringly.

"Well, we'll have to see about it," said the baronet. "You behave like a lad of spirit, and I —— well, we'll see about it. Oh, I forgot. Dr. Pellew, Mr. O'Brien, this is the son of my old friend, Dick Chance. I haven't seen the young man since he was so high, but I think I'd have known him anywhere, by his likeness to his father."

"Oh, but you have seen me, Sir Benjamin," said the young fellow, smiling. "I can't wonder at your not recalling it, you were so busy at the time. I mean when you met our friend, the lady of the abandoned carriage, this afternoon."

The doctor and O'Brien exchanged telegrams of consternation. Sir Benjamin met the young man's eye with a fishy stare.

"Do you know, I shouldn't wonder if that were Gipsy Moll herself," went on the unconscious Chance; "and, by-the-way, what on earth did you do with her?"

"Young man," said Sir Benjamin ponderously, "YOU ARE IN ERROR. I NEVER MET ANY WOMAN ANY WHERE ON ANY ROAD IN MY LIFE."

"Be the powers, he's going the whole hog!" said O'Brien under his breath.

"Well, but —— I certainly thought ——" said John, bewildered. He caught O'Brien's eye. "Perhaps," he said sharply, thinking he was being made game of, "perhaps Mr. Sullivan will explain why he is making those extraordinary faces at me?"

"Me name's O'Brien, sir," said that gentleman tartly.

"Don't mind him —— he can't help it —— he has Saint Vitus' Dance," said Sir Benjamin, inwardly aghast at his own duplicity. "O'Brien, stop it! —— Anything wrong with my study door, sir, that you're staring so hard at it?"

Alas, the wicked fleeth when no man pursueth! "I was not staring at it," retorted John, in astonishment. "What the deuce should I be staring at your study door for? I didn't even notice there was a door there until you spoke."

"But there *is* something wrong with it," Lady Tidbury announced. "I've been feeling the most frightful cold draught on my feet for the last quarter-hour. There's a great crack



“YOU ARE IN ERROR. I NEVER MET ANY WOMAN ANY WHERE ON ANY ROAD IN MY LIFE.”

under that door, and when the study window's open—one of you gentlemen go and shut it, please."

"Allow me!" exclaimed every man in the room, and there was a general movement towards the door. But Sir Benjamin waved them all back. "Allow *me*, gentlemen," said he forcibly. "My desk is open—" and he cautiously squeezed through a crack just wide enough to take in his lower waistcoat button.

"Is the old gentleman always that particular about his desk, Mr.—ah—Mr. Fogarty?" asked Chance in a whisper.

"Not always, Mr.—ah—Mr. Luck," said the Irishman blandly. "The circumstances are—ahem—unusual—for the love o' heaven, Sir Benjamin, what's the matter?"

Sir Benjamin appeared on the threshold, grasping a Japanned-tin casket in both hands. He turned it upside down. He rattled it vehemently. Behind him, the door fell open, disclosing the little study empty and disordered, a raffle of papers strewn about the floor, two candles guttering in the tall brass candlesticks on the desk, the curtains whipping by the window in a rush of freezing air. Sir Benjamin gave the box one final tempestuous rattle and cast it on the floor.

"Empty, cleaned out, lock, stock, and barrel!" said he, thrust his hands deep in his pockets, planted his feet wide, and looked around with, amazing to relate, a smile on his face.

"Empty! What's empty?" screamed his wife.

"My cash-box!" said the baronet. "Somebody has evidently been in my study. She—I mean he, has rifled the place and escaped by the window. Compose yourself, Maria. Ri—tol—de—rol—riddle—tiddy—hi—o!" and he actually hummed a tune.

"What!" shrieked Lady Tidbury, and with commendable presence of mind she rushed to the bell-rope. "Thieves! Fire! Murder! Help!"

Thomas presented himself with a readiness that again suggested the keyhole. "Ma'am?"

"Thieves! Murder! Rouse the house!"

"Do nothing of the sort!" shouted Sir Benjamin, above the tumult. "Maria, be calm. Listen to what I have to say. We have few opportunities for long-suffering and forgiveness, my dear, and those we have we cannot afford to neglect. Somebody has robbed me. Do I kick up a row? Do I call for vengeance on her—him? Not at all. Quite the contrary. I hope it will do her—him some good, and I let it go. This is the Christmas season, Peace on earth, good-will to men! Besides she—he has fully half an hour's start, and we couldn't catch her—him, anyhow. Say no more, my dear, it's all over, thank the Lord! Thomas, is supper ready? You can bring up a bottle of '79."

"How much was in the cash-box?" Pellew whispered, as they left the room.

"Thirty-nine pounds, seven-and-six," returned the baronet, "and, Pellew, it was cheap at the price!"

EVENING SONG

BY WILLA SIBERT CATHER

DEAR love, what thing of all the things that be
Is ever worth one thought from you or me,
Save only Love,
Save only Love?

The days so short, the nights so quick to flee,
The world so wide, so deep and dark the sea,
So dark the sea;

So far the suns and every listless star,
Beyond their light—Ah! dear, who knows how far,
Who knows how far?

One thing of all dim things I know is true,
The heart within me knows, and tells it you,
And tells it you.

So blind is life, so long at last is sleep,
And none but Love to bid us laugh or weep,
And none but Love,
And none but Love.

From "April Twilights"




THE EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS, IN 1905

Reading from left to right: Ernest Mills, James Kirwan (present acting secretary), L. J. Simpkins, standing (now under indictment, but not in custody), Frank Schmeider, Marion Moor, J. C. Williams, Charles H. Moyer (president, now under indictment), William D. Haywood (secretary-treasurer, now under indictment), D. J. Brown, and C. E. Mahoney (now acting president)

INTRODUCTORY NOTE TO THE CONFESSION AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HARRY ORCHARD

BY GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

FROM May, 1899, to July, 1902, Harry Orchard — like many of the union fugitives from the Coeur d'Alene mines — had a varied experience. He worked in different places in Utah, California, Arizona, Nevada, and southern Idaho; and, with characteristic enterprise and insouciance, he turned his hand to a variety of occupations, ranging from mining to driving milk wagons and taking wood-cutting contracts. The story of this period of his life will be told when his autobiography is published in book form.

In the meanwhile the Western Federation of Miners — wiped out of the Coeur d'Alenes — found its principal stronghold in Colorado. In 1901 its headquarters were moved from Butte, Montana, to Denver. In 1902 Ed Boyce, who had been president of the organization since 1896, resigned its leadership. W. D. Haywood, who was elected secretary-treasurer in 1901, and C. H. Moyer, who succeeded Boyce as president in 1902, have held it ever since.

For the ten years ending in 1904, Colorado had experienced an almost continuous series of strikes conducted by the Federation, starting soon after the formation of that body in 1893. All of these struggles were violent.

In February, 1894, when the Federation was becoming established in Cripple Creek, several of the large mines in that district attempted to reduce wages. The miners began a campaign of maltreating and driving out the non-union men, with whom the mines were being worked. The sheriff of the county, co-operating with the mine owners, swore in several hundred deputies to protect the mines. The miners, thoroughly armed, established a military camp on Bull Hill, took possession of a number of mines, and blew up the shaft house and machinery of the Strong mine with dynamite. The militia were called out, and a pitched battle between the strikers and deputies prevented by them, but only after one man had been killed and six wounded in a skirmish. A settlement favoring the strikers was finally arranged in June, Governor Davis H. Waite acting as the strikers' representative in making this.

In May, 1896, the Federation local union at

Leadville declared a strike to secure a raise in wages. The strikers armed themselves, large consignments of rifles being shipped to them. Their representatives, deputized by the sheriff, patrolled the district, which was practically under their control. No mines were started until August, when the Coronado and Emmet began work. Shortly after midnight on September 21st, a company of strikers attacked the Coronado mine, blew up an oil tank with dynamite, and burned the mine buildings. Three of the strikers — all Federation members — were killed by those defending the mine, and a member of the city fire department, who was endeavoring to put out the blaze, was shot and killed, after the mob had threatened the firemen with death if they tried to stop the fire. A few hours afterward the strikers attacked the Emmet mine, where another member of the Federation was killed. Governor A. W. McIntire immediately ordered in the militia, and peace was restored. By February, 1897, most of the union miners had returned to work on the mine owners' terms. The Federation has never gained a strong footing in Leadville since.


In May, 1901, the Federation local union at Telluride began a strike against the Smuggler-Union mine there. The management continued work with non-union men. On July 3rd two hundred and fifty armed men attacked this mine. One striker and two of the company's employees were killed, and six men were wounded. The non-union men surrendered on the promise of safety, but eighty-eight of them were maltreated and forced to walk out over the mountains by the strikers. One was beaten into insensibility, and another shot through both arms. Three days afterward the mine made an agreement with the strikers. On the evening of November 19, 1902, Arthur Collins, manager of the mine during the strike, was shot through a window of his residence and killed.

Orchard went to work at Cripple Creek in the summer of 1902. The next summer came the great culmination of the labor troubles in Colorado. Orchard tells the story of these, and his sensational connection with them, in the following instalment of his autobiography.

THE CONFESSION AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HARRY ORCHARD*

I

I GO TO LIVE IN CRIPPLE CREEK

BOUT the middle of July, 1902, I left Salt Lake City with Arthur Dulan for Cripple Creek, Colorado. On arriving in the district I stopped at Victor first. I only stayed there a few days, and then went over to Independence, and Mr. Dulan introduced me to Johnnie Neville, who ran a saloon. He was an

old miner, and got hurt by a man falling on him in a stope, and so had to stop work, and went into the saloon business. Mr. Neville was a liberal and good-hearted fellow. He and I got to be quite good friends, and I boarded with him quite a while.

I will give a little account of the Cripple Creek district and its surroundings. This was then the greatest gold-producing camp in the world. It is about one hundred miles from Denver,

* Begun in July, 1907

and about thirty miles from Colorado Springs. It has three different railroads running to it, one from Florence and two from Colorado Springs. The altitude is about ten thousand feet above sea level. The climate is mild, and there is very little snow in winter. The country is not rough like most mining-camps. It is a long way to bed-rock, — in some places nearly a hundred feet, — so it is a pretty hard place to prospect. I think the district has a population of about thirty thousand.

Cripple Creek is the largest town, and Victor next, and there are several other smaller towns. Goldfield, Independence, Altman, and Midway are on Bull Hill. Then Elkton and Anaconda lie between Victor and Cripple Creek, and Cameron lies on the north side, at the foot of Bull Hill. There is an electric car system all over the district, and you can ride from Cripple Creek to Victor for ten cents, and the cars run every half-hour. The steam roads also run suburban trains, so you can ride practically all over the district. It is more like living in a city than a mining-camp. They have a fine opera-house at Victor, and also one at Cripple Creek, and nearly all the good plays come there. There are good hotels. There are no company boarding-houses or stores. All work at the mines is eight hours. The wages run from three to four dollars per day, and without an exception this is the finest mining-camp to work at that there is in the country, if not in the world. I think they employ about six thousand miners. There are hardly any foreigners there, and no Chinamen at all.

Mr. Neville introduced me to some of the mine managers, and I got a job in a few days in the Trachyte mine. I had learned to mine pretty well by this time, and ran a machine drill. I worked at the Trachyte about four months, and then had a little trouble with the engineer and quit. I got a job right away at the Hull City mine. I worked in the Hull City altogether three or four months. Then I went over to the Vindicator No. 1 with Mr. Warren, the contractor I was working for at the Hull City. I worked for them till the strike in August, 1903.

When I was working here at the Vindicator I got to "high grading." Most of the miners were looking for high-grade ore or "glomings" — "something good for the vest pocket," they called it. The other ore they called "company ore." Most all the paying mines there had more or less "high grade" in bunches. Some places in the ore chutes you would find sylvanite that was almost pure gold. There was plenty of ore that would run two or three dollars a pound. There were two of us working

alone in the stope when I started. We would put high-grade screenings between our underclothes and pants legs, down where they were tucked into our shoes. I remember once of carrying out a little over fifty pounds stored away in my clothes. My partner said to me, if I fell down, I would not be able to get up again. Still, altogether, I did not get so much as many did. In all I must have made not to exceed five hundred dollars "high grading" while I was in Cripple Creek.

I believe there have been hundreds of thousands of dollars taken out of these mines this way. I know of one man that it was said made about twenty thousand dollars in two years, and smaller amounts are accredited to others. There was a superintendent at Independence that some of the miners have told me they stood in with, and had to divide up with. He was a gambling fiend, and used to lose twice as much as his salary was every month gambling. There were plenty of assayers that made a business of buying stolen ore. There were four assay shops in the little town of Independence, and besides the producing mines had their own assayers. These outside assayers were mostly all there to buy high-grade ore from the miners. The miner would steal it from the mine, and when he took it to the assayer to sell it, the assayer would steal about half of it from the miner, and the miner could not say anything, and the assayer knew this. The only thing he could do was to take it to another assayer, but I never found any difference. They were all alike, and had an understanding with each other, and they would all give about the same returns. They would buy anything that would run fifty cents or over a pound, and some would buy a lower grade. There were several of these assay offices blown up in Cripple Creek—once, I think, seven in one night. This was laid to the mine owners, and no doubt they had it done, thinking this would scare the assayers out, and the miners would have no place to sell the ore and would not steal it.* The mine owners used to watch pretty close, and in some mines made the miners change their clothes down to their underclothes at the mines, but there was always some way to get "high grade" out.

I worked around the mines on Bull Hill about a year before the strike, spending my money as fast as I earned it. I worked pretty steadily and got good wages — four dollars per day of eight hours most of the time, and the "high grade" on the side. Still I was a very unhappy man, and seemingly had no mind of my own and no purpose in life, and often wished I was

* It is generally believed in the Cripple Creek district that the mine owners did this — not finding any legal process through which they could reach these assayers.

dead, and often thought to end my miserable existence. I tried to be cheerful, and think perhaps I made a good showing on the outside, but if any human mortal could have read my inner thoughts as God can, they would have had a different story to tell.

I often drank to stop and deaden my thoughts, for sometimes my past life would rise up before me as fresh as though it was but a day ago, and, try as hard as I could, I could not get it out of my mind. I would think of my dear wife and little girl, and wonder if they were still living and how they were getting along. At such times I would go to the saloon and drink to drown the sorrow, as I thought I must forget that they were anything to me. I often thought I would take a trip back there and disguise myself and see what had become of them, but I never got started. I used to go out in company some, but never enjoyed myself.

I met a lady in Cripple Creek and kept company with her a short time that spring, and asked her to marry me, and she consented. She was a widow and was keeping house; her husband was killed in the mines there a few years before. Her name was Ida Toney. I saved up a little money, and we were married. I think this was in June. I did not mean anything wrong to her, and thought the past dead to me, and thought if I had some place I could call home I would be more contented. I was going under an assumed name, and it was about seven years since I had heard from home. I had never met any one I knew, and as I had changed a great deal during that time, I did not think any one would recognize me.

This was a good, true little woman, and while I might not have loved her as a man ought to love the woman he is going to make his wife, still I loved her as much as I could love any one, and thought enough of her to be good to her, and intended to take care of her well. I had worked about two months after we were married when the strike was called in August, 1903. In that short time after we were married, I had saved up a little money and bought some furniture, and had it almost paid for, and fixed up the house some. Mrs. Toney owned the house herself.

II

THE BIG STRIKE OF 1903



I HAD never taken any particular interest in unions up to this time. I had never worked anywhere, since leaving Burke, Idaho, where there was a miners' union, till I came to Cripple Creek. W. F. Davis and W. B. Easterly had come to me when I first went to work in the district, and asked

me to join the Altman union. I knew Davis from the Coeur d'Alenes. He was the man that had command of the union men when we blew up the Bunker Hill & Sullivan mill. He was president of the Altman union now, and Easterly was secretary. So after I had a payday I went up and joined this union. Still, I never took much interest in it till the strike.

The Cripple Creek district was considered a union district, notwithstanding there were a good many men working there that did not belong to the union, and part of the mines ran on the open-shop principle. The big mines on Bull Hill all recognized the unions, and this end practically controlled the unions of the district. There were eight unions in the district — one miners' union at Victor, one at Cripple Creek, one at Anaconda, and one at Altman; one engineers' union at Victor, one at Cripple Creek, and one at Independence; and a mill- and smelter-men's union at Victor. These unions each selected one or two delegates, and the delegates composed the district union.

The Victor union was the largest and most conservative. The men belonging to the Free Coinage union at Altman, where I was a member, used to often be called "the Bull Hill dynamiters." This was only the third largest miners' union in the district, but they had always had very radical leaders. Dan McGinley had been a former leader. He had been looked up to as a great man, and although dead they used to keep his memory alive by having his picture hanging in the union hall.

The Cripple Creek district was so large that the unions could not control it the same as they did the Coeur d'Alenes, and non-union men were pretty safe in big towns like Victor and Cripple Creek, but the Free Coinage union had the vicinity of Bull Hill well under their control, the same as in the Coeur d'Alenes, and there was hardly a man both working and living on Bull Hill that did not belong to some of the unions. There had been a great many men beaten up and run away from there because they did not join the unions, or pay their dues, or because they were suspected of being spies. The Free Coinage miners' union kept a "timber gang," as they called them, to do this work. Easterly, who was an ex-secretary, and Sherman Parker, who was secretary when the strike came, had helped to do this kind of work before they became officers of the union. Steve Adams, Billy Aikman, "Slim" Campbell, H. H. McKinney, Billy Gaffney, and Ed Minster and others were in the gang. These men hardly ever worked and always seemed to have plenty of money, and Steve Adams has since told me they were ready for any old thing, from running



THE VINDICATOR MINE ON BULL HILL

After an unsuccessful attempt to destroy this mine by exploding a carload of powder stored within it, Orchard succeeded in blowing up the superintendent and shift boss on the sixth level with a charge of fifty pounds of dynamite

men out of the district to killing them, as long as they got the money.

This strike in August, 1903, was called because the Standard mill in Colorado City discriminated against union men, and the miners at Cripple Creek were called out in order to cut off the ore supply from the Standard mill and force a settlement. The Telluride mill was also closed at Colorado City. The Portland mine was the only big mine that was not called out, as it had its own mills and granted the union's demand. There were a few smaller mines working, but only a few. One strike against the mills was called in February, and some of the miners went out for a short time in March. Then there was a settlement for a while, but in July the mill-men were called out again, because it was claimed Mr. MacNeill, the manager of the Standard mill, was not keeping his agreement; and on August 10th the Cripple Creek miners went out again.

I know this whole thing had been arranged at the Western Federation of Miners' convention at Denver in May and June of 1903. And while I do not think the convention acted on it officially, the leaders on the executive board and some of the local leaders in Colorado agreed to make Colorado a "slaughter ground," as W. F. Davis later expressed it to me — that is, to call out all the miners, mill-men, and smeltermen in Colorado, and force all the managements to give them all an eight-hour day and a

recognition of the union. Most places in the mines and mills of Colorado had the eight-hour day — though the smelter-men and the Leadville miners and perhaps some others did not. But there were many conditions which the Federation leaders did not like, and they meant to change them at this time. Haywood and Moyer and others of the labor leaders have told me that they took advantage of the legislature failing to pass an eight-hour bill after the State had voted for it the year before by such a large majority,* to make all the mines, mills, and smelters, where unions were organized, recognize the unions and pay the union's scale of wages all over Colorado. At the same convention, they passed a resolution allowing the head officers of the union to call a strike if they thought best to, when they wanted to support another strike.

Mr. Moyer and Mr. Haywood have always denied that they had anything to do with calling this Cripple Creek strike, because this resolution did not take effect for six months, until after it was endorsed by the local unions. They claimed that the district union of Cripple Creek called the strike there. This is true, they did call the strike, but they were acting on advice, and you might say orders, from Moyer and Haywood. The district union in Cripple Creek

* In the election of November 4, 1902, the State of Colorado voted for constitutional amendment providing for an eight-hour day in the mining industries by a majority of 43,714, in a total vote of 90,246.

was mostly composed of men that were controlled by Moyer and Haywood, and it appointed three men on the committee to see about calling the strike, and they approved of it. Sherman Parker and W. F. Davis of the Altman union were on this, and Charles Kennison of Cripple Creek, all radical men; and the Victor union, that was the largest miners' union in the district, and was conservative, had no representative at all, while the most radical one and the next to the smallest, at Altman, had two. If this sympathetic strike had been left to a referendum vote of the miners of the district, it never would have passed, and the men who favored this strike knew this. I never will think it is wise to call out four or five thousand men to enforce the demands of a hundred and fifty or two hundred. And I know that many quit against their will when the order came.*

Some will ask, "What did they quit for? they did not have to." There are several reasons why men quit against their will. In the first place, the unions were in the great majority, and had most of the local peace officers on their side. Men had been run out of the district and beaten up because they would not join the union, and they could not expect much protection from the local authorities, and again men did not like to be called "scabs" and to have their names, and in many instances their photographs, sent to every miners' union in the country, for miners travel around a good deal. The secretaries of the unions post up these names in the union halls, and also the photographs, if they have them. There is 'most always some one in every camp that knows these men, and many men have disappeared in mysterious ways, and others have been killed in various ways while working in the mines. These are always reported as accidents, and some of them no doubt are, but I know of some that were not, and have been told by reliable sources that many are not, and I know there are many ways to get away with a man working in the mines and make it appear an accident. So, after taking all these things into consideration, one can readily understand why men quit work and go on a strike when ordered to do so by their officers.

As I have said, it was the intention of the Federation leaders to call the miners out all over the State, and tie up the mines, mills, reduction works, and smelters. They called out the smelter-men at the Globe and Grant smelter works at Denver. They also tried to call out all the miners in the San Juan district, as they were well organized there, but most of the miners in this district had agreements with the mine operators and would not break them. However, at Telluride they found a way around this. Most of the men went on strike for an eight-hour day for a few mill-men there, although many of the mill-men did not quit themselves, but were forced to by the closing of the mines. The Smuggler-Union miners did not strike, but they got the cooks and waiters at their boarding-houses to leave, and this gave the miners an excuse to quit, as they would not board where there were non-union cooks and waiters. Telluride was the only camp in the San Juan district where they succeeded in getting the unionists to quit work. I think they had from ten to twelve hundred men in the miners' union at Telluride.

C. H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation, tried to get the miners out at Ouray, but they finally decided not to come out, after he had got them once to vote to do so. At Silverton the largest union in the district absolutely refused to come out. Most of the coal-miners in Colorado went on strike, too, about this time.

But, as I have stated, in Cripple Creek the men practically all quit work when ordered to do so, and there was a strike committee appointed, and there was a circular sent out from headquarters to all kinds of unions throughout the country soliciting money for a fund which they called the "eight-hour fund." And they also sent men all over the country soliciting aid for the strikers. They got up great public sympathy because the legislatures refused to pass the eight-hour bill, as they should have done when the people of the State voted so strong for it. But, as I have explained, the big strike at Cripple Creek had nothing to do with the eight-hour law and this was the case at Telluride, so far as the miners themselves were concerned.*

*The Colorado City mill- and smelter-men's union, which started this strike, was first formed August 14, 1902. On February 14th, the date of its first strike against the Standard mill of the United States Reduction & Refining Co., forty-six out of two hundred and twelve employees belonged to the union. On July 3rd, the date of the second strike, thirteen of the one hundred and fifty employees were union men. On August 11th, the day after the Cripple Creek miners were called out the second time, the number of men on strike in that district was three thousand five hundred and fifty-two. The United States Commissioner of Labor's report on the Colorado labor troubles to the United States Senate in 1905 says, concerning this second miners' strike: "There is no doubt that this sympathetic strike was very unpopular with the miners. Indeed, many well informed, disinterested persons assert that ninety per cent of the miners were opposed to the second sympathetic strike, and this has been admitted even by some prominent members of the Federation."

*C. H. Moyer, president of the Federation, when cross-examined before the commissioner appointed by the Governor to look into the Colorado City and Cripple Creek strikes of February and March, 1903, gave the following testimony:

Question. "What was the cause of the strike?"

Mr. Moyer. "The discharge of men from the mill for being members of organized labor."

Question. "You were not making any complaint regarding hours?"

Mr. Moyer. "None whatever."

Question. "Have these men in the Cripple Creek district any grievance against their employers?"

Mr. Moyer. "None whatever."

The situation at the opening of this strike — so far as the eight-hour question and the relations between the employers and employed at Cripple Creek was concerned — was exactly the same as in the second strike.



Courtesy of the Denver News

Panorama of the eastern slope of Bull Hill, in the Cripple Creek district, Colorado, where many of the non-union men who were murdered in the dynamiting of

III

THE MILITIA COME TO CRIPPLE CREEK

AT first, after the strike was called at Cripple Creek, things went on pretty orderly for two or three weeks. The sheriff was a union man before he was elected, and the union men expected him to protect them.* There were some non-union men brought in, and some of them were deputized, and the union men were after the sheriff to make him arrest the non-union men for carrying concealed weapons, and the mine operators were after him to disarm the union men. 'Most every one went armed, and there were several arrested on each side. If a non-union man was brought up before a justice of the peace that

was a union sympathizer, he would be fined the limit, and if a union man was brought before a non-union sympathizer, he would be fined the limit. The justices were nearly all either union men or sympathizers, and they would let the union men go as light as possible, but the non-union justices did the same for their men. The mine operators were after the sheriff to call upon Governor Peabody for the militia, and the union men were after him not to, but to deputize all the men he wanted, and they would furnish them, and he was between two fires. There had been no depredations committed at this time, and the strike committee assured the sheriff there would be none.

The last of the month there was a non-union man brought before a justice of the peace at Anaconda, named Hawkins, for carrying concealed weapons, and he was let off with a light fine or none at all, I have forgotten which. A few days afterwards this justice was over at Altman one afternoon, and Ed Minster and "Slim" Campbell, of the Altman "timber gang," slugged him and beat him up some, and this was the real beginning of hostilities. Right after this there was an old non-union carpenter named Stewart taken out of his house at Independence at night, beaten up and shot and left for dead. This was done by the Altman "timber gang." The strike committee and union leaders were always advising the rank and file of the unions publicly to be quiet and

* The following list of civil officers in the Cripple Creek district, who were members of the Federation in 1903, shows the influence of that body in the local government.

Teller County — sheriff, H. M. Robertson, member of miners' union No. 32; under-sheriff, Jim Gaughan, miners' union No. 19; coroner, M. J. Doran, miners' union No. 32. The county clerk and assessor were union men, and other officials were said to be controlled by the Federation.

Cripple Creek — only one or two officers were Federation men, but many offices were held by union men, and others were said to be controlled by the Federation.

Victor — day marshal, Mike J. O'Connell; night marshal, Mike Lamb; street commissioner, Simon O'Rourke; fire chief, J. Murphy, Jr.; jailer, James Printy; aldermen, J. Murphy, Sr., James J. Tobin, and Hugh Healy; and four policemen — all members of miners' union No. 32.

Goldfield — police magistrate, H. P. Kean; day marshal, J. J. Brothers; night marshal, R. C. McCarthy — all members of miners' union No. 19. Aldermen all Federation men.

Independence — marshal, Harvey Starbuck, miners' union No. 19. Anaconda — aldermen, A. Petersen, Burt Hutchison, Paul Hensen, all members of miners' union No. 21. Marshal and all officials said to be partisans of Federation.

Altman — justice of peace, J. W. Cooper, miners' union No. 19.



the mines involved in the labor war are situated. In the foreground at the left is the Findley mine. the Independence depot were returning from work in this mine

not commit any acts of violence, but secretly they were having these things done.* I did not know that then, of course. The mine operators appealed to the sheriff to call on the Governor for troops, but he said he would not, as he said he was able to handle the situation.

So the Mayor of Victor and some of the leading citizens of Victor and Cripple Creek petitioned the Governor for troops, and he sent a committee to investigate, and the troops followed the next day. This was on September 4th, I think. The troops were in charge of Sherman Bell, adjutant-general of Colorado. I think there were between a thousand and twelve hundred of the State militia. They did not declare martial law at first, but the troops acted with the civil authorities.

I just want to say a word in regard to the State militia, and especially when they are mustered in on short notice. Every place I have seen them, there has always been a low,

* On the evening of September 2, 1903, the following statement was issued by the executive committee of the miners' union in the Cripple Creek district:

"The executive committee wishes to say that they deplore the outrages perpetrated upon Mr. Thomas M. Stewart and Mr. John P. Hawkins on Tuesday, and the committee further states that they realize that outrages of this character will be charged to the union, no matter if perpetrated by irresponsible outside parties. The committee will not countenance any lawlessness, knowing that this is the greatest harm that can possibly happen to the union cause. They realize that the unions have all the best of the strike, and they earnestly caution and implore the union men to encourage no lawlessness, no matter what the provocation may be from the other side. The committee positively disclaims that any unions of the district are in any manner, directly or indirectly, implicated in the promotion of the assaults, to which reference has been made.

"EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,

"District Union No. 1, Western Federation of Miners."

hobo element among them, and while there is, no doubt, plenty of good men, this low rowdy element always take advantage of their position and commit many disgraceful things, and the whole body are blamed for them. It is not my purpose to wrongfully criticize either party, but I want to give the facts as they occurred. There were several deputies there, working with the militia, that were men who had just recently been paroled or pardoned from the State penitentiary, and had come almost direct to Cripple Creek and been deputized. Some of these men were well known in the district, and had been sent to the penitentiary from there, and they were considered all-round bad men, and showed no signs of reform. When I saw some of these militia and ex-convicts going around to men's houses searching for firearms — sometimes at night after men had retired; and I knew some of them had no respect for the privacy of the wives and families — it made me angry. This, of course, did not happen much, but it happened enough to create a very bitter feeling.

In this strike, as in most others, the real issue at stake was soon lost sight of. Especially if the militia is called upon, a strike soon narrows down to a personal enmity between the militia and the non-union men on one side, and the union men on the other. As frictions arise, as they surely will, most of the strikers forget the real cause of the strike, and although a man at first might not have been in sympathy with

the strike, and might have known it was wrong, as he sees the non-union men being shipped in and herded by the militia like cattle, he forgets all about this, and he hates these men and hates the militia, and they become more and more bitter toward each other. The union men call the militia "scabs" and "scab herders," and the militia call the union men anarchists and dynamiters, and the breach widens as the strike proceeds, and it is more like two hostile armies — only the strikers know they cannot fight in the open. After they are prodded around with a rifle and bayonet a while, they begin to think up some way to get even, and men will do things at such times, and feel justified in, that they would not think of at ordinary times.

When the militia first arrived in the Cripple Creek district, they were divided into three camps — one near Anaconda, one between Victor and Goldfield, and the other on Bull Hill between Independence and Altman. There had been no disturbance there since Stewart had been beaten up and shot, and there wasn't much for the militia to do that way at first. Their first work was to guard the mines, as fast as they got non-union men to start them up. During August there were union pickets armed with six-shooters around the mines, but there were no union pickets placed at the mines after the militia arrived. The militia patrolled the district day and night with cavalry, and there were guards stationed at all the non-union mines.

IV

THE EXPLOSION IN THE VINDICATOR MINE



THOUGHT at first I would not have anything to do with the strike, and I had taken no part in it up to the time the militia came. I had been "high grading," and had a little money saved up, and had not asked for any relief from the union. A few days after the militia arrived, Johnnie Neville and myself went to Denver, and went from there over to Routt County hunting, and were gone about a month.

There had nothing unusual occurred then. But soon after we left, the militia made several arrests of men active in the union — most of them from the Bull Hill end of the district. Some of these men, whose names I remember, were Sherman Parker, W. F. Davis, W. B. Easterly, H. H. McKinney, Tom Foster, Paddy Mulaney, "Slim" Campbell, and Victor Poole. The militia established a "bull pen" at Goldfield. This was nothing like the "bull pen" in the Coeur d'Alenes. It was a small affair. I do not think they ever had had more than twenty arrested at once up to that time. They

used a small jail at first, and afterward they built a special house. This was not over twelve by twenty feet, I should say.

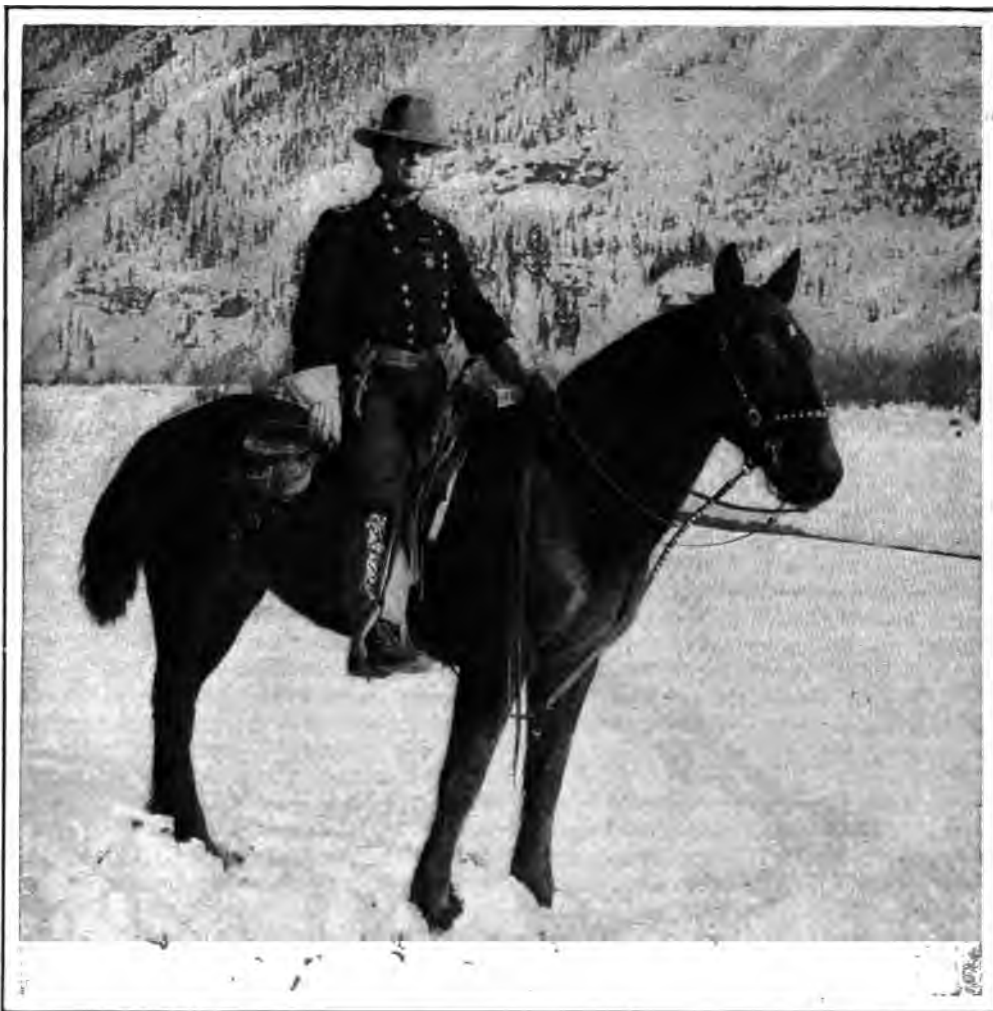
We thought perhaps the strike would be settled by the time we came back from hunting, but we found out when we came out from the hills that it was far from settled, and was getting worse all the time. If I had not been married there, I would not have gone back, but I went back about the middle of October.

While we had been gone, the civil courts and the militia officers had been fighting over the union leaders they had in the "bull pen." The judge of the district court had issued habeas corpus papers to compel the militia officers to bring these men into court and show cause for holding them. The officers were satisfied they ought to hold these men, but they knew they could not prove anything against them and did not want to take them into court. But they were finally brought into court, and the judge ordered them released or turned over to the civil authorities. The officers refused at first to do this, and the union leaders wanted the judge to have the sheriff enforce his order, and the sheriff to deputize enough men and arm them to carry it out. This would have meant much bloodshed, as it would not have been much trouble to get men to fight the militia, and the miners had a good many arms and plenty of ammunition. But the lawyers advised the judge not to do this.

Now, nothing could have happened to suit the head officers of the union any better than this, unless it would have been for the judge to direct the sheriff to enforce his order. This looked to the public like persecution, and as if these militia officers wanted to hold these men in the "bull pen" just because they were union men and leaders. But finally the Governor ordered the union men released, and there was no more trouble then.*

After this first clash between the civil officers and the militia, things went along pretty quiet for a time. The militia released the men, and after that they and the civil officers worked more in harmony. I did not take any active part. I attended the union meetings and felt more in sympathy with them, as I, like most every one else, thought they were persecuting these men because they were active union men, and I hated the militia more than I did the

* These are the habeas corpus cases heard by Judge W. P. Seeds at Cripple Creek from September 21st to 24th, during which time the prisoners were guarded by militiamen. Judge Seeds held that a military commander, ordered into the field by the Governor, could make arrests, but must immediately turn the persons arrested over to the civil authorities. He consequently ordered the prisoners discharged. The military commander held that he had a right to retain the prisoners, as an agent of the Governor, and did not release them until he received a telegram from Governor Peabody ordering him to do so.



SHERMAN BELL, ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF COLORADO

General Bell was in personal command of the troops sent by Governor Peabody to the Cripple Creek district

non-union men. But I hated them all, and felt more bitter against them all the time. Some of the militia were camped at first not more than a hundred yards from our house. There were some kids amongst them that did not look to be more than fifteen years old. They would be peddling ham and anything else they had to the saloons for whisky, and the better acquainted they got with the people, the more officious they got. I am speaking of these things to show the reader how such bitter feelings get worked up between men at such times. There were some of the militia that lived, or had lived, in the district, and they sometimes had some old score to settle with the union men, as none of the union belonged to the militia.

During the quiet time I went to "high grading" again in the Vindicator mine. This was a little risky, as the shaft we had to go down was only about a hundred feet from the shaft house, where some of the militia were camped; but as this shaft had no shaft house over it, we could get out of sight pretty quick. This "high grading" was no easy job, as we had to climb down an old man-way nine hundred feet, where the ladders were out in some places, and then go through old stopes and drifts two or three thousand feet, dig out our load, and pack it back. This would take us nearly all night. We would pack all the way from forty to eighty pounds. Sometimes this would not be very high grade; we got from fifty cents to a dollar

a pound for it. When it got below that, we quit.

During our trip into this mine, we discovered they had stored about a carload of dynamite in a cross-cut on the eighth level of the mine. I met Davis, the president of the Altman union, right after that, and, more as a joke than anything else, I said there was a carload of powder down in the mine, and if they wanted to do anything, they could go down and blow that up. But he seemed to take it seriously, and talked about how we could do it. A few days afterwards they started this mine up, as they were starting the mines as fast as they could get men. The strike leaders would report to the unions every week that the mines had only a few men, and would soon have to settle with the unions, but it was very evident that, while the mine owners might not be getting first-class men, they were getting all the men they wanted, and that they had no intentions of yielding to the demands of the union.

Davis came to me a few days afterwards and wanted to know if I would go down and set that powder off when the shift was at work. He said he would get "Slim" Campbell to go with me, and give me two hundred dollars. After he had talked a while, he said he would have to go and get this money at Federation headquarters, and it might take him three or four days after we did the job, but he would be sure to get it. He said we would have to do something to scare these "scabs" away, and scare our men and keep them in line, or the strike was lost.

Now, when Davis talked this way to me, it was the first time I ever knew that the head officers of the Federation were responsible for the many depredations that had been laid to the Western Federation of Miners. I did always believe that these crimes were caused by union men, as the victim was invariably some one opposed to the union, but I always supposed some hot-headed union man did these things of his own accord, and 'most all of the union men believed this, for if it had been known the strike leaders were responsible for any such violence, the union would not have tolerated it for a minute. But after Davis proposed to me to blow up the Vindicator mine, and said he would have to go to Denver to get the money for me, I then began to realize that the head officers must be behind these things.

Now, only looking at one side of the question, and having no money,—as the little I did have I deposited in the First National Bank of Victor, and that institution had failed and left me without a cent,—the resentful feeling I had against these "scabs," who were taking our places, together with the offer of money, influenced me.

I told Davis I would go down and set off the dynamite, but I would rather go alone than with "Slim" Campbell. He said if I would he would give me two hundred dollars. Of course, if we set this carload of powder off, it would blow out the whole mine and kill everybody in it.

I afterwards thought I would go and ask Joe Schultz, who had been down there "high grading" with me, and see what he thought about it. He also knew the powder was there, as we had gotten two fifty-pound boxes of it, and carried it up and sold it to some leasers we knew. After I told him about it and about the money, he said he thought we would be justified in doing it. He was a quiet, conservative fellow, but this strike had made him feel just as I did. So we got our things ready, and went down in the mine, and waited until we thought the night-shift had gone up to lunch at twelve o'clock. We had to go by the station on the shaft in the eighth level to go where the powder was. We went out pretty close to the station, and waited about ten minutes, and thought sure they had all gone up, and we knew we had to hurry, as they took only a half-hour for lunch.

We started out to the station, which was all lighted up with electric lights, and as we got close to it there was a cager there, who said, "Hurry up, boys, this is the last cage." He thought we were some of the miners at work, and had been late getting out. This so surprised us that we began to back up in the dark, as we were not masked and he might know us. But he got his light and began to follow us, and as we had our light out, we could not go very fast in the dark, and we had to make him go back. We took a couple of shots at him, as we both had six-shooters. We did not hurt him, but he went back in a hurry, and we knew we had to get out of the mine as quick as possible, and we did not bother to look for the powder. We told, or at least I told, Davis afterward it was not there. I told him we went on across to where it was after we shot at this fellow, and they had moved it—which proved to be true, as we found out afterwards they had moved it up into the magazine the first day they began work. We knew nothing about this when I told Davis, but I wanted to make out how brave we were, and they, of course, believed us, after they learned it had been moved.

But, to tell the truth about myself, I was pretty badly scared, and I think my partner was in the same fix. We had to go up a hundred feet to the stope, and then go a couple of thousand feet or so through a drift, and then go down through another old stope on the timbers, and crawl on our stomachs in some places

through a narrow passage we had dug out when we were "high grading," and climb about nine hundred feet up an old, wet man-way, where the ladders were out in some places. The militia were camped out over a hundred feet from where we came up, and the place was well lighted up with electric lights. We came up as fast as we possibly could, and made good headway, as we knew the way well and were used to climbing out of there with a load, but still it took us about half an hour. My partner wanted me to tell them, if we were caught, that we were down counting how many machines there were running; but I told him he could do as he pleased, I was going to shoot my way out and take a chance if the shaft was guarded, as we expected it would be. I knew this was our best chance to get out, for if we waited until the next day, and we were missed, they would surely guard every possible place, although there were a dozen or more places we could get out. Although they had a half-hour to set guards, there were no guards at this shaft, and we came out unnoticed. After we got away so we were out of danger, the world never looked quite so large to me before, and surely kind Providence was with us, for they had every other entrance guarded, and kept them all guarded for some days, thinking we were still somewhere in the mine. I reported our experience to Davis and Parker the next day.

This caused no little excitement at the mine, as the cager reported it, and none of the men would go down to work again, but all went home, and they had the sheriff and some of his men over there and kept the soldiers down in the mines for guards. After the excitement subsided a little, the officials reported they believed the cager was lying and just made up this report, and they fired him. Whether the officials believed this or not, I do not know, or whether they just told it so the men would not be afraid to work in the mine, for a good many were quitting. But it soon died out, and many believed it was only a story gotten up by the mine operators to keep the soldiers there.

I went to Davis after this and wanted him to let me have thirty-five dollars. I wanted this to pay some taxes for my wife (Mrs. Toney), on some mining property she had in South Park. He said first he would see if he could get it, but he said no more about it. I then asked Sherman Parker, the secretary of the Altman union, about it, and he said he was going to Denver in a short time to get some money from the Federation headquarters, as he had to pay some others for some work they were on. He said he supposed he would have a hard time to make them dig up, as nothing had been done. He spoke of

the failure they made in blowing up the powder plant at Colorado Springs, and he said all the attempts they had made to pull off something had failed, and luck seemed to be against them. He said he hated to ask headquarters for more money until we pulled off something. He said if we could have killed that fellow we shot at in the mine we could easily have gotten all the money we wanted, so I said nothing more at that time. Parker and Davis talked to me again about blowing up the Vindicator or the Findley mine, and wondered if we could not get some kind of a trap by the shaft, so when the cage came down with the "scabs" it would set off a bomb. But I thought this was not a good idea, for if the cage was to set it off, they might run the cage down empty — for they often did this — and so we would not get anybody. Parker came to me and told me he would give me five hundred dollars if I would fix something in either mine to kill some of them so as to scare the rest and make them quit, and keep our men from going back to work, and scare outside men from coming in there to work. I thought this looked easy. I knew I could go down after the shift went off at night and set this, if they did not have guards in the mine.

I got Easterly, who knew all about these things, and we went up in an old vacant building, and shot a six-shooter into some giant caps to see if this would set them off, and it did. So we conceived the idea of fastening a six-shooter on the timber of the shaft at the station, and fastening a wire to the trigger of the six-shooter and to the guard rail, so that when they raised the guard rail it would pull the trigger; we would have the powder under this buried in the dirt, and a box of giant caps right close to the muzzle of the gun. These guard rails are always raised by the men as they get out of the cage, and then lowered again to prevent any one or anything from falling into the shaft. Easterly did not go with me, because none of these active labor leaders did anything themselves, if they could help it. They always managed to be in some conspicuous place when anything was likely to happen.

I went to Schultz, who had been with me when we started to blow up the powder, and asked him if he wanted to try it again. He said no, he did not care to take another chance when there was nothing in it if it failed, and besides he was working then for some leasers. I told him I did not think I wanted anything to do with it either. I said this so he would not think I did it if it happened. I told Parker he did not want to go, and he spoke of Billy Aikman, and said he was not afraid of a little blood either. I knew this man, and asked him if he

wanted to help do a little job, and he said yes, he did. I think Parker had spoken to him in the meantime. So I went and rustled some powder from Joe Craig, Mrs. Toney's brother, who was a leaser, and he thawed it out for me. I thought we ought to have a man to stay at the mouth of the shaft, or a little down in it, while we went down and set this. So I got Billy Gaffney, and also got some more powder from him, and we went to his house, which was not far from the shaft, and got everything ready.

When the shift went off, about two-thirty in the morning, we took about fifty pounds of dynamite, and went down the shaft of the Vindicator mine, and across in a drift to the main shaft No. 1. We were on the fourth level then, and we climbed down the main shaft to the sixth level, and we looked around and thought this was the seventh level. I had not worked on the seventh level of this mine, and had been off there only a time or so, and it looked to me like the seventh level. We hurried to set this as I have described, and I used my own six-shooter. Then we got out as soon as we could. This was not the same way we usually came in, but Aikman said this was the best way, and besides we thought they might be guarding our former passage or have closed it up, as it came from another property. When we came to the surface, we could not find our watcher, and we suspicioned there was something wrong, but we could not hear or see anything, and we came out unmolested. We found Gaffney later, and he said he got to coughing, and thought he had better leave. We had some turpentine which we poured along in our tracks after we started away from the mine, so they couldn't follow us with dogs, and got home all right.

Davis came to my house the next morning before I was up and wanted to know if we had set the bomb. I told him we had, and he said there was no excitement about the mine. I got up about noon and went down to the house of Billy Aikman, and he had heard nothing, so we thought it must be another failure, and we watched around the mine to see if we could find out anything, but we could not see anything unusual, nor did we hear anything for a week.

During the time that elapsed between our setting the bomb and the explosion, I tried again to get some money from Davis and Parker, and the latter told me he was going to Denver in a day or two, and he would try to get some from the Federation headquarters, but he also told me they were trying to pull something off, and if it came off it would be no trouble for him to get money. He told me they had made

an attempt a night or two before to ditch the Florence and Cripple Creek train that left Midway for Cripple Creek at 2:30 A. M. He said their tools broke, and they had to leave the job partly finished, and that H. H. McKinney, one of the men that had made the attempt, had walked along by the place that day, and there were two men standing looking at what they had done. Parker told me they were going to work at a different place, on one of the high banks between Victor and Cripple Creek. This early morning train carried the night-shifts of non-union miners that lived on Cripple Creek and worked on Bull Hill to and from their work. 'Most all of these non-union men that worked there then lived in Cripple Creek or Victor, because it was safer there for them than anywhere else.

There were a good many union men working in the Portland mine. The reader will remember that this mine was not affected at this time by the strike, and there were five or six hundred men working there, and all supposed to be union men. Some thirty or forty of these union men that were working on the night-shift lived in Cripple Creek and rode on this night train, and if they ditched this train they would be likely to kill the union men also. But a few days before they were going to ditch this train, they made arrangements for a car with the electric road, and the union miners of the Portland were supposed to ride on the electric car. Whether this arrangement was made to protect them and keep them off the steam train they were going to wreck, I do not know, as none of them ever told me and I never asked them, but I supposed that was what it was for.

When Parker told me this, we were in the union hall at Victor. He told me how they intended to work the job, and said he had gotten the men some good tools in place of the ones they had broken, so he thought it would be a go all right this time, and he said, "If it comes off to-night, there will be martial law here to-morrow."

After he told me this, I felt somewhat jealous and angry. I hate to write this, but I cannot tell anything but the truth, and I must not try to favor myself. Yes, I was jealous to think they would go and get some one else to do an easy job like that, after I had taken such chances down in the mine, and right under the very noses of the soldiers. This looked like an easy thing to me beside what they wanted me to do, and I was angry because, after I had gone through all the worst part and taken all the chances, they should go and get some one else to do an easy job like that, and would not give me a pleasant look, or at least would not give

me a few dollars. I had used my own six-shooter and rustled fifty pounds of powder, and they knew I did not have a cent. I felt pretty sore, and made up my mind right there to go to Cripple Creek and notify the railroad authorities and block their game, and quit the outfit and expose them. I also meant to tell them about putting that trap in the Vindicator mine, for I felt sure they had found it by that time. But when we started to go home from Victor that night, it was snowing pretty hard, and Parker said they would not be able to pull that off to-night, and he said, "It's more hard luck, everything seems to be against us." I felt sure they would not attempt it, as they could be easily tracked in the snow, and so I did not go to Cripple Creek that night, because I thought the next day would do just as well.

The next afternoon I went to Cripple Creek. I knew one of the conductors on that road, and I talked to him on the way over and asked him who the proper authorities would be to go to, and, in fact, I told him there might be some plot to wreck the train. He said, "They did try to do something last night, did they not?" And I said I did not know but I thought not. He said he thought they did, but he told me to go to D. C. Scott, who was their secret service agent, and I think he introduced me to Scott. Scott's office was over the depot at Cripple Creek.

I talked with Mr. Scott and told him all the details I knew, and when I had told him everything, he said he believed me. He said he was one of the two men standing by the rail when McKinney went by, and he also told me that McKinney was now under arrest, and they were looking for his partner. He also told me they had made a second attempt the night before, and had taken the outside rail clear out; this was over between Elkton and Victor. I was surprised at this, for that was the first time I knew they had made the attempt, as I thought the snow would hinder them; but they figured on getting to Victor, and they could not track them in the city, as the snow would all be tracked up there. I told him I would not tell him how I knew this, at this time, at least; I told him I just happened to find it out by accident through a friend of mine. He thanked me and wanted me to come over and see him again, and I told him I would, and I intended to tell them more and quit the gang.

I will have to say that this was not from any remorse of conscience I had. I would to God I could say it was, but I cannot, for I had no conscience, or, if any, it was seared so with sin it would not act. No, I was prompted to do this

from purely a selfish and jealous standpoint, although much good might have come out of it. I would have no doubt exposed those two men as soon as I had been assured of protection, if it had not been for the following incident:

I went home that night and told Mr. Scott I would come back over and see him again in a day or so, but a day or two after, I think about noon, as I was going to Victor, I heard that the Vindicator mine was blown up and a lot of men killed.* I went on to Victor, and in a little while word came that Charlie McCormick and "Mel" Beck, the superintendent and shift boss, were killed and the station on the sixth level was wrecked. Then we soon figured how the trap had been there for so long and not set off. I have before told you we intended to put this on the seventh level and thought we had until now, as we knew they were not working above the seventh level, but we made the mistake and got this on the sixth level instead of the seventh, and it happened no one got off the cage on this particular level during the time since we had set this bomb. But it seemed the superintendent and shift boss were going in on the sixth level to see about starting up some work, and they were the first to raise the guard rail, and both got killed and blown to pieces right there.

Now, when I heard this I was very sorry that I had told Scott what I had, for I thought I had to stand pat then, and I was afraid to see Scott for fear he would suspect me of knowing more than I told him, and I was afraid I would act nervous if he sent for me, which I felt sure he would, and I was nervous at first when I heard these men were killed. I had no thought of killing them; I thought it would kill a cage-load of non-union men, as the men always went down first going on shift. I knew both McCormick and Beck, and they were good fellows, and good men to work for. As I expected, Mr. Scott sent me a letter to come over to Cripple Creek, he wanted to see me right away. I felt nervous and was afraid to go for fear he would notice it. This was the first of anything like that I had been mixed up in, and I was afraid it would haunt me, and I rather wished I had not done it at first. I saw them when they took the bodies to the coroner. But I saw Davis and Parker, and they braced me up and said it was all right.†

* The second attempt to wreck the Florence and Cripple Creek train was November 16th. The Vindicator mine explosion was November 21st.

† A pamphlet issued by the Federation after the Vindicator mine explosion attributed this to the agency of the mine owners, advancing the following theory: "It is evident that McCormick and Beck planned to bring off an explosion, as it was currently reported that the State militia was about to be ordered home, and the mine owners' association was against this removal. McCormick and Beck, in planning this infernal machine, made some mistake, which resulted in their death."

ALI BABA

BY JAMES HOPPER

AUTHOR OF "CAYBICAN," ETC.



SAW him first on the army transport that was taking him, and me, and some fifty other civilian employees, to the Philippines. We were huddled in bad quarters on the main deck; above us, on the upper deck, with air, space, comfort, and a fine sense of superiority, the military caste was throned. We should have been hot, I think, and uncomfortable, and humiliated, had he not managed to bathe us, as it were, in the golden reflection of his dreams.

He was going to the Islands to be an officer in the Constabulary (a third lieutenant, I think). He was six feet three, as thin as he was long, and had tremendous hands, the white knuckles of which he was in the habit of cracking. He had one of those narrow foreheads that hold just one idea, but that very fixedly; a crop of rough red hair, and a whole firmament of freckles; his eyes were blue, and invisible ripples of humor seemed playing perpetually about his mouth. But really, he had little humor; he was very serious. He would stride with his long legs all over the ship, always with the air of starting off on an errand of great importance, cracking his knuckles like a gatling gun, and very silent; but once you cornered him, at the first advance he would suddenly become confidential to the last degree.

"I'm after the stuff," he would announce, cocking his hat toward his right ear (his hat, already, was a rakish military sombrero), and looking straight at you with his ridiculously candid eyes. "The stuff — that's what we're all after, down there" (he spoke as if out of superior knowledge of that country where he had never been); "that's what we're all after — that school-teach here, that gospel-sharp over there, you, I, all of us, we're out for the stuff. And I'm going right for it, too. No pretense about me. No 'benevolent assimilation,' no 'little brown brother' fake; cart-wheels for Willie!"

He stopped, and by the faintest of opalescent hazes coming over the pellucid blue of his eyes, you could tell that he dreamed. But soon the dream clamored for expression.

"And say," he'd begin again, excitedly, "oh, say, maybe I haven't a chance for it — oh, no, not at all, not at all at all — Oh, say — cracky!"

The fact that he was speaking ironically he would emphasize with a wink that convulsed the whole left side of his face, and right away, with a magnificent generosity, he would pour out his plans. They were based, or course, upon the powers of his office: — Third Lieutenant Philippine Constabulary!

"Understand what that means? How many men will I have, eh? Under my command; belonging to me? Two hundred? One hundred? Fifty? Let's say forty, for safety. Forty Thieves, and I their Ali Baba! They'll be some kind of niggers, I suppose — Tagalans, Visayogs, Macalabes" (he had the names absurdly mixed). "I'll train 'em — rule of iron, see? I'll own them, body and soul. And I'll teach them to shoot. I met a lieutenant of cavalry from down there. He tells me none of these people can shoot. I'll teach mine to shoot."

He bounded up, strode the length of the deck, cracking his knuckles. He returned, sat down abruptly, fixed his eyes upon me with a profound stare, and, dropping his voice, "Do you see me?" he said; "do you see me now, out there, away off in the interior, cut off from headquarters, no other white man near, there in the midst of a rich country, a planturous country full of cocoanuts, and bananas, and cane and tobacco and hemp, and shimmering cloths, peopled with a lot of little brown folk that can't shoot, do you see me there, with my Forty Thieves, efficient, husky fellows who obey me like a God and shoot like the devil — do you see me there, eh? — Oh, say, cracky!"

Again his enthusiasm sent him soaring out of his chair; he went the length of the ship, skipping like a school-girl who has just been told a secret. He plumped back, his eyes in mine, his head wagging from side to side with an indescribable air of jolly rascality.

"I was going into the New York Police; but lordy, when I heard of this — no New York Police for me. That's just small graft; this — this is Finance. Just imagine me in that planturous land" (where he got the adjective I

don't know, but in his mouth it was marvelously expressive; it rolled off his tongue, heavy and fat as butter) "with my Forty Thieves!"

It was thus, of course, that he acquired his name, for these confidences that he made to me he was constantly making to every one else. We encouraged him, I think. Somehow or other, there in our squalid quarters, with the weight of caste above us, he was the consolation, the poetry, the romance; he opened up horizons; he filled the head of the least imaginative of us with palms and reefs and pearls and gold and richly-woven stuffs, with visions of some sort of adorably free and licentious life (impossible, alas, to the most of us, confined in our training and heredity), with a picture of swaggering, clashing, and splendid Graft. But sometimes, at the bottom of our beings, we felt an envy, a biting regret. It was too easy, altogether too easy, you know, the way he was going to do it, the way he was going to solve his life, acquire riches, power, happiness. A melancholy descended upon us, doomed to the hard road.

We came into Manila Bay in the nucleus of a tropical shower. The rain came down as if, in the vague smother above, some bewitched fleet of legend were furiously bailing; the vessel cowered beneath the weight. Then the sun reappeared, flashed up the deck, the rigging, the flanks of the ship. Luminous upon a luminous sea, we slid toward a city glowing white and shot with the gold of spires and domes. Ali Baba stood at the peak; the rain under which he had stood bareheaded was sliding slowly down his body like a mantle of diamonds, and he shimmered splendidly. He leaned forward as if to leap; his huge hands went out in a spreading gesture that covered the city, the island — the whole archipelago, and he said (I was modestly standing behind him): "This world is mine!" He had evidently read Monte Cristo.

A week later I met him on the Luneta, in charge of two hundred convicts from Bilibid who were tearing down ramparts. It was rather a prosaic billet; he admitted it was a "con-tretemps," a delay, but nothing more. He was very splendid. His khaki, red-trimmed, followed his angular frame with incredible fidelity, a huge revolver hung on his hip, his shoes, belt, and puttees were new and yellow, and at the slightest movement he fairly crackled. In this short time he had already acquired a lot of extraordinary information about the country, and he bristled with plans. In the interior, he explained, there lived *hacenderos* — Spanish *mestizos* — on lands big as empires, rich as Solomon's mines, with whole populations at their

mercy, with silver and carriages and retinues of servants, and — he didn't blush — beautiful daughters. "See me there, with my Thieves? Oh, what squeeze!" And then — this time he did blush, a faint rosy hue — there was the chance of a marriage. An officer, moderately good-looking, brass-buttoned and powerful, — amid these isolated people, very wealthy, but lacking society, — might aspire to much — to anything. He threw out his chest, he crackled.

Then there were the cocoanuts — millions of them — and each tree producing one dollar a year, regular as clock-work. What did I think of a tax, eh? Nice, wouldn't it be, a little tax of ten cents a tree? No one would notice it — and yet it would be a revenue, quite a tidy revenue.

Others of his plans struck me as rather fantastic. One of these was based on crocodiles. It seemed that these saurians fairly swarmed in the rivers of the interior (always the interior). He intended to set his Thieves (in the rare moments left them, I suppose, between their other operations) fishing for them. He assured me that there were immense profits to be made in crocodile leather. Also, in the southern islands there were *datto*s, fabulously rich, who owned all the pearl fisheries. It would be easy (with the aid of his Forty Thieves) to own a *datto*, and hence the fisheries: — all the pearls of the Orient would be his.

With malice, but gently, I brought him back to the present and to reality. But he only said, pointing to the walls which the convicts were tearing down: "These stones, these old ramparts, what do you think, isn't there graft there? Historical, romantic, and all that. Ship 'em off, smuggle them away, to the United States — wouldn't people pay to see these stones?"

I left him standing there in the blazing sunshine, his head ebullient.

Already, though, a perverse Fate was toying with him. The "interior," which in his mouth called up visions hazed in gold-dust, was to remain long tantalizingly closed to him. For months he was kept at his first detail. Every morning, between crashing portals, he marched out at the head of two hundred gaunt and somber men clad in black and white stripes, with black pagoda hats upon their shaven pates; all day, in the pouring sunlight, he watched them swarming over the walls like the fellahs of a Pharaoh; at night he marched them back and saw the doors crash shut upon them. Then he was transferred to headquarters for clerical duty; and for a year he bent over a desk, made out papers, wound and unwound red tape.

So that when finally he was freed, he was famished. He was sent to Samar. By the providential dispensation which enables me to tell this story, I was there already, stationed at the provincial capital. His post was fifty miles further up the coast. It was hardly the "planturous" country he had dreamed. With difficulty we were keeping a fringe of coast in moderate peace, while the whole interior of the Island seethed in the hands of the red Pulajanes; and this fringe, you understand, what with past wars, with present raids, and with reconcentration camps, was lacking in *bacenderos* of wealth and taste, possessors of silver, carriages, and señoritas. Ali Baba's town was a dreary place, his principality almost a famine district, and he hadn't been in charge ten days before the cholera stalked in and established itself as if it had struck there its Canaan.

He galloped in down the main street of my town very dashingly one morning, sprang off in front of the Provincial House, and ran briskly up the stairs. But when he was close, we noticed that he was rather drawn and white. Also, his uniform (that brilliant affair with which he had dazzled the populace when with his convicts on the Luneta) had degenerated. White threads showed here and there, the back was shiny, and the strap of one of his puttees was reinforced with twine. At the first words with him, however, I decided that the change was purely superficial. He had come for medical supplies. As they were being loaded in a *carro*, we stood backs to the wall, superintending. "Graft there, don't you think?" he asked, pointing with his chin at the packages (he seemed to consider me, by virtue of my office, an authority on the subject).

"No doubt," I answered. "A man with a pain in his stomach will pay something now-a-days for a little chlorodyne."

He flamed up instantly. "Bet your life. You understand. Imagine an old geezer, an old rich geezer, down and out with that blamed cholera; put a little of that medicine stuff under his nose—and he'd pay something for it—oh, wouldn't he though—oh, no, not at all! Say, do you know, this country is too easy, too easy altogether; it makes a man ashamed."

Then he rode off, splendid rogue that he was, at a funeral pace, behind a *carro* laden as for a nurse. After this, for two months, we saw little of him. He would make sudden flitting appearances, ride into town, make requisitions for medicines, disinfectants, rice, and disappear again. There was a sag to his spine, and there were perpendicular lines in his forehead; one day he admitted to me that the training of his

"Thieves" was being seriously delayed, and in the next breath spoke vaguely and without conviction of some sort of "graft" that was "immense." The truth was that his district, too big for ten administrators, was being severely scourged, as was shown by the rude statistics of the village *presidentes*. I was sent up there to report on a projected bridge.

I reached his place late in the afternoon; after an aseptic dinner of corned beef, canned corn, tinned fruit, and boiled water, we leaned on the sill of the wide window and smoked. The hut was on the plaza; this was clear on the opposite side. The sun had set, far off, very somberly, a line as of blood still streaked the horizon, and from the sea, a gray patch at the end of a long and gradual declivity of musty jungle, a multitude of great black bats were flying, making for the hills. They passed overhead, by hundreds, by thousands, incessantly and smoothly, with a gentle, velvety flapping, and a mournfulness descended from them; they were like a sable pall falling from the sky upon the Land, upon the world, about our hearts.

The unkempt little *muchacho* came in and touched his master on the shoulder. A woman stood at the door of the *sala*, an old crone, corroded with age. She looked down upon the big, twitching toes of her bare feet; she trembled, and from her wooden lips there came an unintelligible mutter, like water running out of a bottle. I caught the words "*nina*," "sickness." While she talked, Ali Baba was buckling on his puttees, his poor, decrepit puttees, the straps of which by now were all string, his belt (with the big Colt's; it had never been fired, I believe); he seized a satchel full of bottles; "So long," he said, and was out. From the window we saw him go down the main street on a ridiculously small pony, his feet almost dragging on the ground, his worn sombrero flapping loosely, and upon his hip the satchel, which gave him that queer air of world-innocence one notices in a collector of herbs or beetles. "Ali Baba, hell," growled one of my companions (we were three); "looks Don Quixote to me!" To which the other replied, "We all degenerate in this country."

We went to bed after a while. I heard him return later, stamp up the stairs; at the head an explosion of whispers met him, and I heard him go down again. Some one banged resoundingly at the portals of the *cuartel* next door, a fresh horse was led out—and I heard him trot off. Some hours later he came back; I heard his cot creak as he threw himself upon it, then again there were the respectful knockings, whisperings, a subdued wailing, and again I heard

him go down the stairs and heard a drumming of hoofs diminish in the distance.

He was still out when I got up; after the boy had cooked my breakfast, I lounged over to the *cuartel* to see the Forty Thieves. They were not brilliant, the Thieves; they had no shoes, their calico uniforms were in rags, and the torn brims of their big straw hats flapped discouraged over their faces. They were all in the basement (the *cuartel* was a deserted convent), squatting in groups about big black pots of rice into which they were digging with an unashamed eagerness ingenuous to the point of being touching. To one side, against the wall, three weak little ponies whisked what was left of their tails over their saddle-raw backs. Ali Baba came in as I was looking. He stopped, legs apart, and looked too. I saw him out of the corner of my eye, and I thought that his uniform, by this time, was really passing the bounds of average decency; his hair, too, had lost its metallic luster, and his freckles seemed washed out. A sort of sullen disappointment suddenly overcame me. "So these are your Forty Thieves," I said perversely, because I felt bad.

"Poor devils," he remarked objectively. "No clothes, no food, no nothing. Poor devils!"

"Can they shoot?" I asked, still mean with disillusion. "The Pulajanes are raiding again."

He shrugged his shoulders; I could see that he was really discouraged. He squatted upon his heels, examining the Thieves with a sort of detached, scientific interest; then suddenly, without the slightest grain of reason, he flashed up with his old spirit. "But I'll teach them, Jack," he said; "I'll teach them; you just wait, you just see; I'll still be King around here!"

But when, as I was leaving the town, I turned in the saddle for a last look, I saw him at the door of the *cuartel*, peering in upon his command, the Forty Thieves, once the base of glittering structures of Wealth, Power, and Illicit Romance. His shoulders sagged; he had the air of a man looking, in the morning, over the ruins of his house which has burned during the night, who calculates the strength of a wall left here, the value of the debris left there, and wonders whether out of the palace that was, he can erect a decent hut.

Well, he never did get them "trained"; never did the Forty Thieves achieve the heights of efficiency and cohesion and loyalty so rigidly expected of them; they never even learned to shoot, though he did manage to get out of the poor devils a fidelity that showed up rather prettily at the end.

Two weeks later the Pulajanes, the "Red Ones," swarmed down from the hills at night:

The outskirts of the pueblo were already crackling when he awoke, and the fear-mad inhabitants were flowing beneath his window like a black river capped with white froth. He sprang out of that window, ran to the *cuartel*, got his Thieves together, and charged for the Casa Popular — the Municipal House.

It was rather beautiful, that. Imagine these poor, slovenly disreputables, badly armed, untrained, filled, no doubt, with a distrust of themselves, with a knowledge of their insufficiency, of the hopelessness of any cause which they might champion — and in spite of this following their "Capitan" and he, the "Capitan," aware with absolute certitude of their worthlessness, using them anyway, at this extremity relying upon them out of a burst of loyalty, as it were, of exasperated loyalty to the dreams he had dreamed!

So Ali Baba and his Thieves charged for the Casa Popular. Why the Casa Popular? Because there, in a safe, were the town funds, which he was supposed to guard — such are the contradictions in the human bosom. These funds, we found out later, consisted of exactly ten silver *pesos*. They charged. With six men he stamped up the stairs (the building was already on fire), while the rest of the Thieves, down below, shot away blindly into burning huts; he got the safe and sent it crashing out of a window. Then, altogether, they rolled it out into the center of the plaza (the whole pueblo was burning about them now), and there, in the open, they formed about it and made a stand.

The thing lasted longer than might have been expected — longer than in all mercy it should have lasted. These poor Forty Thieves couldn't shoot much; but the other fellows shot badly, too. So, for many hours, statuesquely black in the glow, Ali Baba and his Forty Thieves remained grouped about the safe, guarding the Municipal Funds (ten *pesos*). Against a background of burning huts, they saw about them in swarms the frothing Pulajanes dance their weird and menacing dance. These had on white *camisas* with great crosses smeared with blood over their breasts; their left arms were bound with bamboo sticks, and upon these stiffened left arms they clashed their bolos in a whetting movement. At intervals, with pulsing hysteria, they surged forward — and the Forty Thieves shot away as best they knew, then clubbed rifles, then bit and scratched — and extraordinary as it may seem, aided by Ali Baba's big revolver, they three times swept the safe clean of invaders. By then, though, there weren't Forty Thieves, only a handful, and the Pulajanes, in a refinement of cruelty, stopped charging. From a great

circle about the doomed little band, they began a desultory firing. They were poor shots, their arms were bad, their ammunition old, and it was slow work; but little by little the remnant of the Forty Thieves became quiet. One would say "*Dios*," and suddenly take hold of his abdomen and turn upon Ali Baba a profound stare; another would say nothing, but simply roll over and spill his limited brains at Ali Baba's feet. It took a long time.

When the cavalry arrived and scattered the devils, the Forty Thieves were intertwined in a silent mass about the safe; and Ali Baba lay upon the safe, his big body sprawled as if at the last he had sought to cover as much of it as possible, his face to the moon, which had risen full some hours before, and now poured down upon him a very white light.

We stood there, a few of us, a long time. The horsemen were crashing down the jungle and killing here and there, the town people were returning from their hiding places. They congregated about us, and when finally we noticed them, they formed a solid wall about the group

of dead men. An old crone, the one whom we had seen that night at his house, broke through the ring. She knelt at his head, passed her hands slowly, in a gesture of extraordinary gentleness and respect, over his closed eyes—then stopped and put her withered lips to his cold forehead—and suddenly, as if this were a signal, from all sides there rose a wailing of women.

We drove them away. He lay there upon the safe like a general upon a caisson. Torches were brought. They roared; sometimes they prevailed, or a glow from the embers of the town passed like an undulation, and the light upon him was like blood; sometimes it was the moon, and then the light was very white.

Thus he ended, his plans unfulfilled. He was a being of genial conceptions, but from the first he had been given no chance. A malign Fate had toyed with him; Duty, which he had so lightly disdained, had in revenge caught him in her cogs and ground him. He had meant to steal an empire; he died guarding ten pesos. Perhaps, after all, was he but a dreamer?

THE LONG SHIFT

BY EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWIN B. CHILD



CHOES of the explosion still volleyed from cliff to cliff—a thin cloud of smoke and dust hung heavily over the shaft mouth. They huddled together on the dump—the four men of the night-shift, peacefully asleep a moment since; the young manager, still holding a pen in his nerveless fingers; the blacksmith, the cook, and the Mexican water-carrier—all that were left of the Argonauts.

No one spoke—there was no need. The dynamite, stored in the eighty-foot cross-cut, had exploded—none knew how or why. The shaft walls had heaved and crushed together; the dump had fallen in for yards; the very hillside had slipped and closed over the spot where the shaft of the "Golden Fleece" had been. The eight men of the day-shift were buried alive. Working in the further stopes and cross-cuts of the deeper levels, they could hardly have been killed outright. Remained for them the long, slow agony of suffocation—or the mercy of the fire. For

there was scarcely room to hope that the explosion had not fired the timber work.

They knew this, these silent men at the pit mouth; knew there was no chance that they could clear away the shaft in time—not if they were eighty instead of eight. To tear away that tangle of shattered rock was a matter of weeks; the air supply in the living grave beneath was a matter of days or hours. They knew, too, that their comrades were even then speaking hopefully of "the boys"; that to the last the prisoners would hold unflinching trust—in them! And one fell on his face and cried on the name of God—Ivers, the pale, half-invalid manager.

"No hope, no hope, no hope!" he sobbed. "We can't save 'em. They wouldn't let me put in the ventilator shaft! They will wait for us—wait—wait—O God! God! God!"

A moment—He sprang to his feet, his face new-lighted with hope and energy.

"The old Showdown tunnel! We can break through from there! I wanted them to connect it with Gallery Four on the last level, and save hoisting. I surveyed it then—We

can tear out some kind of a hole — Come on, men! Oh, by God, we'll do it yet!"

They clambered down the steep, boulder-strewn mountain side, bearing drills, hammers, "spoons," picks, shovels, powder, fuse, caps, water, candles, — all needful to begin work.

Near the face, far back in the winding tunnel, Ivers drove a gad into the hanging wall. "Start from here. Keep an angle of forty-five degrees from the course of the tunnel, and a twenty degree dip. It is twenty-four to twenty-five feet in, and seven feet below us."

"Go!" said Evans, holding the starter in place. White began another hole above him. Ivers raised his voice to be heard above the beating hammers. "Jones will sharpen steel now and help you later. The work will fall on you five — Charlie and I are out of it. The Mexican boy could do more work than either of us. We three will rig up some sort of makeshift ventilator, move the forge and cook outfit down, muck away for you, cook your meals. Save yourselves for the drills. Tell us what you need, and we will get it. Jones will work our steel bars up into the longest possible set of drills. We'll shoot out till the longest drill will reach and then drive a hole right through. We can pump in fresh air to them, pour down coffee and soup, and break out the balance afterwards. If we only had more men — Had we better send some one to town for help?"

"It's fifty miles," said Lone Miller. "The boy couldn't do it afoot — we can't spare a man. By the time they got back, it might be too late — and the man's work here might make all the difference." He swung his hammer savagely. "Doc Hughes is only five miles from here," he blurted out at last. "He's at the Nymyer Copper Claim — and another Welshman with him. We can do it with them. He's a dirty mutt — a low-down camp-robber. I'll get him yet, the damned scoundrel, . . . Not now. He can break more rock than any one man that walks. Not now . . . You know *me*. Send for him. Maybe he'll come," he sneered. His face was livid in the candle-light, working with mortal hate. "Tell him it's our only chance for help — that we can't break through in time. Tell him I said so — me, Lone Miller!"

"That's a whisky-bloat's job," said Charlie, the cook. "Keep your men for men's work." He was gone.

"The other monkey is good, too," said Miller. "Not so good as Caradoc Hughes, but a miner. Trust Cousin Jock for that."

Two of the night-shift were Welshmen. "Goeslong, my son," said one, well pleased.

Swiftly the hammers fell, square and true; slipping so easily that the work seemed as effortless as driving tacks. But back and shoulders were in each blow — the tough ash handles bent, the drills sank steadily into the rock. No ordinary toil — their best, and better than their best.

Without, the blacksmith beat brave tattoo on the glowing steel, sharpening set after set of drills. The starters were a foot long, each succeeding drill five or six inches longer than the preceding one and slightly narrower at the bit, so that it would follow in the hole. Seven or eight drills made a set, the longest four or five feet. Carefully he wrought, and watched with anxious eye as he plunged the hissing points into the water and, holding them up, saw the temper draw steel-blue and white-specked to the edge. For if a piece broke from one of the bits, no more could be done in that hole. The broken particles of steel would be ground into the rock. If other drills were put in, they would batter or break at once.

Meantime the Mexican lad and the manager worked on their improvised ventilating rig — lengths of pipe laid down the tunnel, screwed together, and connected with an extra bellows set up on the dump. Before they were done, the first shots were fired. Ivers set Clovis to pumping and went in. The candles smoldered faintly through the sickly smoke, where Miller and White worked on a new hole. Williams, on his hands and knees between striker and holder, threw the broken rock to Evans, who carried it further back.

"That's it — that's good!" said Ivers, screwing a length of hose on his pipe-line to carry the fresh air quite to the front. "Whew! this powder is rank! I'll have fresh air pumped down in a jiffy. You two boys go back to the air till it's your time to drill. I'll get a wheelbarrow and muck away. Don't make the mistake of making the drift so small you can't work to advantage, — and don't waste time pounding dull steel."

Henceforward to the end Clovis, Charlie, or Ivers pumped in fresh air steadily. Ivers, at the bellows, in the gathering dusk glimpsed two speeding forms black against the sky-line. "Oh, good work! Good work, Cooky!" he cried exultingly. "Ten miles, and over that trail! He must have run all the way over!"

A shout went up in the tunnel when he told his news. Fortune had smiled on the forlorn hope — powerful allies had joined them. "I was afraid something would happen," said Miller. "They might have been away — hunting maybe. Sundown's the best time for deer.

Or . . . Why should I lie?" he demanded fiercely. "I thought he wouldn't come. I was wrong. So much the better."

A burly giant came puffing down the tunnel: Caradoc Hughes, huge, brutal, broad-chested, red-faced, red-haired, bull-necked, thick-lipped. He bellowed strange greetings and shouldered the striker aside—"Le's see, moi son! Taper off a bit!"

"Taake foive," said Davis, following more quietly, as he took the drill from the holder. Caradoc grinned villainously at Miller. "Halloo! Hast thy gun, lad? Spaare moi life a bit, wilt'ee? Have no time for scrappin' now."

"You're more useful alive, Taffy—just now," replied Miller, without looking up. Doc, chuckling coarsely, "polished" the drill-head with wicked, smashing blows. "Whoosh!" he grunted, expelling his breath violently at each stroke, as he brought the hammer down with all his bulk behind it.

Far behind, the cook limped painfully in. Later he brought steaming coffee and great Dutch ovens full of beef and beans. The bellows worked unceasingly, the wheelbarrow carried the broken rock away. At the front they paired off, changing at frequent intervals, holding and striking alternately. They worked.

. . . But the shots were frequent, the charges heavy; the giant-powder fumes, sluggish, stupefying, poisonous, hung in the air in spite of the ventilator, dragged on the men's energies, dulled the onset. Their heads ached relentlessly. As each relay came off, they hurried out to the blessed pure air; and, thinking of the hapless prisoners slowly suffocating, stumbled back to strike with all their manhood behind each blow.

Ivers, when they went out in the air, made them wrap up warmly lest their tortured muscles should stiffen. Ivers sent Charlie to them with food and hot coffee. Ivers brought water. He was here, there, and everywhere, pumping at the bellows, mucking away, keeping the drift true. The little man of brains anticipated every need; brought powder or fuse already cut and capped; saving a minute here, half a minute there. He loaded and fired the holes, sparing his men so much of the labor and powder smoke. He praised them, cheered them on, kept their hearts up, voiced their pride; till each man nerved himself to utmost effort, thrilled to know that solid rock and stubborn granite were less enduring than his own unchanging will.

And, when he crept back with Charlie and Clovis, it was Ivers who despised himself, whose heartsick thought was that his feeble body unfitted him to do a man's work on the firing-line.

. . . So the night wore on; and ever the hammer rang, the drills bit deep; slowly, steadily, inch by inch, foot by foot, they tore the prison wall away.

As he rested, Caradoc goaded his disdainful enemy with taunt and slur—"Little pot, soon hot"—and such ancestral wit. For long, Miller made no answer to these rude sallies, but the insults festered. "You know the old saw, Doc," he said at last, with ominous quiet. "The Almighty made some men big and some small, but Colt evened things up. Best think it over."

After each shot the crews went to the drilling, leaving the muckers to work out rock loosened by the previous shots with pick and gad, straightening the uneven walls and roof as best they could. Their desperate haste invited disaster. It came before daylight. White was holding for Williams, when a heavy rock jarred from the roof and fell on the striker's shoulder. The hammer, glancing from the drill head, crushed the holder's hand to mangled flesh. The work stopped. White rose unsteadily. "Keep a-hummin'—keep the hammers going," he said, as he started out, dizzy and sick. Williams, in scarce less distress for his unlucky blow, followed him.

"Bide a bit!" bellowed Caradoc. "Harken! I hear summat! God's love, hear that! There's salve for thy hurrt, lad! They're alive, they're alive, I tell 'ee! Happen the heat's drivin' 'em down bottom by way o' the winze!"

A faint tapping from the rock before them. Doc snatched his hammer and thundered on the drill head. "They livin'!" he roared. "Seven foot an' more we've made this night, an' fair gettin' limbered up a bit!"

"I'll eat a bite and go to town after help," said White, as Ivers bandaged his hand. "I'm no good here, but I can walk. I tell you these men are fagged. I ought to know. If you get close enough and drill that hole through, 'twill be all. The strain will be over, and every mother's son'll drop in his tracks. I'll send enough men to tear out that last ten feet by the roots."

"You can't, man. You're tired out and suffering. There are three bones broken in your hand. You'll give out."

"I—I wasn't aiming to walk on my hands, you know. Run along, now. I'm twenty-one past. If you look across the desert about dark, there'll be a big light on Lomitas to let you know I got across. So long!" He filled a canteen and went to do his part: not the least where each did well.

The Mexican lad loaded his patient burros with kegs and went to the spring for water. The sun climbed up an interminable slope—

the long, weary day dragged as they toiled at their endless task. Before noon Ivers was on the verge of collapse. The others forced him to stop. "Else will us bind 'ee hardfast," observed Caradoc. "Happen us'll need thy brains yet, lad. Will be there with t' brawn,—do 'ee keep care o' the only head here that's worth owt." So Ivers, cursing and shamed, cleaned out the holes when "mud" clogged them, picked out the "followers," loaded and fired the holes, and sometimes took a short spell at pumping; while Charlie and Clovis stacked up no more rock, for lack of time, but wheeled it far down the tunnel and dumped it.

The incessant clangor of steel on ringing steel. Hammer and hold, hold and hammer—mud! Clean—change drills, hammer! Load, fire—clean away—room for the hammers! The air was hot, foul, and intolerable, from candles, exploded shots, steaming breath and dripping bodies, dust and powder fumes. Hour after hour they drove home the assault; stripped to the waist, caked and streaked with dust and sweat; with fingers cramping cruelly from gripping on hammer and drill, with finger joints that cracked and bled, wrists bruised and swollen from jarring blows. The tough and calloused hands were blistering now; eyes were red-rimmed and sunken, faces haggard and drawn; back, muscles, and joints strained and sore; worse than all, the "powder headache," throbbing at their temples with torture intolerable. . . . But the brave music of clashing steel rang steadily, clear, unfaltering, where flesh and blood flung itself at the everlasting hill.

A muffled roar came from the heart of the rock. The prisoners were working toward them.

"That's bad," said Ivers. "They'll make the air worse with every shot—and they can't hit our drift short of a miracle. They are lessening their chances."

"I don't rightly know that," said Caradoc. "Was on the last shift in Gallery Foar, myself. Was a horse there, I mind; hard as the Gaates o' Hell. Happen they'll smash that up and save us mony the weary blow."

The terrible strain began to tell. But Caradoc and his indomitable foe kept the heart-breaking pace hour after hour. Evans was deadly sick, bleeding from nose and mouth; Williams' shoulder stiffened till striking was out of the question for him. So these two held. The others kept on pluckily, but their strength was leaving them. Inexorable Nature was extorting punishment for her outraged laws. An end was near—of men or task. The shifts were timed no longer. Each man kept up the savage hammering till he felt his strength fail;

and as he stepped back, breathless, a silent specter behind him rose up and took his place.

From the steel bars Jones fashioned a set of twenty-four drills, with all his cunning and loving care on every point; a hair's-breadth difference between bits, the longest twelve feet, its bit barely wider than the octagonal steel; and welded rods of iron for spoons of suitable lengths. They made the last few feet of the drift wider and higher than the rest, to have ample room for double drilling. At sundown they set off the last shots. They had torn out fourteen feet; they must drill a hole through the eleven-foot wall that remained. They had scarcely started, when Clovis came, pouring out a torrent of voluble Spanish. A fire blazed on Lomitas; help was coming.

One thing was left to fear. Thrice they had heard the muffled blasts from within. Since then there had been no sign. Were the prisoners dead, or had they seen the unwisdom of further exhaustion of the air?

"They'll be too far gone to work, hours before they actually suffocate," said Ivers. "We'll be in time, please God!"

They called up every reserve that pride or hope or fear could bring. Two men struck at once, the hammers following each other so swiftly that it seemed impossible for the holder to turn between blows.

"Scant mercy on beasties this night," said Evans. "They'll coom to t'hill-foot in foar hours. Near two they'll need to win oop t'hill—'tis mortal steep, an' they beasties'll be jaded sore. Will be in season for t' Graveyard shift." (Eleven o'clock.)

"Not so—coom midnight will be full soon. 'Tis a sandy desert and a weary hill by night."

"Be't midnight, then. Williams, moi son, canst hold t'drill alone? I be fair rested oop by now, and can pound a bit. Us'll burn no more powder, an' t'air will clear oop ere long."

"Good for you, Cousin Jock," said Miller heartily. By tacit consent, Miller and Caradoc worked together. It depended on them—and they knew it. Shoulder to shoulder, blow for blow, they set their faces grimly to such work as few are ever called to do.

Neither Charlie nor Ivers could be trusted to hold—for them to strike would be simply loss of time. The hole must be driven absolutely true, or the drill would "bind," and they would have to begin again. At intervals one of the others would hold, giving Williams a few minutes' respite to straighten his aching back and his cramped and stiffened fingers. Ivers cleaned the hole and called out the depth. Ten inches, twenty—thirty—fifty—"Sixty inches!" he called exultingly. "An inch every

two minutes, after all these hours! The world can't beat it!"

The drill "jumped" with crash and jar; Miller's hammer just missed Williams' hand, and Doc's, closely following, was checked in mid-air by a violent effort. The holder drew the drill and turned the point to the light. An inch was broken from the bit; the hole was lost.

A despairing silence, followed by smothered groans. Williams fell against the wall and hid his eyes, Doc's head dropped over on his breast. Miller's face was ghastly. . . . Ivers rose weakly, picked up the "starter," sank on one knee, with his face to the "breast"; holding the drill in place beside the lost hole, just above his shoulder, his eyes on the bit, he waited. A second — and Miller's hammer crashed down. Clang! Clang! Clang!

"God's blood!" Red with shame, the giant sprang up and showered down blow on mighty blow. A murmur ran round the circle; the little band closed grimly to the final test. Jones shaped the broken drill again and hurried back to bear his part in the renewed attack. The two enemies were doing the work. The others worked gallantly, — but the leaders were making five inches to their two. What matter, where each gave his best? I've inches — ten — thirty — forty!

At fifty inches, Evans gave way, totally unable to do more. Jones and Davis tapped away doggedly as Caradoc and Miller stepped back, breathless, — but there was no force to their blows.

The Welshman had bitten his lip; blood trickled from his mouth as he grinned at his mate. "'Tis oop to us now. A rare team we make — and good for them beyond!"

Miller nodded. There was no contempt in his glance now. Truly, this was a man; fit to stand at a king's back, though he fought for his crown — strong of heart and arm — this man that he had dared despise. Foot to foot, blow for blow, unyielding, unswerving, they stood up to the tremendous task. For a breathing-space, the others made a last desperate spurt and fell back, exhausted, utterly forspent. Sixty — seventy — seventy-five!

They planted their feet firmly and looked into each other's eyes as they began again. Miller's hammer kept the appalling pace, gave no sign that his strength was failing — ebbing away with every blow. . . . Somewhere, out in a far-off world, there was music and light and laughter. Perhaps he, too, had known pleasure, running streams that laughed in the sunshine, the free winds of heaven — youth — love — rest. It might have been so — long, long since.

He did not know. Life had dwindled to these narrowing, flinty walls, this dim-litten circle, with its wavering center of steel where they must strike — strike! He and Doc — good old Doc — brave Doc! . . . Something stirred in the shadows behind — far-off, meaningless voices reached him over the rising clangor of steel. . . . Men, perhaps. If they would go away. . . . They drew his reeling senses from the shining steel, that he must strike — strike hard! Eighty — eighty-five — ninety!

Without warning, Miller pitched over on his face, unconscious. Their best was down. What lay in the silence beyond that granite wall?

Caradoc leaned heavily against the wall while they bore his fallen foe away. "Look to him — 'tis a man!" he said. There was no triumph in his tones. He staggered forward. "Whoosh!" he said, as he struck out. "Whoosh!"

His eyes were sunken in his head, his blotched and purple face fallen in; his sobbing breath whistled between his clenched teeth, his breast heaved almost to bursting; but his mighty shoulders drove home the drill. Ninety-five inches! — a hundred! And still that tireless hammer rose and fell!

"Easy — mud — mud!" yelled Evans, at the drill. "It's done! We've struck their drift!"

A dozen light taps, and the drill leaped through. The incredible had happened. They had struck the side wall of the drift made by the prisoners on pure guess. They pulled out the drill. A rush of foul, sickening air followed. Evans shouted down the hole. A mumbled response came back. Ivers thrust the nozzle of the hose into the hole, stuffed his handkerchief around it to keep it tight, and ran down the tunnel. Half way out he met Charlie.

"Run!" he gasped. "We're through — they're alive! Pump — pump hard!"

Any Tularosa man will tell you the rest. Except this:

"Miller," said Caradoc, "wast roight. I robbed thy camp. Will take nowt o' thine — nor no man's, if so be I can think betoimes. 'Tis an old habit wi' me. But 'tis a shameful thing to do — for him as stood in moi shoes this noight. Lad . . . wilt shake hands wi' a thief?"

"You can steal nothing of mine, comrade — Mine is yours. God! How you worked — and were good for more, when I fell over like a baby."

"Toosh! Goeslong, moi son! Didst thy part, little Hop-o'-moi-thumb. Pounded steel two hours afore e'er I began. Shouldst ha' been a Welshman!"



"SLOWLY, STEADILY, INCH BY INCH, FOOT BY FOOT, THEY TORE THE PRISON WALL AWAY"



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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From a photograph taken after the announcement of the first Emancipation Proclamation

THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF LINCOLN

BY

TRUMAN H. BARTLETT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

Truman H. Bartlett, the author of this paper, is a sculptor who has made a lifelong study of physiognomy and facial forms. At an early date he became interested in the subject of Lincoln portraiture, and acquired one of the most complete collections of Lincoln portraits in this country.

From 1867 to 1881 he lived in Rome and Paris. During this period he gave special attention to the study of the physiognomy of Lincoln, interesting in the subject some of the most eminent French sculptors of the time, — Frémiet, Rodin, and Barye.

Among his writings have been an authoritative biography of the sculptor Rimmer, and an important series of articles upon the work of Millet and of Rodin. He is at the present time lecturer on sculpture and instructor of modeling at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. — EDITOR.



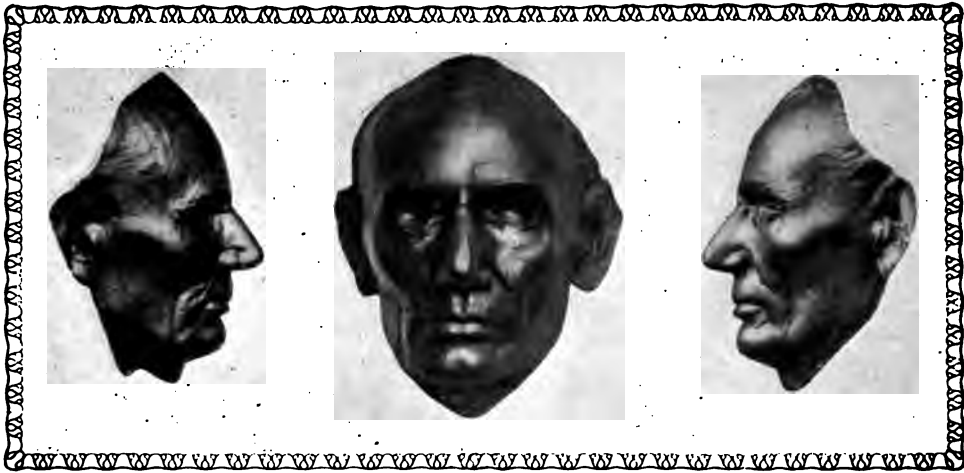
It is the popular belief, the world over, that Abraham Lincoln was in face and figure, in action or repose, an excessively ugly man. It is doubtful if any human being known to history has been the subject of such complete and reiterated description, by high and low, friend and enemy. The vocabulary employed to describe him includes about every word in common use in the English language, the meaning of which is opposed to anything admirable, elegant, beautiful, or refined. The words used to set forth the physical appearance of this personage, now rated by imposing fame as one of the Great of the Earth, gather, when assembled, a new and affecting interest.

From the time Abraham Lincoln was fourteen years of age, then more than six feet high and weighing about one hundred and sixty pounds, until he was nominated for the Presidency, he was locally known by the following pleasing characterizations: — "angular," "ungainly," "clumsy," and "gaunt"; "awkward," "thin," "leggy," and "gawky." His clothes and his unconventional movements and manners have received a similarly unflattering description.

Joseph Medill, editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, who was with Lincoln occasionally during the Douglas debates, says that it was a standing joke of his that there was one "homelier" man in Illinois than himself, and that was his friend,

Archie Williams, of Quincy, who, he said, had carried the ugly man's jack-knife for twenty years without meeting a successful competitor for it, and, he reckoned, would carry it as long as he lived, though when Archie died it would descend to himself. But Lincoln got his jack-knife before death got Archie. "I was accosted on the cars" — so he told the story — "by a stranger, who said, 'Excuse me, sir, I have an article in my possession which belongs to you.' 'How is that?' I asked, considerably astonished. The stranger took a jack-knife from his pocket. 'This knife,' he said, 'was placed in my hands some years ago, with the injunction that I was to keep it until I found a man uglier than myself. I have to say, sir, that I think you are fairly entitled to the property.'"

Only once in his life, perhaps, did Lincoln become painfully conscious of the miserable appearance of his clothes, and that was when he came to New York in 1860 to make his Cooper Institute speech. He brought with him a new suit of black and had it on when he was waited upon by the representatives of the Republican Club. He noticed the difference between their well-cut, smooth-fitting garments and his ill-fitting and badly wrinkled ones, and spoke of it freely to them. On his return to Springfield he told Herndon, his law partner, that for some time after he began his speech, and until he became warmed up, he imagined that the audience were noticing the contrast between his rude Western clothes and the neat and well-made



LIFE MASK OF LINCOLN IN BRONZE

This mask, made shortly before Lincoln's first nomination to the Presidency, is the first reliable contribution to the material upon which a safe examination of the forms of his face can be made. "It is a perfect reproduction of Lincoln's face, and greatly beautiful in its human style and gravity."—See page 397

suits of Mr. Bryant and others who sat on the platform. But this annoyance was of short duration, and he made no effort while in the East to improve his appearance.

Almost the only person who has publicly written against the popular belief concerning Lincoln's personal appearance is Hon. J. G. Nicolay, the President's private secretary and subsequent co-biographer, who says that to him "there was neither oddity, eccentricity,

awkwardness, nor grotesqueness in his face, figure, or movement"; that, on the contrary, "he was prepossessing in appearance when the entire man was fairly considered, mentally and physically, unusual height and proportion, and general movement of body and mind."

He also states that Lincoln's walk "was vigorous, elastic, easy, rather quick, firm, and dignified; no shuffling or hesitating; he had a large swing in his movement; and when

LIFE MASK OF LINCOLN IN PLASTER

"A projecting face with unusual vigor and contrasts of planes, a strong, angular lower jaw, and high chin. The fullness above the temples not only gives an important contrast to the line of the face below, but finishes that part of the head with a commanding outline."—See page 401





LINCOLN'S HANDS IN BRONZE

The creases on the inside are, like all made on Lincoln's face, of different form and character from those on any other good hand in life action. They are the most positive and evident illustrations of the peculiarity of Lincoln's skin and surface muscles. The inside and back views of the left hand are quite as original and unique as anything about their owner. —See page 405

enunciating a great thought that he wished to impress upon his hearers, he would straighten up to an impressive height."

Mr. Nicolay gives this as his impression of Lincoln's appearance without seeking to corroborate it by any fact of physical construction. If the words quoted at the beginning of this paper were to be taken, as they have been by the world, as final and conclusive, and there were nothing else than the uncorroborated opinion

of Mr. Nicolay to assist in further examination, there would be no way out of the belief that Lincoln was an "awfully homely" man,— a human frame cruelly proportioned, with articulations orderless, aimless, and unpleasant, housing a wonderful heart and mind. But the truth is that these words were, in the large majority of cases, only parts of sentences, or parts of a thoughtless general summing up of the personal appearance of the man, while the other parts

THE GREEK JOVE AND THE MASKS OF LINCOLN AND WASHINGTON

"The Lincoln mask does not lose in character by a comparison with the profile views of Washington and the Greek Jove, the last being regarded as the most majestically impressive face in existence. Washington's head is a perfect example of its type"





From a Brady negative in the possession of F. H. Meyer

RIGHT AND LEFT PROFILES OF LINCOLN'S FACE

"Except for the nose and the way the head sets on the shoulders, these heads would hardly be taken by the ordinary observer as belonging to the same person." — See page 405

included words indicative of beautiful physical qualities, or statements of mental and physical relationships admirable, significant, and suggestive.

Nor are these desirable qualities and relationships isolated ones, affecting single members of the body; they are intimately connected with the whole physical structure and furnish evidence that it was different from the physique first described. The excellences of Lincoln's appearance may be classed under two heads:— facial expression, and general movement of the body.

The following descriptions of Lincoln's eyes were spoken or written without qualification, and are taken from a large number of sources, many of them being the recollections of women:—

"Soft, tender, bluish eyes"; "— Two bright, dreamy eyes that seem to gaze through you without looking at you"; "— Patient, loving eyes"; "— The kindest eyes ever placed in mortal head"; "— His eyes had an expression impossible to describe, as though they lay in deep caverns, ready to spring out at an instant call"; "— The saddest face that ever was seen — sadness seemed to drip from him as he walked"; "— A sad, preoccupied, far-away look, so intense that he seemed to be in a trance"; "— Inexpressible sadness in his eyes,

with a far-away look, as if they were searching for something they had seen long, long years ago"; "— Melancholy eyes that seemed to wander far away."

The rapid change of expression in Lincoln's eyes and face is thus set forth:—

"His little gray eyes flashed in a face aglow with the fire of his profound thoughts, and his uneasy movements and diffident manner sank themselves beneath the waves of righteous indignation that came sweeping over him." "— His eyes flashed with pleasure, and his sad countenance lighted up and became almost beautiful." "— The dull, listless features dropped like a mask. The melancholy shadow disappeared in a twinkling. The eyes began to sparkle, the mouth to smile, and the whole countenance was wreathed in animation." "— When affected by humor, sympathy, or admiration for some heroic deed or sacrifice for the right, his face changed in an instant, the hard lines faded out of it, and the emotion seemed to diffuse itself all over him. His sad face of a sudden became radiant; he seemed like one inspired."

Several of Lincoln's friends to whom I wrote for early photographs of him answered that they had none, because no picture represented the light that was in his eyes when he was listening or speaking, and in such aspects alone did they

wish to remember him. And one added: "It was then only that he was in the world."

Of Lincoln's naturalness, native dignity, and grace, this is said:—

"He had perfect naturalness, a native grace which never failed to shine through his words and acts." "—He had the gentleness of the unspoiled child of nature." "—He had a dignity of bearing and character that commanded respect." "—Natural grandeur of demeanor."

Lincoln was awkward, he replied:—"Yes, he was awkward, but with an elegance that a king might envy, and common men despise. He moved with an ease that was in the highest degree impressive, and with a grace of nature that would have become a woman."

There is no difference of opinion in regard to the change that came over Lincoln's appearance from the time he began to address an audience until he became warmed up. At first he appeared



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LINCOLN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN MARCH 9, 1864

"The most impressively proportioned picture ever taken of Lincoln. It is a head that will hold its own in space. In this rare respect it belongs with the few faces that are inherently decorative."—See page 405

"—A natural gentleman." "—He had a wonderful countenance, easy dignity, and ever present tact." "—He always maintained a singular dignity and reserve without the least effort." "—He was awkward, but it was the awkwardness of nature, which is akin to grace."

When I asked a Boston man, the closest observer, in matters of men and art, that I ever knew, if he thought, as most people did, that

somewhat awkward, diffident, and uneasy; but as soon as he got hold of his subject, or it had got hold of him, he was another man. He seemed inspired, and was immensely imposing and dignified.

He is thus described:—"The act of expressing a great sentiment or concluding a fine period transformed Lincoln's awkwardness, uncouthness, and boorishness into beauty and nobility

of bearing. In making a speech on a subject that deeply interested him, he often quivered all over with emotion nearly stifling his utterance."

Of Lincoln's stretching-up capacity, or vertical elasticity, there is also no difference of opinion, and this, as the artist knows, is a quality marked only in people of the highest physical construction. That he could stretch up to a height beyond his usual stature is well authenticated.

In interesting conjunction with Lincoln's facial and physical transformations — the ready expression of a rich and sensitive emotional nature — may be placed his great muscular strength and activity, and the terrible character of his anger

when aroused by injustice to himself or to a friend, though he was averse to any combative exercise of his strength save in a friendly wrestle, or to help some one in trouble.

Now we come to the crucial questions: Do not the beautiful character of Lincoln's eyes, the sudden and peculiarly impressive change in his facial expression, his unusual power of stretching up, or vertical elasticity, and the rapidity and strength of his bodily movement, suggest the idea that there were admirable qualities in his physical make-up not included in the popular belief? It seems to me that these things suggest a splendidly sensitive, responsive, and powerful system of nerves,— a muscular organization of a rare and superior kind,— and that instead of

AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN





LINCOLN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN THE SUNDAY BEFORE THE
GETTYSBURG SPEECH

"A great portrait, — a great ready-made statue or picture. As such it ranks with the best portraits in any art." — See page 405

high intellectual and emotional qualities incased in an ill-assorted body, it will be found that there was an admirable body and a deep harmony between the outer and inner man. An examination of the portraits of Lincoln will help to make this apparent.

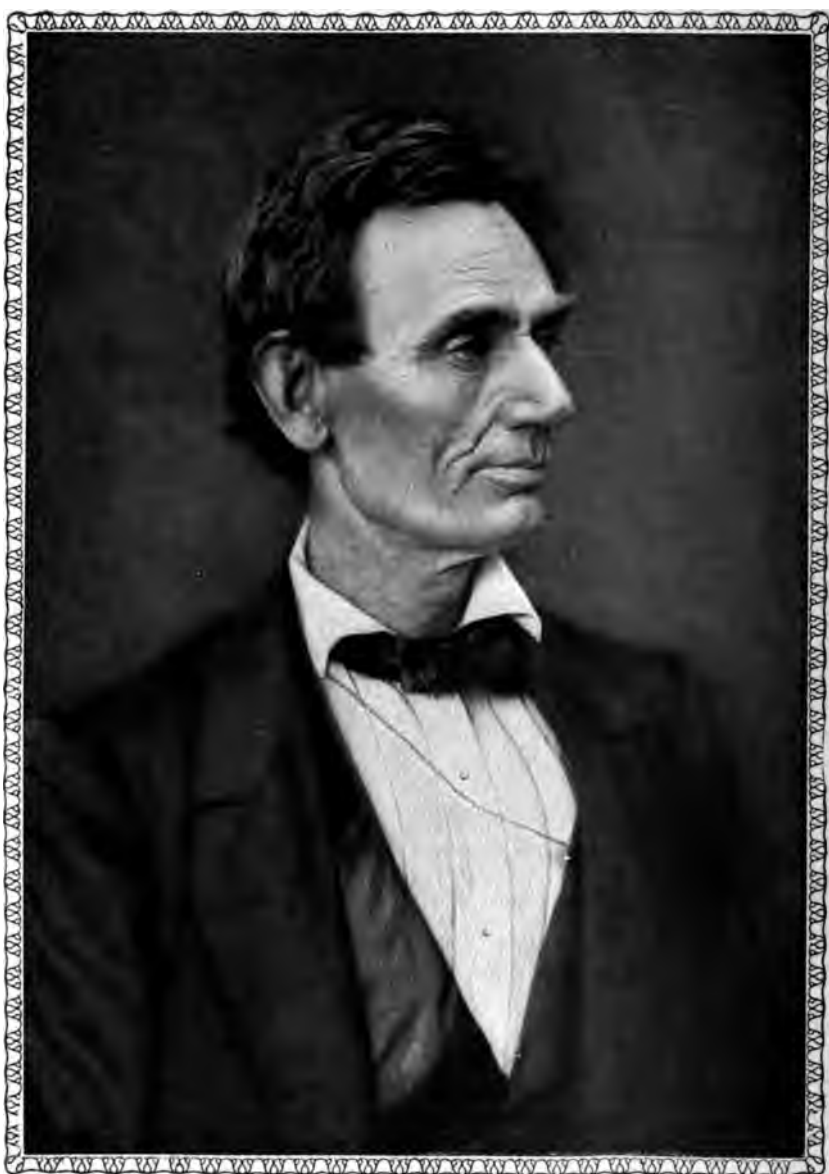
It is doubtful if any personage in history has had as many portraits made from life in the short space of seven years — by human workers in oil and clay, by sunlight in photographs, ambrotypes, and tintypes — as Abraham Lincoln. It began during the Douglas debates in 1858, became a campaign necessity in Springfield the second day after his nomination, and continued almost without interruption until forty days before he breathed his last.

Not the least part of the interest of these portraits is the great variety of circumstance, observation, and diversity of time and place

connected with their origin ; in other words, the how and why they came into existence, the history of their travels, and the peculiarities concerning their ownership. This, sought out in all its varied and unusual details, forces upon one the temptation to regard it as providential.

Mr. L. W. Volk, a Chicago sculptor, was the first artist to whom Lincoln sat for his portrait — a bust, finished a month or two before the Chicago convention. An event occurred in the progress of making this bust that may be justly called the second most important in the history of American portraiture — the taking of a most perfect mask of the future President's face; the other being a like process with the face of Washington, in 1785, by the French sculptor Houdon.

This Lincoln mask (see page 392) is the first reliable contribution to the material upon which a safe examination of the forms of his face can



These two photographs of Abraham Lincoln were taken for campaign purposes at Springfield, Illinois, in June, Ayres who, after the custom of the "wet photography" of those days, began to clean the glass plates to prepare Mr. Ayres was about to wash these negatives like the others, but the President's recent assassination induced which consumed the Hesler gallery the following year and from the Chicago conflagration of 1871. The

be made. The photographs, ambrotypes, and tintypes made before and after he became President are also a valuable contribution. All this, with casts of both his hands, taken a few days after his nomination, completes what there is of unquestionable material by which to judge of the character of Lincoln's face, figure, and physical movement.

It is to Frenchmen that is due the credit of first seeing the true beauty of the life mask, of

appreciating it and describing it. When I took a plaster copy, in 1877, to the oldest Paris bronze-founder to get it cast in bronze, I put it down on a table side by side with a mask of the Abbé Laménais. The first words of the founder were:—"What a beautiful face! Why, it's more beautiful and has more character than the Abbé's, and we think that is the handsomest one in France! What an extraordinary construction, and what fine forms it has!" Then he asked



1860, by Alexander Hesler of Chicago. After Hesler's death in 1865 his collection was purchased by George B. them for new films. The photographs of Lincoln with a beard had so superseded his earlier portraits that him to save them. In 1867 Mr. Ayres moved his collection to Buffalo, and so preserved them from a fire negatives were totally forgotten by Mr. Ayres until he discovered them among his effects about 1890

who it was, and added, "I shall take pleasure in showing it to So-and-so," — naming several of the principal sculptors in Paris for whom he did work.

Some weeks after, when I went to get the bronze copy, the founder told me that these sculptors and others had seen the Lincoln, and expressed themselves in the most appreciative terms of what they saw in it. Here, in substance, is what they said:—"It is unusual in general

construction, it has a new and interesting character, and its planes are remarkably beautiful and subtle. If it belongs to any type, and we know of none such, it must be a wonderful specimen of that type." Like things were said of it by other French artists, as I took pains to show it for examination. I lent the mask and a number of Lincoln photographs to the best French genre sculptor of modern times for several months, that he might see what he could get out of



From a Brady negative in the possession of P. H. Meserve

"IN NONE OF THE SITTING VIEWS OF LINCOLN IS THERE ANY SIGN OF A DISPOSITION TO SPRAWL. NO MEMBER, LIKE THE HANDS, FOR INSTANCE, IS INTRUSIVE." FROM THE SCULPTOR'S POINT OF VIEW, THIS PHOTOGRAPH MAKES A NEARER APPROACH TO STIFFNESS THAN THE OTHER SITTING PORTRAITS

it in making a face in clay. When he got through, he made these observations:—"I can do nothing with that head, and I doubt if any one in these times can. The more I studied it, the more difficulties I found. The subtle character of its forms is beyond belief. There is no face like it."

Frémiet was particularly interested. He said, among other things: "It seems impossible that a new country like yours should produce such a face. It is unique." Then he asked: "Do you know anything about the physique of this man? He must have been tall and slim, having little flesh, and very alert in action." As I was then making some sketches of a statuette, based upon very little knowledge of Lincoln's physical appearance, Frémiet's suggestions were of great value, as I knew him to be a learned ethnologist. He then recommended me to get for a model a man of the neighborhood who was tall and slim, but very compactly built. His height was six feet, four inches, the same, as I learned long afterward, as that of Lincoln. At the close of our conversation, Frémiet said: "You have in hand a wonderfully interesting subject—I envy you."

No word was uttered or suggested by any of these persons indicating consideration of the mask from a popular or so-called classic point of view—it was invariably looked at from the point of view of individual character, as an original and interesting piece of facial construction, for the harmony of the face with itself. There was no reference to ugliness, coarseness, or flabbiness of form. It was the same with the photographs shown to them.

The mask is indeed priceless, for without it, it would have been practically impossible to have arrived at any very definite judgment of the true character of Lincoln's facial construction.

A short, detailed review of the mask would be something like this:—A projecting face with unusual vigor and contrasts of planes; long, large,

protruding ears; strong, angular lower jaw, and high chin. All lines of face muscular or bony, strongly, firmly, and delicately marked; the forehead wrinkled to the roots of the hair. The fullness above and immediately back of the temples very rich and firm, not only giving an important contrast to the line of the face below, but finishing that part of the head with a commanding form and outline.

The character of the profile is also unusual, in the character of the lines and in their construction:—first, the full line of the forehead, carried from the top of the nose upward; second, the projecting nose, practically straight, and the distance from its end back to the up-

per lip, which is greater than with ordinary noses. The nose is thick in its body and wide on the top when looked at in front, and thus helps to make a harmonious face, by catching more light than an ordinary nose. The distance from the top of the nose, when seen in profile, to the inner corner of the eye, is again unusual. The end of the nose appears almost blunt, but its outline, when carefully examined, is varied in form and very delicate. The skin, so far as can be judged from a somewhat worn mask, is not marked into small sections, as in most skins, but is comparatively smooth, and indented with little holes, like enlarged pores,



LINCOLN SITTING IN MCCLELLAN'S TENT

"A wonderful example of concentrated physical action, of ease and primitive naturalness. The poise of the head is the perfection of simple attention."—See page 406



PRESIDENT LINCOLN

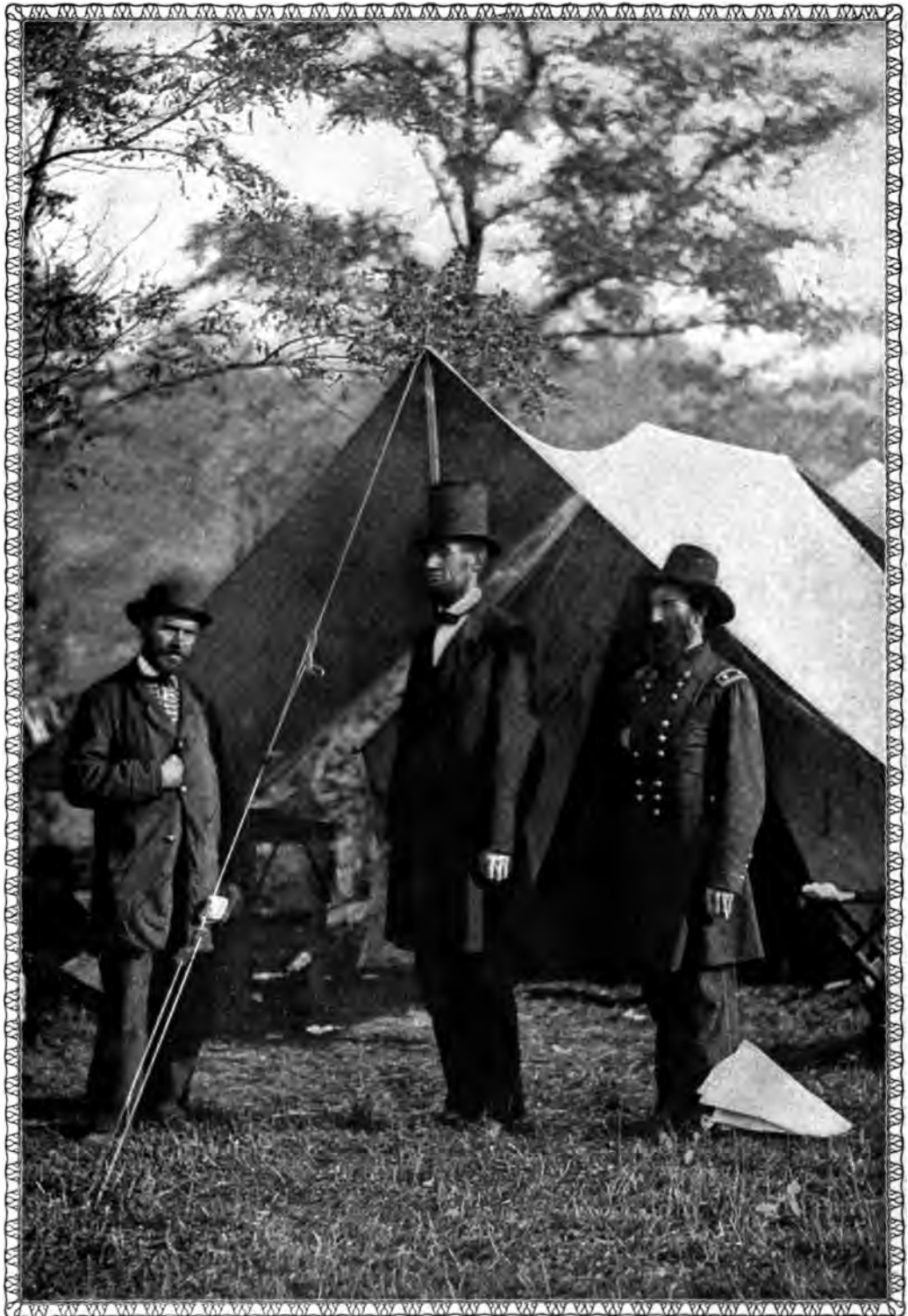
From a well-known photograph said to have been taken at the request of Secretary Seward

suggesting an individuality of its own. The firmness of the skin and muscles is evidenced by the correctness of the forms of the mask, as there is not the slightest indication that any change in them was made by the weight of the plaster. The mask is, in short, a perfect reproduction of Lincoln's face, and greatly beautiful in its human style and gravity.

The large, thick, and protruding under lip injures the general harmony and delicacy of the face in the estimation of some keen observers, though not disturbing or lessening the very sensitive line of mouth. These persons reconcile this fact by connecting it with Lincoln's lack of sensibility in many matters, his absolute indifference to art, to the nicer comforts of physical life, and with a certain want of delicacy in observing the minor customs of

a refined state of society. In other words, they interpret it as his face-mark of a certain physical obtuseness. Were it not for the high, firm chin, powerful jaw, and decided upper lip, all forming a well-proportioned combination, and thus reducing the lower lip to a less obtrusive effect, this member of the face would indeed seem unpleasantly large. Still, it is to be remembered that the right kind of a thick lower lip is a physiognomical mark of sensitiveness and tenderness of nature.

The Lincoln mask, as may be seen herein, does not lose in character by a comparison with the profile views of Washington and the Greek Jove, the last being regarded as the most majestically impressive face in existence. The force of Lincoln's individuality in such a connection is alone sufficient to stamp it as a



From a photograph by Brady

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT ANTIETAM HEADQUARTERS

General McClellan stands at the right and Pinkerton, the army detective, at the left.—See page 406



MCCLERLAN LINCOLN

· LINCOLN AND THE GENERALS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN OCTOBER, 1862, JUST AFTER THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.— See page 40...

wonderful one. Washington's head is a perfect example of its type.

The casts of Lincoln's hands (see page 393) were made a few days after his nomination for the presidency. They are large, long hands. The first phalanx of the middle finger is nearly half an inch longer than that of an ordinary hand. The bones are finely shaped, not unusually large, muscles thin, strongly defined in their own construction and in their relations, finger-nails of good form and of ordinary length. The joints are very supple. Were it not for the length of the fingers, the shape of the nails, and the movement of the muscles on the inside of the right hand, one would doubt that it was the mate of the other. In contrast and variety of form, the hands are as fine and original as is the mask. Both mask and hands are distinguished for exactitude of form.

Nearest physiognomically to the mask are two photographs (see page 394) taken at different times, one a little more and the other a little less than profile. Except for the nose and the way the head sets on the neck and shoulders, these heads would hardly be taken by the ordinary observer as belonging to the same person. There are only a few measurements that distinguish Lincoln's head and face from any other good head and face. First, the distance from the end of the nose back to the upper lip; second, the length and depth of the mouth from the profile line backwards; third, the distance from the wing of the nose up to the inside corner of the eye; and fourth, from the eye up to a horizontal line passing through both eyebrows. All these measurements are important and significant. The distance from the top of the nose just below where it joins the forehead, down to the inside corner of the eye, is another noticeable measurement. These, with the heavy, projecting, and easily moving eyebrows, make a combination of distances and forms of imposing distinction. Add to this the fine forms immediately above the eyebrows, and we have a setting for the wonderful eyes such as rarely occurs in human physiognomy. All these constructive effects strike the observer unconsciously, and emphasize the effect of the eyes themselves. We shall appreciate this part of Lincoln's face more fully in the front view photographs.

It is not alone the measurements, but the character of forms between them that make Lincoln's face and head unique. The prominence of the cheek-bones is due more to an absence of fat and full muscle than to unusual size of bone. The character of the facial muscles, thin, firm, and elastic, is in accordance with Lincoln's light weight for a man of his

height,—from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and eighty pounds,—his great strength and quickness of movement when excited, and his actual muscular construction as given by Herndon, which the latter called, with a good deal of truth, a set of sinews, or extended tendons. It all indicates economy of construction, and agrees with the descriptions given of the economical workings of his mind.

The best front view of Lincoln is from a photograph (see page 395) asserted to have been taken March 9, 1864, at the same time a similar view was made of Grant's face, and on the afternoon of the day that the latter received his commission as Lieutenant-General. As a whole it is probably the most impressively proportioned picture ever taken of Lincoln. It is all strange, in no respect like any other head. It is a large one, not in inches, but in the style of its construction,—a head that will hold its own in space, in the open air. In this rare respect it belongs with the few faces that are inherently decorative. It must be estimated by a standard authorized by itself. No such eyes were ever seen in mortal head, and no such setting was ever given to any other eyes. In all the photographs we see that the eyes and their framework confirm this statement. Careful examination shows that the muscles around the eyes are of extremely delicate and sensitive texture.

One of his most interesting photographs is that taken seated, on the 2nd of November, the Sunday before the delivery of the Gettysburg speech (see page 397). On the table at his right hand is a paper containing Everett's oration. Until I saw this photograph in Washington, in December, 1874, I supposed that Lincoln was as popularly described. When I first saw it, I was amazed at the difference between it and current tradition. It struck me as the most original, easy, dignified, and impressive representation of a man in a sitting position I had ever seen. Years of looking at and studying it, by itself, and in comparison with many others of the eminent men of modern times, have confirmed that impression. Still greater confirmation is found in the opinions of three of the greatest sculptors of modern times,—Frémiet, Rodin, and Aubé; they were astonished at its original and imposing presence. "It is a new man; he has tremendous character," they said. Everything about this picture is surprisingly suggestive and admirable. The head, in its massiveness, the way it is poised on the shoulders, the lines of the legs and arms, and especially the bend of the body, in spite of their coverings, are firm, fine, and easy. The kneepans are not over large or shapeless, nor do the hands show any incongruity in mass, line, or

movement. There is nothing in the hang of the clothes or their lines and folds that indicates anything but a well-shaped form beneath. No monarch ever sat with more natural truth and dignity.

The simple, easy line of the hand on the table, that made by the foot and leg and the bend of the knee, suggest quite the opposite of clumsy and awkwardly constructed or moving articulations. It is a great portrait, — a great ready-made statue or picture. As such it ranks with the best portraits in any art, and as far as I know it is absolutely unique; again, as such, it means that Lincoln's mind and body not only worked together in perfect physical harmony, but exemplified a dignified and gracious ease. He made his own statue. A statue is no more nor less than a study in physiognomy with reference to the effect of light upon it as represented in marble, stone, or bronze.

Lincoln is dressed in modern costume, a costume condemned by every one, and especially when reproduced in sculpture. Yet I doubt if one person in a thousand would think of the costume when looking at this portrait. The simple fact is that Lincoln's body completely dominates his clothes, and would continue to do so in sculpture if properly executed.

I take this first view to be a perfectly natural position, taken by Lincoln without the aid of the photographer. He is completely together, unconscious and absolutely indifferent to anything outside of himself.

There are many other significant details in this sitting portrait, of which a few may be mentioned. The legs are kept well together. Every action of leg, arm, hands, and feet, is decisive, completing its intention, and all in natural harmony. This is a very important and significant fact, so much so that it may be taken as an ample starting-point for a full consideration of Lincoln's intellectual construction. So definite is the completion of intention, that the right foot is placed fully upon the floor, and the full length of the other foot is also prone upon the floor. The position of these feet shows not only a flexible but a well-formed articulation. This flexibility of ankle joints permits the left foot of this figure to fall down, and thus not only saves it from being awkward by pointing up into the air, as nine hundred and ninety-nine feet in a thousand would do, but makes a fine line in connection with the leg. The size and character of Lincoln's feet, as shown through his boots, are in admirable accord with his body. They are well and forcibly formed, and of noticeable importance as a constructive fact.

In none of the sitting views is there any

sign of a disposition to sprawl or spread around, as the majority of men do when sitting. No member, like the hands, for instance, is obtrusive. These facts indicate natural elegance, high style in bodily action, and a concentrative physical economy in accordance with the beauty and character of Lincoln's mind.

From a point of view of physical and mental harmony of an unobtrusive and self-centered kind, its simple variety and contrast of planes, betokening to an extreme the humble character of the man, the photograph of Lincoln in McClellan's tent (see page 401) is, to me, the most unusual and strangely interesting of all the pictures ever taken of him in a sitting position. If the first sitting photograph that we have examined is as a ready-made statue, marvelous in its composition and more than kingly in its ease and dignity, this one is a wonderful example of concentrated physical action, of ease and primitive naturalness. The lines made by the bent arms and legs are not those of ungraceful members or rude articulations. The hands are closed in front, the toes turn in, the whole body is squarely in accord with itself. The poise of the head is the perfection of simple attention. An essay could be written about it.

The world's great statues and figure pieces in painting are made like great orations, great poems, and great judicial disquisitions, upon the lines, and in harmony with the authoritative divisions of their subjects. Like all high, inspired productions, they hide themselves save to the deep and sincere student. The sitting photographs of Lincoln that we have rapidly examined are akin to them; and merit the same grave scientific and artistic consideration.

We shall now examine some photographs that will tax our best discrimination and appeal to our most considerate judgment, — pictures of such extraordinary significance that justly to understand and appreciate them we shall be obliged to put aside our habitual standard of judgment and pay tribute to the inherent authority of their own physical and mental construction. They represent the President at Antietam headquarters. (See pages 403 and 404).

The pictures of Lincoln at Antietam, and with the generals of the Army of the Potomac, give a sufficient opportunity to compare Lincoln's unconscious simplicity of vertical structure and pose with a dozen or more generals and civilians, not one of whom is not more or less conscious and trying to stand well, without success.

At first sight Lincoln appears strange and even grotesque, with his unusual height, narrow shoulders, long arms hanging so listlessly by his sides, and that oddest of tall hats. The large majority of people would be strongly tempted

to laugh at this strange object standing there so absolutely alone. Few, if any, would think of making it a subject of careful study, or in any way regarding it as vitally related to the intellectual and human fame of one of the most wonderful beings that has appeared upon the earth, — a weird and mysterious being who came into the world against convention, who performed functions as unique as they were far-reaching, and who left the world by the old, mysteriously cruel road so often trod by its noblest.

He reminds one of the isolated figures in archaic sculpture, — straight, stiff, and uninteresting. But if we examine closely, we shall see that Lincoln's position is not only the sum of simplicity, but that his straightness is easy and unconscious, — all again illustrating the economy of his bodily action, the natural tendency toward the simplest movements, and a reliance upon himself. Even when excited in speaking, he made few gestures, so few that many say he made none. In walking there were no useless movements, and in sitting he got himself closely together, as we have already seen.

Herndon, who studied his partner with more persistence than any one, says that he always stood squarely on both feet, both legs under him, never one ahead of the other, and never leaned on or touched anything while speaking. In this, also, Lincoln was in harmony with his mental action. These figures are the most interesting ones I have ever seen of a man standing.

An added and almost pathetic interest gathers around this form when looked at isolated from the others. Its suggestiveness multiplies until it becomes a text for a discourse upon the entire character of the man, its sadness, its pathos, its isolation. It seems like a solitary dolmen in a deserted and barren plain, that has withstood the ravaging decay of centuries. As Lincoln's whole nature presents to history the most intricate and mysterious individual problem, so the photographs we have seen represent the only new physical organization, of which we have any correct knowledge, contributed by the new world to the ethnographic consideration of mankind.

TO A. E. HOUSMAN

BY

BLANCHE ALLYN BANE

THE cherry branches are white with flower,
The green's on meadow and fen;
O let me come to you for an hour
And walk with you again!

Tell me your tale of the poplar-trees
That bordered the brook you knew
And with never a wind to stir their leaves
Sighed with the soul of you.

Take me away into Wenlock Town
Where the broom is yellow as gold,
Where you broke the boughs from the hawthorn-tree
As full as your arms could hold.

And show me your tender trysting-place,
Under the aspen-tree
Where the aspen whispered as you went by
Its pitiful prophecy

Take me away from this noisy street,
And these crowds of hurrying men;
Let me come to you for an hour
And walk with you again.

THE POWER OF THE DOG

BY

M. GAUSS

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVE STORY OF A CAD"



LUCILE PROEBEL stood on that low stone coping which runs about the north and west ends of the state-house grounds; behind her a background of evergreen shrubbery; before her the smart, asphalted street of the Capital, the prison-warden's dog-cart,—and Gus Londoner. Lucile was evidently flirting with Londoner, who could not take his eyes from her face; her chin was all dimpled with restrained laughter, but she had let her lashes droop so that he might think anything he pleased about her eyes. Her eyelids were very white, her hair and her lashes very dark; and her white dress had been planned to set off her face.

You would have known Londoner for an old beau at the Capital; he was at that time filling the post of State Treasurer, but he had been holding some State office ever since his twenty-first birthday. Everybody knew him—a muscular, heavily-set man, with the head of a young and handsome woman, barring a very masculine jaw and chin; very blond, very polite. Londoner was a literary man, in his way; he not only owned and read a great many books, but he had once written a novel which was never published. As he stood on the front sidewalk, he pulled out a little pocket volume of philosophic maxims.

"Isn't she pretty, though?" The remark floated to Lucile, who did not betray in her look that she heard, or that she knew what was implied in the word "though," which the warden's wife had slightly emphasized. Those women had been telling one another that the new arrival at the Capital was a niece of old Captain Page, that Gus Londoner had given her an appointment in his office, that she and her sister had been "gossiped about." Lucile, catching a word or two here and there, could fill out the rest:—"Oh, yes, both those girls were wild; and this 'Lucile' is just real tough! The one that died wasn't so bad."

Londoner called her attention, and following his thick, white thumb, she read from his book

a favorite sentiment of his. Not being intellectual, she could not grasp the meaning, but, unaccountably to herself, she blushed; he threw back his head and laughed. "I reckon I'm a Philistine, Miss Proebel!" he said.

A tall, prim-looking woman came down the state-house steps; she was Londoner's half-sister, who worked in the auditor's office, and she detested such people as the Pages and the Proebels. When she reached Lucile's side, she paused; Lucile, whose eyelids drooped again, went on laughing and listening to Londoner, and did not betray in her look that she knew his sister was near. But Londoner, when he caught the lady's eye, lifted his hat and went off. A big mastiff, which had been sneaking about the pavement waiting for him, leaped on him in delight, catching one of his strong, white hands with its teeth, releasing it, biting it again.

Miss Londoner assumed that she and Lucile would walk home together; she tried, as they strolled again through the grounds, to put a long, thin arm about the girl; the arm was firmly rejected.

"I have a compliment for you, Miss Proebel!" she said, in an odd tone. "From a gentleman, too! And a man's a man, if he is married!"

Lucile's lashes fell.

"She doesn't display any interest!" cried Miss Londoner, laughing. "Well, then, I sha'n't tell you what Gus said about you!" The girl's transparent skin whitened for an instant, but she walked a step or two without speaking. "I didn't know Mr. Londoner was married!" she finally said; his sister caught her breath at the blunt remark; they had turned a corner and could see the familiar figure of the Treasurer just entering the lobby of the Grand Hotel. "I think," said Lucile, "it was very strange he never told me he was married!" Then she stopped in utter confusion and shame—*why* strange? If Miss Londoner should ask her that, she would not know what to say; but she was trembling impotently. She hated that man who had made people think as they must of her. "Why, certainly, Gus is married," continued

Miss Londoner. "His wife lives in Springfield on account of the river-fog here! Mrs. Gurney was just saying to me, 'How Mr. Londoner must tire of the hotel!'"

They passed out into the street. "Gus is so odd!" cooed his sister, with a spiteful little flush. "He never has acted like a married man! He *will* carry on, you know! It's a habit he's got! He can't help — well, I guess you'd call it flirting, he don't mean it for flirting, though. I tell him he flirts with *me* to keep in practice; he'd flirt with a rag-doll! You'd think, you know, he was in love with half the girls in town — but nobody who has any sense takes him in earnest!" Lucile lifted her eyes, and the flash in them silenced the woman.

The tears burned Lucile's eyelids; if she let them fall, this woman would think she cared about Londoner! — she! She had liked such evident admiration, and she had liked it that he was State Treasurer — but she would show him how much she cared for *him*! She resolved never to speak to Londoner again; then she remembered she would have to help him with the work.

A place at the state-house is too hard to get to be easily let go; Captain Page had pulled a great many wires for his niece, and Lucile did not wish to teach school for her living. She knew why the place had been given her; the Treasurer had induced Captain Page to invest in some oil ventures, and when the money was lost, he tried — as was quite the gentlemanly thing — to make it right. So he told Captain Page he might dispose of an appointment, and the old man sent to Howard County for Lucile. Lucile reflected that she could take care of herself; she liked the invitations which came in her way, she liked the prison-warden's son, who was already in love with her. It would be terrible to go back to that farm where Hallie had died and where she had been so lonely. She would stay. But her eyes flashed when she thought of Londoner.

II

It was Sunday night, six weeks after that walk home from the state-house. As Lucile sat in church before the service, she was trying to recall exactly how it had happened that she and Londoner were warm friends again. For a few days, at first, she never spoke to him unless it was necessary — and all that time, though he gently laughed at her and she came to feel so silly that she blushed when he looked at her, he was very kind, and did not make love in the least. One day he made an opportunity to

remind her that he was not "young." It was rather embarrassing to feel that he had *not* been making love, but treating her as a younger sister; but she did not care so much, since it was Londoner. After that day, he resumed his custom of walking home with her in the evenings; now and then he lent her a novel; at an entertainment, he had asked her for a waltz — and that was all! He danced with all the young ladies; and as for his calling her "Lucile," that was a privilege he frequently took with young girls whom he liked. She did not blame herself in the least, and she did not believe people were silly enough to have gossiped about her. The reason she had fewer invitations was just that she had tired of the boys about the Capital and had forgotten to be "nice" to them. It was they who left her out.

But somehow she could not shake off a strange feeling of blame, a sense of sin — when she had done nothing! For a few minutes she put down her head; but instead of praying, her thoughts ran over a walk through the Capitol grounds the afternoon before; all Londoner had said to her; the trees, which were coming into heavy leaf; a cat she had seen lying in wait for fledglings in the grass. She wanted to pray; she had come to church with a longing to be very "good" again, and Lucile's yearning after holiness had been very powerful since Hallie's death. But she felt weak and passionate. When she lifted her eyes, they fell upon a frescoed text in the wall over the preacher's head — "Deliver my soul from the sword, my darling from the power of the dog!"

The prison-warden's son slipped into the vacant pew beside her. "Seen Londoner lately?" he inquired, almost at once; and for the reason that she especially wished to keep her self-control, the blood flashed over her face and neck. "Then you don't know about his luck!" resumed the boy, not taking his eyes from her face. "He made a big thing out of oil, last week. He does it through a broker, of course, but — " While he ran on about the boom and Springfield, Lucile was getting her self-control. "You know we have the annual lawn-party next week," said the warden's son. "May I have the honor?"

Lucile accepted his escort heartily, glad he had asked her right upon her resolution to see less of Londoner. There was a note from the organ; the boy returned to his sister; and with a faint ache at her heart, Lucile again bowed her head.

A soft step passed down the aisle. She would not look up, though her heart beat to suffocation, and when the late-comer passed her pew, she saw only a familiar white hand

with a bloodstone ring. Then she could not help looking; Londoner's handsome blond head stood out above the congregation; in taking his seat, he turned, so that his eyes met hers.

Lucile felt sick and unhappy after a moment; she turned her face toward the preacher, who was reading that same text — "Deliver . . . my darling from the power of the dog." It set her thinking of Londoner's pet mastiff; her thoughts flew away. If she had cared for Londoner, she thought, it would have been very wrong. But what if he did care for her? What if he bitterly resented the bond which bound him, these days? A daring little smile played through her lips. Why not acknowledge that the Treasurer was in love with her? That was no sin — for *her*! Not when she would *never* have married him, anyhow!

They began to sing the last hymn. After the service she met Londoner in the entry; she was nervous and awkward with him of late, and she did not wish him to walk home with her.

"But, Child, you can't go alone!" said Londoner; and they strolled away together, the mastiff sneaking at Londoner's heels. There was an odd likeness between this man and his dog, both so powerfully, so coarsely made, both with an air of aristocratic lineage. Lucile was afraid of the dog because once he had nipped her hand with his teeth.

"Look at me, Lucile!" said Londoner, as they drew near Captain Page's. "Why, I thought they were brown!" She colored, he threw back his head with the characteristic noiseless laugh. "Now if I were one of these young fellows," he resumed, "it wouldn't do for me to tell a girl she had pretty eyes!"

Lucile's lashes fell. There were generations of Southerners behind that face of hers; plenty of sin of ancestors, for neither Proebels nor Pages stood high in public estimation. But the girl's dead mother had been all fire and snow.

In her confusion she did not see the dog; and when his nose brushed her hand, she gave such a little cry that Londoner caught the hand in his. "He didn't bite you!" he cried.

She drew her hand away, laughing hysterically. "I believe he did!" said Londoner. He was holding her hand again, turning it in his to look for a scratch. "Child!" he said, suddenly — with so much in the voice!

She did not wish him to hold her hand, with that look on his face, and, drawing it away again, she ran up the terrace. Her frail, dazzling face, thrown out by the prison lights, looked wonderfully like her mother's, or the sister's who died.

"Lucile! — " There was something in his

face which startled her. He followed her up the terrace. "Who has been talking to you, Child?" he asked. "Why did you treat me this way, to-night?"

She lifted her eyes to his; for an instant she was terribly afraid he would say all she saw in his face. "Are you just so afraid of the dog?" he asked, laughing. "Then I'll shoot him! Good-night."

From her bedroom window, Lucile saw the Treasurer and his dog disappear into Fourth Street, beyond the prison. Feeling overheated, she pulled off her thick shirtwaist and let the river cold play over her arms and neck, while she tried to think what had happened to her with terrible suddenness.

At a window next door, a young mother was lulling her child to sleep, and Lucile saw the abandonment of its little limbs to love and rest. That was what she wanted! — not to struggle, but to fling her whole soul on his love, and rest! For the first time she understood what rest is! She and Hallie, up to the very last weeks of Hallie's life, had shared one wild yearning, the longing to be loved. Now Lucile was loved! What Hallie had found in that awful Death, she had found in love. His power over her was so great that it swept her soul along, effortless; she loved him, she loved him!

And Hallie — Lucile lifted her eyes to the blue vacant space encircling the moon, and wondered if Hallie could be satisfied with only God and holiness. A great experience had been left out of Hallie's life. But the thought of Hallie startled her — this love had come to her in the form of a great sin which she must presently, when she had tasted it, put by forever. She struggled and prayed; she longed, for but one half hour, to let her soul lie still under his power, and belong to him —

Suddenly, with a convulsive movement, she flung herself against the window-sill, her cheek resting on her bare, cool arm, her loosened hair falling over her face. Every fiber of her body relaxed in rest.

III

Lucile stood upon the porch waiting for the warden's son to take her to the lawn-party. Old Captain Page had just said a terrible thing to her; when she recalled it, her lips felt cold where she had pressed them together, but she smiled as she fastened and unfastened one of her white ribbons. The old man had remarked a moment before — "Seems to me you have a heap to say about Londoner, here lately! He's a married man, separated from his wife! I'd let him pretty much alone, if I was you!" Lucile suffered in every nerve; her escort was

coming, and must not see anything amiss; her uncle and aunt were still talking of Londoner, when she began again to hear them.

"Fifteen years ago," said Mrs. Page, "Gus Londoner was the handsomest man I ever saw in my life. He clerked in the auditor's office then, just like the warden's son, and went out a great deal in society. And Miss Sally Britton was a kind of a — well, an *old* girl, you know. I was struck dumb when I heard Gus Londoner was going to *marry* her!"

"She had money!" put in Captain Page.

"But she might have known! — Thirty-five years old, and as ugly as a cat! They've got one little girl, the image of him; she's going to be a beauty! Well, of course, he would flirt, and they say he ill-treated her. Her folks won't let him get a divorce. You never saw her, Lucile? Little pinched-up, sallow face —"

"Who's little and pinched-up?" put in Lucile's escort, who had appeared on the porch. "Oh! — Gus is a good-looking fellow!" And he looked sharply at Lucile, who hated him for the look.

The sting of Captain Page's remark remained in the wound. Walking to the Capitol grounds that evening, she felt that at last her bond was broken. *Now*, she would never want to look Londoner in the face again! She had almost died of shame under the sharp eyes of the boy beside her; she would not speak to *him*, but that evening, when she had opportunity, she would say to Londoner, calmly and deliberately, something she had planned before to say. She thought the words would come to her; Londoner was too kind, too loving, to willingly hurt her reputation; he must not look at her as he did; he must not, must not — what? She could not think.

After one dance with the warden's son, she went away by herself; and as she sat in a lawn chair under the cedars, she saw Londoner picking his way through the wet grass.

He sat down upon the arm of the bench. Lifting her eyes in a confidential way which had become habitual between them, she said: "I want to tell you something." She was afraid to begin.

"Not here!" replied Londoner, shrugging his shoulders. "Come, let me show you the river by moonlight!" And shaking out a white shawl he carried for his sister, he folded it about Lucile's lace-covered shoulders.

But when they were alone, and she leaned upon a fragment of masonry on that little promontory which extends behind the state-house, Lucile again felt weak and passionate; Londoner's look filled her to intoxication with a sense of her own beauty; she knew how instantly a kind of gentle ridicule could replace

the tenderest expression of his eyes; moreover, he had never said that he loved her, he might make her an answer which would cut!

"Well," he said to her — "confess to me? I reckon I'll do for a priest."

"I've thought better of it," answered Lucile, choking a little.

"Is it the Ceremonial Law?" half whispered Londoner. (And then she knew he knew what was the matter!) "Oh, Child, Child, you must get over that! Listen to me! No, I won't meddle with your traditions!" She smiled up at him, holding the white folds away from her bare throat.

"You never looked down from the Dome at night?" he asked, getting out his official key to the state-house. She blushed; he laughed and put the key away. Then they sat for some minutes in silence, and Lucile began to feel sore and defiant.

"I thought we were going to the Dome!" she finally said.

"Not if you feel as I think you do." He looked into her eyes as he spoke; she rose, and he followed her. "I think this is Victory Number One," he said, as he put the key in the lock.

And ten minutes later, Lucile stood with him on that little circular porch at the summit, looking down the black staircase by which they had come; the startled bats flew out of the tower in such a cloud that people might guess; the thought of what might be said excited Lucile; the night was glorious, as she leaned into it — regally resting on one arm, the black ivy falling about her. Then Londoner began to sing "The Danube River"; she knew he was singing to her, and the tears came to her eyes. A bat encircled her head, but she did not flinch.

"Can I forget, can I forget that night in June —" The passion in that voice! The repressed music!

"Lucile —"

She tilted her head; she felt like a queen.

"When you get married — oh, yes, you will! You'll forget all about *me*, and marry some boy!" Her heart beat, beat —

"But *when* you get married," his voice went on — "marry the man you love! Because —" His voice was very low, his fingers just touched her hair, in a gentle, dispassionate way — "Because, in this country, they believe in holding people together, once they're married! Look at me, Lucile!"

And she looked.

"We keep the Law, you know — that's our penalty for being born too soon! We keep it till other people shall learn that Love is higher than Law!" Suddenly, he laid his hand behind her shoulders. "Do you love me?" he asked.

Before the answer had quite left her lips, he kissed her — calmly, and only once. And all at once she understood what he meant by the spiritual marriage — a union which should be enough for itself! With that kiss she had married him! All the exquisite feeling in her awoke; she loved him! And there was no sin in it, her heart could have its way.

Looking into her eyes, he folded the white shawl carefully about her.

IV

Lucile sat alone in the musty little parlor at Captain Page's; across her chair lay a heavy raincoat and a veil, and every time these things reminded her that she was going away secretly and in the night, a shiver seized her, and she had to remind herself how and why she was going to Londoner — not to yield, never to yield! Only to prove to him that she was right, and what he wished her to do, a sin. She could not have let him go away in anger, not when he was going away forever!

She walked to the window. Across the street the night guard was pacing the wall of the penitentiary; around that corner in another hour and a half would come the carriage Londoner had promised to send. She pictured to herself the ride through the midnight streets, the crossing of the ferry; then, on the Belleville side of the river, his face again, and his voice — and what next? She caught her breath a little.

Three hours before she had been sitting alone on the terrace; she had never kept a tryst with Londoner, but often, when she sat alone in the evenings, he would stop for a few minutes' talk. He never made love — but the great and solemn fact that they were, as he had put it, married to one another, was always present between them — a spiritual thing, which was, as he said, new in the world and a coming fact. She had expected him that evening, for it was upon the eve of his vacation, and she knew he would bid her good-by on his way to the train. All day she had been in trouble, for an ugly tongue had been wagged against her, and Captain Page was furious; she wanted Londoner to talk with her about this, and she knew that he had heard. The warden's son, pausing as he went down to work a while for the auditor, had leveled upon her that hideous look of his; everybody had heard.

In the dusk, Londoner had come. He had not passed beneath the prison lights, but brushed through a hedge of hollyhocks toward her white dress. "No, nothing the matter," he had said, breathlessly. "I hear I've lost a little money, and I'm going to run up to Springfield to see about it — on the 7:55. Lucile —"

From what had followed that ecstatic "Lucile," the girl's memory shrank. It had been terrible to hear from his lips that this high and pure passion was an old, old thing in the world, to end as it had ended for other women. But he had misunderstood her! It was *not* that she cared for "disgrace"; she knew her own soul; it would not have been anything to face the world afterward! But the sin of it!

Lucile returned to her window; it was now long past eleven o'clock. She saw the chair in which she had sat on the lawn while he bent over her. The shadow of a telephone pole swayed across it, the dew glistened in the grass. When he had explained his words to her, they had seemed not quite the same; it came of the scandal floating about the town, and he had only meant to say, since he was going away on account of it, he would not leave her to bear what she would have to bear! Then he said the vacation would be permanent; he had decided to "resign." Because of her? Yes, because of her, and for her sake.

"And so, Lucile," he had added, taking her hands in his, "you will never see me again. I will not write, I want you — since you think it *wrong* for us to be happy, which means, I take it, since your neighbors think so —" She could not bear that! "I want you to live it down, if you can! With your standard, I have hurt you terribly, I've cost you terribly!"

She had burst into tears.

"Unless," he resumed, "you should give yourself to me of your own free will. Say the word, and I'll meet the one o'clock boat at Belleville, to-night. Lucile, it hurts me to think you are as much lost in the world's eyes, as if —" She put his arms from her. "Kiss me good-by, then," he had said; but before his lips touched hers, he had drawn his arm suddenly, resentfully, away. "I'll do my best to clear that 'good name' of yours. But if you love the Praise of Men more than the Praise of God, I mustn't kiss you again. Oh, Child —"

She sobbed out to him her fear of sin.

"Child, I don't worship the kind of God you do! I don't worship a God who keeps people apart when they love one another!" He caught her in his arms; she sobbed on his shoulder. "If you think it's *wrong*," said Londoner, "I'd cut off my right hand before I'd ask it of you! But come to me at Belleville, to-night; and if I can't show you it's right and wise and holy; you may go back in the morning, I'll want you to go back! I wouldn't let you go to London with me!"

"London!" she had gasped; and then had realized that he was actually going away from

her forever; going out of her life. When she would have parted from him, she was not strong enough, she felt that she must see him again, once! She would not deny herself that last hour at Belleville; he softened toward her at once, planning the little journey, urging her to dress warmly that she might not increase the cold on her chest. He would have given her time, had not it all come to him so suddenly — he knew he had frightened her, poor child!

And now — soon — she was to see him again! Then she would come home.

It was twelve o'clock, and very quiet. Her chest burned and ached. She lay down on a hard little sofa near the window. Surely she was very sick, for she could not stand. It did not seem desolate yet, for she was looking forward — she would see him for an hour at Belleville.

She must have fallen into a doze, for it seemed that he glided in through the wall, folded his arm about her, and breathed, "Lucile!"

She sprang up, awake — half-past twelve, the carriage nearly due!

The pain in her chest had increased; while she was putting on her raincoat and tying the veil to conceal her face, she was all but strangled with repressed coughing. The street, when she walked to the window, looked terribly still. On the prison wall she could see the shadow of a patrolling guard. The carriage was now due.

The stillness grew heavy and oppressive; she could hear the tick of the dining-room clock, and the loud breathing of somebody asleep. Her chest was on fire. Doubtless, when she had parted from him forever, she would die as Hallie had died.

She stole into the dining-room, and when she saw that it wanted but ten minutes till one, and knew that in less than one hour he would have her hands in his and be begging her again — her heart seemed to skip a beat.

Some vehicle turned the next corner; she was glad, but the beating of her heart sickened her so that she could hardly fasten her gloves. Would the driver ask her anything — ?

The vehicle rattled past the house; all was still again, and Lucile sat down. The clock went on throbbing.

Footsteps approached the terrace. She flew to the hall-door and noiselessly turned the knob. It was only a negro, carrying two satchels to the ferry-landing. She could see the arc-lights swing drunkenly, and long shadows flutter across the street. She had fever, now — burning fever! Once she thought she heard hoofs in the next block, but there was a roaring in her ears. She went out into the porch.

A carriage appeared, driving furiously; she ran down the walk to meet it, but before it passed the house, it turned into a cross-street which runs down to the ferry. Now, far away on the damp night air, sounded that whistle which means they are about to uncable. She was numb, trying to think, and listening. She could smell the coal-smoke from the boat. It wanted two minutes of one — but the clock was fast!

Now it was all but one o'clock, for they were changing the guard on the prison-wall; she felt very cold, as if her fever had suddenly dropped to the point of death.

A prolonged shriek of the boat announced that it had cut loose. She watched, in her dull way, its red eye as it steamed toward Belleville — without her. She did not realize it fully till she had crawled up-stairs. Suddenly, with a bitter cry, she flung herself, face down, across her bed.

At last the night was nearly over. A sickening gray light began to steal through her closed shutters.

Lifting her head, she looked about her room — all in perfect order, as if the girl who lived there had been leaving it forever. She *had* meant just that! She would yet love him, and be loved by him, in spite of God!

The passer-by paused; and when he softly called — "Oh, Cap'n Page!" she knew the voice of the auditor's clerk, who had looked at her so hatefully the night before. Captain Page threw up the window of his room.

"Piece of news for you!" cried the warden's son.

There was an instant's pause. "I can guess it!" cried the old man.

"You can't in a million years. Londoner has defaulted!"

Captain Page let out a mouthful of oaths.

"He was arrested last night as he was taking the train for Springfield," continued the auditor's clerk. "He says he was going down there to save what he could from the wreck and then give himself up to his bondsmen. I think he was telling the truth — a man like Londoner wouldn't just skip out, you know! Oh, he's sure to go to the Pen — if he lives. I never felt so sorry for anybody in my life."

"If he lives —"

"Yes; he shot himself."

"Don't you worry about Londoner!" said old Captain Page. "He'll get over it! He didn't shoot to kill!"

"Let me tell you, anyhow — He went up to his room there at the Imperial, and Billy Harris was with them, and the auditor — we've

been going over the books all night! Well, he talked it all over—told 'em yes, he'd risked the State money, and he was afraid he'd lost it. But he acted so cool they didn't think what he was up to till he got at a gun under his pillow there, and ——"

A wave of darkness swept over Lucile; when she coughed, a drop of blood came against her lips. She turned on her pillow, thrusting her rough cloth sleeve under her cheek. God must let her see Londoner again—only once! Only to look upon his face, even if it were from far away, in a crowd! She must *see* him again!

In her fever, the room seemed full of dancing specks; she became drowsy, and immediately *he* seemed to be bending over her! She sat up, with a start. Then the fever completely overcame her; Londoner seemed to glide in through the wall and fold about her the only arm on which she could rest. She slept.

And then the dream came—that fitful, illusive thing, a dream, which once, in many lives, becomes a prophecy. It may have been, in Lucile's hour of passion and pain, that the dream was no miracle done for her by the angel of the future, but merely a revelation of her own soul to itself; for, in her sleep, that to which she had refused consciousness became real to her, and she dreamed what she did not know, or knew faintly and shudderingly.

The first part of it was very simple. She seemed to be at Belleville, walking the dark little strip of prairie which runs between the tracks and the water-tank there; he was at her side, and once she felt his arm about her as he wrapped her from the chill of the night. Drawing down her face so he could see it, he kissed her on the forehead and on the lips.

Then the revelation dawned; she began to know what she was doing. At first it did not seem terrible, but wild and vivid, with the fascination of an awful sin. They did not go away, in the dream, but stayed on at Belleville; and Belleville seemed to be across the sea.

The end of it came in Londoner's face; she saw him, in sleep, as clearly as she had seen him the evening before, when he kept his eyes averted in anger. In her dream, she was terribly afraid of his anger, and she wept and begged him to be kind to her. Suddenly he lifted his eyes—she had seen his contempt before, she had borne, sometimes, a moment of it; he had held it over her heart the night before, like a lash—but she had never seen him look as he did in her dream! In that look her realization was complete, and she knew what they had done. The pure, childish heart could bear no more; she woke, sobbing aloud.

The church bells were ringing—Sunday morning! She would have been with him, flying toward Chicago——

But the shame of the dream burned over brow, cheek, and breast; the dream had done its work, so that if it had been possible to rise and go to him, she could not have looked him in the face—not if he were alive! She was not hating him, not despising him—only ashamed. In the glare of her own revelation to her own soul, she could hardly believe, herself, that she had not known before. She could not bear to be alone with her new consciousness, and by and by, as the familiar household sounds came up from the kitchen, she rose to bathe her face in the stale water on the stand. Just as she thought she was strong, a torrent of weeping swept over her—it might have been for Londoner's sake, it might have been for the girlhood lost in a night, the bloom and mystery all brushed away from life. As she braided her hair, she felt afraid of it all; she wished she might die and have only God and holiness and Hallie, forever. But she wanted to look once more into Londoner's face, she felt that she must have that—only she did not wish him to see her, her whole body quivered if she thought of facing him.

The door opened from without, and Mrs. Page came in, closing it carefully behind her. There was a little light in the close-shut room, so that she could see the girl's face. That heartbroken look, that crushed and ashamed look, could mean to her but one thing, for she knew very little about innocence. She was a proud woman, and she looked very white and stern; crossing the room, she laid a firm hand on the girl's hot, bare shoulder. "Lucile!—" she said sternly.

The girl looked up. "How is he?" she asked. "Lucile," said Mrs. Page, "you must tell me the truth."

Lucile looked her in the eyes—and suddenly Mrs. Page was abashed, for it was not the face of a girl, now, but of a pure and passionate woman one dare not question too far.

"How is he?" repeated Lucile, in her new dignity.

"He is dead, Lucile," replied Mrs. Page—"he died an hour ago."

The girl turned her face aside—numb for a minute; then caught in the uprooting storm we all know. Dead! Not wanting her now, not thinking about her! The world passeth away, and the lust thereof! Dead! And in a numb way she knew it was best.

The woman who had told her stood awkwardly a moment, then went out.



EZEKIEL IN TRANSIT

BY

LUCY PRATT

AUTHOR OF "THE ENTRANCE OF EZEKIEL"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

MISS Jane Lane sat in a straight-backed chair on her clean, white veranda, and, quite ignoring the glistening, alluring Hampton Roads which beckoned to her in the morning sun, gave her undivided attention to a small note which she held in her hand. And as she read, Miss Jane's face became both shocked and grieved. Her protégé, Ezekiel Esquire Jordan, sat on a step below her and, looking both cheerful and resigned to anything, regarded the glistening, alluring "Roads" which also beckoned to him in the morning sun.

But Miss Jane had laid down her paper and was looking at him, still both shocked and grieved.

"To think, Ezekiel," she finally began, taking the bull fairly and squarely by the horns,

"to think, that after all the trouble and pains that have been taken to get you *into* the Whittier School, and after their consideration in being willing to admit you there, to think, that after all this, you can't manage to get there *on time*."

"Yas'm," murmured Ezekiel contritely.

"Well now, just tell me why it is that you *can't* manage to get there on time."

"I dunno'm," murmured Ezekiel again.

"Four mornings!" went on Miss Jane. "For *four mornings*, so I hear from the Principal, in a note written yesterday afternoon, you have been late. Why, I *am* ashamed of you, Ezekiel!"

Ezekiel failed to respond, even briefly.

"What excuse did you have to offer, I should like to know? What reason did you give Miss Doane? Any?"

"Yas'm. I jes' 'mence tellin' 'er all 'bout 'ow I'se comin' down de road, an' all 'bout ole man where's pushin' 'long li'l' ole cyart an' a-sellin' li'l' hot cakes — an' she say dat ain' no 'scuse, an' she ain' gwine lemme come 't all lessen I kin git dere time de res' does."

"I should say not," agreed Miss Jane, in no doubtful tones. "I only wonder that they have kept you as long as they have. Now, the truth of the matter is, Ezekiel, there is not the slightest excuse for your having been late once. Not once."

"Yas'm, Miss Doane she say 'tain' no 'scuse nudder. An' I jes' 'mence tellin' 'er 'bout ole man where's sellin' li'l' hot cakes —"

"But that had nothing to do with *you*. Absolutely nothing."

"No'm, 'tain' nuth'n' do wid me. But ole man come 'long a-pushin' on 'is cyart, say :

"'Heyo, boy! Ain't yer want a li'l' hot cake fer yer breakfus'?' Speak jes' dat-a-way, Miss Jane. Say :

"'Heyo, boy! Ain't yer want a li'l' hot cake fer yer breakfus'?'"

"An' co'se I ain't. An' yit co'se I'se 'blige answer 'im, too. So,

"'No,' I say, 'I ain' want no li'l' hot cake fer my breakfus'."

"'Ain't yer?' ole man say, 'ain't yer? Cuz I kin give yer li'l' hot cake fer a penny."

"'Penny nuth'n', I say. Yas'm, it's jes' de way I answer 'im, Miss Jane. 'Penny nuth'n', I say. Cuz co'se I knows I ain' no time fer no sech foolishness. But same time I jes' 'appen ter kine o' feel in my pocket, yer know, jes' kine o' feel in my pocket."

"Now this is all entirely unnecessary, Ezekiel," put in Miss Jane; "you were late to school, and that is enough."

"Yas'm. But w'en I putten my han' in my pocket, yer see, yer see I jes' natchelly —"

"Yes. I don't doubt you found a penny. Now really, aren't you ashamed, Ezekiel, to have made yourself late to school in this inexcusable way?"

"An' co'se ole man, jes' soon's he seen dat penny, he jes' whup outen a li'l' cake an' putten it on de fiah twell it begins a-sizzlin' an' a-smokin' an' a-poppin' jes' like praesen'ly somebody'll be 'blige ter eat it. An' ole man say :

"'Hyeah's yer li'l' hot cake fer yer!'"

"An' co'se I'se r'al mad w'en he talk dat-a-way, too. Cuz co'se I ain' no time ter eat nuth'n'."

"'G'long! I say. 'I ain' gwine eat no li'l' hot cake,' I say, 'cuz I ain' time! You hyeah?'"

"'Ain' time!' he say, 'an' after I'se jes' been a-cook'n' it fer yer! Ain' time! Well, yer is! Yer's 'blige ter eat it!'"

"'I ain' nudder!' I say. 'No suh! I ain't!'"

"An' same time, co'se li'l' cake's jes' a-sizzlin' on de fiah."

"'Yer ain't!' he holler, 'well, who is? I ain't! Somebody's 'blige ter, ain't dey? An' I ain't!'"

"'An' I ain't!' I say."

"'An' I ain't!' he holler back."

"'An' I ain't!' I holler back 'gin."

"An' li'l' cake's jes' a-sizzlin' on de fiah."

"Ezekiel!" put in Miss Jane. "This is altogether *too* ridiculous. Now I should like you to talk common sense."

"Wha'm yer say, Miss Jane? Yas'm."

"'An' I ain't!' I holler back agin. Yas'm, I jes' holler back, Miss Jane."

"Very well. I don't care what you hollered back. And I don't care to hear anything more about the old man or the little cake, either."

Ezekiel looked momentarily crushed.

"Of course," she added, more leniently, "I suppose you ate it, didn't you?"

"Well, yer see, Miss Jane — he jes' keep on a-holl'in' an' a-holl'in', twell praesen'ly — yer see — I'se jes' 'blige ter eat it."

"Yes. I thought so. Now, Ezekiel. This morning I will see that you get to school in time. No, it isn't time to start yet. I will tell you when it is. I can't get over your seeming lack of appreciation, Ezekiel. I sometimes wonder how it was that you were ever admitted to the Whittier School, anyway."

Ezekiel looked rather mystified about it, himself.

"And especially after that very queer story that you told that first afternoon — about —"

"'Bout 'Manuel an' 'is li'l' dawg," explained Ezekiel. "Yas'm. Miss No'th she tole me I kin tell a story ter de chillen. An' 's all 'bout 'Manuel an' 'is li'l' dawg. An' 'bout after de li'l' dawg gotten drowned, 'Manuel he's jes' 'blige ter live dere all 'lone."

"It was very good of Miss North to let you tell it, I am sure. For of course she must have known that it was an entirely made up story."

"But I ain' tole 'em *all* 'bout it, nudder. Cuz af' de li'l' dawg's drowned, w'y, af' dat, co'se 'Manuel's all 'lone 'gin. So praesen'ly he's jes' 'blige git 'im anudder li'l' an' mul."

"An' after studyin' 'bout it long time, he 'cide ter git 'im a li'l' chick'n."

"A chicken?" questioned Miss Jane, "I shouldn't think that a chicken would have made a very satisfactory pet."

"Yas'm, he gotten 'im a li'l' chick'n. An' fus' time he ever seen 'er, she come a-flyin' right in fru de do', a-settin' on a li'l' leaf."

"A leaf? But a leaf couldn't have held up a chicken."



"Why, I am ashamed of you, Ezekiel!"

"Yas'm, a-flyin' right in fru de do' a-settin' on a li'l leaf. An' she keep on flyin' 'long on de leaf, right up, an' right up, twell she gotten clare up ter de tip top o' de room. An' den she turn 'roun', an' jes' set righ' down on a li'l sunbeam where's comin' in fru de winder."

"But she *couldn't* have sat down on a sunbeam, Ezekiel. Be sensible."

"Yas'm, she is. Jes' a-settin' up dere on a li'l sunbeam. An' praesen'ly li'l boy calls out:

"'Oh, ain't yer gwine come down? Ain't yer gwine come down? Come down, an' we'll git us some breakfus'!"

"But li'l chick'n on de sunbeam, co'se she ain' gwine be fool dat-a-way 'thout axin' a li'l mo' 'bout it. So she answer back:

"'W'at's yer gwine have fer breakfus'?"

"'Gwine have some tea, — an' some cake — an' —"

"'Well, I ain' comin' down fer no sech a thing,' chick'n say.

"'But it's *co'n* cake,' Manuel call out. 'Wid li'l kernels o' *co'n* a-stickin' right into it!"

"'Well, w'y ain't yer say so 'fo'?' she say. An' she jes' hop right offen de li'l sunbeam, an' flew righ' down on de flo' siden de li'l boy.

"An' Manuel he jes' kine o' has ter laf to 'isself ter think she been ser sassy. An' yit he speak up r'al deep an' kine o' big like, say:

"'W'at's yer name, chick'n?"

"'My name Joshua,' chick'n say r'al peart.

"An' she give 'er lef' wing a flop, an' snap 'er eyes at de li'l boy twell he's mos' 'blige ter laf agin.

"'Joshua!' he say, 'ain' dat kine o' funny name fer — fer a chick'n?"

"'No, 'tain' nuth'n' funny 'bout it!' Joshua say, r'al mad, an' flap bofe 'er wings jes' like she's gwine fly up on de sunbeam agin.

"'Dat's de trufe,' Manuel say, 'cert'nly is de trufe. 'Tain' nuth'n' funny 'bout it. Cert'nly hope yer's well, Joshua.'

"'An' af' dat li'l chick'n an' Manuel live dere lone tergedder.

"'An' li'l chick'n's name Joshua jes' same's befo'.

"An' eve'ything jes' goes 'long so, 'cep'n' w'en Joshua git mad at de li'l boy. An' den she allays stick outen' 'er fedders, an' snap 'er eyes, an' flap 'er wings like she gwine up on de li'l sunbeam agin, twell Manuel speak up quick an' say:

"'Oh, co'se I ain' 'ten' no harm, Joshua! 'Scuse me! Co'se I ain' 'ten' no harm!"

"But one mawnin' li'l boy he seem ter kine o' fergit 'bout Joshua bein' s' easy ter git mad, an' jes' after breakfus', w'en dey's fixin' ter clean up de house, he slap 'er kine o' laffin' an' easy like siden de haid, an' call out:

"'Come 'long, ole chick'n! Who you think y'are, a-tippin' roun' yere's ef yer's to a party? Come 'long, now, an' git yer wuk done!"



"Praesen'ly — yer see — I'se jes' *'blige* ter eat it"

"An' Joshua, ain't she mad! Oh, my! She jes' stick outen 'er fedders, an' swell up, an' snap 'er eyes at de li'l' boy, an' begins flappin' 'er wings, flap, flap, flap! An' she's gwine right up on dat li'l' sunbeam agin, sho'.

"'Oh, w'at yer stan'in' up dere a-flappin' away like a ole win'mill fer?' 'Manuel say. 'W'at yer stan'in' up dere like dat fer, huh?'

"Oh, my! Joshua ain't 'er eyes snap! An' flap, flap, flap she went agin, flap, flap, flap! Right stret up, up, up, ter dat li'l' sunbeam! An' den she turn 'roun', an' se' down an' look down at 'Manuel agin, an' 'er eyes keep on a-snappin', an' 'er fedders a-stickin' out, an' 'er wings still a-gwine flap, flap, flap!

"'Well, w'at yer s' mad 'bout now?' 'Manuel say, 'yer better come down now! Yer better come down now, Joshua! Cuz co'se I ain' ten' no harm!'

"But li'l' chick'n ain' say nary wo'd, jes' set dere on de li'l' sunbeam, an' ain' say nary word.

"An' all day 'Manuel keep on a-callin', an' all day Joshua she jes' keep on a-settin' dere, an' ain' say nary word. Twell praesen'ly, w'en it 'mence gettin' kine o' late, li'l' boy call out:

"'Well, w'at yer gwine do w'en de sun's went down? W'at yer gwine set on w'en de sun's went down?'

"An' Joshua she speak up fer de fus' time.

' 'Gwine set on de moon,' she say.

"An' doan't yer know, jes's she spoken de words, li'l' sunbeam begins ter flicker back an' fofe, back an' fofe, an' praesen'ly it jes' flicker right out fru de winder. An' same time it all 'mence gittin' ser kine o' dark, seem like 'Manuel he cyan' see nuth'n' 'tall. An' all he kin hyeah 's jes' li'l' chick'n still a-flappin' jes' same way's 'fo'. So he jes' wait — twell it begins gittin' a li'l' lighter, an' a li'l' lighter, an' sho' 'nuff w'en he looks up agin he seen a r'al shinin' li'l' moonbeam a-comin' right in fru de winder jes' where sunbeam's went out.

"An' Joshua she jes' turn 'roun' an' set righ' down on de moonbeam.

"An' li'l' boy he look up fru de light where's comin' down ser bright an' shinin' from de li'l' beam, twell he seen Joshua a-settin' dere, an' den he jes' lay down on de flo' where it's a li'l' nudder dash o' light, an' — drap right off ter sleep. An' he sleep dere all night long on same li'l' dash o' light.

"An' Joshua keep on a-settin' dere all night too, on same li'l' moonbeam.

"An' so she keep it up — jes' same — an' ain' nuver come down — keep on a-settin' on de sunbeam all day an' de moonbeam all night. An' she git thinner an' thinner, an' smaller an' smaller, an' still she ain' come down.

"An' one night de li'l' boy look up in de light an' begins ter cry an' say :

" 'Oh, yer's gettin' smaller an' smaller, Joshua! Yer's s' small now I cyant sca'cely see yer! "

"An' it's mos' mawnin' w'en he spoke.

"An' praesen'ly he kin hyeah sump'n' where soun' like de li'l' chick'n's voice kine o' far 'way, say :

" 'Good-by! I'se ser small I seem ter jes' be gwine right off in de moonbeam! "

"An' it flicker an' flicker agin, an' at las' flicker out fru de winder.

"An' 'Manuel he jes' wait a-lookin' up. Jes' wait. An' de sunbeam come back. An' still he's lookin' up. But she ain' dere. Not no li'l' chick'n a-settin' on de beam. Not nary one. Cuz Joshua's went off in de moonbeam, an' dat's de en' o' de story."

Miss Jane passed her hand over her forehead and glanced off at the beckoning Hampton Roads.

There was a faint, far-away sound down the road.

"What a very — queer sort of story, Ezekiel. How did you ever happen to think of such a thing?"

From away down the road came the faint, far-away sound again.

"Ezekiel! What's that?"

He looked back at her, half confusedly at first, then with sudden, vivid realization.

"It's de school-bell a-ringin', Miss Jane! It — it's de school-bell — a-ringin'!"

"I know it." Miss Jane looked suddenly horrified. "And I told you — *I would tell you!* Run, Ezekiel! Run as fast as you can!"

Ezekiel jumped from the clean white veranda and swept off into the road. Miss Jane stood looking at him as he gradually faded before her eyes. Into the road — around the corner — into another long, straight road — and he was gone.

Other people, big and little, traveling on in the long, straight road, stepped aside and looked curiously at him.

Cling! Clang! came the clear, small note of the little Whittier bell — still far away, and he was still sweeping on, a strange, ever-increasing thing of speed. A something real seemed actually to have taken hold of him.

"Not no mo'! She — she say — I cyant come — no mo' — ef I'se late!" he gasped between his breaths. "Not no mo'!"

And the Whittier School stood at the other end of the road, growing gradually in distinctness.

"Not — no mo'!"

It grèw gradually, surely. He could see it standing up there — almost mockingly. He thought — he could see it all, too, just as it was inside. The children just getting ready to march to the Assembly Room, listening to the first music from the piano, coming in to them faintly — Miss Doane on the platform and Miss North looking — perhaps she was looking for him — she always looked so sorry when he was late — and yet — she always seemed so quick to understand. Oh, he didn't mean to be late this morning!

"Not no mo'!"

A boy striding on ahead of him fell kicking in the dust, but Ezekiel — didn't know. Ezekiel was tearing, flying, sweeping breathlessly on to the Whittier School. Another boy dodged and shied off into the hedge

at one side, but Ezekiel — didn't know. Ezekiel was tearing, flying, sweeping on. The last note of the bell died away and reverberated, and he was in the school-yard.

And just here something unexpected but fully realized happened. A small kindergarten child stepped suddenly before him, and down went the child. Then, for the first time, Ezekiel stopped. It was something like the quick, jolting stop of an electric car, and he looked down breathless, distressed and haggard. But it was only a momentary setback. In another moment the child was picked up, thrown up, and



"Fus' time he ever seen 'er, she come a-flyin' right in fru de do', a-settin' on a li'l' leaf"

he was on again, up the steps, through the back hall and into the school-room, while the kindergartner hung back over his shoulder crying miserably.

"Why, Ezekiel!"

Miss North looked at him, endeavoring to comprehend. And the children looked too.

Ezekiel dropped into his seat, and the kindergartner dropped gently to the floor beside him.

"I—I—I ain't late—is I? I ain't late—is I, Miss No'th?"

His head dropped down on his chest, which heaved with convulsed, exhausted little gasps.

"Why, no, you aren't late," she began gently, looking at him wonderingly, "but—what in the world have you been doing, Ezekiel? What in the world—" she picked up the small kindergartner and sat down wiping away its big, unhappy tears.

And just then the door opened, and a boy with a muddy, scratched face came shuffling into the room.

"He—he knock me inter de brier bush!" he began, pointing wrathfully at Ezekiel.

Again the door opened, and another boy came in. He was limping with conscious heroism, and a big black and blue bump on his forehead stood out with unmistakable distinctness.

"Ole 'Zekle Jerden knock me down, Miss No'th," he began, with perhaps an even more violent show of wrath. "I'se jes' walkin' down de road, an' ole 'Zekle Jerden come 'long an' knock me down!"

Miss North, with dawning comprehension, and a sudden faint, rebellious contraction at the corners of the mouth, looked at the new-comers.

"I—I am sorry. Sit down, both of you."

The small kindergartner still sobbed softly, and Ezekiel looked up wearily.

"Is I—hurt dat li'l' chile—Miss No'th?" he whispered. "I—I seem ter be gwine ser fas'—I couldn' seem ter stop."

She put her cool hand on his hot, thumping forehead.

"No, you haven't hurt him. But how did all this—happen, Ezekiel?"

"I didn'—wanter—git sent—'way," he whispered again, faintly. "But I wisht I'd—started—jes' a li'l' bit earlier. I—reckon 'tain' been—quite—s' much trouble 'bout it—ef I had."

"I wish you had, Ezekiel."

And once again the door opened, and this time Miss Jane Lane walked into the room.

"Miss North," she began, in a low tone of abject apology, "I am very sorry that Ezekiel was late, but I want to explain that it was my fault, entirely my fault. I really told him that I would tell him when it was time to start. But—he was telling me a story—" Miss Jane looked positively foolish—"and I didn't realize the time."

Miss North's smile was comforting.

"He was telling you a story?" Miss North's smile broadened. ". . . "But he was not late, Miss Lane. He came in at the last moment, to be sure, behind the others—but he was not late."

"Not late? He just escaped being late? Why, how

very glad I am! But surely it would have been better if he had started earlier, much better. I will see that he *does* start earlier in the future, Miss North."

Miss North glanced around the room, which presented a strangely battered up appearance, glanced at the boy with the scratched cheeks and the boy with the bumped forehead, and then down at the small kindergartner, still sobbing softly into her skirts. And finally her glance went back to Ezekiel, sitting limp and exhausted in his seat, with his head dropped wearily.

"Yes," she agreed. "Yes, I do think that it would be better for him to start—a little earlier."



"An' still he's lookin' up. But she ain' dere"

CAN AMERICANS AFFORD SAFETY IN RAILROAD TRAVEL?

BY

CARL S. VROOMAN



DURING the past few months the question of railroad accidents has been vigorously discussed by all of our newspapers and most of our magazines, as well as by Congress and many of our State legislatures. Moreover, as the apprehension felt by Mr. J. J. Hill "lest every railway journey might be his last," has been shared for some time by practically the entire traveling public, the question, "What are we going to do about it?" has at last become a subject for debate on every street corner and a topic of conversation at every fireside in the land.

While it is perhaps true that so far this agitation has generated more heat than light, yet we must not fail to recognize that it has produced at least one notable result. The problem before us has finally been reduced to a single ultimate issue:—Can we, the American people, afford a reasonable degree of safety in railroad travel? From whatever standpoint we approach the question of railroad accidents, we are certain in the end to be brought up sharply face to face with this decisive question. Safety costs money; are we able and willing to pay for it?

Accidents in America and Europe

Practically every other civilized nation in the world has attained a far greater degree of safety in railroad travel than we enjoy. Whether this is because they value their money less or their lives more it is hard to say. In any event, it is both interesting and important to know that countries vastly poorer than our own can afford and do afford the luxury of railroad safety which, so far, we have denied ourselves.

Owing to differences in the statistical methods employed by the various countries, it has been found impossible to obtain results which, from a theoretical standpoint, are entirely accurate and satisfactory; but some of the best statisticians and ablest railroad specialists in the

world have been at work on the subject and have arrived at results which are quite accurate enough for practical purposes. The greatest of these specialists are agreed that in this country railroad travel is from three to five times as dangerous, and that railroad employment is from three to six times as dangerous, as in the leading European countries.

Mr. Ackworth, the most conservative as well as the most prominent railway authority in England, says that the English companies do their work "at one-third the risk either for passengers or employees, which is incurred in America, according to American figures."*

Prof. Frank Parsons of Boston, in his recent monumental treatise on the railroad question, sums up the situation by saying that "railway travel in the United States is about six times as dangerous as in Germany, seventeen times as dangerous as in Belgium, three times as dangerous as in France, and four times as dangerous as in Great Britain."†

Mr. Carroll W. Doten, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in his careful and detailed study of railroad accidents in the United States and Great Britain, made for the American Statistical Association, shows in a series of eighteen statistical tables that in the United States the danger to passengers is about four times as great, and the danger to employees about five or six times as great as in the United Kingdom.

Messrs. Hoff and Schwaback, in their remarkable work entitled "Nordamerikanische Eisenbahn," have demonstrated that while American roads kill 6.43 and wound 50.01 persons for every million kilometers traveled by the traveling public, the Prussian roads kill only 1.70, or one-fourth as many and wound only 3.38, or one-fourteenth as many.

Of all the methods of comparison which have been employed by writers on this subject, that of comparing the number of killed and wounded,

* "The Railways and the Traders," p. 233.

† "The Railroads, the Trusts, and the People," p. 444.

per million miles traveled, is universally admitted to be the fairest and the most exact yet discovered. The following table gives the results of an effort to reduce the railroad accident statistics of four widely different countries to this common denominator:

NUMBER OF PASSENGER MILES TRAVELED FOR EACH PASSENGER KILLED

	1901	1902	1903	1904
United States	61,537,545	57,072,283	58,917,645	49,712,502
Hungary	110,505,390	157,010,094	175,128,537	130,366,425
German Empire	144,275,000	172,200,000	180,956,000	261,724,000
Belgium	243,220,295	292,074,182	458,541,243	315,044,286

The next table shows that in the year 1904, every time a passenger traveled a mile in the United States, he ran a risk of being killed that was over two and a half times as great as he would have run in Hungary, over five times as great as he would have run in Germany, and over six times as great as he would have run in Belgium while traveling the same distance.

RELATIVE DANGER OF TRAVEL IN 1904

	United States	Hungary	Germany	Belgium
1 killed for every 40,000,000 passenger miles traveled	1	1	1	1
United States	1	150,000,000	201,000,000	315,000,000
Hungary	1	1	201,000,000	315,000,000
Germany	1	1	1	315,000,000
Belgium	1	1	1	1

In response to such an array of facts, it is sometimes urged that if we are to make railway travel as safe in America as it is in Europe, we must more than quadruple our railroad capital and build our roads as solidly as the English people have done. That it will cost a considerable amount of money to make railroad travel in this country as safe as it is in Europe, cannot be doubted. But the fact that the German and Belgian railroads afford even greater safety than the British roads at less than half the cost, indicates clearly that safety in railroad travel is as dependent upon an intelligent expenditure of money as upon a sufficient expenditure.

It is urged also that we cannot expect our fast trains to be as safe as are the slower European trains. This sounds almost axiomatic until we come to realize that Germany, France, and England all have as many if not more fast trains per thousand miles of track than we do. Messrs. Hoff and Schwaback have shown in some minutely detailed tables,* that the single German State of Prussia has forty-three trains which maintain an average speed of thirty-eight miles or more an hour, whereas our great lines connecting New York, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Chicago, and St. Louis have only twenty-six such trains. Moreover, they show that as to punctuality and attention to local service the advantage is all with the Prussian roads.

Travel in United States Increasingly Dangerous

We might more easily excuse our unenviable preëminence among civilized nations in the

* "Nordamerikanische Eisenbahn," pp. 60, 61.

matter of railroad disasters, were it not for the fact that our record in this particular is growing steadily worse. Not only have our railroads killed about 10,000 people and mangled over 80,000 more each year for the past four years; and not only is this frightful slaughter increasing with the increase in number and length of our roads, and growing with the ceaseless growth in density of traffic on existing lines; but, in spite of all our present life-saving appliances, accidents actually are on the increase per mile of road and per passenger carried. To such an extent is this true that every time an American takes a railroad trip, he runs more than twice as great a risk of being killed and over three times as great a risk of being injured as he did ten years ago. This is demonstrated to a mathematical certainty by the following table prepared by the Inter-State Commerce Commission:

Year.	Number of Passengers Carried for one Killed.	Number of Passengers Carried for one Injured
1905	2,984,832	213,651
1904	1,622,276	78,323
1905	1,375,856	70,655

Where is this growing horror going to stop? In another ten years, at the present rate of increase, our railroads will have killed and maimed over a million and a half of people. The number of victims for the tenth year—1915—alone will be more than 215,000. If this wholesale butchery were the result of war, of famine, or of pestilence, those age-long enemies of our kind, the entire nation would long ago have risen up to demand that at any cost, save that of honor, this slaughter be made to cease.

If, on the other hand, this continuous and sickening roll-call of death were a necessary concomitant of our growing industrial supremacy, we might feel inclined, as an intensely practical and commercial nation, to make a virtue of necessity, and point with pride to the number of our industrial victims as an indication of bravery, as we are wont to point to the number of our dollars as an index of intelligence and worth. But even this poor satisfaction is denied us. At least sixty per cent of our railroad accidents are unnecessary and inexcusable.

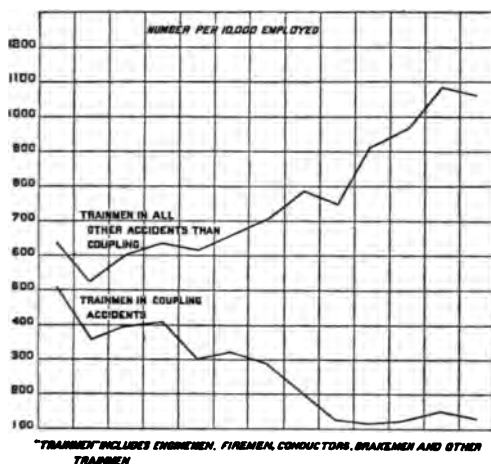
Vigorous Legislative Action Needed

The first cause of this intolerable condition of affairs is the strange lack of adequate legislation on the subject by our States or by our National Government.

Safety appliances have found their way into general use everywhere as a result of governmental compulsion. The history of the introduction of the automatic coupler and the air-brakes in America is familiar to us all. A

majority of the railroads fought the law compelling their introduction, and, after it was passed, in 1903, retarded its execution in every possible way. The following diagram, prepared by the Inter-State Commerce Commission, shows how accidents caused by the coupling and uncoupling of trains have decreased steadily from the year the law went into effect. The upper line in the diagram shows that accidents arising from other causes, concerning which there has been no legislative action, have increased no less steadily:

DEATHS AND INJURIES OF TRAINMEN FOR THIRTEEN YEARS.
1893 1894 1895 1896 1897 1898 1899 1900 1901 1902 1903 1904 1905



In England the absence of grade crossings in cities and towns, and the careful provision made for the guarding of dangerous ones in the country districts, is due, not to the initiative of the companies, but to requirements laid down by Parliament from the very start; a provision for some means of communication, such as our bell-cord, between passengers and the engineer was also introduced only after a bitter parliamentary struggle, extending through many years; a little later, as a number of accidents were traced to the excessive fatigue and consequent dulling of the faculties of overworked engineers, switchmen, and despatchers, the government was forced, finally, to take a hand in the regulation of the hours of labor of "railway servants"; and still later the Board of Trade found it necessary to make compulsory the general use of air-brakes, the "block system," and other safety appliances. In addition to all this sort of State regulation, provision has also been made for prompt investigation, by a trained governmental expert, of every railroad accident, in order to ascertain its cause and point out how its repetition can be avoided.

In Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland, where the railroads are State-owned, even more careful precautions against accidents are taken than in England. A striking illustration of the superiority, in this particular, of State over company railroads is to be found in Japan, where the number of accidents on company roads is more than twice as great as that on State lines:

	NUMBER OF PASSENGER MILES TRAVELED IN JAPAN FOR EACH PASSENGER KILLED		
	1902-3	1903-4	1904-5
State Railways	366,368,741	164,110,284	205,561,844
Company Railways	103,714,029	60,800,312	89,324,349

Grade Crossings

One of the most frightful causes of death-dealing railroad accidents, and one to which surprisingly little attention has been paid by writers on the subject, is the fatal "grade crossing." Every one knows that unprotected or badly protected level railroad crossings are nothing more nor less than death traps, and yet their name is legion in this country; their victims numbered 827 killed and 1,567 injured during the year 1905, alone. The general rule among civilized peoples is that in cities and towns a railroad shall run over or under highways and other railway tracks, and that in country districts all dangerous crossings shall be protected by a gate, a flagman, or an electric alarm-bell. If American railroads inspected their tracks and guarded their grade crossings as thoroughly as the German roads do, they would have to employ over 600,000 switchmen, track inspectors, gatemen, etc., instead of the paltry 50,000 employees of this kind which they now have on their pay-rolls. Owing, however, to the greater alertness of American working-men and the wider use of the "automatic block system" and other automatic appliances in America, together with the fact that our roads sometimes run for thousands of miles through sparsely inhabited regions, it seems probable that if an additional 200,000 employees were added to this branch of the service, practically the same degree of efficiency and safety might be obtained.

There has been a great variety of legislation, but at the same time a lack of adequate legislation on this subject in the different States. A recent publication by the Inter-State Commerce Commission says: "Since 1890 there have been thirty-two enactments in thirteen States affecting the separation of grades at either new or old crossings; twenty States now have provisions permitting the separation of grades at highway crossings; sixteen States require the separation of such grades when ordered by the Railroad Commission or Court or other agency; moreover, six States have laws

requiring the separation of grades at railroad crossings when ordered by the Railroad Commission or a Court."

According to the Chicago Coroners' Report for 1905, eighty-five people were killed and a great many more were wounded at grade crossings in that city alone, not counting those killed in the railroad yards and in the streets along which railroad tracks are permitted to run. This record is all the more shocking when we realize that, as a result of a fatal accident at Forty-eighth Street and Colorado Avenue, in October, 1904, the railroads have been required ever since to place a gate or a flagman at all such crossings. The fact thus becomes only too apparent, that the combined efforts of gate-men and policemen do not suffice to prevent the constant harvest of death which is reaped each year by these traps for the unwary. Grade crossings in cities and towns can be made safe in only one way,—by being abolished. This lesson has been thoroughly learned by the Chicago city authorities, and the gradual abolition of all railroad crossings at grade, within the city limits, is being pushed steadily forward.

It would seem that the time had come for every other municipality in the land to carry out a similar program. There are grade crossings in innumerable small towns and cities in every State in the Union which are a never-ceasing menace to the lives of all passers-by. And as no national legislation is required, there is no excuse for allowing a continuation of this evil. As a matter of fact, this problem furnishes an excellent opportunity for the advocates of State's rights and local self-government to demonstrate by effective State or municipal legislation that local governments are better able than the federal powers to deal with certain categories of social and economic questions. If State legislatures last winter had taken up the comparatively simple question of grade crossings with the same vigor they showed in dealing with the extremely intricate question of passenger rates, it is highly probable that even greater good would have been accomplished. The problem of abolishing grade crossings is not only a simpler but a very much more vital question than that of regulating railroad rates. No one, I believe, will dispute the fact that it is more important to ride safely than to ride "cheap."

The Block System

It is not generally known that the "block" system, which is used on over ninety-nine per cent of the railroads of Great Britain, is in use on only twenty-three per cent of the railroads of this country, while on our single track lines

almost no use, as yet, has been made of the splendid "train staff" system which has yielded such extremely satisfactory results in England. The Inter-State Commerce Commission in 1903, and again this year, recommended to Congress the passage of a bill requiring the general extension of the "block" system to all our passenger carrying roads. This is an excellent idea as far as it goes. But the introduction of the "block" system on every line of American railroad would do little good if the system were to be made a mockery of, as it is to-day by many of our roads. The vital principle of the system, the principle which is lived up to religiously in European countries, and without which the system has little value, is that one train and only one train at a time shall be allowed in a block. This principle is habitually disregarded every day and every hour by a great majority of the American roads pretending to employ the system.

In an important contribution on this subject, F. W. Haskell says:

"Many roads, having installed a perfect system of block signals, destroy its entire effectiveness by establishing the 'permissive block,' or 'going ahead under the green.' By this system a following train is given discretionary power to run into a block already occupied. This permission is always coupled with the injunction that the engineer must use caution, and 'at all times have his train under perfect control.' But in actual operation 'caution' usually means *not exceeding the maximum possible speed of the engine.*

"I once stood by the side of a busy line, with the signal engineer of the road. This line had a complete installation of block signals. We watched a dozen heavy freights rush by at thirty miles an hour, with not a hundred yards of daylight separating any two of them. I expressed surprise at the reckless disregard of signals; and the officer said, 'Freights run regardless of the blocks. We couldn't get them over the road if we kept them a block apart.'

"I was once riding on the rear car of a through passenger train. We were being closely followed by the second section of our train. Our section was stopped in a deep rock cut, on a sharp curve. It was a very dark night and raining hard. I went to the rear platform, and for fully three minutes listened to the conductor and flagman swear about the weather. Finally the conductor said: 'Well, I suppose you'll have to go back.' The flagman started back, but had not gone two car lengths when the conductor yelled to him that he had gone far enough. Half an hour later we reached the terminus of the division, and we had not come to a full stop when

the second section rolled in on an adjacent track.

"On the return trip of the same journey, I was again in the rear car. It was night, but clear. Our train stopped between stations, and again I went to the rear platform. In a few moments I heard the roar of an engine's exhaust. Then the headlight showed, the noise of the exhaust ceased, and I could hear the application of the brakes. The locomotive of the following train stopped within twenty feet of the rear of my car. I said to the brakeman: 'Isn't this division equipped with block signals?' He replied, 'Yes, but that is the second division of this train.' I said, 'Oh, I see. It doesn't hurt to be hit by another section of the same train.' The brakeman said nothing, but looked weary and left me."*

Such habitual violation of railroad rules and regulations by employees, not only with the connivance of the highest officials, but with the knowledge on the part of the employees that if these rules are not regularly and discreetly broken, in order to "save time" and "get the work done," a man has no chance of preferment and little chance even of holding his job, is fundamentally vicious.

The present situation brings up the question as to the possibility of rendering compulsory the utilization, by the roads, of the latest improvements on the "block system," such as the "Kinsman automatic stop," which automatically arrests a train at a danger signal, in case the engineer, from stupidity, fatigue, or negligence, fails to stop it himself; or the "Youngblood automatic switch operating device," which would do away entirely with the ever-recurring derailments and collisions due to the fatal "open switch." There were nine wrecks due to this one cause during the month of March alone, and in one of them, on the Southern Pacific at Colton, California, March 28th, twenty-six people were instantly killed.

These and other inventions of various sorts, if properly installed, would be the means of saving hundreds of lives every year. But the railroads show little inclination to make any general use of them. It is a matter for hearty congratulation, therefore, that the Inter-State Commerce Commission has secured from Congress an appropriation of \$50,000, to be used in defraying the expenses of "experimental tests of such automatic devices for the prevention of railroad collisions as have, in their opinion, been so perfected as to justify tests of their practical usefulness." Doubtless the Commission will recommend that the introduction of a number of the most effective of these devices be made

compulsory on all passenger carrying roads. It will then remain to be seen whether or not public opinion will express itself with sufficient vigor to induce Congress to pass a bill embodying these recommendations.

Conditions of Labor

Still another constant cause of disaster and death has been the extraordinarily long hours of labor of American railroad employees, many of whom have often been compelled and allowed to work anywhere from fifteen to fifty-odd hours on a stretch. The English Parliament in 1903 gave the Board of Trade the power to regulate the hours of labor of "railroad servants." In France the legal maximum for engineers, train despatchers, etc., is twelve hours a day, with at least ten consecutive hours of rest at home or seven hours elsewhere. In Belgium the legal maximum for trainmen is thirteen hours, including time for meals. In Italy the maximum for engineers is thirteen hours, and for other trainmen fifteen hours. In Germany the legal maximum for trainmen is sixteen hours, with shorter hours the day preceding and the day following. It is worthy of note that, although the bill regulating the hours of labor of railroad employees, which Senator LaFollette forced through the Senate, was killed in the House by railroad influence, yet so strong was the pressure of public opinion on Congress that a measure reducing the maximum for trainmen to sixteen hours, and the maximum for train despatchers and telegraph operators to thirteen hours, except in cases of emergency, when seventeen hours is made the limit, was finally adopted in conference.

Vitally connected with the question of the hours of labor is the question of its quality. Several recent accidents, such as the one at Alta Vista, Kansas, January 2nd, when thirty-nine people were killed, have been traced to the inefficiency of mere boys holding positions of trust, involving every week the lives of thousands of passengers. In its recent report on the "block" system, the Inter-State Commerce Commission says:

"The facts of the accident records justify a strong presumption that American signalmen are not so carefully selected nor so well trained as those of England. The average signalman in America is young, and has had probably from six months' to two years' instruction—not systematic training—under another signalman, whose superiority to the student is due entirely to what he has learned by experience, and not at all to methodical and authoritative instruction. The average block signalman in England, on the contrary, has served as such

* *Engineering Magazine*, December, 1904, p. 10.

from five to twenty-five years and has been through a long course in a signal cabin as 'booking boy,' or as assistant, before being trusted with full charge of the block signals. This difference in personnel of the signalmen of the two countries undoubtedly explains in large measure the nearer approach to perfection of the block signal service in England. The fact that youth and inexperience are factors in our 'failures in block working' has been repeatedly illustrated in the accident records, as given in the quarterly bulletins."

The Commission has been quietly investigating this question for some time and has brought to light some astonishing facts. For example, last year, the Louisville & Nashville Railroad was found to be employing as telegraph operators in the train service a boy fifteen years old at Pink, Alabama; two boys sixteen years old at Opp, Alabama; and a boy fourteen years old, wearing "knee-pants," at Birmingham, Alabama.

"A large percentage of our railroad accidents," said a western railroad official to me recently, "are due to the belief on the part of the railroad directors that it costs less to pay for accidents than to prevent them." And yet to the lay mind, in view of the fact that railroad dividends from 1895 to 1905 have risen from \$85,287,000 to \$237,964,000, or nearly two hundred per cent, whereas the amount of stock outstanding has increased only thirty per cent, it does not seem unfair or unreasonable to insist that all railroad homicide, which is preventable at a moderate expense, should be declared unjustifiable homicide or murder, and done away with.

Reform Measures Demanded

It thus would seem apparent that drastic legislation is needed to secure, first, the abolition of all grade crossings in cities and towns and careful provision for the guarding of all dangerous country grade crossings by gates, flagmen, or automatic bells; second, the universal use of the most effective safety appliances; and third, the adoption of a series of examinations to test the ability of railroad employees to meet the requirements of the service.

This program by no means exhausts the list of needed reforms. Among many other less important ones which have been highly recommended by experts, are, first, the employment of a third man on all our monster high-speed locomotives; second, an extension of the practice of employing two conductors on our long, high-speed trains, — one to look after the running of the train exclusively, and the other to collect the tickets; thirdly, the

employment of some new and more efficacious system of notifying agents and passengers at stations of the arrival or passage of trains. In all probability the Inter-State Commerce Commission will make no recommendations to Congress relative to these minor reforms, and even if it should, such recommendations undoubtedly would get lost somehow and somewhere in the legislative shuffle. The fact is that there are many little matters in connection with railroad operation — comparatively unimportant each in itself, and yet most important when taken in the aggregate — which now are being totally neglected simply because Congress cannot take the time and trouble to consider them and legislate on them in detail. In other countries it has been found necessary to put such matters in the hands of a Commission, a cabinet minister, or some other executive bureau or official, specially qualified for the work and exercising ample yet carefully restricted powers conferred upon it by the national legislative body. It is to be hoped that similar powers will soon be delegated by Congress to our Inter-State Commerce Commission.

The Cost of Safety

It is impossible to state with any degree of accuracy just what it is going to cost to render railroad travel in this country as free from accidents as it is in Europe. It will cost the railroads very large sums to abolish or protect all their grade crossings, even if the expense is shared by the local authorities.

It would be a comparatively easy matter to determine the cost of the extension of the block system to the one hundred and sixty odd thousand miles of railroad not at present employing it, were it not for the fact that there are so many different varieties of block systems. But, as the Inter-State Commerce Commission says:

"Like many other items in the operation of a railroad, the cost of the block system is a somewhat indefinite quantity. Few roads have introduced the system in such a way as to keep its cost separate from other expenses. Except on a new line, the significant item is the excess of cost above what was paid for train protection under the old system. Usually, the first cost of introducing the telegraph block system is confined to one additional telegraph wire, say thirty dollars per mile, and a signal, say seventy-five dollars or less, at each station. On many lines the train order signal already in use for train despatching has been made to serve satisfactorily as a block signal. The real financial burden, if any there be, is in the additional telegraph operators required, making a

permanent increase in the pay-rolls. On one road on which the telegraph operators already in service managed the block signals, the increased expense for wages of operators (for additional operation) was less than five per cent. There are numerous examples similar to this. The cost of an additional telegraph wire is too small to receive special consideration.

"On the other hand, a road which erects signal cabins specially for block signals, and employs signalmen independent of its existing telegraph service, will expend \$500 each for the cabins and from \$1,200 to \$1,500 yearly for wages, fuel, and maintenance at each. With block stations three miles apart, these items would thus aggregate \$16,666, and \$40,000 to \$50,000 respectively, for 100 miles of line. Whether the stations are three miles apart, or more or less, depends, of course, on the volume of traffic and the required frequency of trains; so that no universal rule can be laid down.

"In considering the installation of automatic block signals, the first financial question is the original cost of the signals, apparatus, fittings, and appliances. The cost of maintenance, while a considerable item, is decidedly smaller than the cost of operation of the non-automatic systems, in which the item of wages is large. Automatic block signals have involved expenditures of from \$1,500 to \$3,000 a mile of double track road, the precise figure varying according to the type of signal, the number of outlying switches to be connected, and the frequency of the signals or length of the block sections. The maintenance of these signals costs variously from \$75 to \$125 per signal, per year."

Cost of Improvements Not All Loss

The real question at issue, however, is not, How much capital is required to put an end to preventable railroad accidents? but rather, How much of that capital will prove to be a non-remunerative investment? This distinction is of fundamental importance, for, in so far as safety appliances prove paying investments, to that extent the human lives saved by them are saved without cost to the roads.

A part of the expense incident to the carrying out of each and all of the proposed reforms, and in some cases a very large proportion of that expense, may be deducted on this score. Take the block system, for example—the most expensive of all the safety appliances demanded. After calculating the enormous increase in the traffic capacity of the roads employing it, as well as the huge yearly savings resulting from the prevention of costly accidents on those

lines, most of the roads on which it is employed have found it a paying investment in dollars as well as in lives.

While, for all these reasons, it is practically impossible to determine just what it is going to cost to attain the degree of safety demanded, at the same time there is no disputing the fact that an expenditure of many millions will be required.

Where the Money is to Come From

One feature of the situation helps to make the financial problem much simpler and easier than it appears at first sight. However much we may wish to hurry matters, the reforms demanded can only be carried out gradually through a series of years. In the very nature of the case, the financial burden is bound to be distributed over a period of a decade or more. And, moreover, at the present rate of increase in traffic, it is a gratifying fact that the yearly increase in the net profits of the railroads of the United States would more than take care of the expense to which they would be put in carrying out the proposed program of reform.

The increase in net income of our railroads during the past ten years has been over \$270,000,000, or an average of over \$27,000,000 a year. The increase of 1905 over 1904 was much greater than this, being something over \$48,000,000, while the increase for 1906 and 1907 will doubtless be larger still. It therefore becomes strikingly apparent that, barring panics and economic depressions, the railroads are entirely able to afford the expense involved in putting a stop to all preventable accidents, without making any deduction whatever in the honest dividends. Moreover, even if an economic depression should arise and put a stop to this steady increase in railroad profits, dividends could still be paid to stock-holders, and the work of safeguarding human life could be carried out in a most thoroughgoing way, by utilizing for this purpose a portion of the yearly surplus profits of the roads. Every year since 1897 has seen a surplus averaging about \$76,000,000 placed to the credit of the railroads of the country. This surplus is the excess of profits which have been left over after "operating expenses, interest, taxes, dividends, permanent improvements, deficits in operation of weak lines and miscellaneous deductions" (whatever that may mean) have all been provided for. To what better use could a portion of this surplus be put than to that of making provision for the proper safeguarding of the lives of that incredibly patient public from whom all these blessings flow?

THE PROBLEM OF THE BROKEN RAIL

BY

DEXTER MARSHALL



AMERICAN railroad managers are every whit as anxious to lessen the number of railroad killings as are the people who support the roads and suffer from the accidents. Partially, no doubt, but not the less sincerely, because of the public indignation, awakened by the appalling number of killed and injured, and voiced by the press, the railroad authorities now feel the horror of the situation quite as keenly as any one can. It will not now be because of indifference on their part if no improvement is effected. Just at present they are making every effort in their power to get better rails over which to run their heavy freight and fast passenger trains.

Their anxiety over the rail situation was made clear just after the spring meeting at Chicago of the American Railway Association — representing ninety-eight per cent of all the lines in this country and Canada — by the publicity given to the Rail Committee's report. It was a document of equal importance to the railroads and to the traveling public. It was called for last October, owing to the great increase in the number of rail fractures since the beginning of the appalling growth of railroad accidents.

It is understood that the members of the committee had before them several sections of broken rails which had caused accidents, and that examination of these broken sections by chemists and metallurgists showed the metal to be imperfect. Proof of imperfection in the metal would explain, in some measure, the increase of accidents and shift the blame in just that measure from the railroad managers to the rail makers. The report, as published, was brief and should be read between the lines in order to be understood completely. It said that the committee had called to its aid a number of experts, that a sub-committee had been appointed to prepare a draft of proposed specifications to form the basis of a discussion with the steel manufacturers, and that when the draft is ready it is the purpose of the committee to take the matter up with the rail

makers in an effort to secure improvement in the quality of the material used in the rails.

Unanimous approval by the association of the committee's "reasonable suggestions," it was thought, would lead to substantial accomplishment. The report, which was adopted without a dissenting vote, was signed by the full committee as follows: G. L. Peck, general manager Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg; chairman; J. T. Richards, chief engineer, maintenance of way, Pennsylvania Railroad; J. Kruttschnitt, director of maintenance and operation of the Harriman lines; W. J. Wilgus, vice-president New York Central & Hudson River Railroad; R. Montfort, consulting engineer Louisville & Nashville Railroad; E. C. Carter, chief engineer Chicago & Northwestern Railway; William Garstang, superintendent motive power Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis Railway; R. L. Ettenger, consulting mechanical engineer Southern Railway; and W. E. Fowler, master car builder Canadian Pacific Railway.

The Railroads and the Steel Trust

Special consideration of the rail question was really begun by the American Railway Association not much less than two years ago, when suspicions of the integrity of the steel rail, as at present manufactured by the Bessemer process, were becoming general; recent developments have forced more radical action than was at first contemplated. It is now proposed by the railroad managers to do away with at least one fruitful source of railroad accidents, no matter what the cost, by insisting on a certain quality of rails. This amounts, virtually, to defiance of the United States Steel Corporation — the Steel Trust — which supplies practically all the railroads in the country. Its rails have not been up to the required level for some time, and, under present conditions, it cannot — or will not — bring them to that level.

Apparently the railroad managers have decided that an unchecked increase in killings would mean ruin, and that if greater expenditures are necessary to reduce the percentage of

accidents, they must be met. They say they are willing to pay the price good rails ought to be worth, even if dividends have to be cut; and, undoubtedly, some of them would like to stop buying from the Trust. Harriman has already ordered 150,000 tons from an independent concern which makes open hearth steel rails, but his example cannot be generally followed, because the output of the comparatively few independent open hearth process mills is not large enough to supply more than an insignificant portion of the total current demand.

In a recent issue the *Railroad Gazette* said that no individual or combination of individuals knows better how to make good rails than the Steel Corporation, and drew attention to these points in the controversy: "First, the criminal willingness of the Steel Corporation to manufacture rails that cost human life; second, the attitude, almost equally criminal, on the part of many high railroad officers to ignore the plain truths that are being brought before them by their superintendents and chief engineers."

As shown above, these officers now seem thoroughly aroused. At the meeting of the American Railway Association not one representative of the railroads was satisfied with the rails now being received. Representatives of the steel makers who were present had nothing to say when asked to defend their processes of manufacture.

It would hardly seem possible to defend them. In January, February, and March, 1907, 836 broken rails rolled in 1906 were taken from tracks in the State of New York, as against twenty-nine rolled in 1901, which broke during the same period. The *Gazette* prints pages of letters from railroad officials which go into details upon this question.

On behalf of the steel makers it should be said that there is doubt whether they could make enough first-class rails to supply the demand with their present plants. If the output of rails were materially curtailed, it would embarrass the roads seriously, because they must have rails or cease operations. Even were the manufacturers to begin changing over their plants now, the output could not be different in quality for a long period. But, it is charged by the railroad managers, the Trust shows no indication of making the change at all. Larger profits would be realized on the output after such a change, but meanwhile it would cost many millions to make it. It would involve the discarding of the present plants, as well as the building of the new ones, and the combined outlay would cut the Trust's dividends for a long time.

Meanwhile, whatever is done, it is obvious

that the traveling public is likely to continue to be in greater danger of accidents than it should be for some time. But public sentiment and the fear of it by the railroads, and, perhaps by the Steel Trust itself, have been so awakened that something certainly will be done as soon as possible to improve the situation. Further reports of the Rail Committee are to be made, and as soon as a plan which seems feasible is adopted, the American Railway Association will make it public, no doubt.

Causes and Growth of the Broken Rail Peril

The public had little chance to know the facts concerning the causes and growth of the broken rail peril until the recent publication of the New York State Railroad Commission's report. According to that document, 1,178 broken rails were removed from the railroad tracks in the State in the winter of 1904-5, 804 in 1905-6, and 2,899 in 1906-7. Thus, while there was a decrease in the second winter covered by the report, there was an increase of 250 per cent in the third winter. Since the publication of this report it has become known to the public that the railroads of New York State were by no means the only exceptional sufferers last winter. There were an unusual number of broken rails on practically all the roads of heavy traffic except those far enough south to be free from freezing weather.

Years ago this alarming situation was anticipated and predicted, not only by the engineers of the railroads, but by some of the steel makers themselves. One of its prime causes is found in the fact that whereas the ores used in making the steel from which American rails were rolled, a few years ago, were remarkably free from phosphorus, these ores have been practically exhausted and the ores now used contain a constantly increasing percentage of that deleterious substance. Its presence renders the steel brittle, and unless the rails are made by a process which will eliminate it, they will continue to break under the heavy strains to which they must be subjected on American railroads. This is true whether they are heavy or light, as shown by the fact that most of the breaks have been in new rails, and that increase in rail breakage became more rapid than ever only two or three years ago, and in spite of the fact that the rail weight per yard had been increased from eighty pounds to one hundred pounds, or twenty-five per cent.

It was the invention of the Bessemer process of converting iron into steel that brought about the use of steel instead of iron in rails. This process is both cheaper and more rapid than

the other processes, and it is agreed that its introduction into the rail-making mills has had a great deal to do with the enormous growth of American railroads. But for the exhaustion of the ore containing little phosphorus and the vast increase in American railroad traffic, with a corresponding increase in the demand for rails, they could still be rolled of satisfactory quality from Bessemer made steel.

That this cannot be done economically at present, there being practically no more ore not containing an excess of phosphorus to be had, has been recognized for some years, and there is no doubt that the Bessemer process of steel-making will ultimately be supplanted by the open hearth process, by which the sulphur can be eliminated completely in the process of manufacture. This will mean nothing less than a revolution in American steel-making, but its coming is abundantly foreshadowed by the fact that the open hearth process is to be used exclusively in the new Bethlehem steel works and in the great new works now being erected at Gary, Indiana, near Chicago, by the Steel Trust. It has few open hearth steel rail plants at present, however, and it is estimated that it would cost \$60,000,000 to transform its plants so that it could roll rails of the proper quality from open hearth steel. Thus the present situation may prove to be something like a crisis in the history of the Trust as well as the railroads.

The latter have reached a point where they demand rails that will not break, while at the same time they are calling for so many rails that the mills are worked to their capacity in supplying the demand. To meet the demand and transform the plants at the same time, it is said, would be a physical impossibility; almost a financial impossibility, also, for the matter of that, despite the big Trust's great resources.

There have been many pointed discussions of the rail question between the railroad men and the steel makers. The latter have charged the railroads with using engines and trains of excessive weight and speed, of allowing their roadbeds to deteriorate, and of using rails of insufficient weight and improper cross section. The railroad men have charged the steel men with making the rails too hastily to make them well. As to the cross section of the rails, the railroad men say they have no preference. What they want is rails that will stand up to their work. The rail mill managers, in reply, have declared that they will make rails of any weight, of any cross section, and according to any specifications which the railroads may demand, if the latter are willing to pay the price. As to open hearth steel rails, they are impossible at the present time and everybody knows it. As to giving

more time to the manufacture of rails, that is impracticable if the present demand for them is to be met.

There the matter stands at present, though beyond a doubt the railroads do not propose to let it rest there any longer than they can help, nor do they propose to wait for a change until the Steel Trust can get open hearth steel plants ready. The railroad men do not say what they mean to do, but it is within the possibilities that one or more of the big companies may take the bit in their teeth and build steel mills in which to roll their own rails to suit themselves.

Against the probability of this should be set down the facts that the steel corporation has secured most of the available ore beds and that the directors of the Trust include many railroad representatives. It seems hardly probable that the differences over the rails will be settled otherwise than amicably.

But having shown a willingness to sacrifice part of their dividends, in order to secure safety to their passengers, the railroad managers seem to feel that the Steel Corporation, which is paying bigger dividends than the railroads, should be willing to make some sacrifices, too. They feel, also, that if, during the present exasperation of the public mind, any one is to go to jail because of railroad killings, responsibility for them should be shared by the steel makers. It is perfectly apparent that the lively discussions now in progress between rail makers and railroad operators must lead to some mitigation of the situation, some improvement of the quality of the rails, and some decrease of the number of accidents from broken rails.

The Situation in Detail

Soon after the publication of the New York State Railroad Commission's startling report concerning rail fractures, the editor of the *Scientific American* undertook an investigation of the situation, in person, on behalf of that publication. He was allowed "exceptional facilities for examining the private records of the railroads and the minutest details of the process of manufacture by the rail mills."

To the statement made by the engineers of the railroads that "they are anxious to secure rails of the very highest quality, and that if it should be shown to be necessary, they are willing to pay the higher price which may be demanded for producing a rail of the desired composition, strength, and wearing qualities," the rail mill men made a definite and decided answer. They declared that *subject to the present conditions imposed by the limitations of the Bessemer process, and by the necessity of running*

their mills at the fullest capacity in order to meet the enormous demand, they are making the very best possible rail that can be produced.

After carefully inspecting one of the largest rail mills in the country, the editor was satisfied that, "subject to the conditions given in italics, the manufacturers are making about as good a rail as they can."

Some years ago, before the exhaustion of the ores suitable for making steel by the Bessemer process, it was customary for the engineers of the railroads to prepare the specifications for their rails, which were accepted by the mill managers, who guaranteed the quality of the rails supplied under each contract. At about the time of the Steel Trust's formation the railroads were informed that their specifications could no longer be accepted. Owing to changes in the rail-making situation, modifications were necessary, especially in the composition of the metal.

Later, there was a refusal of any further guarantee. In other words, the railroads were forced to take such rails as the makers would give them, or go without. Since then, the rails, say the railroad men, have been inferior. The editor of the *Scientific American* is satisfied that the exhaustion of the "best quality of ore suitable to the Bessemer process" is the fundamental cause of the present trouble, to which he adds, "the further fact that to produce high quality rails would so greatly limit the output of the rail mills of the country that they could not possibly keep pace with the demand."

Saving armor plate and projectiles "there is no material in the whole field of steel manufacture which is subject to such severe, such absolutely brutal treatment as the steel rail." It must endure every imaginable kind of stress. It is alternately bent, twisted, and hammered; it must be hard enough to resist crushing and abrasion; it must be tough enough to resist fracture. It must undergo much severer tension than bridge steel; in fact, the rails of a line form practically one continuous bridge from terminal to terminal, and each rail must bear the terrific stress of direct contact with the wheels of locomotives and cars; yet, said a prominent railroad manager recently, the rails are made with much less attention to quality than the different parts of a bridge. Bridge steel is made with all possible care; the specifications of the railroads offering bridge contracts being carried out to the letter by the bridge steel manufacturers, who use only the open hearth product.

In making steel rails by the Bessemer process, the iron is first recovered from the ore by smelting; second, all the carbon and as much of the

other impurities as possible are blown out by streams of air in a converter; third, the percentage of carbon desired is introduced into the "blown" metal; fourth, the heated metal, now Bessemer steel, is cast into an ingot. Last of all, the ingot is rolled down into the finished steel rail. It is possible by the Bessemer process to control perfectly the carbon in the ore — the principal hardening element in the rail — but as the phosphorus, which makes rails brittle, cannot be removed by this process, whatever percentage of phosphorus exists in the ore will persist in the rail. An ideal rail should contain sixty-five hundredths of one per cent of carbon, not more than six one hundredths per cent of phosphorus, and one and one tenth, to one and three tenths per cent of manganese.

Rails of such composition wear magnificently and have been known to last a dozen years under the most exacting traffic to be found in this or any other country. According to the *Scientific American* the standard of rail composition adopted by the manufacturers themselves, and now in use by them, is as follows: Carbon, half of one per cent; phosphorus, not more than one tenth of one per cent; manganese, eight tenths to one and one tenth per cent. It will be seen that there is a sixty per cent increase of phosphorus in the rails of to-day, as compared with the phosphorus in the ideal rail mentioned above. It is rails containing this excess of phosphorus that have been breaking so frequently during the past winter.

Trying to Retain the Bessemer Process

When the ore began to show a large percentage of phosphorus, the rail makers attempted to make the rails tough enough to resist fracture by reducing the quantity of carbon in the composition. But while those rails were tough, and did not break unduly under winter traffic and heavy loads, they "battered down badly and wore away quickly on the curves." So the rail makers put in more carbon, with the result that in the three months of last winter there were nearly 3,000 broken rails on the lines of a single State.

There would have been many less fractures of these rails, had not the rail makers hastened the process of manufacture as much as possible, from beginning to end, in order to keep pace with the demand. This, in spite of the fact that the only possible chance for the production of good rails by the Bessemer process, when the ore is undesirable, lies in slower manufacture and not in "hurry up" work. After the carbon has been blown out of the iron and the desired amount has been reintroduced, (by pouring "spiegeleisen" into the blown metal), some

little delay is desirable in order that the carbon may become thoroughly incorporated with the metal. In the early days of rail-making an appreciable delay was always allowed, but now there is no delay whatever. The "spiegeleisen" is poured into the converter just as it is being tipped to discharge its contents into the ladle, and from it the metal is immediately poured into the ingot mold.

Furthermore, time is now gained by the insufficient "cropping" of the ingots. Two important actions take place as the metal cools in the ingot molds. The lighter constituents — the carbon, phosphorus, and various impurities — rise to the top. And, since the ingot cools from the outside, the solidifying metal shrinks toward the mold surface. This causes a cup-shaped depression at the top, which extends down into the body of the ingot as a narrow slit or crack. This, with gas bubbles, forms what are known as "pipes."

In the old days, from one quarter to one third of each ingot was "cropped" from the top, in order to get rid of the excess of carbon, phosphorus, etc., — known as "segregated material," — because it is much more brittle than the remainder of the ingot. The "cropped" portion was then remelted. But now, in order to save time and make as many rails as possible, not more than eight to ten per cent of the ingot is "cropped" away at the extreme upper end. So "cropped," an ingot of standard size will make three eighty-pound rails; "cropped" according to the old practice it would make only two. Furthermore, it used to be the practice to roll the ingot sufficiently in shaping it down, to eliminate the "pipes," thus making the rails sound and homogeneous; to-day, according to the railroad men, the rails are so insufficiently rolled that "pipes" often persist, causing more frequent fractures, even, than the brittleness due to the excess of phosphorus. The rail makers say fractures from pipes are extremely rare, and upon this point are squarely at odds with their customers.

The demands of the railroads are for the open hearth steel rail as soon as possible; they demand that until it can be had, the "cropping" of the ingots be as liberal as it was in the old days, and that the rails be got down into final shape more slowly, with more frequent rolling, so as to eliminate the "pipes." These demands the rail makers object to vigorously. To "scrap" their Bessemer plants and build open hearth plants would cost enormously, and to make Bessemer rails by the slow and careful methods called for by the railroad men would mean an immediate and heavy reduction of output which, they say, they cannot afford.

Bad Road-Beds Partly to Blame

That bad road-beds are partly to blame for the great number of rail fractures and also for a large proportion of the derailments which have figured in such sinister fashion during the last half year of railroad horrors, should by no means be overlooked. Despite the millions on the back of millions spent to make the road-beds better in the last few years, thousands of miles of road-bed in the American railroad system are entirely inadequate to the great traffic which it must carry.

Some of the best eastern tracks, even, (although a vast improvement upon the crude road-beds in less thickly settled regions), are not equal to the stress they are called upon to bear. It has been said that were a competent engineer, who had never seen a modern railroad, called upon to plan a road-bed to meet its requirements "he would design a structure very different from that upon which trains run to-day."* He would never adopt the T rail nor the soft wood tie, nor the "miserable little spikes" which we now use to hold the rails in place.

But the present form of road-bed in this country is due to the same conditions which brought about the grade crossings. The railroads were called for as a necessity, and, to be built at all, in a new country where money was scarce, had to be constructed as they could be — and not as they should have been. As laid down, they were long adequate for the light locomotives, cars, and traffic of the early days, but they are entirely unsatisfactory for the two-hundred-ton locomotives and correspondingly heavy trains of to-day. It is singularly anomalous that with the heaviest traffic in the world there should be so many miles of the worst railroad bed in the world in the United States. At the same time, it must be remembered that many miles of American road-bed are in as good condition as can be found anywhere, and that there are few roads either in England or continental Europe which could carry the traffic of one of our greater trunk lines.

The Awakening of the Railroads to the Accident Situation

The awakening of the railroads to the situation was hastened by the rear-end collision which resulted in the death of Samuel Spencer, president of the Southern Railway, some time ago. The awakening of the people has been manifested in many ways. Railroads with bad accident records have been avoided, more or less, by the frightened traveling public. Petitions, like that sent to Albany from the thickly

**Scientific American*, May 25, 1897.

populated region just north of the city of New York, after the frightful accident on the New York Central's recently electrified suburban line last winter, have been signed by thousands of men and women.

Most pathetic of all these popular demonstrations, perhaps, was the mothers' petition, lodged with Coroner Jermon of Philadelphia, the other day, demanding the arrest of George F. Baer, President of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, because of the killing of William Johnson and his eight-year-old son at a "death trap" grade crossing.

Ten killings, including the two which prompted the petition, had occurred at that particular crossing within a year. The petition was a real human document. It was signed by five hundred mothers of Rising Sun, one of Philadelphia's old incorporated villages, and was presented in person by fifty of the mothers. "It's murder that Baer's doing up our way," declared one of the women, and the petition set forth the same idea, more formally, but not less forcibly. It is stated that six of the fifty women in the delegation had each been bereft of a child at the crossing where Johnson and his boy were killed, that the crossing had the protection of neither bell nor gate, and that the children of the neighborhood must use the same crossing four times a day or remain away from school.

The petition was preceded by several stormy indignation meetings, similar to those held in New York a year or two ago to protest against the railroad killings on Eleventh Avenue in the metropolis, along which the New York Central's tracks run at grade.

It is too early, as yet, to know what the result of the Rising Sun mothers' demand will be, but the Eleventh Avenue tracks have been ordered removed by the Legislature. They are still in the street, but are sure to be abolished eventually. Beyond doubt, the temper of the people all over the land is now such that failure to reduce the percentage of railroad accidents would vastly and generally increase whatever hostility against the railroads already exists.

Some additional measures of Government regulation, partly Federal and partly State, may be necessary if life-saving train devices are to be adopted as generally as they should be, and if the unprotected grade crossing and the fatal low bridge are to be finally abolished. Such regulations, if brought about under proper conditions, will be welcomed by many railroad managers. In the present temper of the railroad authorities and the rail makers it seems probable that they will give us better rails and better road-beds with all possible speed — if they can raise the funds to meet the heavy expense involved.

THE KNUCKLE-PUSHER

BY

WILL ADAMS

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WRIGHT



JUST wish you knew Shorty," said my old friend, Sergeant Gerald Stone (known in his troop as "The Stylish Sergeant," "Jerry the Swell," and "The Kentucky Thoroughbred"). "Shorty — that's Captain Campbell, our Troop Commander — is just about the best ever. He's a little, chunky, hard-workin', vibratin' cuss, bent on gettin' the Troop up to the last degree of efficiency; an' he knows how to do it, too. Wants to run the whole shebang, an' his

subs don't dare to call their souls their own. I tell you that little fellow knows his business; there's nothin' about soldierin' *he* don't savvy. Shorty's all right. Every fellow in the Troop would back him to hell and back again, an' he's everlastingly weeding out the Quartermaster's mugs an' tryin' to get old soldiers an' men with ginger in them. We're a fast bunch, my son, you don't catch J Troop in the rear-guard. Still, we got along in pretty good domestic peace for such a mixed push, until this same mania of Shorty's for workin' up, brings us, incidentally, and Stevens and Little Matt

Townsend, the wind-jammer, in particular, to grief. This Stevens, by the way, is one of the Stevens of Maryland, an' a gentleman all through; one of my very best friends — an' I may incidentally mention that he's another misguided youth who enlisted for his commission, just the same as yours truly; and though he is about the laziest white man on God's earth, he came to be right popular in the Troop, because he's such an open-handed, square, general hail-fellow-well-met sort. That's why we were all so hot over the mess of hard luck he got into.

"You see, Shorty thought he had a find; he went an' enlisted a paragon, named Mike McCluskey, — a great big fine-lookin' chap, with three or four honorable discharges and recommendations to his credit. Shorty crowed 'cause K an' L an' M Troops didn't get him.

"Everything went smooth as glass for a week or two; then, at Saturday morning inspection down at stables, came the explosion. Neither Shorty nor I was there, as I'd stayed at quarters to fix up some papers, an' Heaven knows where Shorty was, that he wasn't holdin' down that inspection. But what happened was that suddenly an' without the slightest warning or provocation, McCluskey goes for Stevens an' Little Matt Townsend an' knocks their heads together till they crack. Then he throws Matt aside an' devotes himself to mashing Stevens' face into a pulp in the most finished and scientific manner. It was all so quickly done, that the boys couldn't pull him off before Stevens was down an' out; an' then McCluskey was in such a frenzy, swingin' his arms an' darin' them to come on, an' sayin' he was ex-prize-fighter an' heavy-weight champion of the North, that they let him mighty well alone.

"Pretty soon the boys began comin' up to quarters, hot as tamales, an' sputterin' with rage. For some time I couldn't make out what they were talkin' about, they were so incoherent, but when Stevens came along, with his poor kid face lookin' like it had come in contact with a pile-driver, my head began to whirl around, and I saw red myself. The first thing I did, though, was to take Stevens to the hospital and get his face attended to, so he wouldn't be disfigured for life. On the way over we met Shorty.

" 'What 'n hell does this mean?' says he, after he'd taken in the squash-pie face the kid was wearin'.

" 'McCluskey hit him, sir, at inspection.'

" 'What for?'

" 'Nothing, sir, that I know of.'

"Shorty's little face got red all over, from his bull neck up to the roots of his hair, and he

began to swear a blue streak. He's never the one to spare language.

" 'And all you big, husky giants let him maul the kid like that? Where was Whitney, an' Big Bill Sullivan, an' Pat Melody? I thought they knew what was expected in this Troop. Damn it all,' says he, hoppin' like a game rooster, 'where were you, Sergeant Stone, that you didn't smash him yourself?'

" 'I was at quarters, sir. I didn't know of it till just now, an' you can bet your life, Captain, I'm just as hot as you over it, an' even if I am a light-weight, I'd have gone for him.'

"There was a queer little gleam in Shorty's eye at that, but all he said was, 'Take Stevens to the hospital and have him fixed up, then send Sergeant Franc an' Whitney an' Sullivan to report to me on this matter. Where is McCluskey?'

" 'At present, sir, he holds undisputed possession of the stables.'

" 'Very well, then. When you leave Stevens, go down and put McCluskey under arrest and take him to the guard-house; and if he don't go quietly, knock him on the head with a carbine and drag him over by the heels.'

"So then it was up to me, an' after I'd left Stevens havin' his phiz treated, I started off with some misgivings to arrest McCluskey. But I needn't have been bothered, the big fellow's tantrum was over, an' he came quietly enough.

"But that night the barracks were like hell let loose. You see, the kid had come to be right popular, an' there wasn't a man of them all but wanted a personal revenge. The boys were pretty sick, too, that the big yap had made them sing so small an' no one had done anything to him. Pat Melody, our senior corporal, who'd served six years in the British army, was hoppin' around like corn in a popper.

" 'Faith, I'll show this Knuckle-pusher,' says he, 'whin he gits out, that he's not the only fightin' Irishman in the Troop.'

" 'An' me,' says Big Sullivan, 'I've got it in fer him fer battin' them kids.'

" 'Well,' says Franc, our Top-Cutter, 'why didn't he pick out some one his own size? Why did he pick out them two pore kids? He's a bully, he is. I'll show him he can't run the Troop.'

" 'I wasn't sayin' much myself, but of course I was out to bust him, because Stevens was n' friend.'

"Then up gets our big Swede, the Quarter-master Sergeant, Hansen's his name, Knu— Hansen.

" 'Boyss,' says he, sort of slow and ponderous, 'I haf but one piece of advice to gif you. Wh— he comess out, don't wait till too long to hanc—'

or if you don't do it now, while you're : will not get all that iss coming to him.' at seemed a pretty good idea to us, as ew we were going up to the rifle-range tol practice next week, an' we surmised would take McCluskey out of the guard-to go along, as he always wanted to go full troop; and besides, might be anxious what we'd do to Mike. We knew what-e did, short of murder, the Captain would through. So we agreed to smash Mac, or uckle-pusher, as we came to call him, on id. There was hot talk and all sorts of themes, and when the sergeant in charge rters came around with his lantern at o'clock, we were still at it, an' the ser-got so interested he could hardly tear away, an' never reported us for being an' kicking.

r some days the air was charged with a al of electricity around J Troop barracks, en Stevens came back from the hospital, is face all on the fritz, there was a fresh

We all wanted 'to do McCluskey the way, still we felt that even if he was a ind an ex-pugilist, we wanted to do it if possible.

we decided that the best way was to try our Troop fighters, find out who was the n' then put him up to throw down Mc-y. We knew, too, that a fellow had to ttry quick to best him; still, J Troop l seven or eight first-class bruisers, an' d in hopes. We began right away to e preliminaries, an' by the day we started range, Hansen an' Madigan, the knif-ever, had licked all the others and were to get at each other to see which was ter man. We saved that mix-up for the y out, an' were goin' to tackle McClus-e last night before we made the range. t five days to get there.

we expected, Mac was extracted from l an' brought along with us. There was d told off to watch him for fear he'd an' you can bet the boys did their v him; they weren't goin' to let him get ithout his medicine.

ll, the second night out, Hansen and n tackled each other according to pro-and right there Fate, in the person of epped in an' dealt a hot hand we t have equaled in a thousand years. o were pummeled each other down be-he cook-tent, with all of us, but the e-pusher an' his guard, lined up to see w, when who should be taking but

'hat's doin', boys?'

" 'Just a little friendly mill twixt Sergeant Hansen an' Corporal Madigan, sir,' says Cookie, pulling out a cracker-box for him to sit on. 'Will you stay, sir?'

"Would he? Down sits Shorty, interested as a terrier at a rat-hole, an' the glint of battle lights up his little squinty eyes. Well, the end of it was that after a lively time Madigan knocked the big Swede out. It took time, though, an' was a pretty bloody scrap, as both men wanted to be the one to avenge the honor of the Troop. Shorty all the while was sniffin' the air like an old war-horse who smells battle.

"After Hansen was down, Shorty looks Madigan over and says:

" 'You are bigger than I am an' pretty spry with your fists, but I think I can show you a thing or two,' an' off goes Shorty's little coat, an' up he prances to Madigan, who is feeling fine an' fit an' pleased to death to keep on fightin' an' show what he can do. Well, it was hardly two minutes before Shorty had him stretched on the ground with as nice a combination of right-hand feint at the body and left-hook on the jaw as ever figured in any professional ring. Yes, you may gamble on it, Shorty was surely the champion of the Troop, an' as he walked away wrigglin' into his coat, an' it commenced to dawn on us what the thing might mean if we could play our hand properly, there was such an outburst of excitement an' private opinions as you never heard in your life before.

"Of course, the thing to do was to fix things so that Shorty would tackle McCluskey an' give him just a little bit more than was good for him. We didn't quite see how to do this, as Mac had been meek as a tame cat so far, and didn't seem to have any fight left in him, and Shorty wouldn't put up a hand if he had the least suspicion we wanted him to. But by an' by the mighty brain of Whitney, that tall, dark chap from Texas you met at the exhibition drill, evolved a scheme.

" 'You-all can put up Stevens,' said he, 'to badger this Knuckle-pusher on the picket-line yonder in the evenin'. We-all will egg him on, an' ten to one Mac will line out an' hit him. Shorty's always strollin' around at that time, an' when he sees McCluskey hit the kid, bein' "all hot sand an' ginger," (Whitney's always quotin' Kipling, but most of the boys don't know what it is), he won't ask anything better than the chance of makin' Mac look like a piece of wet sponge.' That suited everybody but me an' Stevens. I raised a kick. I said the kid had been knocked out once, an' I wouldn't stand for his bein' hit again. They could use some one else for bait. They saw the sense of my remarks an' decided on Teddy Ryan, a

chunky, freckled-mug little man who said he guessed he could stand it, bein' it was for the general good.

"The day intervenin' an' the mornin' of the day of the grand coup, the guards worried and joshed McCluskey till they had got him into a smolderin' sort of a temper that the least spark would set off. Then in the evenin' at the picket-line we sprung the mine.

"Word was passed down the line soon as Shorty appeared, an' Ryan side-stepped up an' began making uncomplimentary remarks to McCluskey. Mike stood it for a minute or so, but as Ryan let loose a particularly insultin' epithet, like a flash out went Mac's fist an' down went Ryan in the mud.

"It looked too good to be true — but as Ryan dropped, there stood Shorty in his place — Shorty with his hands up an' his left eye gleamin' along his arm. None of us ever knew whether Mike realized that he was hittin' an officer. I don't think he did. He was the kind of a wild Irishman that soaks first an' thinks afterward. As a matter of plain fact, he didn't hit an officer — first — for as he came on with a regular haymaker swing, Shorty stepped inside his guard an' drove in a straight left, flush to his ear.

"It seemed to steady Mike. He jumped back, side-wipin' at his neck; then he dropped into a Jeffries crouch that showed us he wasn't bluffin' when he said that he had been a professional, an' faced his man. While they stood off that way, circlin', we got a chance to size them up; and I must say that I, for one, had cold feet. McCluskey was every ounce of a hundred an' sixty-five, there wasn't any fat on him — only meat. I don't suppose Shorty ever weighed a hundred an' forty in his life, an' most of it looked chunky in his clothes. Sizin' 'em up for weight, reach, an' strength, there was nothing to it but Mike. I was surely sorry we'd done it, an' I began to wonder what usually happened in the army when an enlisted man wiped up the earth with an officer. An' then — Shorty rushed. I can't tell you the scientific name for it, — it was all too quick for me, — but when the smoke cleared he was clean inside of Mike's guard, drivin' short arm jabs to the body. Mike dropped back, Shorty started to break the clinch, an' Mike got him with a nasty hook, straight at his jaw. It just grazed it, an' I saw Shorty stagger. Mike saw it, too, an' rushed in, swingin' both arms — an' got a straight left between the eyes. He rushed again — an' that time Shorty planted a cross right on his eye that did your heart good. The fight was goin' Shorty's way, all right, but he couldn't seem to hurt the great big yap. An' if Mike got in

square one of those swings with his hundred an' sixty-five behind it, it would be all day with Shorty.

"By that time, discipline in J Troop had gone to the dogs. Rooks, cooks, non-coms — everybody was in the ring, beggin' Shorty to eat him alive.

"Mike rushed, an' Shorty countered — that was the whole tale for round after round, — if there had been any rounds. Once in a while Mike would land a glancing blow or get in his lick for Shorty's counter. Shorty's nose was bleedin', an' he was mighty red over one temple, an' Mike had an eye, where Shorty had thrown in six or seven left-hooks, that looked like a beefsteak. An' then — Shorty got careless. Mike dropped his arms a second to rest 'em, an' Shorty jumped in with a left-hook just to keep him busy. But Mike's left wasn't so blamed weary after all. He brought it up with a big punch that passed Shorty's guard an' caught him somewhere on the body — an' I bet he went back ten feet. Three seconds more, an' the whole Troop would have been avengin' the Captain — but Mike didn't wait any three seconds. He jumped in on Shorty, who was restin' on one knee, an' kicked him.. An' the whole Troop simultaneously fell onto Mike.

"'Get out!' yelled Shorty. 'He's minel' An' we fell back. For Shorty was on his feet — an' mad.

"There are mads and mads. This was no blazin', rushin', wide-open Irish mad like Mike's. No, sir! It was the kind of steel-blue, bone-breakin', straight-hittin' mad that makes things bust. I guess Mike must have caught his eye — for he dropped back, swingin' as he went, an' Shorty slipped inside his guard. Biff! went Shorty's right — an uppercut under the jaw. Sosh! went his left — an awful punch in the stomach. I saw Mike wilt an' double up — an' then Shorty, movin' like a machine, but takin' his time, too, set himself an' swung for the first time in that fight — and down went the Knuckle-pusher on his face — in the same spot where Ryan had been lyin' before he got up to forget his mashed-in face in cheerin' for Shorty.

"It was then, in the midst of our chortlin', that Shorty, as he strode away, moppin' his bloody nose, made the remark that electrified us an' has come to be a byword in the Troop. 'I was once,' said he cheerfully, 'I was once light-weight champion of the Middle West, myself.'

"An' blame if it wasn't true. Some of the fellows looked up the records. Shorty rose from the ranks, you know. They say he was the toughest Top-Cutter in the Sixth."



"'SOSH! WENT HIS LEFT—AN AWFUL PUNCH IN THE STOMACH'!"



AN IDYL OF THE YARDS

BY

MAUDE L. RADFORD

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF SHEELAH"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. BENDA



GETA MEYER turned slowly on her pillows and woke from a dream of the play she had seen the night before at the Bijou. When she saw the sun pouring in through the open window, she jumped hastily out of bed.

"Gee!" she thought; "I'm late to work, sure's preachin'."

She glanced out of the window at the street. Yes; it must be after seven, for otherwise the street would be thronged with workers hurrying to the yards. She looked over the low, squatting houses about her to the spreading area of the stock-yards—the great, irregular, high-shouldered buildings, grimy, narrow-windowed, of close-mouthed aspect. There it stood, the stock-yards city, the gaunt, grim fortress of trade; its chimneys heavily, slowly belching up

dense banners of smoke which obscured the very sky.

"Well, I don't care," she yawned.

She dressed quickly and prepared her breakfast on the stove that stood behind her bureau, her arms swinging freely as she moved, her large, fair pompadour marking time on her forehead, her full lips pursed as if she were whistling a tune. If you wanted to identify Greta Meyer among all the women in the stockyards, you would wait till evening, when the thousands of workers were pouring homeward. You would know her because she would be the only one who did not walk and act as if she were tired. You could even recognize her at work; she would be the only one who did not seem anxious. Greta always wore a competent expression. She knew that she could do piece-work faster than any one else; she could always count beforehand just what she would make every week. If a boss or superintendent passed near her, she cocked her broad shoulders defiantly.

"Here's one girl ain't afraid of you," she'd think. "Fire me if you want to; I can always find a job."

Greta finished her breakfast and tidied the room.

"Well," she thought; "'s long's I'm late anyhow, I'll go down and see if I can do anythin' fur Granny Lannagan."

She descended the stairs and knocked at a door on the left of the hall.

"C'm in," called a thin voice.

Greta pushed open the door. A crippled old Irishwoman sat in a rocking-chair on a square of sunlight, the one thing worth looking at in the shabby room. Her lean, dingy face was lighted by a pair of keen, blue eyes, for the moment, cheerful.

"Well, Mrs. Lannagan," said Greta; "you look like a million was left you. Last night when I tucked you in, you was going to die before mornin'."

"Sure, Greta," replied Mrs. Lannagan; "I niver expected to have betther bad luck nor I had; but 'tis come, me gurr!"

"One of your kids turned up from the sea?"

"Ah, no; ah, no," sighed the old woman; "but me sister's son, Thaddeus Lozinsky, he's found me."

"That Lozinsky — oh, yes; his boss, Jimmy Martin, mentioned him to me."

"He's comin' here to live and take care uv me," said Mrs. Lannagan; "he have taken the room next, and have moved in already. That'll kape me from the poorhouse fur a while, anyway."

"Good fur you and him," said Greta heartily.

"But you'll help out a little jist the same, Greta?" begged the old woman. "Fur if too much falls on Thad, he may turn agin me."

"Don't you fear, Granny."

"But 'tain't right," sighed Mrs. Lannagan; "and you always lendin' people a hand. Ah, well, Greta, take an advice from me: don't you go and git marrud the way I did, and have six childher and lose thim all. Ah, 'twud be jist like you; you are that light-hearted and generous."

"Don't you fool yourself," said Greta emphatically. "When I see the sick kids, and their sick mothers hardly able to drag themselves to work, it's a lesson to me. If I marry, it's to better myself, you bet."

"A boss, now, Greta?" questioned Mrs. Lannagan eagerly. "They say Jimmy Martin —"

"Aw, he jist came to see me once," said Greta, dropping her eyes. "It takes a long while, Granny, before you get a holt on a man. And all the girls run after a boss. Well, I guess I'm late as much as fifty cents' worth to-day. 'By, Granny."

She left the room and the rickety wooden house, and took her way eastward to the stockyards, thinking, as she went, of Jimmy Martin and Thaddeus Lozinsky. The night before, on her way to the Bijou, she had passed the hall where Thaddeus Lozinsky was addressing a union meeting, and, as the door stood open, she had seen his face. Perhaps she would not have thought of it twice, since he was only a "Polack," if the hero of the play had not looked like him.

At the door of the tall building where she worked, she collided with the boss of the casing-room.

"Here," he said angrily; "what you doin'? Oh, it's you, Greta."

He was a stocky, dark man with an alert, suspicious eye, lambent for the moment with admiration of the girl.

"Now, look here, Greta," he went on; "your boss told me you was absent this morning. What do you mean by turnin' up late, hey? You know it sets a bad example. Want to lose your job?"

"Now, Jimmy Martin, that don't go with me," said Greta, leaning nonchalantly against the doorway; "you ain't my boss. And, anyway, let 'em fire; but if they do, who'll speed up the gang fur them?"

"Aw, you're too blasted independent," he retorted. "That won't go forever. Wait till some girl comes in that can beat you at it, and then you'll sing small. Say, Greta," he added with a change of tone, "what would you give me if I got your boss to make you forewoman?"

"You don't mean it, Jimmy," cried Greta. "But why —?"

"The present forelady is all right, of course," he said; "but in two or three months she's goin' to marry a fellow that has a big farm out —"

"Gee! won't she get sick on a farm," reflected Greta.

"Would it be worth a kiss, Greta?" suggested Martin, pressing closer to her.

"Aw, gwon," laughed Greta, pushing him away. "You ask me next time you come to see me, if you do happen to come again. But you're all right, Jimmy, and I'm obliged, honest I am, and I'll take the jawin' the boss'll give me fur bein' late like a lamb."

"All right. Goin' right up?"

"In a minute," called Greta over her shoulder.

She was still thinking of Lozinsky. She could shut her eyes and see him as he had stood on the platform, his dark, handsome face with the lips making a vivid line, and his hair waving loosely on his forehead. She had taken the whim to see how he looked at close range, doing his daily work, and she smiled as she reflected on Martin's irritation had he known her errand.

She entered a dim room, badly lighted, and half full of steam. A sickening odor rose from tubs and vats and the damp floor. Stolid-faced Bohemian and Polish women were mechanically tying rounds of wet sausages and swinging them upon sticks. Men and women knocked against each other in their crowded quarters, pushing back the hair from their heated faces, plunging their greasy arms elbow deep in barrels of water — but working, working always, fiercely, mechanically.

And Thaddeus Lozinsky was one of these figures. Greta watched him silently. His face, lacking the animation of the preceding evening, was pale and anxious, but still beautiful. Twice, when he knocked against a woman, he apologized, meeting with no response, or else with a scornful giggle.

"Why, ain't that jist like the heroin the play," thought Greta, amazed. "When the villain shoved him, and his arm struck her neck, why, he acted like he'd killed her. But, gee, I never s'posed people had time fur it in real life."

She noticed that he was working feebly, and she felt sorry for him.

"Well," she reflected, as she went away, "he don't look like the dangerous fellow Martin told me he was. I guess it's thinkin' so hard, and botherin' about unions and organizations has taken his stren'th. But he's smart, and the handsomest man I've seen in the yards, if he is sick."

She pushed open the door of the department where she worked. It was a long room, painted

in brown, containing several tables at which scores of women stood, their fingers moving with incredible quickness as they painted tin cans. As Greta walked toward her place, two boys came from an inner room carrying trays heaped with tin cans of four sizes. When they set these down, the women rushed forward, Greta at their head, and fought as openly as they dared, under the eyes of the forewoman, to get the "one and two pounders"; they paid best.

"Humph!" thought Greta, as she went back to her corner of a table. "I s'pose Thaddeus Lozinsky'd have stepped back and let the others take the best, and then politely took, himself, what was left. I s'pose they'd do that on the stage, too. But, gee! this ain't the stage; this is business."

Nevertheless, the next time there was a rush to the trays, Greta went last, and took her share with the feeblest of the girls.

"Never mind," she thought, in answer to the surprised glances leveled at her. "I can work fast enough to make up, I guess."

And work she did, so quickly that she had no energy left for thinking; she was a mere machine like those about her.

That night, after her supper at the corner restaurant, Greta stopped at Mrs. Lannagan's door and knocked. Presently she heard movements in the room adjoining, and Thaddeus Lozinsky stepped into the hall.

"Miss Meyer," he said shyly; "my aunt says come in here; she's eating in my room."

"How'd you know my name?" questioned Greta easily.

"I asked the first time I saw you last year," said Lozinsky, as he ushered her into his room.

Mrs. Lannagan sat beaming at a little table laid for supper. Greta noticed that it looked unlike any table at which she had ever eaten.

"My! but you've slung on style," she said. "It looks somethin' like the dinner-table I saw at the theater last night."

"My father had these ways," said Thaddeus apologetically.

"Sure; his grandmother was a rich lady," said Mrs. Lannagan complacently. "Countess they call ut, and she run away wid her driver."

"It ain't done you much good, has it?" said Greta to Thaddeus, with an obscure flash of jealousy, as she took a seat by Mrs. Lannagan.

"No," he said, smiling; "but it ain't made me side with the capitalists."

"Not from all I hear," said Greta significantly.

"You've niver heard him talk," said Mrs. Lannagan. "She do not bother wid the unions, Thad."

"I guess not," said Greta, as she stared around Lozinsky's neat room. "No dues and no orders



"HE WAS ONLY A 'POLACK'"

fur me, thanks. I get all the orders I can carry now from the forewoman and the boss. I can git on without the unions."

"It's people like you," said Lozinsky, passionately, "that are jist the ones it's hardest to convince, for you ain't got class-consciousness. You're jist interested in yourselves, not in other people that are tryin' to git on, too, but ain't so well-fitted as you."

Greta wondered why she was not angry at him. If Jimmy Martin had found as much fault with her as that, he would have seen the last of her, boss though he was.

"Sure, Thaddy," said Mrs. Lannagan; "Greta is turrble good to her neighbors!"

"She may be," he said, "but what's a bit of kindness here and there to individuals? It's the whole class got to be helped."

"Well," said Greta slowly, "'course I know there are some that has bad luck, but every one can get on that tries. Them that fails has only themselves to blame. There's lots of work for capable folks."

"That's an idea as old as the American Constitution, and false," cried Lozinsky. "There's many a good man and true, in this town, can't get work. And then, ain't the incapable and helpless to be helped? Do you know that seventy per cent of the deaths in this ward are from the yards district? And that seventy-five per cent of all the deaths here are children? Do you think that the workmen'll sit still forever and see their children dyin' like flies?"

Greta swayed back and forth in her chair.

"Well," she said; "I d'know what to say. Says one of them settlement ladies to me, says she: 'Miss Meyer, what is your attitude to all this?' I thought she meant my heighth, and I said, 'Five foot seven.' Then she told me. Well, Mr. Lozinsky, all I say is, I want every one to get on that can, and I can get on myself; I'm so strong —"

She blushed, fearing he would think she was referring to his weakness, and Mrs. Lannagan said:

"Ah dear, ah dear, what is gettin' on, annyway? Here's wan uv our big packers have lost his only child. Do you think he thinks he have got on? For as long as he've always had his comforts, he won't notice thim now. And here's me wid me childher dead or missin', and no money, and niver had ut, but I think I'm gettin' on well, for Thaddy here have lent me the hand that holds me out uv the poorhouse."

"Oh, gee! let's talk uv somethin' pleasant," said Greta. "Le'me tell you about the show I saw last night, Granny, and if Mr. Lozinsky gets sick of it, he can stop me."

Greta made a long call, observing Lozinsky

narrowly throughout. She thought he was too excitable and too gloomy; but she liked his attentive manner to old Mrs. Lannagan and to herself, especially when he opened the door for her as she left.

"Maybe it's the way with sickly men," she concluded, as she went to bed; "but it ain't a bad way."

She thought of it again the next Sunday, when Jimmy Martin caught her roughly round the waist and kissed her.

"Say, you might 'a' asked me could you," she said, with a feeling of distaste.

During the next two or three weeks, Greta made frequent calls on Mrs. Lannagan. Lozinsky was nearly always present, and sooner or later the talk turned on unions. At first Greta listened indulgently, partly because he was sick, partly because he looked so handsome as he talked, and partly because she liked him. But after a time she found herself gradually becoming interested in his ideas. She did not expect always to work for her living. She intended to marry a man who would take such good care of her that she need never go back to the yards; who could give her a flat, and a sewing-machine, and maybe a piano. Yet one never could tell what accident might happen. Maybe she would have to work always; and perhaps she might become sick, and then the unions would be a help. She even attended three or four meetings of women, whom Thaddeus addressed, with the object of forming unions, and listened with a faint sense of pleased proprietorship to the enthusiasm with which his remarks were received.

"He's got what they call magnetism," she thought; "and I'll bet that's why Jimmy Martin said he was dangerous."

It gratified her to know that Jimmy Martin kept aware of her movements.

"Say, Greta," he said one evening, when he was walking home with her; "I hear that you've been twice this week to hear that Polack Lozinsky. It don't look well."

"Aw, come off," said Greta. "The rule is that no one that fires or hires can have anything to do with unions. If I had the chance to fire or hire, you'd see how quick I'd drop it."

"I hope you ain't got any union ideas really sproutin'," said Martin suspiciously. "You'll never be made forewoman if you have. I tell you, we ain't goin' to stand fur unions among the women. Bad enough among the men."

"Well, we may come to it," said Greta comfortably.

"Not if we know it," returned Martin sharply; "that Lozinsky is a regular firebrand. He'll



"GRETA SPRANG TO MARTIN AND SEIZED HIS ARM"



" 'I love you so much that we jist *got* to git on' "

get his quitting papers before long. Not for belonging to the union; oh, no, we remember our pledges to the men. But he's going out. We'll get the chance to soak him for incompetent work soon — the sick fool."

Greta smothered a hostile glance.

"Jimmy's only said what I have myself," she thought, after he had left her. "A girl that'd marry a sick man'd be a fool, and I'd call her pretty near a fool if she didn't try to marry a boss or some one that'd be sure to get on."

The first time that Lozinsky called on her was upon a Sunday night, when she had stayed away from Granny Lannagan's for three days. He had been with her only a few minutes when

Jimmy Martin called. Lozinsky rose immediately and went down-stairs.

"Say," said Martin; "you don't let that Polack come here as a friend, I hope."

"Gee! why shouldn't he?" asked Greta.

"Well," explained Martin, "of course, I'm only a friend of yours, myself, but I like to be pretty careful about the young ladies I go with. I must say, no other young lady friend I have would let a Polack come to see her."

Greta was very angry, but she managed to say easily:

"Oh, all my neighbors are welcome to call. As long as I am a working-girl, I'm goin' to draw the line where I like."

"But what if you weren't always a working-girl?" asked Martin, swaying back and forth in her rocking-chair.

"Well, I guess I can always rise to the folks I travel with," said Greta. "I met a very nice gentleman the other night at the theater—he's on the road, and his sister's a school-teacher. He's goin' to bring her to see me."

"I'm jist talkin' for your own good," said Martin; "but anyway, you can see that Lozinsky knows his place. He got out quick when I came."

Greta had made up her mind to marry Jimmy Martin if she could, but she felt a growing resentment toward him.

"Jist wait till my holt over him's strong enough, so I can git even," she said. "Then he'll see."

It was her anger at Martin's interference that finally persuaded her to adopt union principles and offer to help Thaddeus Lozinsky form unions among the women workers of the stockyards. She translated his abstract arguments into her own terms, honestly believing that class-consciousness had been born in her at last. Lozinsky listened to her with tender amusement. He knew that Greta would always be an individualist. Already, she was planning to be a personal power among the unions. But he was an idealist with plenty of common sense, and he knew Greta's value as an organizer.

"Well, I've learned a lot from you," she conceded; "and I'm much obliged."

As she spoke, she saw a look in his eyes that she had never seen in Jimmy Martin's. He loved her. She was the physical type of what womankind should be. He loved her strength, her courage, her self-reliance, even her egotism; and every hour of the day he resigned her as something forever beyond his reach. All this his look said. Greta did not understand; she only knew that the look thrilled her as the look of Jimmy Martin never had—the bold, admiring look of the man who felt that here, too, he could be boss if he decided he wanted to.

Again, Greta thought of the play at the Bijou, and the hero who had looked like Thaddeus. A dim belief in the reality of romance struggled into her heart. Almost as a child, she had had the terrible sophistication of the girl who is sent out into the modern labor market. For such, no veil is interposed to hide the grim realities of life; they see the world naked. But now she thought that perhaps there was a love that could be tender, not for a month, but forever; a man who would never strike his wife nor even speak roughly to her. She had always said no man would ever strike her, because she could give as good as he sent. But perhaps there were men who

could not be rough, because it would hurt them to hurt a woman. Suddenly, she felt like crying.

That night she lay awake a long time. Somehow, life looked difficult, and she was unhappy.

"If that settlement woman asked me what my attitude is now," she thought, "I'd say I think things is rotten."

About two o'clock, she heard Jimmy Martin's voice arguing angrily in the street. She slipped to the window. In the light of the full moon, she saw him staggering drunkenly along the sidewalk, supported by Lozinsky.

"Bully for Thad," she thought, as she crept back to bed. "Now he's done Jimmy a favor, Jimmy'll have to be decent to him. He'll not have the face to fire him for one while yet."

As she was dropping to sleep at length, she woke up to ask herself if Thaddeus had helped Martin for her sake; and again, whether Jimmy wasn't just mean enough to hate Thad for having done him a favor. It was dawn before she slept.

Whatever Greta did, she liked to do skilfully as well as thoroughly. In approaching possible members for her can-painters' union, she weeded out those whom she considered in any way doubtful. She was sure all the girls were "safe." And yet the union had not had its first meeting when she was warned that her plans had been spied upon. Jimmy Martin sent for her to come to the casing-room after hours.

"We know what you're up to," he said; "after all I stood ready to do for you! What you got to say?"

She shook her head.

"Well, by God, I've something to say," he shouted.

He poured upon her a torrent of abuse for her ingratitude. She listened with a half smile, thinking how incapable Thaddeus Lozinsky would be of such an outburst. Martin talked his rage away, and then said:

"If you'll say you're sorry and dissolve that union, it'll be all right. If you don't, you'll be bounced to-morrow; and in any case, you don't get that job as forewoman."

"Said all you got to say?" asked Greta. "Then I'll say my say. I won't go back. I'm done with you and the yards."

He let her go to the door, and then he called:

"You don't mean that?"

"Well, you'll see!"

Before she could open the door, Martin overtook her. He put his arms about her fiercely.

"I don't know why I don't let you go to the devil," he cried; "but I can't. Look here, Greta, I want you to marry me. Yes, I mean it. I've done my work so well that I'm to be made a superintendent—think of that, Greta! You can have a buggy and keep a hired girl—two, if you

want 'em! I've got stock in this place,— and ideas to burn. This combine can't keep up forever. I've ideas, I tell you. I'll be a packer, myself, some day, and we'll be rich. Millions, my girl, and I want you to spend 'em."

Greta leaned against him dizzily. Here was success beyond her wildest hopes. She calculated rapidly. Where could she ever get such a chance again? She had never even dreamed of his being superintendent. And she liked Jimmy well enough; she admired his force.

She dropped her head on his shoulder.

"Gee, Jimmy; I'm too excited to think," she murmured; "but I guess it's all right."

She lifted her head and saw the white face of Lozinsky staring at her. He had been resting for a moment in a dim corner of the inner casing-room, too tired to attempt at once the short walk home. He slipped back into the adjoining room, and Greta said brokenly:

"Let me go, Jimmy. You come round to-night. I—I'm tired."

She broke away from him and hurried out. In the passage she met a pretty Russian girl.

"Ain't locked up, is it?" the girl asked. "I lost my purse, and I do hope it's here."

Greta had gone only a few steps when she heard a scream, and then angry voices. She turned and ran back. Lozinsky had just struck Martin, who was shaking him and knocking his head against the wall. Greta sprang to Martin and seized his arm.

"Let him alone; he's bleeding," she cried. "What's he done?"

"Hit me!" shouted Martin. "He's fired; he's ruined from this day. I've done with him!"

The Russian girl was hurrying to the door, crying.

"Come back here, you," called Greta; "what have you got to do with it?"

"Nothin'," muttered the girl. "I—I just was here, and they fought."

"It's a lie," gasped Lozinsky. "Greta, marry him if you like, but you got to know what he is. When I was comin' out of the room, here, he was tryin' to kiss this girl. She didn't want him to —"

Martin turned a red, angry face to Greta; but under her steady look, the denial he was about to make died.

"Can't you see it was jist for a minute, Greta?" he said. "You had run away from me, and—and I jist had to blow off steam. And then this Polack —"

"I wouldn't have him treat another girl that way," said Lozinsky; "just after you —"

"Here, run home and keep your mouth shut," said Greta to the girl. "Jimmy, you get out and cool off. Thad, you wash the blood off your face.

Jimmy, I'll talk to you to-night. We all better go home."

Greta did not feel that she could eat any dinner. She went straight to her room and, throwing herself on the bed, wept violently. Then she washed her face, lighted the lamp, and began to sew on an elaborately trimmed white waist she was going to wear the next evening at a ball, given by the butchers' union. But her heart was not in the work.

About eight o'clock she went down to Granny Lannagan's room. The old woman was sitting in the dark.

"Let's have the light," she said. "I was jist thinkin' uv ye. Thad have told me the grand news that you're to marry the boss. Well, you've had the luck, and I wish you all happiness, Acushla."

Greta silently lighted the lamp.

"Thad's lyin' down in his room," said Mrs. Lannagan; "and I've been sittin' here thinkin' uv me own youth. 'Twas your news put me to ut, me dear. Well, Lannagan was a fine big man, he was; he niver had anny luck, but he was the fine man."

"You liked him a lot, didn't you?" asked Greta, in a low tone.

"I did that. Sich a handy man he was! We were that poor, me dear, that we only had meat on Sundays, and eggs at that! But Lannagan always had a bit uv a song and a laugh. He made the furrst cradle himsilf, and the carrt to wheel the baby in."

"And I suppose you remember well how he looked?" said Greta.

"Ah, in a dim way, yes, me dear; but what does that matther? Well, I'm an ould woman wid nawthin but memories; all me six gone, all me six! Lannagan wud always say, 'Bedad, darlint, why didn't you make ut twins?' He always had the bright worrd."

"Were you ever sorry you married him?" whispered Greta.

"Niver, till the day they carrud him out uv the house feet foremost. But maybe 'twud have been betther had I waited like you fur a man wid money in the bank. Yes; you've chose well."

Greta drew a long, shuddering sigh. She heard Jimmy Martin enter the hall and go up the stairs to her room, and her heart beat violently. Then Lozinsky came stumbling into Mrs. Lannagan's room.

"Oh, I didn't know you were here," he said to Greta.

Suddenly Greta went to him, took his hand, and burst into tears.

"My God, Greta," he groaned, "if only I had the strength, as I have the will, to take care of you!"

Greta had never felt dependent on any one before, but now she wanted Thaddeus to take care of her, and she wanted to take care of him. After a time she said:

"My cousin's goin' to give up his grocery and butcher store. I've enough money to stock it. There's a little empty place next door; we'll rent that and make a restaurant of it, and all the stuff we don't use in the store, we can work off there."

She paused, and drew a long, sobbing breath. "Granny Lannagan can sit in the store," she went on, "or be cashier. Maybe the unions'll give you a job as agent or somethin', Thad,

they'd ought to, and you can attend to it when you ain't runnin' the store. And I bet I'll be made agent of the women's unions yet, and I'll just put a little time on it, and I'll run the restaurant."

Lozinsky smiled.

"Greta, Greta," he said, "ain't you thinkin' mighty little of the unions?"

Greta sighed with a backward look at all Jimmy Martin had offered her. Then she said:

"All right, dear; I'll think of 'em pretty soon. But I love you so much that we jist *got* to git on."

MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY

GEORGINE MILMINE

THE CHURCH AND THE MESMERISTS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



FROM 1877 to 1879 Mrs. Eddy was in the law-courts so frequently that the Boston newspapers began to feature her litigations and to refer to them and to her with disrespectful jocularities.

In March, 1877, George W. Barry, one of her students, brought his suit against Mrs. Eddy for twenty-seven hundred dollars for services rendered her in copying the manuscript of "Science and Health," attending to her business, storing her goods, putting down her carpets, working in her garden, and paying out money for her on various accounts. This suit dragged on until October, 1879, when it was decided in Barry's favor, the referee awarding him three hundred and ninety-five dollars and forty cents, with interest from the date of his writ.

In April, 1878, came Mrs. Eddy's suit against George H. Tuttle and Charles S. Stanley, two of her earliest students, to discover the amount of their practice and to recover a royalty thereon,

which was decided in favor of the defendants.*

In April, 1878, Mrs. Eddy brought her action against Daniel Spofford to discover the amount of his practice and to recover royalty thereon. Her original idea was to collect a royalty from all her practising students, which arrangement, could she have held them to it, would in time have been very remunerative. This case was dismissed for insufficient service.

In May of the same year came the witchcraft case, Brown vs. Spofford, of which Mrs. Eddy was the instigator and in which she represented the plaintiff in court.

In February of 1878 Mrs. Eddy brought suit against Richard Kennedy in the Municipal Court of Suffolk County to recover seven hundred and fifty dollars upon a promissory note which bore the date February, 1870, several

* From Judge Choate's finding it would seem that his decision was based largely on the fact that when Mrs. Eddy taught Tuttle and Stanley in 1870 she still instructed her students to "manipulate" the heads of their patients, whereas she later repudiated this method and declared before Judge Choate that it was of no efficacy in healing the sick, thus discrediting the instruction she had given the defendants.

months previous to the date upon which Mrs. Eddy and Kennedy went to Lynn to practise, and which read as follows:

"February, 1870.

"In consideration of two years' instruction in healing the sick, I hereby agree to pay Mary M. B. Glover, one thousand dollars in quarterly installments of fifty dollars commencing from this date.

"(Signed) RICHARD KENNEDY."

Mr. Kennedy admitted having signed the note, but testified that when Mrs. Eddy asked him to do so she had said that she would never collect it, and that she wanted the paper simply to show to prospective students to convince them of the monetary value of her instruction. He further testified that though, when he signed the note, he had been studying with Mrs. Glover-Eddy for two years, he believed at the time that she was withholding from him the final and most illuminating secrets of her Science, and that he had reason to believe that if he complied with her request in regard to the note, she would disclose them to him.

In his answer he stated that Mrs. Eddy had "obtained the promissory note declared on by pretending that she had important secrets relating to healing the sick which she had not theretofore imparted to defendant and which she promised to impart after the making and delivery to her of said note, and she then had no such secrets and never afterward undertook to impart or imparted such secrets."

The Municipal Court awarded judgment for the plaintiff of seven hundred and sixty-eight dollars and sixty-three cents, but the case was carried to the Superior Court and tried before a jury, which returned a verdict for Mr. Kennedy.

In October of 1878 Asa Gilbert Eddy and Edward J. Arens were arrested and charged with conspiring to murder Daniel Spofford.

Enmity between Mr. Spofford and the Eddys

It will be remembered that Mr. Spofford had been one of the most earnest and trusted of Mrs. Eddy's students. She had permitted him to assist her in her teaching, had given him the pen with which "Science and Health" was written, and had intrusted to him the sale of her book. She seems at one time even to have considered the possibility of his being her successor.

In a letter dated October 1, 1876, she writes:

"My joy at having *one* living student after these dozen years of struggle, toil and defeat, you at present cannot understand, but will know at a future time when the whole labor is left with you. . . . The students make all their mistakes *leaning on me, or working against me*. You are not going to do either, and certainly the result will follow that you

will be faithful over a few things and be made ruler *over* many."

She continually consulted Mr. Spofford in the preparation of the second edition of "Science and Health" (the little book which was eventually converted into an intermittent attack upon him), and in a letter written several weeks after the above she says:

"Lynn, Oct. 22, '76.

"DR. SPOFFORD —

"Dear Student — Your interesting letter just read. I am in a condition to feel all and more than all you said. The mercury of my mind is rising as the world's temperature of thought heats up and the little book "sweet in the mouth" but severe and glorious in its proof, is about to go forth like Noah's dove over the troubled waves of doubt, infidelity and bigotry, to find if possible a foothold on earth. . . . I have great consolation in you, in your Christian character that I read yet more and more, the zeal that should attend the saints, and the patient waiting for our Lord's coming.

"Press on; You know not the smallest portion, comparatively, of your ability in science. . . . Inflammation of the spinal nerves are what I suffer most in belief."*

There was no middle ground with Mrs. Eddy, and it was her policy to strike before she could be struck. After her disagreement with Mr. Spofford concerning his disposition of the money he had received from the sale of her book, she denounced him as an enemy to truth, had her students begin to treat against him, expelled him from the Christian Scientists' Association, tried to induce the county papers to publish attacks upon him, and launched two lawsuits at him within a month of each other. Mrs. Eddy and her husband gave such wide circulation to the charge that Mr. Spofford had been dishonest in regard to the sale of the book, that the publishers of the book felt called upon to publish the following statement:

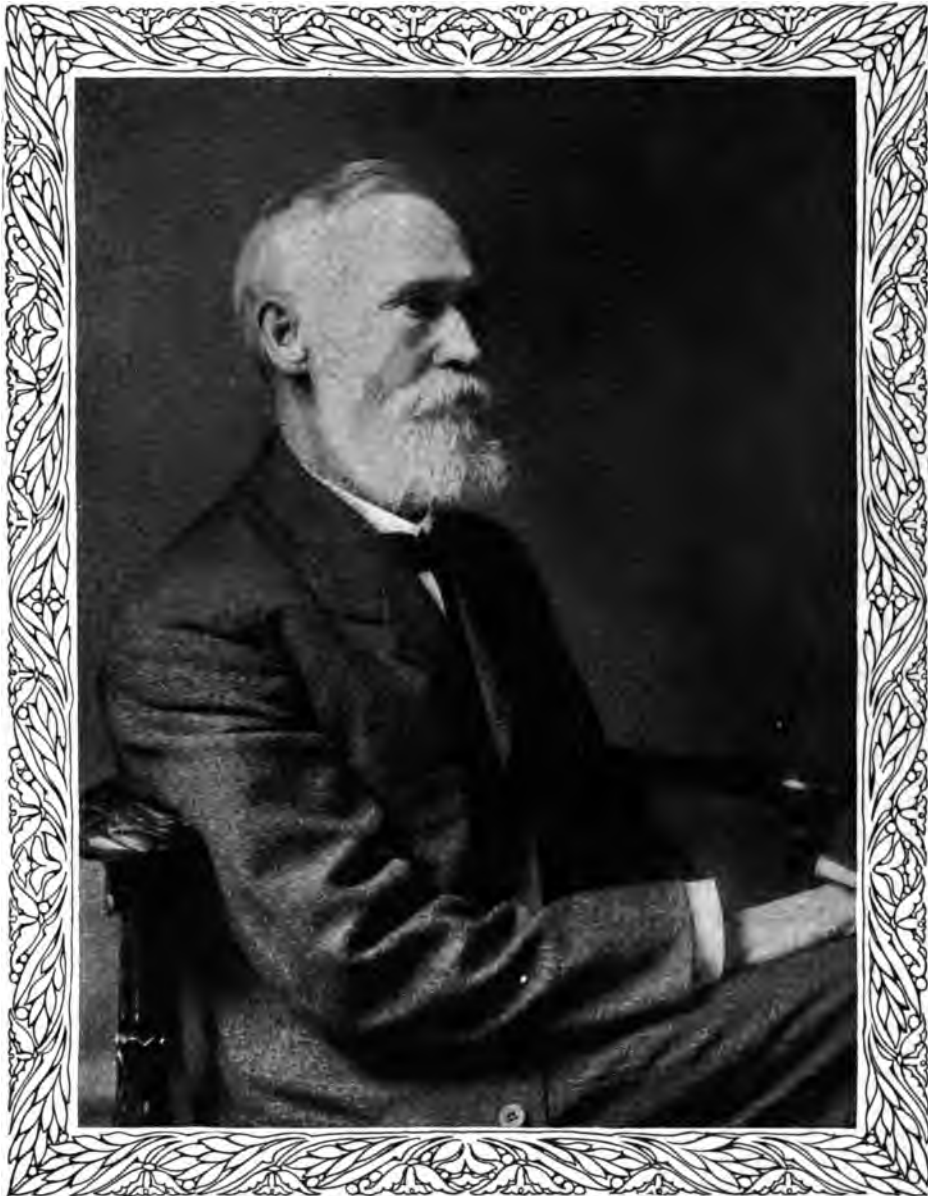
TO THE PUBLIC

Having heard certain malicious statements concerning our business transactions with Dr. D. H. Spofford of Newburyport, we, the undersigned, original publishers of "Science and Health," written by Mary Baker Glover of Lynn, in justice to him desire to correct them. He settled with us July 25th, 1877, paying several hundred dollars cash and giving notes (which were promptly taken up when due) for the further amount of his indebtedness. His account had been carefully examined by counsel and found correct and satisfactory. We desire to STOP the untruths which some person or persons have set afloat.

GEORGE W. BARRY.
E. M. NEWHALL.

Jan. 21st, 1878.

* This refers to Mrs. Eddy's continued ill health.



DANIEL H. SPOFFORD

This photograph was taken only a few months ago, twenty-nine years after the alleged conspiracy against his life

Mrs. Eddy was now convinced that Spofford was a mesmerist and openly denounced him as a malpractitioner.* Her students had orders

* She thus explained her position in the local press :

"BOTH SIDES

"Mr. Editor :—We desire to say through the columns of your interesting weekly, that certain threatening letters received by ourself, and an esteemed citizen of one of your adjacent towns, had better be discontinued.

"These letters are from a Mr. Noyes [Spofford's attorney] of Newburyport, under orders of D. H. Spofford, who is already prosecuted by us to answer at a higher tribunal than the prejudice, falsehood or malice, before which some people would arraign others.

to discredit him as widely as possible, and Mr. Spofford soon began to see the result of their efforts in the falling off of his practice. It was

"We have befriended this former student of ours when friendless, we have effected cures for him professionally, not only in the cases of Mrs. Atkinson, Miss Tandy and Miss Ladd, but others, and we did this without any reward, but to gain some place for him in the public confidence.

"As the founder of a Metaphysical practice, we have a warm interest in the success of all our students, and have always promoted it, unless compelled in some especial instances, by a strong sense of our duty to the public to speak of a MALPRACTICE.

"AUTHOR OF SCIENCE AND HEALTH."

Mr. Arens' practice which Mrs. Eddy was now endeavoring to build up.

Edward J. Arens was a Prussian who had come to Lynn as a young man, where he worked as a carpenter until he was able to open a cabinet-making shop. He was a good workman, but was not particularly successful in his business and was frequently involved in litigation. Although his educational opportunities had been limited, he had an active mind. He read a great deal, was restless, eager, and ambitious. When he became a student of Mrs. Eddy's, he gave up his cabinet business and, naturally hot-headed and impulsive, he threw himself into metaphysical healing with great enthusiasm. He came to Mrs. Eddy's succor in a critical hour, when she desperately needed a man who could devote himself effectively to her cause. Mr. Eddy had never been a man of much initiative, and his terror of mesmerism had cowed him beyond his natural docility.

By this time Mrs. Eddy's hatred for Mr. Spofford had reached the acute stage where it kept her walking the floor at night, declaring that Spofford's mind was pursuing and bullying hers and that she could not shake it off. Mr. Eddy, a helpless spectator of his wife's misery, used to declare that the man ought to be punished for persecuting her, and believed that Mr. Spofford's mind was on their track night and day, seeking to break down Mrs. Eddy's health, to get their property away from them, and to overthrow the movement. Mr. Spofford, on the other hand, was scarcely less distraught. He still believed that Mrs. Eddy had brought him the great truth of his life, and that, however unworthy, she had a divine message. He felt his separation from her deeply, and was amazed and terrified by her vindictiveness. He feared that Mrs. Eddy would not stop until she had entirely destroyed his practice, and he never knew what weapon she would use against him next. Only a state of panic on both sides can explain the developments of the autumn of 1878.

Mr. Spofford Warned of an Alleged Conspiracy to Murder Him

One morning early in October a heavy-set, rather brutal-looking man knocked at the door of Mr. Spofford's Boston office, Number 297 Tremont Street, and said he wanted to see the Doctor. Mr. Spofford glanced at the man and, thinking he was not the sort of person who would be likely to consult a mental healer, asked him if he were sure that he had come to the right kind of a doctor. The man introduced himself as James L. Sargent, a saloon-keeper, took from his pocket a card which Mr. Spofford had left on the door of his

Newburyport office, and, pointing to the name on it, said that was the doctor he had come to see. After taking a seat in the consulting-room, Sargent asked Mr. Spofford whether he knew two men named Miller and Libby. Mr. Spofford replied that he did not.

"Well, they know you," insisted Sargent, "and they want to get you put out of the way. Miller, the young man, says you are going with the old man's daughter and he wants to marry her himself." Sargent went on to explain that these two men had offered him five hundred dollars to put Mr. Spofford out of the way and had paid him seventy-five dollars in advance. He declared that, while he meant to get all the money he could out of it, he had no intention of risking his neck, and said that he had already notified State Detective Hollis C. Pinkham and had asked him to watch the case.

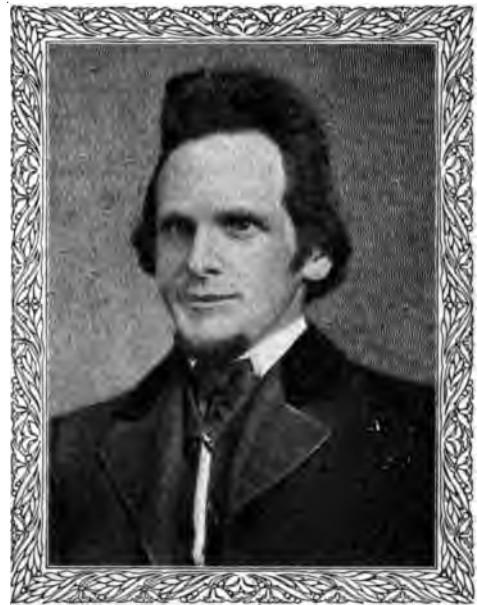
Mr. Spofford immediately called upon Pinkham and found that Sargent had told him the same story. Pinkham said, however, that he had paid very little attention to the story, as Sargent had a criminal record and he had thought that the man was up to some game to square himself with the Police Department. He promised to look into the matter more carefully, and Mr. Spofford went away.

Several days later Sargent came in and said that Miller and Libby were pressing him. He had gone to them for more money, assuring them that Mr. Spofford was already dead, but they had sent a young man to Spofford's office to investigate, and accused Sargent of playing them false.

Mr. Spofford was now thoroughly alarmed. Sargent suggested that he accompany him to his (Sargent's) brother's house at Cambridgeport and conceal himself there while he (Sargent) tried to collect the money promised him by Miller and Libby. Mr. Spofford consulted with Detective Pinkham and then disappeared. Sargent, so he later declared in court, informed Miller and Libby, whom he identified as Edward J. Arens and Asa Gilbert Eddy, that he had disposed of Mr. Spofford, whereupon he received a part of the money promised him. Mr. Spofford left Boston Tuesday, October 15th, and remained about two weeks at the house of Sargent's sister-in-law. Sargent had promised to come out and give him news of the case, but, as he failed to do so, Mr. Spofford then returned to Boston, going first to his brother's store in Lawrence. In the meantime his friends had been greatly alarmed at his disappearance, had advertised him as missing, and had published a description of him in the Boston papers.



EDWARD J. ARENS



ASA GILBERT EDDY

Mr. Arens and Mr. Eddy were arrested and indicted upon the charge of conspiring to murder Daniel Spofford. The case was *nolle prosequi* and never came to trial

Arrest of Edward J. Arens and Asa G. Eddy

On October 29th Edward J. Arens and Asa G. Eddy were arrested and held in three thousand dollars bail for examination in the Municipal Court on November 7th.

As Mrs. Eddy afterward indignantly wrote, "the principal witnesses for the prosecution were convicts and inmates of houses of ill fame in Boston." A motley array of witnesses, certainly, confronted the judge when the Municipal Court convened on the afternoon of November 7th. Sargent was a bartender with a criminal record. George Collier, his friend, was at that time under bonds, waiting trial on several most unsavory charges. Laura Sargent, the sister of James Sargent, who kept a disorderly house at Number 7 Bowker Street, appeared with several of her girls, all vividly got up for the occasion and ingenuously pleased at coming into court in the dignified rôle of witnesses for the Commonwealth. Mr. H. W. Chaplin appeared for the prosecution, and Russell H. Conwell appeared for the defendants. Mr. Chaplin briefly opened the case for the Government, contending that he should be able to prove directly that the defendants had conspired to take the life of Mr. Spofford, and that Sargent had been paid upwards of two hundred dollars toward the five hundred dollars due him for the job. The evidence adduced at the hearing was in substance as follows:

Sargent's Testimony against Eddy and Arens

James L. Sargent testified that he was a saloon-keeper in Sudbury Street;* that he had become acquainted four months before with a man who called himself "Miller," but whom he recognized as the defendant, Arens; that Miller, or Arens, came to his saloon to tell fortunes; that Arens had told him he knew of a good job where three or four hundred dollars could be made; that he, Sargent, inquired about the job, and Arens asked him if he could be depended on; that Sargent assured him on that point, and Arens then told him that he wanted a man "licked," and "he wanted him licked so that he wouldn't come to again." "I told him," said Sargent, "that I was just the man for him, and Arens said the old man [Libby] would not pay out more than was absolutely necessary to get the job done, as he had already been beaten out of seventy-five dollars. I met Arens the following Saturday at the corner of Charles and Leverett streets at five o'clock, and we walked down Charles Street into an alleyway. He said Libby was not satisfied and wanted to see me himself. . . . We selected a spot in a freight-yard where he and the old man [Libby] would meet me in half an hour. In the meantime, fearing that the affair might be a plot of some

* Sargent stated in court that, when he first met Mr. Arens, he was a bartender in a saloon on Portland Street. He had been running a place of his own for about six weeks when the hearing occurred.

kind against myself, I borrowed a revolver of a friend and got another friend named Collier to go with me. Collier secreted himself in a freight-car with the door partially opened, so that he could overhear any conversation, and at the appointed time I met Arens and a man who was known to me as 'Libby,' but whom I recognize as the defendant, Eddy. . . .

Eddy asked me how much money I wanted to do the job, and I told him I ought to have one hundred dollars to start with. He asked if I would take seventy-five dollars at the outset, and I said I would. He wanted to know if I would be square, and I told him yes. He then said he had but thirty-five dollars with him that night, which he would give me, and would send the remainder by Arens on the following Monday. I told him no, I must have the whole at that time. Just then a man came walking down the freight-yards, and Arens told me in a quick tone to meet him Monday morning. I did so, and Arens passed me seventy-five dollars. . . . A

few days later I met Arens again, and he said he would bring me directions where to find Dr. Spofford. He gave me an advertisement, clipped from some newspaper, giving the days when I could find Dr. Spofford at his offices in Haverhill and Newburyport."

After telling in detail of his own delay in following instructions and of spending the money and putting Arens off, Sargent's testimony continued: "We went to the Hotel Tremont, and Arens gave me sixteen dollars, with which I went to the Doctor's office in Newburyport. I did not see the Doctor, but brought away one of his business cards; came back and called at Dr. Spofford's office and had a conversation with him. I afterward met Arens on the Common by appointment, and told him I had made arrangements to have the Doctor go out of town. . . . In a few days he met me on the Common again. He said I was playing it on him and that the whole thing was a put-up job, for Dr. Spofford

was in his office. He had sent a boy to find out."

Sargent said he met Arens several times after that, and finally they agreed that Sargent should take Spofford into the country on the pretense that he had a sick child. He took the Doctor to his brother's in Cambridgeport and kept him there about two weeks. The fact that Spofford had disappeared was published in the



MARY BAKER G. EDDY

From a picture taken at about the time her church was founded

papers. Sargent said he had met Arens after that, and told him that he had made away with the Doctor, and that he had done it about half-past seven in the evening. Sargent said that Arens replied that he had known this—that he had felt it, and had a way of telling such things that other people knew nothing of. .

He saw him several times afterward, and finally Arens agreed to pay him some money. They met in Lynn on Monday, after the disappearance of Spofford. Mr. Eddy was also there, and Arens paid the witness twenty dollars.

Their plan, Sargent said, had been to take Spofford out on some

lonely road and have him knocked in the head with a billy, afterward causing the horse to run away, first entangling the body with the harness, so it would appear that death was caused by accident.

Another witness was Jessie Macdonald, who had lived as housekeeper with Mr. and Mrs. Eddy eight months. She had never seen Spofford, but she had heard Mr. Eddy say that Spofford kept Mrs. Eddy in agony, and that he would be glad if Spofford were out of the way. She had heard Mrs. Eddy read a chapter from the Old Testament which says that all wicked people should be destroyed.

James Kelly testified to holding a conversation with Sargent, who told him of the job he had on hand.

John Smith, Sargent's bartender, testified that he saw Arens in Sargent's saloon four times.

Laura Sargent, James Sargent's sister, who kept a house of ill fame on Bowker Street, testified that Sargent had a room in her house, and

that Arens had come there three or four times to see him; also that Sargent had given her seventy-five dollars to keep for him, saying he was going away to his brother's in Cambridgeport.

Hollis C. Pinkham, the detective employed on the case, said that Sargent had laid the case before him, and that he had told Sargent to go ahead and find out what he could; that he had seen Sargent and Arens together in conversation on the Common; that he had followed Eddy to his home in Lynn, and had seen Sargent go toward the door of Eddy's house there; that he had asked Eddy if he had arranged to put Spofford out of the way; that Eddy had denied having been in Sargent's saloon or meeting him in a freight-yard; that Arens had maintained he had never seen or known Sargent, even when confronted with Sargent.

Detective Chase Philbrick, also employed on the case, testified to seeing Sargent at Eddy's house in Lynn; saw him try to get in, but fail to do so. He corroborated the evidence of Pinkham.

George A. Collier, a carpenter, was an important witness. He said he worked in Sargent's saloon when he was out of a job, and told of going with Sargent to the freight-house and concealing himself in an empty car, leaving the door ajar, so that he might hear a conversation between Sargent and another man. He corroborated Sargent's testimony as to what transpired.

This closed the case for the Government. The defense offered no evidence, as this was a case where only probable cause for suspicion was to be shown, and it was then to go to a higher court. Mr. Conwell, counsel for the defendants, did not indicate what line the defense would take.

Counsel for the Government submitted no argument, but called the attention of the court to the chain of circumstances which had been brought out by the evidence and which he believed was strong enough to justify holding the defendants.

Judge May remarked that the case was a very anomalous one, but that there was, in his opinion, sufficient evidence to show that the parties should be held to appear before the Superior Court. He therefore fixed the amount of bail at three thousand dollars each for the appearance of the defendants at the December term of the Superior Court.

The Case Nolle Prossed by the District Attorney

The case was called in the Superior Court in December, 1878, and an indictment was found on two counts.*

* The first read: "That Edward J. Arens and Asa G. Eddy of Boston aforesaid, on the 28th day of July in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight, Boston, aforesaid,

The Superior Court record reads: "This indictment was found and returned into Court by the Grand Jurors at the last December term, when the said Arens and Eddy were severally set at the bar and having said indictment read to them, they severally said thereof that they were not guilty.

"This indictment was thence continued to the present January term, and now the District Attorney, Oliver Stevens, Esquire, says he will prosecute this indictment no further, on payment of costs, which are thereupon paid. And the said Arens and Eddy are thereupon discharged. January 31, 1879."

There is no memorandum filed with the papers in the case to show the reason for the *nol. pros.*, and a letter of inquiry sent July, 1905, to the late Oliver Stevens, the District Attorney, elicited the reply that he had kept no data concerning the case, and the circumstances which caused him to enter a *nol. pros.* had gone from his mind. In the absence of a record of the reason for the dismissal of the case, it may be suggested that if the People actually had a case against the defendants, it was materially impaired by Mr. Spofford's action in voluntarily disappearing, thereby taking the anomalous position of becoming involved in the alleged conspiracy against himself.

On October 9th, six days before Mr. Spofford went to Cambridgeport, he received a letter from Mrs. Eddy, dated from Number 8 Broad Street, Lynn. It read as follows:

"DEAR STUDENT,

"Won't you make up your mind before it is forever too late to stop sinning with your eyes wide open? I pray for you that God will influence your thoughts to better issues and make you a good and great man, and spare you the penalty that must come if you do not forsake sin.

"I am ready at any time to welcome you back, and kill for you the fatted calf, that is, destroy in my own breast the great material error of rendering evil for evil or resenting the wrongs done us. I do not cherish this purpose toward any one. I am too selfish to do myself this great injury. I want you to be good and *happy in being good* for you never can be happy without it. I rebuke error only to destroy it,

with Force and Arms, being persons of evil minds and dispositions did then and there unlawfully conspire, combine and agree together feloniously, wilfully, and of their malice aforethought, to procure, hire, incite and solicit, one James L. Sargent, for a certain sum of money, to wit, the sum of five hundred dollars, to be paid to said Sargent, by them, said Arens and Eddy, feloniously, wilfully, and of his, said Sargent's malice aforethought, in some way and manner and by some means, instruments, and weapons, to said jurors unknown, one, Daniel H. Spofford, to kill and murder. Against the law, peace and dignity of said Commonwealth."

The second count charged the prisoners with hiring Sargent "with force and arms in and upon one, Daniel H. Spofford, to beat, bruise, wound and evil treat, against the law, peace and dignity of said Commonwealth."



ARTHUR TRUE BUSWELL

Director of the Christian Science Church at its organization, whom Mrs. Eddy sent to Cincinnati to seek out a place where she might plant the infant church

not to harm *you*, but to do you *good*. Whenever a straying student returns to duty, stops his evil practice or sin against the Holy Ghost, I am ready to say, 'neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more.' I write you at this time only from a sense of the high and holy privilege of charity, the greatest of all graces. Do not mistake my motive, I am not worldly selfish in doing this, but am only desirous to do you good. Your silent arguments to do me harm have done me the greatest possible good; the wrath of man has praised Thee. In order to meet the emergency, Truth has lifted me above my former self, enabled me to know who is using this argument and when and what is being spoken, and knowing this, what is said in secret is proclaimed on the house top and affects me no more than for you to say it to me audibly, and tell me I have so and so; and to hate my husband; that I feel others; that arguments cannot do good; that Mrs. Rice cannot; that my husband cannot, etc., etc. I have now no need of human aid. God has shut the mouth of the lions. The scare disappears when you know another is saying it and that the error is not your own.

"May God save you from the effects of the very sins you are committing and which you have been and will be the victim of when the measure you are meting shall be measured to

you. *Pause*, think, solemnly and selfishly of the cost to you. Love instead of hate your friends, and *enemies* even. This alone can make you happy and draw down blessings infinite.

"Have I been your friend? Have I taught you faithfully the way of happiness? and rebuked sternly that which could turn you out of that way? If I have, then I was your friend and risked much to do you good. May God govern your resolves to do right from this hour and strengthen you to keep them. Adieu,

'M. B. GLOVER EDDY.'

Mrs. Eddy Explained the "Conspiracy" by Mesmerism

In the 1881 edition of "Science and Health" Mrs. Eddy takes up this conspiracy case at length, giving a careful and detailed explanation of it.* In her exposition she quotes this letter as a proof of the fact that she was still trying to reclaim Mr. Spofford when the conspiracy was invented. Mr. Spofford, on the other hand, since he had not heard from Mrs. Eddy for seventeen months, believed that Mrs. Eddy intended this letter should be found in his mail-box after his disappearance, to avert suspicion from her.

In her exposition of the case Mrs. Eddy explains it entirely as the result of demonology or mesmerism. She implies that it was a conspiracy hatched by Richard Kennedy and Mr. Spofford to injure the sale of the second edition of her book, which had been out but a few weeks when her husband was placed under arrest:

The purpose of the plotters was evidently to injure the reputation of metaphysical practice, and to embarrass us for money at a time when they hoped to cripple us in the circulation of our book. This is seen in the fact that our name was in any way introduced in the case when we were not implicated by the law and by the gospel.†

Mrs. Eddy attributed Mr. Kennedy's participation in the plot to the fact that her suit against him for the amount of the promissory note signed in Amesbury in 1870 was still pending. She says:

The mental malpractitioners managed that entire plot; and if the leading demonologist can exercise the power over mind, and govern the conclusions and acts of people as he has boasted to us that he could do, he had ample motives for the exercise of his demonology from the fact that a civil suit was pending against him for the collection of a note of one thousand dollars, which suit Mr. Arens was jointly interested in.‡

In her exposition of the case Mrs. Eddy published affidavits from Caroline Fifield and

* "Science and Health" (1881), chapter vi, pp. 20-33

† "Science and Health" (1881), chapter vi, p. 22.

‡ "Science and Health" (1881), chapter vi, p. 29

Margaret Dunshee, in which they testified that Mr. Eddy was instructing a class in Metaphysics in Boston Highlands at the hour when Sargent and Collier declared they had seen him in a freight-yard in East Cambridge. She also published the following confession which, she said, Mr. Eddy had received from Collier a few weeks after the hearing before the Grand Jury:

"Taunton, Dec. 16, 1878.

"To Drs. ASIA G. EDDY and E. J. ARNES — feeling that you have been greatly ingered by faulse charges and knowing thair is no truth in my statement that you attempted to hire James L. Sargent to kil Dr. Spoford and wishing to retract as far as poserble all things I have sed to your ingury, I now say that thair is no truth whatever in the statement that I saw you meet James L. Sargent at East Cambridge or any outhur place and pay or offer to pay him any money that I never hurd a conversation betwene you and Sargent as testified to by me whouthur Spoford has anything to do with Sargent I do not know all I know is that the story I told on the stand is holy faulse and was goton up by Sargent.
GEO. A. COLLIER."

This letter was subsequently reinforced by an affidavit said to have been made by Collier before a justice in Taunton, on December 17, 1878, in which he makes a similar declaration.

Nature of the Evidence

The evidence on both sides is of the most anomalous and inconsequential character and reads like the testimony heard in the nightmare of some plethoric judge. The witnesses for the prosecution were, with the exception of Jessie Macdonald and the two detectives, utterly worthless as sources of testimony.

Looking at the evidence from a distance of almost thirty years, one feels that it is highly improbable that Mrs. Eddy and her husband ever carried their hatred of Mr. Spofford so far as to attempt violence against him. On the other hand, Mrs. Eddy's charge that the plot was the malicious invention of Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Spofford can be regarded only as the delusion of an unreasonable and overwrought woman. The only other possible solution would advance Sargent as the instigator of the plot. If a double blackmailing enterprise could be attributed to Sargent, the tangle could be easily explained. But this hypothesis is weakened by the fact that he never asked for or received any money from Mr. Spofford, and even the buggy in which he drove Mr. Spofford to Cambridgeport was not paid for by Mr. Spofford. Although Detective Pinkham later believed Sargent's story and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Eddy



JAMES ACKLAND

A printer and professor of phrenology, who studied under Mrs. Eddy in 1879 and was a director of the Christian Science Church at its organization in August of that year.

and Arens, his first impression of the case was that Sargent had concocted some scheme to rehabilitate himself with the Police Department by pretending to do it a service. If any adequate motive could be attributed to Sargent, the most satisfactory disposition of the case would be to shift it entirely upon his shoulders. But why a saloon-keeper from Sudbury Street should have gone so far from his familiar haunts and associates, and should have aspired to play a part in the quarrels of the Christian Scientists, remains a difficult question.

Reconnoitering in Boston

As early as 1878 Mrs. Eddy began to give occasional lectures in a Baptist church on Shawmut Avenue, in Boston, and in 1879 she gave Sunday afternoon talks in the Parker Fraternity Building, on Appleton Street. Her audiences were not large. Sometimes, on a fine afternoon, as many as fifty persons would be present, while again the number would fall as low as twenty-five. Mrs. Eddy came up from Lynn on Sunday afternoon, attended by Mr. Eddy and often by several of her students. She usually wore a black silk gown and a hat when she spoke, used gold-bowed spectacles, and was confident and at ease upon the rostrum. Mr. Eddy, dressed in a black frock-coat, acted as usher and passed the collection-plate. Mrs. Eddy spoke on the

curative aspect of her Science almost entirely, relating many individual instances of the astonishing cures she and her students had performed. The religious element in her discussions was incidental and rather cold. She never hinted at repentance, humility, or prayer in the ordinary sense, as essential to regeneration. Moral reform came naturally as a result of adopting Christian Science. Mrs. Eddy possessed on the platform that power of moving people to a state of emotional exaltation which had already proved so effective in her class-room.

After the lecture Mrs. Eddy always came down from the platform and shook hands cordially with her audience. The company usually separated into two groups, one surrounding Mr. Eddy and the other gathering about his wife. Mr. Eddy, in a low voice, would recommend the interested inquirer to join one of Mrs. Eddy's classes and thus come into a fuller understanding of the subject. Occasionally a visitor would ask Mrs. Eddy why she used glasses instead of overcoming the defect in her eyesight by mind. This question usually annoyed her, and on one occasion she replied sharply that she "wore glasses because of the sins of the world," probably meaning that the belief in failing eyesight had become so firmly established throughout the ages that she could not at once overcome it.

Mrs. Eddy's audiences were largely made up of people who were interested in some radical theory of theology or medicine. Mr. Arthur T. Buswell, for instance, who afterward became prominent in the Christian Science movement, had been employed in the New England Hygiene Home, a water-cure sanatorium at West Concord, Vermont, and had come to Boston to practise hydropathy.* His friend, James Ackland, who attended the lectures with him, was a professor of phrenology.

Eddy Lived in Terror of Mesmerism

When Mrs. Eddy felt that one of the Sunday afternoon visitors had become interested in her lectures, Mr. Eddy mildly but persistently followed him up. He used often to drop in at Mr. Buswell's office and lay before him the material and spiritual advantages of a course with Mrs. Eddy, telling him that it was impossible to realize the wonder of Mrs. Eddy's teaching from her public lectures. He always entered the office quietly, glancing back over his shoulder to see whether he were being followed, and spoke in a very low tone, looking nervously about him as he talked. He explained that the mesmerists were constantly on his trail, and

that to avoid them extreme caution was necessary on his part. If he walked with Mr. Buswell on the street, he slipped along as if trying to avoid observation, and would sometimes suddenly catch Buswell's sleeve and pull him into a doorway, as if he felt mesmerism in the air, telling him it was very important that they should not be seen together, as the mesmerists were always shadowing him, ready to set to work upon the minds of prospective students and prejudice them against Mrs. Eddy.

Mr. Buswell and his friend Ackland, the phrenologist, were finally persuaded to go to Lynn and study under Mrs. Eddy. They both roomed in Mrs. Eddy's house, and Mr. Buswell's experience there was a pleasant one. Mrs. Eddy's fortunes were then at a low ebb. There was now a good deal of feeling against her in the town, and her frequent differences with her followers and the scandal caused by the witchcraft and conspiracy cases had reduced the number of her students. There were but three in Mr. Buswell's class, and one of these dropped out, leaving only Mr. Ackland and himself to complete the course. Other students who came under Mrs. Eddy's instruction at about this time were Hanover P. Smith, a young man who worked in his aunt's boarding-house in Boston and who afterward became incurably insane; Joseph Morton, who was a maker of flavoring extracts in Boston and who was interested in astrology; and Edward A. Orne.

Fortunes of the Eddys at Low Ebb

Litigation had been a heavy drain upon Mrs. Eddy financially. She and Mr. Eddy let the lower floor of their house, occupying, themselves, only the up-stairs rooms, and now they rented one of those. They did their own housework, and Mrs. Eddy was exceedingly cheerful and courageous about it. Mr. Buswell remembers finding her on her knees with soap and pail one afternoon, scrubbing her back stairs. When he reproved her for undertaking such heavy work, she laughed and replied that it was good for her to stir about after writing all morning, adding that she could not get good help, as the mesmerists immediately affected her servants. Mr. Buswell remembers that in her class-room she sometimes related how once when she was driving through Boston in an open carriage, a cripple had come up to the carriage, and she had put out her hand and healed him. She also told of returning home after several days' absence to find her window plants drooping and dying. She had discovered that when she was in the house the plants could live without sunlight or moisture, so, instead of watering them, she put them in the attic and treated them mentally,

* Mr. Buswell had first become interested in mind cure through Dr. John A. Tenney, now a physician at Number 2 Commonwealth Avenue, who, in turn, had become interested in the subject through Dr. Evans, a pupil of Quimby's.

after which they were completely restored.* Sometimes, on the same morning that she related one of these extravagant anecdotes, she would tell with apparent appreciation how Bronson Alcott, after reading "Science and Health," had said that no one but a woman or a fool could have written it.

At this time the skeleton in the house was still Malicious Mesmerism. Ever since his arrest upon the charge of conspiracy to murder, Mr. Eddy had seemed stupefied by fear, and he went about like a man laboring under a spell. He was trying to teach a little, but said that the mesmerists broke up his classes. He had a tendency to brood upon the few things in which he was interested at all, and he used to become deeply despondent, confiding to the loyal students his fear that the work would be utterly broken down and trampled out.

Mrs. Eddy Shows First Symptoms of Palsy

Mrs. Eddy was nervous about her mail and believed that her letters were intercepted. When she wrote letters now, she had one of her students take them to some remote part of the town and drop them into one of the mail-boxes farthest away from her house. She believed that the mesmerists kept her under continual espionage, and she seldom went out of the house alone. When Mr. Eddy got home after a trip to Boston, ten miles distant, she would embrace him and thank God that he had escaped the enemy once again. Mrs. Eddy's heaviest cross was that the mesmerists were apparently triumphant. She was greatly chagrined by the fact that Richard Kennedy had been able to build up a practice in Boston, and his prosperity hurt her like a personal affront. He had stolen his success, she said. Within a year after the conspiracy trouble, Edward Arens also incurred her displeasure, and she added him to the list of mesmerists. She kept photographs of Kennedy, Spofford, and Arens in her desk, Kennedy's picture marked with a black cross, and the other two marked with red crosses. Kennedy was still regarded as the Lucifer of mesmerism and the source of the corrupting influence. In the course of time he had fellows, but never a rival. It was when Mrs. Eddy would become agitated in talking of these three men that her students first noticed that violent trembling of the head which was the beginning of the palsy which afterward afflicted Mrs. Eddy. Mesmerism

* This incident may have been one of the "floral demonstrations" referred to in a letter sent from Pleasant View, March 21, 1896, which says:

"While Mrs. Eddy was in a suburban town of Boston she brought out one apple blossom on an apple tree in January when the ground was covered with snow. And in Lynn demonstrated in the Floral line some such small things. But Mrs. Woodbury was never with her in a single instance of these demonstrations."

"Respectfully

"MARY BAKER EDDY"

became the dominating conception of her life, and it is difficult to find a parallel for such a constant and terrifying sense of evil unless one turns to Bunyan in the days before his conversion, or to Martin Luther in the monastery of Wittenberg, when he lived under such a continual oppression of sin that the gates of hell seemed always open just under the flagstones as he paced the cloisters.* Her illnesses, like Luther's earache, were purely the result of a consciously malicious agency; but, unlike Luther's, Mrs. Eddy's depression never came from a feeling of unworthiness or a sense of sin.

Mrs. Eddy Sees the Need of Founding a Religious Organization

After she left Richard Kennedy, Mrs. Eddy seems for some years to have given little thought to the project which she used to discuss with him of founding a new church. It is quite possible that even then by "church" she meant a new faith rather than an organized sect. In the first edition of "Science and Health" she expressed her opinion that church organization was a hindrance rather than a help to the highest spiritual development:

We have no need of creeds and church organizations to sustain or explain a demonstrable platform, that defines itself in healing the sick, and casting out error. The uselessness of drugs, the emptiness of knowledge that puffeth up, and the imaginary laws of matter are very apparent to those who are rising to the more glorious demonstration of their God-being.

The mistake the disciples of Jesus made to found religious organizations and church rites, if indeed they did this, was one the Master did not make; but the mistake church members make to employ drugs to heal the sick, was not made by the students of Jesus. Christ's church was Truth, "I am Truth and Life," the temple for the worshippers of Truth is Spirit and not matter.

No time was lost by our Master in organizations, rites, and ceremonies, or in proselyting for certain forms of belief.†

The very fact, however, that Christian Science was irreconcilable with the doctrines of any of the established churches must have suggested that it should have an organization of its own. A belief which presented a new theory of the Godhead, of sin and the atonement, which declared that petitions to a personal Deity could not obtain for man truth, life, or love,‡ needed an organization behind it if it were to be successfully propagated. Mrs. Eddy's most useful and effective students had been active in church:

* "In the monastery of Wittenberg, he constantly heard the Devil making a noise in the cloisters; and became at last so accustomed to the fact, that he related that, on one occasion, having been awakened by the sound, he perceived that it was *only* the Devil, and accordingly went to sleep again. The black stain in the castle of Wartburg still marks the place where he flung an ink-bottle at the Devil." Lecky, "Rationalism in Europe."

† "Science and Health" (1875), pp. 166, 167.

‡ "Science and Health" (1875), p. 289.



MRS. F. A. DAMON, OF LYNN

In whose parlor the Christian Science Church held its meeting in the summer and fall of 1880, the first year after its organization. Mrs. Damon and Mrs. Rice usually led the services

work before they came into Christian Science. They missed their old church associations and wanted a church to work for. They believed that their new faith was a revival of the apostolic method of healing, a new growth from the original root of Christianity, and it was as a religion, rather than a philosophy, that they liked to regard it. While most of these students had first allied themselves with Christian Science chiefly because they wished to heal or to be healed, a mere scheme of therapeutics, even metaphysical therapeutics, was too deficient in sentiment to hold them together and fire them with the zeal which the cause demanded. Mrs. Eddy began to realize this and to see that the time had come to emphasize the more expressly religious features of Christian Science.

The first Christian Science organization was that formed June 8, 1875, when eight of Mrs. Eddy's students banded together, calling themselves "the Christian Scientists" and pledging themselves to raise money enough to have Mrs. Eddy address them every Sunday. On July 4, 1876, the students reorganized into "The Christian Scientists' Association," and this society still held occasional informal meetings when first a church organization was talked of.

"The Church of Christ (Scientist)"

In 1879 Mrs. Eddy and her students took steps to form a chartered church organization.

They elected officers and directors and chose a name, "The Church of Christ (Scientist)." On August 6th they applied to the State for a charter. The officers and directors were: Mary B. G. Eddy, president; Margaret J. Dunshee, treasurer; Edward A. Orne, Miss Dorcas B. Rawson, Arthur T. Buswell, James Ackland, Margaret J. Foley, Mrs. Mary Ruddock, Oren Carr, directors.

All proceedings were conducted with the greatest secrecy, as Mrs. Eddy felt that it was imperative that the infant church should be hidden from the knowledge of the mesmerists, Spofford and Kennedy. When it was necessary for the newly elected officers and directors to meet before a notary and to sign the agreement of incorporation, Mrs. Eddy had a long list of notaries looked up, and finally selected one in Charlestown, a man who was known to Margaret Dunshee, and for whom she could vouch that he had no affiliations with mesmerists. The students met at Mrs. Dunshee's house in Charlestown, and one by one, by circuitous routes, they went to the notary's office, where the papers were made out and signed. This meeting of the subscribers to the articles of incorporation occurred August 15th, and the papers were filed and a charter issued August 23, 1879. The purpose of the corporation was given as "to carry on and transact the business necessary to the worship of God," and Boston was named as the place within which it was established. There were in all twenty-six charter members, but by no means all of these were active in the work. The membership roll represented, like those of most new churches in small towns, all who could be persuaded to ally themselves with the sect.

Congregation Met in Mrs. Damon's Parlor

For the first sixteen months of its existence the church had no regular place of meeting, but Sunday services were held at the houses of various members in Lynn and Boston. The Lynn meetings were usually held at the house of Mrs. F. A. Damon, who was one of the most earnest workers in the new church. A copy of the secretary's minutes of the Lynn meetings shows that, in Mrs. Eddy's absence, either Mrs. Damon or Mrs. Rice usually conducted the service. These minutes are interesting in that they make one realize what a small organization the Christian Science Church then was. Half a dozen members, gathered in Mrs. Damon's parlor on Jackson Street, constituted a congregation. The minutes show that on one Sunday five members were present; on another four; on another seven, etc. The Boston circle of Christian Scientists, which met at the house of Mrs. Clara Choate, was scarcely larger. The service itself, however,

was very much like the service now used in the great church in Boston. The meeting would open with silent prayer or with Mrs. Eddy's interpretation of the Lord's Prayer; then Mrs. Damon would read from "Science and Health," after which Mrs. Rice would read from the Scriptures. The following record occurs for the meeting on September 5, 1880:

Meeting opened by Mrs. Damon in the usual way. Mrs. M. B. G. Eddy, having completed her summer vacation, was present and delivered a discourse on Mesmerism.

Whole number in attendance, twenty-two.

On the following Sunday the subject was again Mesmerism. Mrs. Eddy's resuming of her duties seems to have been marked by a vigorous return to this subject and by a marked increase in the attendance.

On December 12, 1880, the Christian Scientists began to hold their services in the Hawthorne rooms, on Park Street, Boston. Mrs. Eddy usually preached and conducted the services, though occasionally one of her students took her place, and now and again a minister of some other denomination was invited to occupy the pulpit. In spite of the fact that she was always effective on the rostrum, Mrs. Eddy seemed to dread these Sunday services. The necessity for wearing spectacles embarrassed her. When she sometimes wore glasses in her own home, she apologized for doing so, explaining that it was a habit she often rose above, but that at times the mesmerists were too strong for her. She believed that the mesmerists set to work upon her before the hour of the weekly services, and on Sunday morning her faithful students were sometimes called to her house to treat her against Kennedy, Spofford, and Arens, until she took the train for Boston. Certain ones of the students were delegated to attend her from Lynn to Boston and to occupy front seats in the Hawthorne rooms for the purpose of treating her while she spoke. On the way back to Lynn the party frequently discussed the particular kind of evil influence which had been brought to bear upon Mrs. Eddy during the service. Already Mrs. Eddy thought she could tell which was Kennedy's influence and which was Spofford's, and she could even liken their effect upon her to the operation of certain drugs. Later Arens' malevolence, too, came to have an aroma of its own, so that when Mrs. Eddy rose in the morning she could tell by the kind of depression she experienced which of the three was to be her tormentor for the day. At times she was convinced that Kennedy and Spofford were both annoying her, and not infrequently she declared that the three mesmerists had all set upon her at once.



MARGARET FOLEY

One of the directors of the Christian Science Church at its organization in 1879

First Christian Science Missionaries

During the last few years the attitude of the Lynn public toward Mrs. Eddy had changed from one of amused indifference to one of silent hostility. Mrs. Eddy attributed this change entirely to Kennedy and Spofford, and, despairing of ever bringing her work to a successful issue in Lynn, she began planning to take Christian Science up bodily and flee with it to some place far removed from mesmerists. She decided to send Arthur Buswell to some other part of the country, there to seek out a spot for the planting of her church. Where to send him was the question. Mrs. Eddy and Mr. Buswell got out a map of the United States and studied it together. But, however topical the map, there were no red or green lines to indicate where mesmerism ran light or heavy, and they realized that the venture would be largely a leap in the dark. They finally selected Cincinnati, attracted, Mr. Buswell says, by its central location and by the number of railroads which seemed, on the map, to pass through that city. Mr. Buswell was, accordingly, despatched, at his own expense, to make straight the path in Cincinnati, with the understanding that Mrs. Eddy would follow him in six weeks.* She did not go, however, and was greatly annoyed when Mr. Buswell ran out of money and wrote to her

* At about the same time that Mrs. Eddy sent Mr. Buswell to Cincinnati to prepare a way for her, she sent Joseph Morton to New York on the same mission, promising to follow later. He opened an office on Ninth Street, but, as he found no patients, he soon returned to Boston.

for help. She replied that it was very evident to her that mesmeric influences were abroad in Cincinnati as well as in Lynn, and had inspired him with disloyal sentiments.

In the meantime Mrs. Eddy's forerunners in Boston had been meeting with some success. Mrs. Clara Choate and her husband had taken a house on Shawmut Avenue and were introducing the Christian Science treatment of disease. Edward J. Arens came to Boston immediately after the unfortunate conspiracy tangle, and fell to work with industry and courage. He took an office at 32 Upton Street and began to do missionary work among the marketmen down about Faneuil Hall, treating a bronchial cold here and a case of rheumatism there. He spoke occasionally in a hall in Charlestown, lecturing on Metaphysical Healing and charging an admission fee of ten cents. Among his first patrons was James C. Howard, a bookkeeper who came to arrange for treatments for his invalid wife. This was before Mrs. Eddy had entirely renounced Mr. Arens, and it was in his office that Mr. Howard first met Mrs. Eddy. He became interested in Christian Science and made one of a class of two which Mrs. Eddy taught at Mrs. Choate's house. Mrs. Eddy was then in need of practitioners, and she urgently needed an active man of affairs to succeed Mr. Arens, toward whom she had begun to feel deep resentment. She was also desirous of letting the lower floor of her Broad Street house, which had been tenantless for some time, in spite of the fact that she had tried very hard to rent it. In fact, Mrs. Eddy's differences with her tenants, servants, and students had created a general impression in Lynn that life at Number 8 Broad Street was difficult and complicated. Mr. Howard, when he moved there with his wife and children, certainly found it so. The Eddys were in such perpetual terror of mesmerism that they could give very little attention to anything else. They felt that the sentiment toward them in Lynn had changed, and Mrs. Eddy was so anxious and nervous that she easily gave way to petulance and anger. Mr. Howard and Mr. Eddy were indefatigable in their efforts to please her, but whatever they did, it usually proved to be the wrong thing. She had lost all patience with Mr. Eddy's slowness and had begun to exhibit annoyance at his somewhat rustic manner and appearance. Mr. Eddy had never been a particularly efficient man, and now his fear of mesmerists kept him in a semi-somnambulant condition. He sometimes became deeply discouraged in his efforts to help his wife, and once bitterly confided to Mrs. Rice that he did not believe God Almighty could please Mrs. Eddy.

Mr. Howard was an alert, adaptable young man who made himself useful in a great many ways. He took charge of the sale of the third edition of Mrs. Eddy's book, often acted as her private secretary, and played the cornet at the Sunday services in Hawthorne Hall. Mrs. Eddy at first seemed fond of him and seemed to enjoy his musical accomplishment. But she soon tired of him as she had tired of so many others, and grew so exacting that when he went out to do her errands he found it expedient to take down her instructions in writing, so that if, by the time he returned, she had changed her mind as to what she wanted done, he would have his notes to justify himself. When Mr. Howard left Mrs. Eddy's house in October, 1881, six months after he had moved into it, he had decided to leave the Church as well.

The New Church Crippled by the Resignation of its Strongest Members

Mr. Howard was not the only Christian Scientist who came to this decision. Discouragement and discontent had been growing among Mrs. Eddy's oldest and most devout followers. For a long while they said nothing to each other, and each bore his disappointment and disillusionment as best he could. They believed firmly in the principles of Christian Science and hesitated to do anything which might injure the Church, but they felt that no good, either to her or to themselves, could come from their further association with Mrs. Eddy. Mr. Howard, when he went to explain his position to Mrs. Rice before he took the final step, found, to his amazement, that both she and her sister, Miss Rawson, felt that they had come to the end of their endurance and could follow Mrs. Eddy no further. Five others of the leading women of the Church confessed that they were discouraged and dissatisfied. They were tired of being dragged as witnesses into lawsuits which they believed were unwise and which they knew brought discredit upon the Church, and discouraged by the outbursts of rage which Mrs. Eddy apparently made no effort to control and which they believed helped to bring on the violent illnesses for which they were perpetually called to treat her. Above all, they were tired of Malicious Mesmerism. Several of her students really believed that this subject had become a monomania with Mrs. Eddy. Christian Science seemed for the time to have been superseded, and Demonology was the living and important issue. After earnest discussion and consultation, eight of Mrs. Eddy's most prominent students agreed to withdraw from the Church together. They held a meeting and drew up a memorial which each of them signed and of

which each preserved a copy. This resolution read as follows:

"We, the undersigned, while we acknowledge and appreciate the understanding of Truth imparted to us by our Teacher, Mrs. Mary B. G. Eddy, led by Divine Intelligence to perceive with sorrow that departure from the straight and narrow road (which alone leads to growth of Christ-like virtues) made manifest by frequent ebullitions of temper, love of money, and the appearance of hypocrisy, *cannot* longer submit to such Leadership; therefore, without aught of hatred, revenge or petty spite in our hearts, from a sense of duty alone, to her, the Cause, and ourselves, do most respectfully withdraw our names from the Christian Science Association and Church of Christ (Scientist).

"S. Louise Durant,
"Margaret J. Dunshee,
"Dorcas B. Rawson,
"Elizabeth G. Stuart,
"Jane L. Straw,
"Anna B. Newman,
"James C. Howard,
"Miranda R. Rice.

"21st October, 1881."

Mrs. Eddy's Oldest Followers Withdraw from Her

On the night of October 21st this memorial was read aloud by Mrs. F. A. Damon at the regular meeting of the Christian Scientists' Association. This meeting, which was a heated session, was prolonged until after midnight. The eight resignations were a complete surprise to Mrs. Eddy, and she expressed her indignation at length, declaring that the resigning members were all the victims of mesmerism. The next day she made an effort to see in person several of the signers of the memorial, but they kept well within their doors and refused her admittance. Mr. Howard had been Mrs. Eddy's business representative; Mrs. Dunshee, Mrs. Newman, and Mrs. Stuart were all able and intelligent women, and their membership had been a source of great pride to Mrs. Eddy. Mrs. Rice and Miss Rawson had been her friends and followers for more than eleven years, and were the only ones of her early students who had been faithful until the founding of the Church. They had believed in her sincerely, and had served her, heart and soul. Because of Mrs. Rice's robust health, Mrs. Eddy liked to have her much about her. Mrs. Rice had been more successful than any other student in treating Mrs. Eddy in her illnesses, and a messenger from Broad Street

often summoned her to Mrs. Eddy's side in the hours after midnight. When Mr. Eddy was arrested on the charge of conspiracy and thrown into jail, it was Mrs. Rice who persuaded her husband to furnish bail. On the morning after her resignation from the Church, Mrs. Rice saw Mrs. Eddy a moment from her window, but from that day to this she has never seen her again.

Instead of accepting the eight resignations, Mrs. Eddy notified the resigning members that they were liable to expulsion, and summoned them to meet the Church on October 29th. They did not appear, but at this meeting Mrs. F. A. Damon, at whose house the church services were formerly held, and Miss A. A. Draper, secretary of the Church, also resigned. In their letters of resignation they stated that they "could no longer entertain the subject of Mesmerism which had lately been made uppermost in the meetings and in Mrs. Eddy's talks." Edward A. Orne had quietly left the Church some time before, and Mr. Buswell was in Cincinnati. There were scarcely a dozen students left to whom Mrs. Eddy could turn in an hour of need. During the next few months she worked incessantly to rally her shattered ranks, and on February 3, 1882, the few remaining members of the Christian Scientists' Association published in the Lynn *Union* resolutions* censuring the act of the seceding members, stamping their charges as untrue, and indorsing Mrs. Eddy to the extent of affirming her "the chosen messenger of God to the nations," and declaring that "unless we hear Her voice we do not hear His voice."

*The following is a copy of these resolutions:

"At a meeting of the Christian Scientist association the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, That we the members of the Christian Scientist association, do herein express to our beloved teacher, and acknowledged leader, Mary B. Glover Eddy, our sincere and heartfelt thanks and gratitude for her earnest labors in behalf of this association, by her watchfulness of its interest, and persistent efforts to maintain the highest rule of Christian love among its members.

"*Resolved*, That while she has had little or no help, except from God, in the introduction to this age of materiality of her book, Science and Health, and the carrying forward of the Christian principles it teaches and explains, she has been unremitting in her faithfulness to her God-appointed work, and we do understand her to be the chosen messenger of God to bear his truth to the nations, and unless we hear 'Her Voice,' we do not hear 'His Voice.'

"*Resolved*, That while many and continued attempts are made by the malpractice, as referred to in the book, Science and Health, to hinder and stop the advance of Christian science, it has with her leadership attained a success that calls out the truest gratitude of her student, and when understood, by all humanity.

"*Resolved*, That the charges made to her in a letter, signed by J. C. Howard, M. R. Rice, D. B. Rawson, and five others, of hypocrisy, ebullitions of temper, and love of money, are utterly false, and the cowardice of the signers in refusing to meet her and sustain or explain said charges, be treated with the righteous indignation it justly deserves. That while we deplore such wickedness and abuse of her who has befriended them in their need, and when wrong, met them with honest, open rebuke, we look with admiration and reverence upon her Christ-like example of meekness and charity, and will, in future, more faithfully follow and obey her divine instructions, knowing that in so doing we offer the highest testimonial of our appreciation of her Christian leadership.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to our teacher and leader, Mary B. Glover Eddy, and a copy be placed on the records of this Christian Scientist association."

Mrs. Eddy's Retreat from Lynn

Ardent as these resolutions were, they were the swan-song of the movement in Lynn, and to this day the Christian Science Church there has never prospered. Its members declare that there is an error in belief there regarding Mrs. Eddy which they find hard to overcome.

Mrs. Eddy at last despaired of conquering the prejudice that had arisen in Lynn against her and her religion. While she attributed this to the influence of the mesmerists, her seceding students attributed it to the unpleasant notoriety given her by her lawsuits and her quarrels with her followers. Whether these lawsuits were really discreditable to Mrs. Eddy or not, they were generally considered to be so in Lynn. People did not stop to discover whether they arose on reasonable grounds. The general public caught only the obvious paradox that here were a group of people teaching a new religion and professing to overcome sin and bodily disease through their superior realization of Divine love, and that they were constantly quarreling and bickering among themselves, accusing each other of fraud, dishonesty, witchcraft, bad temper, greed of money, hypocrisy,

and finally of a conspiracy to murder. Unquestionably Mrs. Eddy, as the accepted messenger of God, was more severely criticized for her part in these altercations than if she had appeared before the courts merely as a citizen of Lynn, and this criticism had much to do with the cloud of suspicion and distrust which hung over the Church when, in the early part of the winter of 1882, Mrs. Eddy left Lynn forever behind her and went to Boston.

Mrs. Eddy's departure from Lynn was distinctly in the nature of a retreat. A neutral field had become pronouncedly hostile; her oldest friends and most ardent workers had left her. "Science and Health" had been through three editions, but less than four thousand copies of the book had been sold. Her following was now, for the most part, made up of indifferent material — discontented women, and young men who had not succeeded in finding their place in the world, or who had drifted away from other professions. The Christian Science Church was a struggling organization with considerably less than fifty members; its history had been one of dissension, and its good standing was all to make — and Mrs. Eddy was then sixty-one years old.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SUMMER IN GREYSTONE

BY WITTER BYNNER

AUTHOR OF "AN ODE TO HARVARD AND OTHER POEMS"

O SUMMER, take my soul again
 To your shrine of lighted sky,
 From where, in wonder worshipping,
 Deep in the grass I lie! —
 In wonderful fright of a bumblebee,
 Or a rapid speck of red; —
 Or an ant with frantic little legs
 And a tugging little head, —
 In wondering league with his busy speed,
 (What is it makes him spry? —
 The many little sandy domes
 Of the kingdom in his eye?)
 In tune with the gleeful wit of a bird;
 And, at far-off puffs of a train,
 Content with the wonders made by men,
 Though made with a meed of pain; —
 For by their wonders yours I see,
 O Summer, holy, sweet; —
 And here in happy faith again
 I lie before your feet.

SEPTEMBER 1907

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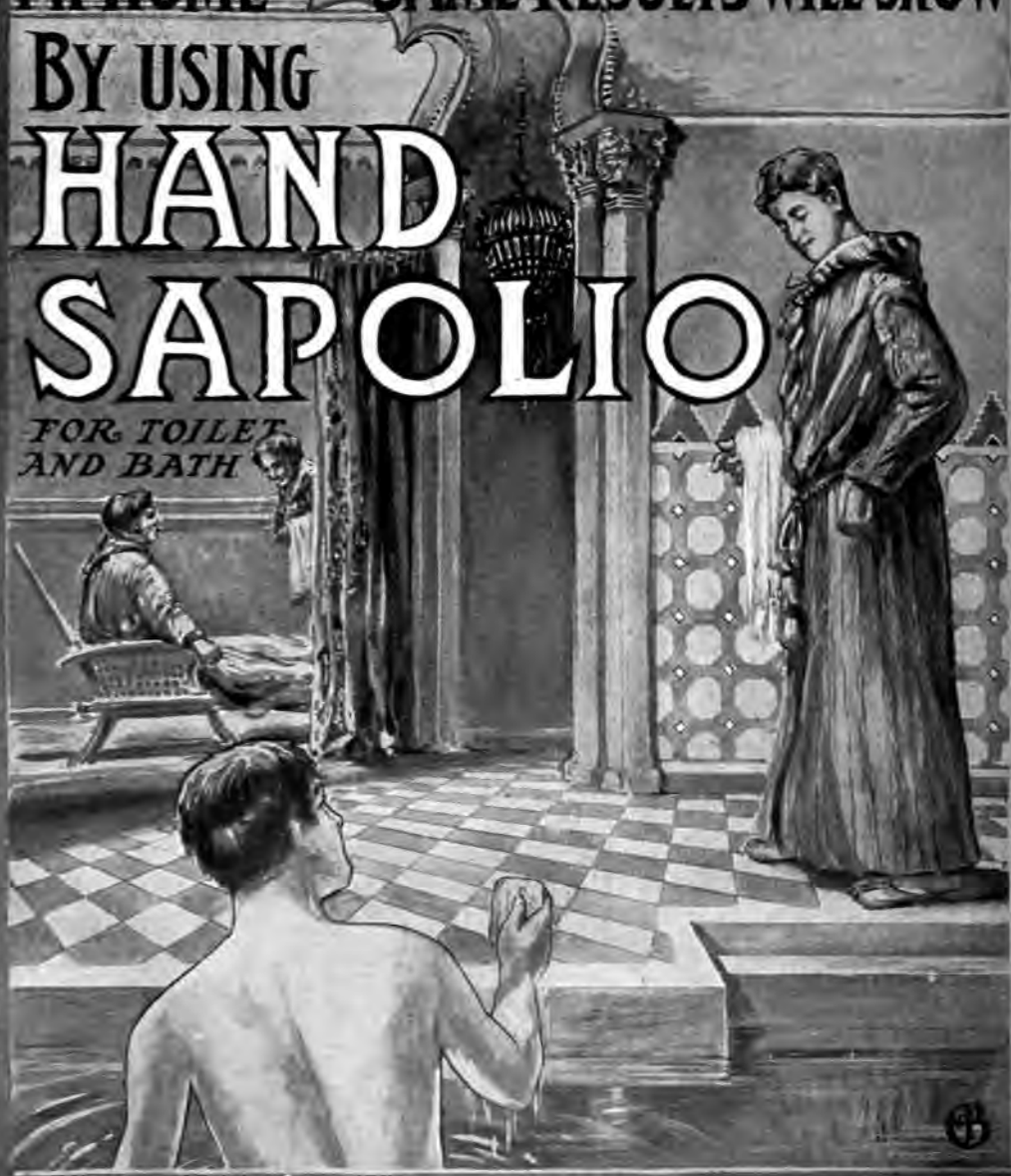
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VOL. XXIX SEPTEMBER 1907 No.

THE WEAVER'S SON

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

AUTHOR OF "VROUW GROBELAAR AND HER LEADING CASES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. HATHERELL, R. I.



HE loom filled more than half the one room of the cottage, and through its intricacy the weaver was seen as in a frame. An oil-lamp on the wall behind him served to light his task, but through the window and the open door the level sunset cast a rude glow on his face. He did not pause when his son entered, but merely bent a brow on him, while the heavy shuttle clashed to and fro between his hands, deft with thirty years of use.

Evan halted nervously as he came in, with a kind of appeal to the thin, pitiless man at his work. He was a big lad of some seventeen years, loosely knit and long in the limb, whose gross work on the land had not yet bound his strength to clumsiness. There was an openness in his face that bespoke the recaptive faculty, a fine nostril, a running curve of eyebrow, the hall-marks of the idealist. He stood shuffling, looking under the beam of the loom to the thin and inflexible ascetic whom he knew as father.

"You've no time to lose," said the weaver, over the clack of the uneasy shuttle. His voice was good and sonorous; his face, with its wisp of grizzled beard, was a mask moulded to serenity by convictions long since rooted and experience never amended by disaster.

"Ay," said Evan dully, and went to eat his food and clothe himself for the evening's ordeal.

He moved at his affairs not without adroitness, eating while he washed and dressed, and passing to and fro between the bed and the loom with a quick handiness. From the carved

mantel a faded portrait of a woman in hideous Sunday clothes watched him; the shawl and bonnet did not quite eliminate a certain slenderness and potentiality of grace in figure and poise. It was his mother, the dead wife of the weaver, who had never quite achieved her husband's standard of seemly living and thinking, and had lasted just long enough to leave her limber quickness and the brown of her eyes to Evan.

Clack! went the shuttle and thud! went the beam. The weaver knew no rest. His hands worked automatically and his feet on the pedal trod without thought from him. He watched the lad, his son, and his face gave no index to his thoughts. Five days a week, from soon after dawn till long after dark, his station was at the loom, reeling forth, inch by inch, the harsh grey flannel cloth. On the sixth he carried his product to Llanelly to sell, walking there and back, forty good miles of hard road; and on the seventh he gave himself to chapel and the relaxation of the forms of worship. For thirty years his life had revolved in no wider cycle than this; and his wisdom was the iron wisdom of a man who has thought alone for long hours and backed his conclusions unaided from the great quarry of universal truth.

"I'm ready," said Evan, at last. He stood up with his cap in his hand and faced his father again.

The weaver nodded, and a gleam came into his pale and secret eye. His hands never halted to pass the shuttle.

"'Not the righteous, but sinners, to repentance,'" he quoted, giving it out in strong,

McCLURE'S FOR OCTOBER

ARTICLES

EXPERIMENTS WITH CRIMINALS - HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

REMINISCENCES - - - ELLEN TERRY

THE WINNING OF THE INTERNATIONAL BALLOON
RACE - - - CLEVELAND MOFFETT

THE CONFESSION AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
HARRY ORCHARD

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE - GEORGINE MILMINE

THE contribution from Hugo Münsterberg, Professor of Psychology in Harvard University, is one of the notable magazine articles of the day. In it Professor Münsterberg tells of the almost uncanny certainty with which the experimental psychologist is able to gage by scientific instruments a subject's veracity, imagination, sensibility, and similar traits of mind and character, and of how these methods have been employed with criminals.

ELLEN TERRY'S Reminiscences need no introduction. In two previous instalments Miss Terry has recounted her childhood and early years on the stage. In the forthcoming number she tells, with unsurpassed interest and charm, of the beginning of her great career before American and English audiences.

CLEVELAND MOFFETT will describe in October the remarkable tactics by which Frank Lahm won the International Balloon Race in Paris, when America, competing against all the greatest countries of the world, captured the famous trophy of the French Aéro Club, and thus brought the cup to this country.

IN the next instalment of Harry Orchard's remarkable narrative he explains in detail the use of trap bombs which he himself invented and manufactured. By this time Orchard was no longer a novice in murder, and the businesslike skill with which he planned assassinations is an interesting feature in this great document.

THE October article of the Christian Science series will deal with the founding of the *Christian Science Journal*, Mrs. Eddy's personal organ, and will explain how the Reverend James Henry Wiggin helped Mrs. Eddy to rewrite "Science and Health."

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for





“‘IT’S HARD TO BE TAKEN FOR A THIEF. BUT THE GOD’S TRUTH IS,
THIS IS A STOLEN SHIP’”

He paused, and his eyes travelled through the audience and picked Evan out.

"Evan Evans," he bade, hoarse with emotion, but never weakening, "stand forth."

In a horror of light, his eyes blurred and his heart a-flutter, Evan came to the front. He barely heard himself answer when Morgan asked if he had denied the charge.

"Then is there anything you want to say, now?" asked Morgan.

Evan lifted his burning face to the grave face of the farmer, but his voice was not at command.

"Plenty of time," said Morgan. He was conscious of an impulse to pity the lad, and throttled it as wrong. "If you've got anything to say, we will hear it, an' glad to."

His was the office of the priest, with none of its aptitude; conscience was unaided in Morgan by any inclination.

No answer from Evan. With a sign, Morgan yielded place to Jones Pentowy.

Jones stood up sharply, eager to interrogate, to confound, to convict. With one hand on the desk, he leaned forward, attacking keenly like a weasel.

"Evan Evans," he said, his voice ringing like a shrill bell, "what put it in your mind to dance to fiddles?" He waited for the answer that did not come, and spoke again to tear this fruitless silence asunder:

"How many times was you in that place before this time?" he demanded.

"Never," answered Evan, stung to coherence. "Never, indeed, indeed!"

Jones Pentowy shook his head. "Then how did you know where it was, now?"

Evan sighed hopelessly. "I was walkin' past, an' stopped to hear the fiddles, an' a girl came up to me," he explained. He shook his head as he realised the uselessness of his own plea—that the specious woman of the town had taken him by storm, that he had entered the dance-hall and danced, and seen no evil there. "She asked me in, an' I went in," he concluded despondently.

"What else did you do?" demanded Jones Pentowy.

"I danced."

"And where did you learn how to dance?"

"I never learnt," replied Evan. "You haven't got to learn; when the music is playin' it's easy. You just dance, that's all, indeed."

From the audience about and behind him rose a rustle of whispering.

Jones Pentowy scowled. "You just dance!" he repeated in withering scorn.

Evan pulled himself together for an effort; the artist within him was not wholly unconscious, else he had not been a Welshman.

"There's music," he urged, "an' music is a thing you can't count on. Fiddles, now—they has a voice, like, same as a man or a woman, an— an'"—he smiled slowly to himself as he recalled the crazy claim of those fiddles on his youth and his blood—"it's a hand they put out to you."

"A hand!" echoed Jones Pentowy. "A hand!" Morgan Rhosegadder turned his face aside.

"Yes." Evan was his own man now. The ring was back in his voice, and some sense that he stood for an apostle, a redeemer, animated him. With head well up and a fire of faith in his woman's eyes, he gave the cobbler of Pentowy his answer:

"Yes; it puts hands on you. When you go up to town once a year, 'tis not to look at the shops you want. No, man; lights, and the people movin', and to think you're doing something besides wait on the cattle and the crops—that's what you go up to town for. I was stoppin', harkin' to the fiddles, and the woman came up, and she says, 'You're young to be looking on,' she says, and she laughed at me. Then the fiddles cried out again, and her face was before me, laughin', an— an—I put my arm to her waist and went in without a word."

He stopped, flushed and thrilled, and the young men and girls stared at him, half fascinated.

Morgan Rhosegadder slipped to his knees, his face clenched, his lips moving in prayer. Jones Pentowy was aghast, upright and wordless.

"There was no harm," said Evan, lowering his voice. "No harm at all, indeed." He looked round him severely. "I tell you," he said deliberately, "I never felt so full of religion as then, when I was dancing with the woman to the fiddles."

"Stop!"

Morgan Rhosegadder leaped to his feet and thrust forth a rigid finger. His comfortable, stumpy figure, his honest, rosy face, were stripped of their homeliness. He stood there against the wall in the attitude of command, instinct and inspired with vital authority, a very Pope of his creed. "Stop!" he said, and his voice bound all there to an instant stillness. He stood wordless for a long minute, rooting Evan to his place.

"Go out," he said at last, panting as he spoke. "Go out! I do believe you are damned. We will not judge you, but neither will we have you of us. Go out from this place!"

Evan stared for a moment, thought to answer him, but changed his mind. He took his hat and went slowly down the little aisle, and



“‘SAY YOU’LL FORGIVE NOW, EVAN; THAT’S WHAT I’M WANTING’”

those who were by the door drew aside and made a passage for him. At the door he looked back. Morgan Rhosegadder was still pointing. Then he went out.

He was excommunicated; it amounted to that. There was a dead-line drawn about him, which none would pass. He was marked now for what he was as plainly as though he had been branded.

It had no very poignant sting for him. The chief part of his life was not in the consideration of his fellows, but in his dreams, in what he saw and valued when he lifted his face to the salt wind and to seaward. As he went up the road now, between the dark houses of the village, he shrugged once or twice, as a dog shakes water from his coat. As he faced the longshore road that should take him home, he tried to put the whole matter from his mind. It was not quite easy, however; though it did not pierce the armour of his preoccupations,—now fear, now embarrassment,—there dogged yet the picture of Morgan springing from his prayers to champion his faith. The farmer's strong face, dignified and chastened by the force of his purpose, would not leave his memory.

He would have been cast down in the end by this persistence of his recollections, but there came a material relief. At the bend of the road under the burrows, where it left the shore to follow the banks of the Morlais, he came suddenly through the sand-hills to the sight of a ship in the mouth of the river. Her riding-light drew his eyes first, and then the faint loom of her spars, only a little darker than the night, and he saw she was a square-rigged vessel. She lay, it seemed, in a channel between flats of mud; from one of them a dull gleam answered her lantern.

Evan left the road and scrambled through ditches and bullrushes to come nearer to her. Schooners and hatches come this way rarely, larger craft never. It was imperative he should see what was to be seen. He stumbled on at his best pace, hardly dodging the occasional forlorn briars in his way, while the pensive night sky watched him broodingly. Into one of them he blundered bodily, with a crash of dry twigs, and forthwith from the lee of it rose a man who reached an arm across the bush and gripped him by the shoulder.

"You're powerful hurried, by all seemin'," said the man, while Evan winced in his grip. "What's amiss, mate?"

"I was comin' to see the ship," panted Evan.

"Ah, you was, eh?" The man loosed his shoulder, but seemed to be staring through the dark at his face. "And what might you be waitin' of the ship?"

"Only to see her," replied Evan. "Ships like that—big ships—don't come here. Is she aground? Do you belong to her?"

"Ah!" The seaman, for such he seemed plainly to be, took his time to answer. "You're a smart boy, ain't you? Well, sonny, she ain't aground, but she's goin' to be. And who might you be?"

Evan gave an account of himself. The seaman heard him anxiously.

"Well, now," he said, "I'll tell you what to do. You go home and turn in, and then if you come down to-morrow you'll have a good look at the ship. An' if you was to keep your mouth shut maybe you'd get something worth while. Mind, I said maybe. It ain't every ship that puts into a mud-flat to heave down that wants to be the talk of the place. Savvy that?"

"Yes," said Evan.

"An' here!" pursued the sailor confidentially, tapping the boy on his breast. "There wouldn't be any one hereabouts with a likely pig to sell, would there? For sailormen sets a lot of store by pigs."

"There's Morris of the Little House," answered Evan. "He's got pigs. A mile up the road his house is."

"Ah, that's fine," said the sailor. "Plenty of pigs, eh? and maybe a rooster or two? Well, good night to you, my lad. A mile up the road, you said?"

"Yes," said Evan. "Good night."

In the morning he had to face his father, who heard without surprise that he had been expelled from the Band of Hope. Evan gave his story briefly, in the barest form, while his father sat at the loom. The boy did not see how the weaver's face flushed and then whitened at the recital.

"Ah, well," said the weaver, when it was told. "It was Morgan Rhosegadder put you out?"

"Yes," said Evan.

"Ah, well," said the weaver, and stopped the shuttle to tie a broken yarn, while Evan went out.

The vessel, a small wooden barque of perhaps four hundred tons, lay some fifty yards from the bank, with her side to a mud-flat. She seemed to be in ballast, and three or four hands were aloft, unbending sail. Two more leaned on the rail aft and gave ear to an angry man ashore who bellowed at them across the muddy water. Evan recognised him as Morris of the Little House.

"I'll learn you to come thievin' pigs, da-amn you!" he was shouting. "Some of you'll swell the inside of a gaol, whatever, or I'm a liar."

He turned and saw Evan. "It's you," he said. "There's company for you. There's nice

people, whatever! Thieves and robbers, all of them. They've stole my black pig, and the marks of their feet is in my sty. Go an' dance with them. They'll fiddle you."

He made his way up the bank and into the sand-hills, turning at the top to shake both fists at the ship.

"Gaol!" he yelled. "I'll learn you to go stealin' pigs!"

The grave company at the rail of the barque saw him go, and then one of them lifted up his voice and sent a hail across to Evan.

"Is it you?" he cried lucidly.

"Yes," shouted Evan, in reply.

The man who had called promptly stepped into the mizzen-chains and seemed to let himself drop overside. There was a dinghy in the water, though, out of sight behind the mud, and presently he came pulling across to Evan. He was a thick-set man of the middle stature, with a hard, brown, hairless face and small blue eyes.

"Morning, mate," he said, as he headed the dinghy handily. "This here's a fort'nit meetin'. Did you hear that there farmer bellowin'? He's got his suspicions, he has! I wouldn't have a suspicious nature like him for a pub an' a street of houses. He'll lose customers, that man will. There's others keeps pigs as well as him."

He nodded seriously to Evan.

"You come aboard, matey," he said. "You come aboard and see the big ship. She's been to India, that big ship has, an' to Morocco and Madagascar. She ain't no fool of a ship, and you can take your oath of that."

Evan stepped into the boat and sat down.

"Did you steal the pig?" he asked, as the sailor shoved her off.

The other took his seat and leisurely pulled into the stream.

"No," he answered. "It were another of 'em that stole the pig. A master hand with pigs he is, too. But if that ravin' bog-trotter had counted his roosters, he'd know what I stole."

He nodded to Evan and winked with great pleasantry.

He laid the boat alongside the worn flank of the barque, and Evan went aboard and found himself on a ship's deck at last. The planks made his feet welcome; overhead the cordage wove a web of fascination; and the simple gear about him—the capstan, the pumps, the rails thronged with belaying-pins and festooned with coiled ropes—addressed him intimately. His companion led him up the ladder to the little poop, and brought him to a tall old man, who looked at him venerably.

"Here's the lad, sir," he said. "Boy, take off your hat to the captain."

There was a vague and mild quality of courtesy about the captain, something gentle and gallant, which easily touched Evan. He was over the common height, with a good and noticeable carriage and a fine reverend head. His white forked beard hung to his chest; his face was clear red; and as he spoke he had the air of condescending, of doing the graceful thing to an inferior.

He welcomed Evan with a nod which passed for a bow.

"I am glad to see you on my poop," he said. "My mate tells me you live hereabouts and can give me the information I require."

"That's me," said the man who had brought Evan aboard. "I'm his mate."

"I'll do my best," said the boy.

Another bow from the captain.

"Be seated," he said, waving him to the ledge of the skylight.

He leaned on the wheel himself, looking down at his visitor, while the mate stood with legs apart, looking on. Then, in good, gracious speech, the captain commenced his interrogation. He was anxious to know where the nearest railway-station was, and learned with pleasure that it was twenty-five miles away. Coast-guards were unheard of here; that, too, gratified him. As for police, there was a constable at Pentow, but he was old and infirm and infrequently sober.

"I thank you," said the captain, when all his questions had been answered. He looked on Evan with trouble in his face. "It is natural," he went on, "that you should wish to know why all this is important to us. It looks, of course, as if we had some crime to conceal."

Evan rose. "I don't care," he said stoutly; "it isn't my business. The people doesn't know what is crimes and what isn't, indeed. They think dancing is a crime."

"And pig-stealing," added the mate, indignantly.

The captain smiled faintly. "There will be no more of that," he said. "There is a small repair to be made to the bottom, and for that purpose we have put in to careen. We wish to be private for good sound reasons, and that is all."

He had a way, while speaking, of letting his eyes wander to the shore, not as though seeing things, but as if his thoughts travelled easily from the subject. For some reason he could not define, Evan found himself pitying this tall old man.

"If there's anything I can do—" he said.

"Thank you; I thank you," answered the captain, and he was dismissed.

His work at the farm at which he was employed did not occur to him at all. He had not intended to go there, anyhow. He spent the morning on the deck of the ship, busy and delighted, making himself familiar with the gear, and weaving his fancies interminably over the boats on their blocks and all the stuff of dreams of which a ship is compact. When the men came down to dinner, he was called to join them. Roast pork was their food. He sat on the hatch with them, his eyes and ears open to their strangeness, between a magnificent Greek with gold rings in his ears and a little wizened nonation veteran whose right eyelid was flat and motionless over an empty socket. There were five of them altogether, besides the captain and mate, all sound men, harsh and wise with use of the sea and its customs, and they talked to him as only sailors can talk to a boy. He was avid for incidents of colour and action, and they glutted him with tales which were only half lies. "Ay, that was a son-of-a-gun of a v'y'ge," said the veteran, concluding a yarn. "A bit like this v'y'ge it was."

"Where are you bound for, then?" demanded Evan.

The Greek flashed a dazzling smile at him.

"You don't know?" he said. "Ah, well, we don't know a no more as you."

An English sailor opposite looked up from his plate with a growl.

"Stow it," he said. "Mind what you're sayin'." And the Greek shrugged and was silent.

The old man heard him, and looked away over his head.

"I know nothing against it," he made answer. "But you have parents, surely? Have you asked them?"

Evan reddened. "There's only my father," he said, "an' him an' me's not much friends."

The captain shook his fine head and mumbled into his beard.

"You'd ship on anything. Perhaps it would be better on any craft but this; who is to say?"

"Why, what's the matter with the ship?" asked Evan, in surprise.

"Matter with the ship!" The old captain woke to a sort of liveliness. "Nothing is the matter with her—nothing her own crew can't put right. I've commanded on this quarter-deck since before you were born, boy, and who but I should know?"

He bent a formidable and gloomy brow on Evan.

"God forbid I should slander the ship," he said, with formal solemnity. "I was at the building of her. To her you might trust yourself.

Yes, you'd be safe with my old barque. But—but—" His voice trailed off into uncertainty, and his pale eyes wandered again.

"Please, sir, I'd like to ship with you," said Evan, after waiting for him to go on.

The captain seemed to hear him as a sleeper hears a sound at his window, with no understanding of its import.

"She's nobody's if she isn't mine," he said absently.

Evan felt a hand on his arm, and turned to face the mate.

"Where's your manners?" demanded that officer. "Don't you know better than to plague the skipper? Has he shipped you?"

Evan shook his head. "He wants me to ask my father first."

"That's funny," said the mate, leading the boy for'ard. "Where does he think sailors come from? But don't you worry, sonny: I'll fix it. You're shipped, you are." He slapped the lad disconcertingly on the back. "Ship's boy an' cook's mate—that's you, barrin' act of God an' the Queen's enemies. Get along down to the fo'c'sle; you're shipped."

Evan went through the scuttle and down the ladder to the darksome little fo'c'sle up in the eyes of the barque, and the men received him with grins.

"What did the old man say?" they inquired.

"I'm shipped," said Evan, with pride.

The one-eyed veteran looked up sharply. "Shipped, eh!" he observed. "Well, then, you go and lay hands on a broom and sweep this yer deck up, boy, and when it's dark you'll go with the landin'-party to trade with the natives."

"Pigs?" queried Evan, taking up the broom.

"Anything," answered the sailor carelessly.

Of the raid that night there is no need to tell. They bereaved three farmers of many eatables. In the morning they set to discharging the gravel ballast, weary and dirty work. Evan had expected to see his father in search of him, but the weaver put in no appearance that day. It was the next day at noon that he saw the well-known and bowed figure at the water's edge, looking over towards the barque. The mate, after considering the matter for a minute, bade him take the dinghy and go ashore to the old man.

He was awkward with the oars, and beached the boat clumsily. His father came without a word and helped haul her bow seaward on the sand. Then they stood facing each other, the big flushed boy and the meagre, serious man.

"Well, Evan," said the weaver at last, "you've left me, then."

Evan nodded without speaking.

"Well, well," said the weaver. "It's done, then. You've gone, that's all. So we can sit

down a spell an' talk, can't we — father and son, like us?"

"Yes, we can talk," answered Evan; and the pair crossed the narrow beach to the rough fringe of the burrows. The weaver lowered himself to a knoll with a sigh, and Evan squatted on his heels a few feet away.

"I was hearing from Jones Pentowy what you was tellin' them in the Band of Hope," said the weaver. His tone was weighted with no function of blame; he seemed to speak conversationally. "But I don't agree with you."

"You never did," retorted Evan, resentfully.

"How d'you know that?" said the weaver. "An', even then, a man's got a right to his opinions. You've got yours an' I've got mine. An' Jones is got his, for what it's worth. If we was to think the same, all three, we'd be all weavers or cobblers or sailors, indeed, now."

He pushed back his hat and wiped his forehead.

"Don't you see?" he asked.

Evan nodded. "I couldn't be a weaver or a cobbler," he answered.

"No," agreed the weaver. "It's a disappointment to me, Evan. I was wantin' you to be a good man. There's only one way I know to be a good man, but you wouldn't have it. So you must have your own way, and perhaps God'll take it into account. So you're going to sea, now?"

"Yes," answered Evan. "The captain wants me to get your permission."

"Well, you've got it. Shall I come over and tell it to him?"

"I'll be thankful," returned Evan, and they went down to the boat.

Evan saw with some surprise that his father and the captain seemed immediately to recognise equals in one another. To the stately courtesy of the captain the weaver apposed a quiet purposefulness, a gravity and dignity, which were no less effectual. The little poop became a stage for a fine drama of manners.

"My boy Evan is tellin' me he's wanting to work for you," began the weaver. "So I'm here to tell you I'm willing."

"Thank you," replied the captain, bending his splendid head. "Thank you." He looked the weaver up and down and sighed. "But there is something I ought to tell you before I take your boy."

"I'll listen," was the weaver's answer.

The captain walked a pace or two, and came back. The fresh red of his face deepened a little.

"I hope you'll understand," he said. "It's hard to be taken for a thief. But the God's truth is, this is a stolen ship."

Evan saw his face clench on the word.

"I was at the building of her," he went on, while the weaver leaned against the rail and listened to him gravely. "I drove an adze on her timbers, and went to sea with her when she was launched. I've been with her ever since, — boy, man, officer, and master, — while the pair of us grew ripe and grew old. I've sailed her and tinkered her and worked her till I just couldn't quit. She's more to me than a marriage-bed. When she was sold I went with her; she went into colliering and such-like dirt, but I stuck. She passed from a Scotch Jew to a nigger in Bombay, and from him to Swede, and from him to a Holland Dutchman; but they all took me along with her. And then, when we were trying for a timber charter from Portland, the Dutchman died, bankrupt, and I got my orders to bring her across to be broken up."

He paused. "There's cruel," said the weaver gently.

"What sense is there in it?" cried the captain. "I brought her across, and one of my men made a plan for me. I was past planning. I just couldn't make my mind fast to the notion of hacking the bowels out of my old barque. We was to put about for Chile ports, and cadge stores as we could by the way. And then we'd sell her. They'll buy ships, those Chile dagoes; and they're keen enough on having them commanded by Englishmen. We'd have made enough that way to pay the price of her as truck to the Dutchman's folk, and there'd ha' been a bit of something over for the hands. It might turn out honest in the end. But she wanted a bit of patching; so, as we were off the Channel when I made up my mind, I put her up for this coast to careen."

He eyed the weaver timidly as he paused; that small, hard man was leaning against the rail listening frowningly like a judge.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well," he said, "it's thieving, whatever. There's no good can come of blinding your eyes to the truth. Thieving is thieving. An' is my boy to go along with you?"

"He may come," answered the captain.

"An' you'll pay him out o' the money you get for the ship?"

"Of course," said the captain.

"Ay, but whose money?" The weaver turned to Evan. "You see," he said. "Evan *fact*, come back with me. We'll forget everything; we'll begin again. Come back with me, now, *amwyl*."

"No," said Evan. The outstretched hand of the weaver sank to his side at the tone of the word. "No, I won't come back. Where's the use of shamming good, when all of me is hungry."

to be away and see the cities and know men an' women? I won't come back."

"Well, now," said the weaver, and sighed. "Morgan Rhosegadder is made a mistake," he went on, "and he'd better have the millstone tied about his neck and be cast into the middle of the sea."

He turned to the captain. "And what is the name called of this stolen ship?" he demanded.

"Sir," said the captain, "this is the 'New Hope,' of Rotterdam."

The weaver nodded, and presently Evan set him ashore again and watched him go up the sandy slope into the sunset. He shook hands with him ere he went, smothering resolutely some thrill of emotion that stirred him with the sense of a final parting.

Those were crowded days for him. He bore a willing hand at the task of heaving the little barque down; helped to carry out her anchors abreast of her, to reeve the tackles between them and the mastheads, and heard for the first time the strain of a sea-shanty when the capstan was manned and the vessel laid over on her flank.

A few people of the country-side would come down to watch from time to time, but most were afraid of the sailors. She was on an even keel again and sail was being bent before he had speech with his own folk once more. His father hailed from the beach, and with him was the stumpy figure of Morgan Rhosegadder.

Evan shook hands with his father and glared at Morgan. The farmer's face grew scarlet.

"Now, now, Evan," remonstrated the weaver, "no use to look at Morgan like that, indeed now. 'Tisn't for quarrelling he's come. No, no; let him speak."

"He better be careful," said Evan defiantly. "If I was to do what I'd like to do, I'd throw him in the water. It was him turned me out of the Band of Hope in front of everybody."

The farmer turned to him. "Evan, anybody can make a mistake," he urged. There was some strong earnestness in his manner that made the boy wonder and listen. He seemed to be holding in check some matter of passion.

"Well?" said Evan.

Morgan waved his hand to the tumbled sand-hills. "Come and sit down," he said, "and then we can talk,—just us three, Evan,—and let's try to make it all right. It's more natural-like to talk sitting down."

"Ay, come and sit down, Evan," urged the weaver, and the boy yielded. They found a little hollow where the rushes grew rank, and nought but the sky was over them, with its great feathery clouds.

"I paid for the pigs as was stole," said the

weaver abruptly, when they were seated. "Pigs is expensive. Well!"

Morgan took off his hat and wiped his brow. "Then," continued the weaver, "there was the ship. Rhys Carmarthen, the lawyer, he found out who she belonged to, by telegraphing. One telegram cost one pound five. So we bought the ship."

Evan gaped at him. He was talking away in his dry, even voice, with his hard, serious face, as though upon matters of every-day traffic.

"Bought the ship!" exclaimed the boy.

"Ay," said the weaver, nodding. "Didn't we, Morgan?"

The farmer took off his hat and wiped his face.

"Ay, we bought her, indeed," he said. "Evan, boy, we bought her, whatever. It was your father; he come to me and told me all the story, and I see then what I have done, indeed. Evan, try an' forgive. That time, in the Band of Hope, the devil was at my elbow, an' he was saying all the time, 'If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off,' an' he kept saying it. So I didn't chance to think upon 'Whoso shall offend against one of these little ones.' Your father he came an' put me in mind of it. Ay, indeed."

"Well," said Evan, impatiently, "but what about the ship?"

"The ship? Ay, now, that was easy. But you to be driven to thievery on the seas, and me to send you there—swinging day by day through sin to hell! Evan, my heart was torn in my body! So I says to your father, I says, 'An' can I buy my word back?' An' he says, 'Between us, we'll bid for it.' So we bid, to send you out to the life you've chose, upright and fit to look chapel folk in the face. Neither haggling nor bargaining was there; it wasn't for me to cheapen my spoken word and my own soul. I sold the top field and the long pasture and the plough-land, and your father sold his cottage and paid the money down handsome on the table to lighten the millstone from about my neck. Say you'll forgive, now, Evan; that's what I'm wanting."

His eyes were half closed in an agony of supplication; he spared himself no rowel of all his conscience.

"Take him by the hand, Evan," bade the weaver. "He's a poor man to-day."

Evan grasped the hand that groped for his.

"God bless you!" said the farmer. "Surely you'll be a fine sea-captain yet. And I'm a free man. I'll come down to see you sail, Evan."

"Come on board now," said Evan. "Come and tell the captain, for we'll be sailing day after to-morrow."

And they went on board together, the owners and the boy.

POISON FOODS

BY

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NATURAL law is only an observed succession of sequences between phenomena; but nothing is more difficult than to induce the average man to believe this. To him the term "law" has so long and ineradicably been endowed with all the majesty and authority of the State or of the Church, that it is impossible for him to disassociate it from a sense of something absolutely necessary and positive, to be obeyed under penalties. This is the source of some of our most troublesome confusions in the realm of popular scientific thinking.

Since the insistent demand and unwavering design of the average individual is to find some rule of conduct, dietetic, hygienic, or what not, which is always and everywhere to be followed, or, as he would express it, "inherently right," he is loath to believe that the rules of conduct in any department of hygiene, for instance, cannot be reduced to a few simple fundamental axioms which are always and everywhere right and guides to safe conduct. Worse than this, he demands that in each separate domain of hygiene these simple principles shall, if possible, be reduced to a single one which shall dominate all other considerations under all circumstances. Nowhere is this tendency more painfully evident and distressing than in the realm of dietetics. How many scores of times is a physician asked in perfect good faith and childlike confidence, "Doctor, what is really the best food?" and looked upon with pained surprise when he endeavors to explain that there is no such thing—if, indeed, his well-meant explanations are not regarded as merely shufflings and evasions designed to keep his patients from arriving too quickly at the true secret of health.

No One "Best Food"

Not only is there no "best food," but, in the very nature of things, there cannot be. No single food yet discovered will alone sustain human beings in perfect health and vigor for any considerable period. On the other hand,

no food ever yet invented by the wit of man or resorted to under the bitterest necessity but what has certain, it may be very modest, virtues and uses of its own. The utmost that can be said in the way of generalization is that certain great food-staples have proved themselves within the age-long experience of humanity to possess a larger amount of nutritive value, digestibility, and other beneficial qualities, and a smaller proportion of undesirable properties, than any others. These, through an exceedingly slow and gradual process of the survival of the fittest, have come to form the staples of food in common use by the human race all over the world. It is really astonishing how comparatively few of them there are, when we come to consider them broadly: the flesh and the milk of three or four domesticated animals; the flesh of three or four, and the eggs of one species of domesticated birds; three great grains—wheat, rice, and maize—and a half-dozen smaller and much less frequent ones; one hundred or so species of fishes and shell-fish; two sugars; a dozen or so starch-containing roots and tubers, only two of which—the potato and the manioc—are of real international importance; twenty or thirty fruits; forty or fifty vegetables—these make up two thirds of the food-supply of the inhabitants of the world.

Instead of wondering at the variety and profuseness of the human food-supply, the biologist is rather inclined to ejaculate with the London footman immortalized by John Leech, who, when told by the cook that there would be mutton-chops for dinner and roast beef for supper, exclaimed, "Nothink but beef, mutton, and pork—pork, mutton, and beef. Hin my opinion, hit's 'igh time some new hanimal was inwented!"

The Staples, the Auxiliaries, and the Luxuries

On looking into the matter further, one finds these various standard comestibles arranged in a sort of rough order of comparative importance which is singularly uniform all over the world. First come the staples, which group includes

the mammalian meats, maize, wheat, or rice, butter or oil, sugar, and salt. It is safe to say that two thirds of the money expended for food by every civilized race and most barbaric ones goes to purchase some combination of these great staples. Science has, of course, long ago vindicated the good sense of humanity's selection by showing that they contain the highest degree of fuel-value, digestibility, and freedom from injurious results that is to be had for the price—in most cases, indeed, at any price.

Next comes a large group of accessory foods whose function it is to fill the gaps between the great staples, or to supply defects which may be present in the latter, or to break the monotony of a diet consisting too exclusively of these. Such are the green vegetables, the fruits and salads of every sort, the rarer and less nourishing kinds of meat, such as fowl, game, shell-fish, etc., cheese, milk, butter, and certain spices and condiments.

Lastly, another rough group of largely ornamental foods, luxuries, relishes, stimulants to the appetite, or sources of pure enjoyment to the sense of taste or smell, such as flavorings and aromatics, tea, coffee, tobacco, alcohol, sweetmeats, sweet herbs, cordials, and rare delicacies generally.

Why Many Subsidiary Foods are Not Standard

The subsidiary and accessory flavoring foods in the second class—while a thousand times more numerous than the solid staples, and often commanding large prices and becoming important articles of commerce—are yet almost never relied upon as an important part of the dietary, except in periods of necessity or famine, in the absence of more substantial viands. For the most part, the reason is obvious. The vast majority of these subsidiary and accessory foods do not contain a sufficient amount of energy (calories) in proportion to their bulk to make them seriously valuable as fuel for the body engine. Others, again, are so expensive, or so restricted in their seasonal occurrence, or so difficult to procure in sufficient quantities, that they are practically excluded from the daily dietary.

But these limitations by no means apply to all the members of this great class. There still remain a large number of accessory foods which are exceedingly rich in nutritive content, and no more expensive than the staples—in some cases even less so; and it has been one of the chief objects of enthusiasm with the modern food reformer, both scientific and pseudo-scientific, to discover one of these nutritive

and inexpensive accessory foods and proceed to break it forcibly into the ranks of the staple foods. Hitherto we have been a little at a loss to account for their curious failure to widen the range of substantial foods embraced within the first class. This, however, has been largely due to the fact that naturally our earliest scientific studies have been chiefly confined to the positive side of a food's qualities, namely, its nutritive value and its digestibility. Does such and such a food contain so many calories per ounce? Is it digestible in the human stomach? asks the laboratory scientist. If so, it is a good food. Upon this basis the most determined efforts have been made by well-meaning food reformers to introduce among the staple articles of diet a considerable number of subsidiary foods which have high nutritive value at relatively small cost, particularly such as peas, beans, pulses, chestnuts, peanuts, and other so-called nuts, brown bread, bananas, cheese, milk, olive-oil, and a score of other things which rise in the memory. Of late, however, studies made from another point of view in the laboratories are beginning to throw a flood of light on the reason for the failure of these foods promptly to meet with favor on the part of the public, revealing the surprising fact that many articles of food contain, combined with their high percentage of nutritive value, substances which are irritating to the stomach, disturb digestion, or may even behave as active poisons.

Three Great Classes of Poison Foods

These so-called poison foods fall roughly into three main groups: first, those which contain such a large amount of poisonous or irritating matter that they are entirely unfit for ordinary human use, unless subjected to some special treatment, or unless the race has become habituated to them by generations of stern necessity; second, a large and important class of foods possessing high nutritive value, but containing at the same time a small amount of poisonous or irritating element, so that, while they can be taken in moderate amounts without injury by the majority of mankind, they can be taken *only* in such moderate amounts; and, third, a great group of so-called "ornamental" foods of low fuel-value, which possess the odd and bizarre quality of acting as acute poison to a certain number of susceptible individuals, usually not exceeding from five to ten per cent of the race, though perfectly harmless, in ordinary amounts, to the remaining ninety to ninety-five per cent. Nearly all of this group, however, easily become poisonous to the great majority of individuals if taken in excess.

The interesting facts about this classification are, first, that not a single staple food of civilized man is to be found in any one of these three categories; and, second, that nearly every secondary food which, on account of its high nutritive value and low expense, the reformers have attempted to list in the ranks of the staples, lies in the second class of poison foods.

Foods that Require Special Treatment

The first and comparatively small group of "poison foods"—those which combine valuable nutritive qualities and a virulent poison in one and the same substance—is strikingly exemplified by the manioc or cassava-root. This forms the staple food of hundreds of thousands of human beings in the tropics, yet its juice is so intensely poisonous that every particle has to be driven out by crushing off with great pressure and by heat before the remaining starchy part is safe for human food. Some of the most distressing tragedies connected with tropical explorations have been due to ignorance of this fact and the attempt to live upon either uncrushed or imperfectly crushed manioc-roots. Another example comes still nearer home. The stems, leaves, and berries of the potato, that harmless and beneficent tuber, are highly poisonous, the so-called root being the only portion which is safe for human food—and even this under certain circumstances may become poisonous.

The Case Against the Bean

The second great class of poison foods, containing those accessory articles of diet which agree with the majority of mankind when taken in moderate amounts, but, owing to their small percentage of poisonous element, *only* when taken in moderate amounts, is of the utmost interest and practical importance; for it is this class which furnishes the great majority of secondary foods from which the reformers have unavailingly attempted to recruit new staples of diet. Take, for instance, the case of the bean. We regard it as an affront to our intelligence to be told that we "don't know beans," but there are several kinks in the physiology of these innocent-looking legumes which we are only just beginning to unravel. One of these is that, coiled amid its rich store of proteid and fat, like guardian dragons, lie an aromatic oil and a bitter alkaloid, both poisonous to the susceptible stomach in small amounts, and to the average one in larger. These explain the well-known unpopularity of beans as a staple on the boarding-house table, in the lumber-camp, on the march. Nothing will goad a grading gang or company mess to mutiny quicker than an excess

of beans. They will take bread, bacon, "salt-horse," apple-sauce, potatoes, oatmeal, rice three times a day for weeks at a stretch without a murmur; but let beans be served as the principal dish at a meal more than two or three times a week, and hear the "roar." Every boarding-house knows that beans are the cheapest and most "filling" food to be had in the market, equal to the classic "brimstone and treacle" of Dotheboys Hall; but is also keenly and regretfully aware that the boarders "won't stand for them" more than once or twice a week. Even the sacred bean of Boston is only consumed by the elect on Saturdays or Sundays.

This toxic principle is really little short of a dietetic calamity, for beans, peas, and lentils contain an abundance of the cheapest proteid or nitrogenous food to be had. All our text-books inform us that one shilling will purchase twice as much proteid in the form of dried peas or beans as in the form of cheese, five times as much as in beef, and eight times as much as in eggs. Therefore, all diet reformers, and especially vegetarians, have urged the use of the "poor man's beefsteaks" as a substitute for meat. But the crass, obstinate man in the street simply shrugs his shoulders. And, as usual, the man in the street is right. He doesn't know much, but he does know beans and his own stomach. Like most "highly recommended" foods, they show up beautifully in the analysis, but you can't live on them. Careful experiments have shown that whenever beans or peas are taken as the sole source of proteid in the diet, or in excess of about one fifth of the proteid requirements of the body, they promptly produce burning of the stomach, flatulence, loss of appetite, and, if persisted in, failure of nutrition. Stock-raisers have found the same thing true of horses and cattle. Other members of the bean-pea family (*Leguminosae*) have this bitter toxic principle so highly developed that they produce a chronic poisoning in range-cattle, known as lathyrism (from *lathyrus*, a vetch), while the much-dreaded "loco-weed" of our Western plains is another member of the group.

It is possible that a certain degree of tolerance of this poison might be acquired in time, as several low-grade races and classes, like the Pueblo Indians, the Mexican cholos, and the Trappist monks, make beans (frijoles), or pulses, a staple article of diet; but that any live, intelligent white race will eat beans as a staple while it has the energy to get meat is highly improbable. As an occasional element of the diet beans have their uses, but as a constant source of proteid they're a failure. "Cheap, but nasty,"

describes them precisely, if to nasty you add "and poisonous."

Cheese

Another much-vaunted source of "vegetable" proteid is cheese, and it does seem strange at first thought that this should so rarely have succeeded in getting itself adopted by the race among the great group of staples. As a proteid food it is decidedly cheap and gives more than twice as much proteid for a shilling as beef and nearly four times as much as eggs. It is also pleasant to the taste and, in moderate amounts, fairly digestible. And yet the average man persists in taking it, in the country, chiefly as a means of coaxing down huge hunks of bread, or, in the city, as a relish at the end or beginning of a meal. A little study of the effects of cheese on the human stomach quickly shows the reason for this—that the ferments (*zymases*) and flavoring extracts which develop in cheese in the process of ripening irritate the stomach, upset the digestion, and constipate the bowels, whenever it is taken in excess of very moderate amounts. Even in the mildest and greenest of cheeses these substances are present in sufficient quantity to interfere with their use as a serious article of diet, while the highly ripened and odorous cheeses, like Stilton, Roquefort, Brie, Camembert, and Limburger, are still more acutely irritating and can only be taken in still smaller quantities, as flavoring extracts. Practically, indeed, the chief nutritive value of cheese resides in the bread or crackers which can be relished with it.

The Poison in Nuts

Next as the darlings of the would-be food reformer come nuts of all sorts. These are urged upon us with special fervor and enthusiasm by those who regard all foods of animal origin as "tainted money," besmirched by the foul crime of murder. Here, we are told, are food-stuffs—walnuts, hickory-nuts, Brazil nuts, pecans, peanuts—of a high degree of toothsome-ness and attractiveness, not excessive in expense, and containing a large percentage of both proteid and fat. Analyses made in the laboratory absolutely confirm the truth of the statement: fats and proteids are both present in large amounts and in readily digestible form; and yet practically no "unemancipated" specimen of the human race—except the Shawnee Indian in hickory-nut time—will attempt to make a meal on nuts. They are still commonly regarded simply as a *bonne bouche*, to be taken after the serious business of the meal is over, merely as a dessert. The tacit phrase of "the walnuts and the wine" expresses

precisely where they are in the scale of the normal diet list.

Now we are just beginning to find out why we have all had more or less violent attacks of colic or headache after a gorgeous spree on nuts and candy in our boyhood days—attacks which we were usually content to put down to the sheer piggishness of the young human animal. An irritating principle has been found present in all nuts, partly in the kernel itself and partly in the skin which surrounds the kernel, which, even in cases of very moderate amounts, is a decided irritant to the digestive canal. Peanuts—which, of course, are not nuts at all, but the seeds of a species of pea which is artificially caused to develop underground—are particularly strong in these poisonous extracts. Physicians now regard them as exceedingly undesirable articles of diet for children, on the ground that they frequently produce attacks of colic, diarrhea, and even, it is asserted, of appendicitis. All attempts to use nuts in considerable amounts as a staple article of diet for any length of time, except by a few enthusiasts who are committed in advance to a belief in their superiority, have proved unsatisfactory.

When Bananas are Dangerous

A somewhat similar situation confronts us with regard to the banana, that great food-fruit of the tropics. While rich in both sugar and starch and capable of being ingested in sufficient amounts to be a real food, it is excluded by three serious drawbacks from admission to the rank of a staple: first, that the starch is swallowed raw, and thence is difficult of digestion; second, if a little underripe it is as indigestible as salt-cucumbers, and if overripe is exceedingly apt to set up fermentations in the stomach—and the golden mean is very difficult to secure in our far-shipped Northern fruit; third, even when in perfect condition, its delicate flavoring essences act as an irritant to a fair percentage of stomachs. I find that many people, especially rheumatics or asthmatics, have found by repeated experiences that bananas "don't agree" with them. If the banana stood alone in this respect, we might perhaps dismiss the complaint with a shrug of the shoulders and a pitying allusion to personal fancies or individual whim or even mere coincidence. But, on the contrary, it stands in this aspect as a fair sample of the third and most interesting class of poison foods.

The Third Class of Poison Foods—the Casual Criminals

Comestibles of this class, which, though harmless to the multitude, are acutely toxic to an unfortunate few, might be called the eccentric

poison foods, or the casual criminals of our court of dietetics. What they lack in consistent viciousness they make up in numbers, and, until one has had occasion to pay some continued attention to them, it is difficult to realize, or even believe, how numerous they are. I have been studying these foods for some seven years past, and am already inclined to the conclusion that a large majority of human beings have one or more of these pet antipathies.

The peculiar characteristic of this class of poison foods is that while readily capable of producing fermentative or toxic symptoms in the majority of individuals if taken in excess of rather moderate amounts, they are as a rule comparatively harmless and useful to, say, ninety-five per cent of the species, but are acute and irritating poisons to the remaining luckless five per cent. Depending as they do upon individual peculiarities or idiosyncrasies for the production of their poisonous effects, they are naturally very numerous. But, world-wide various as they are, they all have one feature in common — that it is practically impossible to use them in amounts and with sufficient frequency to obtain any considerable quantities of nutrition from them, on account of the ease with which they lend themselves to, or set up, fermentative or toxic processes in the alimentary canal. They never can become much more than luxuries, flavoring elements, ornaments of the menu, breakers of monotony of diet. This, it can easily be seen at a glance, is precisely the rôle which is assigned to them on the average dinner-table. Numerous as they are, only a mere glimpse of their fascinating rogues' gallery can be given.

Strawberries Often Injurious

One of the most widely known members of the group, and one which will serve excellently as a typical illustration, is the strawberry. That delicious fruit has the extraordinary vagary of acting as an irritant poison to probably somewhere in the neighborhood of one out of twenty of the human species. So common, in fact, is this action, that probably every one has known of from one to a dozen instances in his own experience. The singularity of the effect lies in the fact — and this is typical of all this group of the poison foods — that it is entirely independent both of the general condition of health or vigor of digestion of the individual affected, and of the ripeness, freshness, and soundness of the berries.

Mental suggestion and anticipation may also be excluded, for the victims will be affected by even the smallest trace of strawberries in preserves, puddings, etc., when they are entirely unaware of the presence of the fruit. Not only

will the digestion be disturbed, but, in the more susceptible sufferers, rashes and eruptions upon the skin, pain in the joints, swelling of the lips and tongue, will also be produced. Nor can this result be attributed, as Metchnikoff has recently suggested, to contamination of the berries with fertilizers in the soil, or to the presence of insect parasites or of molds or bacteria which may have developed upon the berries during shipment or exposure in the shops.

It will occur with equal prominence and certainty in susceptible persons from the eating of jams and preserves in which the berries have been thoroughly sterilized by prolonged boiling, from eating berries which have been carefully washed and cleansed, or even taken from vines known to be free from contamination, or plucked wild in the meadows. The fault is not in the berry, but in the make-up of the unfortunate individual eating it — and once strawberry-marked, always strawberry-marked, as a rule.

With this for a type or sample, a roll-call of our remaining casual criminals can rapidly be made. More of them lie in the fruit class than in any other. Cherries appear to come next in frequency, though at a considerable interval. Then come raspberries, prunes, bananas, melons, grape-fruit, oranges, apricots, peaches, plums, and, last and least frequent, apples.

All of these we have personally known to produce more or less severe and definite poisonings, entirely independent of the amount taken or of the condition and ripeness of the fruit. Oddly enough, that "fruit," the tomato, which has the worst popular reputation in this regard, seems comparatively free from actual offense.

Oranges Rarely Poisonous

Poisonings by oranges show one marked peculiarity, and that is that they seem to occur only — or at least generally — where the fruit is picked directly from the trees. In southern California they are comparatively common; in other parts of the United States I have been able to find few instances.

The next longest list of these eccentrics is found among the vegetables, and includes asparagus, spinach, string-beans, potatoes, cucumbers, cabbage, sage, parsley, onions, radishes, and turnips. Most of these, of course, contain considerable amounts of cellulose and woody fiber, and quickly and readily undergo poisonous changes in the process of spoiling, lending themselves readily to the furthering of any fermentative process that may be present in

the alimentary canal; but, apart from all these possibilities, they also have comparatively definite specific poisonous effects upon certain individuals, entirely independent of the amount taken, the state of digestion at the time, or the condition of the vegetables.

Animal Products Scarcely Ever Harmful

The list of animal products which are, in sound condition, poisonous, even to "freakish" individuals, is very short, covering only crabs, lobsters, clams, oysters, salmon, cheese, and very, very rarely eggs and milk. The latter two are the rarest gems of our poison-food collection, but perfectly clear-cut. I have known personally six persons upon whom eggs acted as a poison. Four were only affected when one or more eggs had been eaten, but the other two could touch no food containing the smallest trace of egg, such as custard, cake, or pudding, without promptly paying the penalty. The susceptibility is well recognized in medical literature, though only as a curious anomaly. The symptoms are those of a violent poison like arsenic, and are absolutely independent of the freshness or condition of the egg eaten.

This is, however, not quite so incredible as it might appear at first sight, for the yolk of an egg is an exceedingly complex body, capable of "exploding" into a great variety of waste poisons — witness how exceedingly offensive it becomes when even slightly decayed.

Moreover, while the eggs of birds are rarely poisonous, those of fishes are not infrequently so. Fish-roe is proverbially risky as a food, and the closed season observed for many fishes even by savages is probably largely due to their unsafeness as food during the spawning season.

Sea-Foods

The other sea-foods mentioned — crabs, lobsters, clams, and cockles — are already black-listed in popular report as "very indigestible." Much of this bad reputation is undeserved, and due to the remarkable rapidity with which they undergo putrefactive changes; but part of it rests upon the fact that, to a certain number of people, they are distinctly and essentially poisonous.

Cockles and mussels are so frequently followed by burning in the stomach, griping, and nettle-rash, that only the less intelligent classes of our population, chiefly foreigners and Indians, will eat them at all. Any old fisherman will tell you that if you eat the "beard" (*byssus*) of a mussel, it will "pizen" or even kill you; if you avoid this, you're safe. This is about as reliable

as the similar myth regarding the cherry in a cocktail.*

A few luckless babies are poisoned by cows' milk in any dilution or modification, and can only be kept alive by albumin-water or a wet-nurse, while a fair sprinkling of adults find that raw milk does not agree with them even in small amounts.

The Stimulants — the Last of the Eccentric Poison Foods

Last of all among the third group of poison foods come the so-called stimulants, tea, coffee, tobacco, and alcohol. They are typical members of the group; poisons even in small amounts to a small percentage; in large amounts to the majority of the race. We are only just beginning adequately to appreciate the large part that individual susceptibility plays in their injurious effects. Probably eighty per cent of men can use them in moderation without injury and without any serious temptation to go to excess.

Tea and coffee depend for their comforting effects partly upon the hot water in which they are infused; partly upon their agreeable odor and taste, due to an aromatic oil; and partly upon an alkaloid, caffeine, or theine, now more accurately known as trimethyl-xanthin. These three factors are nearly equal in influence. Caffeine is a mild stimulant to the circulation, the brain-cells, and the kidneys. To about five per cent of individuals it is poisonous; to the remainder absolutely harmless in the amounts usually drunk. Few discoveries of the wit of man have added more to the comfort and happiness of life and less to its miseries than tea and coffee. Like soups, broths, and cheeses, though not foods themselves, they enable the majority of people, and especially women, to eat with a relish considerable amounts of bread, butter, crackers, meat, cake, etc., for which otherwise they would have little appetite. In other words, they are a splendid "introduction committee." Instead of diminishing the amount of food consumed, they increase it. Moreover, they are usually taken with sugar and cream or milk, and a cup of tea or coffee with plenty of these "trimmings" is the nutritive equivalent of a small saucer of breakfast-food.

* A few unfortunate individuals cannot eat salmon without suffering from urticaria, and a very few are unpleasantly affected by fish of any sort.

The meats proper and the starches are the two classes of food-stuffs freest from any of those occasional toxic effects. One meat, mutton, like its cousin venison, occasionally produces vomiting and purging in a few susceptible persons. A few others are susceptible to veal, and I have known one rheumatic patient who declared that a single helping of beefsteak would bring on a fresh attack of pain.

One or two calamitously "freaky" individuals are on record as being acutely poisoned by even man's best friend — wheat flour. It can be imagined what difficulties they had when away from home getting in things that were safe for them to eat.

Outside of the luckless five per cent, their injurious effects are chiefly due to the excess of tannin present when they are unintelligently made. The average boarding-house or farm-house cup of tea resembles most a weak decoction of oak-bark, on account of its excess of tannin, due to boiling or stewing on the back of the stove. It is the astringency of this element, which may reach seven per cent, and not the caffein, that deranges digestion.

To take either tea or coffee as a substitute for food is, of course, absurd and can end only in disaster. Most of the "tea-poisoning" symptoms of the poor seamstress or working-woman are signs of starvation, not due to the tea which she *can* get, but to the lack of food which she *can't* afford. If you take either late at night, they'll be likely to keep you awake; that's what they were introduced for originally — one by the bonzes of Thibet, and the other by the monks of Arabia. The "dyspepsias" attributed to them are due nine times out of ten to the food taken with them. No disease known to the medical profession is attributable to them.

Poison Foods and the Diet Reformers

Even this hasty review of poison foods suggests reflections of considerable importance and interest. We find, in the first place, that the staple foods of the civilized world—the meats, the flours or meals, the butters or oils, fish, eggs, milk, and sugars—have won their position purely upon their own merits: first, by possessing adequate fuel-value in digestible form at a moderate cost; second, by being almost entirely free from poisonous effects, even in large amounts and after prolonged use.

Next in importance upon the list comes a much larger group of secondary, or occasional, or temporary poison foods, which, though also possessed of high nutritive value at nearly as little expense as the staples,—and in some cases even less expense,—never reach anything like the figure of the staples in the total of crop reports or price-lists. Such are beans, peas, nuts, cheese, corn-meal, oat-meal, and graham-meal.

These are nearly all found to be disqualified from heavy and continuous use by the possession of poisonous elements or coarse and irritating particles or fibers which upset the average digestion, and are poisonous or irritating even in small amounts to a moderate percentage of individuals. A certain degree of immunity to these principles or particles may be acquired under the pressure of stern necessity, as among soldiers and frontiersmen. But they are never willingly used as more than occasional and supplementary elements in the dietary where other food materials are accessible.

Finally comes a great group of food-stuffs which are used chiefly as flavors, sauces, salads, fillers of gaps between the solid staples, relievers of monotony. Their function, though from a fuel point of view they are of little importance, is practically of enormous value, and yet they intrinsically belong just about where the market reports class them and the menus place them, namely, among the luxuries and the decorations: first, because they are usually deficient in actual fuel-value in proportion to their bulk; second, when taken in sufficient amounts to act as a genuine food and to supply an appreciable share of nutrition, they are apt to set up fermentative changes in the alimentary canal; and third, because nearly every one of them is more or less inherently toxic to a small percentage of individuals.

The bearing of these considerations upon reform or exclusive dietaries is of interest. The economist and the vegetarian who, for utilitarian or humane or moral reasons, urge the substitution for meat of beans, peas, cheese, corn-meal, oatmeal, nuts, fruits, etc., are promptly baffled by the fact that these cheap and highly nutritious substances all contain elements which are poisonous or irritating to the average stomach when taken in excess of about one third of the actual needs of the body, and, in the case of the fruits and vegetables, are markedly deficient in fuel-value in the amounts which can be sufficiently ingested or digested.

The school of dietetic reformers who hold that food should be eaten raw also find themselves confronted by obstacles of this same character, in that they usually, either from obvious reasons or upon moral grounds, avoid the use of meat, and are thrown back upon the same great sources of vegetable proteid as the vegetarians—beans, nuts, cheese, etc.; moreover, they expose themselves to an ambuscade of other dangers, through the possibility of bacteriological contamination of their food. Indeed, the great bacteriologist, Metchnikoff, goes so far as to raise the banner of bacteriology against the use of any uncooked fruits, vegetables, or grains which cannot show a spotless and unsullied pedigree from stem to mouth.

To sum up, poison foods, while intensely individual in their action and at first sight little better than curiosities of dietetics, have exercised a profound influence on the menus of civilized races. Moreover, the sanction which the latest discoveries of the laboratory have given to their age-long exclusion from the list of staple foods is a fact to be reckoned with by that huge and well-disciplined army of food reformers who, actuated by the highest motives, are desirous of reconstructing the dietary of mankind.

THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PORTRAITS



T last, on the 25th day of September, 1863, the Eleventh Corps was cut loose from the Army of the Potomac and despatched, together with the Twelfth, both under the command of General Hooker, to the Western field of operations. General Rosecrans had manoeuvred the rebel General Bragg out of Chattanooga, but suffered a grievous defeat on September 19th and 20th at Chickamauga, where the Army of the Cumberland was saved from total destruction only by the heroic firmness of General Thomas. It may be remarked here, by the way, that the rout of our right wing in that battle was far more disastrous and discreditable than the defeat of the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville had been, but that nobody ever thought of branding that part of the Army of the Cumberland with cowardice on that account.

Our defeated hosts found refuge in Chattanooga, where they intrenched themselves. The Confederate General Bragg did not feel himself strong enough to carry their works by assault, but he besieged them closely enough to threaten seriously their lines of communication with the Union forces in the West, as well as their bases of supplies. In fact, the Army of the Cumberland at Chattanooga was reduced to very short rations, and there was such a scarcity of forage that there were not nearly enough sound horses to equip the artillery. Under these circumstances the Eleventh and the Twelfth corps were detached from the Army of the Potomac and hurried westward to succor the Army of the Cumberland in its precarious situation, and in the first place to open the "cracker-line," as the soldiers humorously called the line of supplies.

Extraordinary Ignorance of the Natives

On the 1st and 2d of October my command arrived at Bridgeport, Alabama, on the Tennessee River. One of my first duties was to acquaint myself with the country in my front

and on my flanks. Many of the scouting-parties I led myself, and it was on these occasions that I first came into personal contact with the population of that hill region of northern Alabama, northern Georgia, and southwestern Tennessee. I had met Southern country people in Virginia and Maryland, and had been astonished at the ignorance of many of them as to what among the rural population of the North were matters of common knowledge. But my experiences in my present surroundings were far more astonishing. Not far from my encampment I came upon a farm-house inhabited by an elderly man, his wife, and a flock of children. He was by no means a poor man, for, as he told me, he owned several hundred acres of land. But he lived in a log-house, the central part of which was open on the front, with one inclosed room on the right and one on the left, with mud chimneys, and with chinks between the logs so imperfectly filled that the wind could pass through freely. There was hardly anything inside worthy of the name of furniture. The art of reading and writing was unknown in the family, except, perhaps, from hearsay. The children were dirty, ragged, and, of course, barefooted, sharing the freedom of the house with dogs and other domestic animals.

The farmer seemed to be a good-natured person, but my conversations with him disclosed an almost incredible depth of ignorance. Of the country in which he lived he had only a vague and nebulous conception. He asked me where all "these people," meaning my soldiers, came from. When I told him they came from New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and Wisconsin, he was very much puzzled. Of New York he had heard as a "monstrous big town" so far away that it would take several weeks' travel to get there. He asked me how many people might live there, but when I answered about seven hundred thousand, he understood me to say seven thousand, and threw up his hands in amazement and exclaimed: "Lord, seven thousand people living in one place! That

place must be bigger than Chattanooga!" He had heard somebody say that the earth traveled around the sun; but he could not believe it. Did he not see the sun rising every morning on one side of him and travel to the other side, where it set in the evening? He cherished some religious notions, centering in a somewhat indefinite imagining of heaven and hell and salvation, which he had received from his parents and from itinerant exhorters. He had also heard something about the Atlantic Ocean, beyond which there were large countries with lots of strange people in them, and he was struck dumb with wonder and amazement, looking me over with a sort of puzzled curiosity, when I told him that I and many of my soldiers had been born in one of those countries on the other side of the great water.

A Pathetic Instance

But I had another experience if possible still more astonishing. On one of my rides I found a lonely log-cabin, in the door of which I saw a woman surrounded by a lively flock of flax-haired children, some six or seven of them, of various ages. Being thirsty, I rode up to ask her for a drink of water, which she brought to me in a gourd from the well-bucket, presenting it with a kindly smile and a few words in the local dialect which I did not understand. Although poorly clad and barefooted, she looked rather clean and neat; and so did the children, who had evidently been washed that day. She appeared to be about thirty-five years old, and the expression of her face was pleasant, frank, and modest. I asked her whether these were her children. She answered, "Yes," looking around at them with an expression of obvious pride and pleasure. How many children had she?—Thirteen. Some were in the field, the older ones.—Where was her husband? In the army?—Husband? She had no husband.—Was he dead, leaving her alone with so many children? Without the slightest embarrassment she answered that she never had had any husband; and in response to my further question whether she really had never been married, she simply shook her head with an expression, not of vexation, but rather of surprise, as if she did not quite understand what I might mean. I left her, greatly puzzled. When I met my friend the old farmer again, I asked him about her. He replied that she was a very decent and industrious woman, who took good care of her children, and that there were several such cases around there.

I do not mean to say that those cases portrayed the general state of civilization in a large tract of country. In some of the valleys,

or "coves," I found people quite illiterate, indeed, but intellectually far more advanced and more conversant with the moralities of civilized society. But, even among them, instances such as I have described appeared sporadically, while in some more secluded districts they represented the rule. What surprised me most was that such people were mostly of pure Anglo-Saxon stock, here and there interspersed with Scotch-Irish, very clearly demonstrating that the element of race is by no means the only one determining the progressive capacities or tendencies of a population, but that even the most vigorous races may succumb in their development to the disfavor of surrounding circumstances. These people in their seclusion were simply left behind by the progressive movements going on at a distance.

First Meeting with Grant

About the 20th of October we learned, first by rumor, and then by official announcement, that General Grant had taken command of the "Military Division of the Mississippi," including the field of operations of the Army of the Cumberland; that General Rosecrans had been removed from the command of that army, to be superseded by General Thomas; and that General Sherman was hurrying on from the West with large reinforcements. On the 27th we broke camp and started on our march from Bridgeport to Chattanooga. The road was in a dreadful condition. There were so many carcasses of mules and horses lying on and beside it that I thought if they were laid lengthwise they would easily cover the whole distance.

In the afternoon of the 28th we came to Lookout Valley, near Brown's Ferry, about three miles from Chattanooga.

In the course of the next morning I saw General Grant for the first time. Unexpectedly he had come over with General Thomas to inspect our lines. As his coming had not been announced, his appearance among us was a surprise, and there was no demonstration, no cheering, among the soldiers, because they did not know that this modest-looking gentleman was the victorious hero of many battles. There was absolutely nothing of the fuss-and-feather style, nothing of the stage or picture general, about him. His head was covered with the regulation black felt hat. He wore a major-general's coat, but it was unbuttoned and unbelted. He carried no sword. On his hands he had a pair of brilliant white cotton gloves, and on his feet low shoes which permitted a pair of white socks to be seen, all the more as his trousers had perceptibly slipped up. He smoked a large black cigar with great energy,

and looked about him in a businesslike way with an impassible face. I had no opportunity for coming into personal contact with him at that time, as the cavalcade passed by at a brisk gait.

While General Grant pushed on his preparations for the discomfiture of Bragg's army, which occupied very strong positions on Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, the Eleventh Corps remained encamped until November 22d in Lookout Valley, extending and strengthening its intrenchments. We were within range of the rebel battery on Lookout Mountain, which every day dropped a number of shells into our camps without doing any damage. The noise made by the shells in flight and in explosion at first caused a little nervousness among some of the men, which, however, soon disappeared. Once, indeed, a shell falling into my mess-tent, while I was sitting at dinner with the officers of my staff, caused a momentary sensation and a rapid scattering of the diners. But as the missile did not explode, confidence was soon restored. It gradually became a favorite amusement of the troops to watch the puffs of smoke ejected by the rebel guns on Lookout Mountain, to listen to the whirring noise made by the coming missiles, and to make bets as to where they would strike the ground.

Another amusement consisted in the talks with deserters from the rebel army, who came over to us in great numbers. They were mostly from some Alabama regiments which were camped opposite to us on the other side of Lookout Creek. They would, during the night, crawl over a big tree which had fallen across the creek and then surrender to our pickets. There were so many of them that sometimes, when I rose in the early morning, I found the space between my headquarters tents filled with a dense crowd. They were a sorry lot, ragged, dirty, and emaciated. They insisted on "taking the oath" without delay. There had, no doubt, been much current talk about their having to "take the oath of allegiance" if they surrendered. But very many of them seemed to think that "taking the oath" meant getting something to eat—so eager were they in their demand for it. They were apparently disappointed when they were only asked to hold up their hands and swear. That disappointment was relieved by the subsequent distribution of rations among them, and the avidity and relish with which those rations were devoured spoke volumes of the lean days when they had had nothing to live upon but roasted ears of corn.

Among those with whom I talked I found some who were not without a certain kind of rustic mother-wit; but the ignorance of most of

them was beyond belief. We saw the "Southern poor white" in his typical complexion. The horizon of those whom we met as deserters had been widened somewhat by their experiences of campaign life, but not very much. They had but a very dim conception, if any conception at all, of what all this fighting and bloodshed was about. They had been induced or forced to join the army by those to whom they had been accustomed to look up to as their superiors. They had only an indistinct feeling that the war had not been undertaken and was not carried on by the South for their benefit. There was a "winged word" current among the poor people of the South which strikingly portrayed the situation, as they conceived it to be, in a single sentence: "It is the rich man's war and the poor man's fight." This was so true that the poor whites of the South could hardly be expected to be sentimentally loyal to the "Southern cause." Many of them saw, therefore, nothing dishonorable or criminal in desertion or voluntary surrender, and resorted to it without any qualms of conscience when they got tired of sacrificing themselves for the benefit of interests which they did not understand. But while they remained in the ranks they proved in many respects excellent soldiers. They suffered hunger and all sorts of privation with heroic endurance. They executed marches of almost incredible length and difficulty and bore all kinds of fatigue without much complaint. And they were good, steady fighters, too, and many of them good marksmen, having been "handy" with the rifle or shot-gun from their childhood up. Those who had surrendered to us and "taken the oath" we put to work in improving the roads and similar tasks, and found them to be, if not very good, at least tolerably useful laborers.

A Strange Premonition

At last General Grant was ready to strike. Bragg had foolishly detached Longstreet's corps to overwhelm Burnside at Knoxville, and thus had dangerously weakened himself. Sherman had arrived with several divisions of his army, and on November 22d the Eleventh Corps received orders to leave Lookout Valley and to march to Chattanooga, where we joined the Army of the Cumberland. I shall not attempt a description of the battle of Missionary Ridge, with all its dramatic and picturesque incidents, but shall confine myself to my own personal experiences, one of which is of some psychological interest.

When, after a quiet sleep, I woke up about daybreak on November 23d, my first thought was that on that day I should be killed. It

was as if a voice within me told me so with solemn distinctness. I tried to shake off the impression and to laugh at my weakness in listening to that voice a single moment. But, while I met my companions and went about the performance of my duties in the accustomed way, the voice would always come back: "This day I shall be killed." Once I actually came very near sitting down to write a "last letter" to my wife and children; but a feeling of shame at my superstitious emotion came over me, and I desisted. Still the voice would not be silent. I busied myself with walking about among my troops to see that they were in proper fighting trim for the battle, which we expected to open at any moment, but the voice followed me without cessation. I made a strong effort to appear as cheerful as usual, so that my officers might not notice the state of my mind, and I think I succeeded. But what I could not conceal was a restless impatience that the impending action should begin. Still, the whole forenoon passed without any serious engagement—only a cannon-shot now and then, and here and there a little crackle of picket-firing. The breastworks and batteries of the enemy on the steep crest of Missionary Ridge on our left and opposite our center, and on Lookout Mountain on our right, frowned down upon us, apparently impregnable.

At last, about noon, two divisions of the Army of the Cumberland in our left center were ordered to advance, and in a short space of time they took the first line of the enemy's rifle-pits at the foot of the mountain. Although the voice within me still spoke, I felt a little relief when I heard the real thunder of battle immediately in front. But my command stood there two hours more with grounded arms, waiting for orders. At last, at two o'clock, a staff-officer galloped up with the instruction that I should take position in the woods on the left of those divisions, between Orchard Knob and the Tennessee River, connecting on my right with General Wood, and on my left with the Second Division of our corps. "Now is the time," said the voice within.

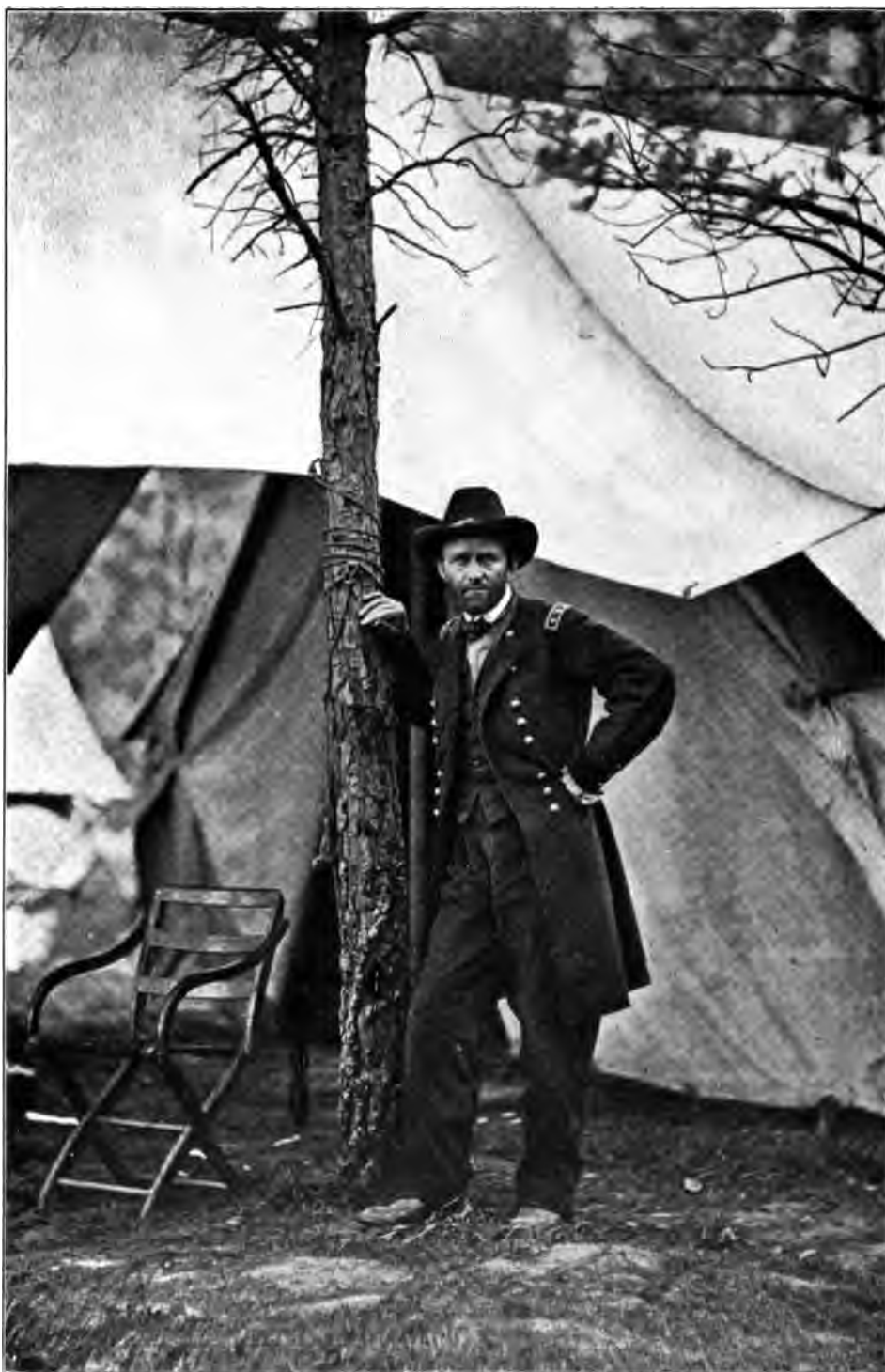
In deploying my command and making the prescribed connection I had no difficulty,—only a slight skirmish-fire,—the enemy readily yielding when I pushed my skirmishers as far ahead as Citico Creek. But there was a rebel battery of artillery placed on the slope of Missionary Ridge opposite Orchard Knob, invisible to us on account of the woods, which threw shells at us and apparently had a correct range. Shells would come over to us from it in slow order, probably about two a minute. A practised ear could gage their course in coming

rather accurately by their whirring noise. Having made my alinement with the neighboring divisions on the right and left, I was halting on horseback with my staff, between my skirmishers and my line of battle, in momentary expectation of further orders, when I heard a shell coming, as I judged, straight toward me. "This is the one," I said to myself. The few moments I heard it coming seemed very long. It struck the ground under my horse, causing the animal to give a jump, broke the fore legs of the horse of one of my orderlies immediately behind me, struck an embankment about twenty yards in the rear of me, and then exploded, without hurting any one. The effect was electric. The voice within me said: "This was the one, but it did not kill me after all." Instantly the premonition of death vanished and my usual spirits returned. I never had such an experience again.

A Spectacular Battle

The share of my division in the actual fighting in the battle of Missionary Ridge was rather slight. It would have been our fortune to take part in the conquest of Lookout Mountain, the so-called "Battle above the Clouds," had not an unexpected mixing of General Hooker's troops with other commands transferred us from Lookout Valley to Chattanooga. But as it was we could only watch it from afar, as during the afternoon the little puffs of smoke enlivened the brush on the rugged mountain-slope, and after dark the musketry flickered through it like swarms of fireflies. The steady advance of our fire-line in this spectacular fashion greatly cheered the whole army. Late the same afternoon I received an order from General Grant to support the forces on my right and left in case of an attack, but, unless I myself were attacked, to do nothing that might bring on a general engagement. As there was nothing but slight skirmishing in my front and that of my neighbors, this order was easily executed. The night passed quietly. At sunrise the next day, the 25th of November, I was ordered to drive the enemy out of his rifle-pits in my front, which was done with ease. But it was by no means intended that our corps should remain without serious work in the battle. On the contrary, an important part had been assigned to us in what was to be the decisive movement. But again accident doomed us to comparative inactivity.

It was General Grant's plan that Sherman should assault the extreme right of Bragg's army, placed on the northern end of Missionary Ridge at Tunnel Hill, and then drive the enemy from the flank out of his position on the crest. Sherman did succeed in crossing the Tennessee



GENERAL U. S. GRANT

From a war-time photograph

"There was absolutely nothing of the fuss-and-feather style, nothing of the stage or picture general about him"

River at the appointed place on the right of the enemy, and in dislodging the rebel forces from the heights immediately before him; but, advancing, he discovered to his chagrin that the heights he had carried were separated from the enemy's strong position on Tunnel Hill by a deep and precipitous ravine which was a very serious obstacle to his progress. In the course of the morning I received orders to join General Sherman, the Second Division of our corps having preceded me. About two in the afternoon I took position on Sherman's left. I then met the General personally for the first time. I found him sitting on a stone fence overlooking the great ravine separating him from the enemy's fortifications on Tunnel Hill, which bristled with cannon and bayonets.

A Picture of Sherman

General Sherman was anxiously watching the progress of Ewing's division of the Fifteenth Corps, reinforced by two or three regiments of Buschbeck's brigade of the Eleventh, as it struggled up the slope toward the rebel intrenchments above, under very heavy fire from the enemy. They were evidently laboring hard. General Sherman received me very cordially and asked me to sit by him. At once we were engaged in lively conversation, as if we had been old acquaintances. The General was in an unhappy frame of mind, his hope of promptly overwhelming the enemy's right flank and thus striking the decisive blow of the battle having been dashed by the discovery of the big ravine in his way. It was a stinging disappointment. He gave vent to his feelings in language of astonishing vivacity—at least, it astonished me, as I had never seen or heard him before. I expected every moment that he would order me to "go in" with my whole division in support of Ewing's charge. But he preferred that my command should remain in reserve on his left, to provide for the emergency of a rebel attack from that quarter.

The result as to my command was that it stood there inactive, only now and then attracting a shell from the rebel position across the ravine as my troops showed themselves. So the afternoon wore on. After a short stay on the stone fence Sherman restlessly walked away, and I did not see him again that day. Ewing's attack advanced more and more slowly, but came near reaching the rebel intrenchments on the crest, when toward dusk it seemed to be arrested by the increasing intensity of the rebel fire, and dropped back down the hill. From the direction of Chattanooga, the center of the position of our army, we heard a tremendous roar and saw thick clouds of white smoke rising int

the air, but we did not know what it signified. It might have meant an unsuccessful attack on Missionary Ridge, like Ewing's, but on a grander scale and perhaps with more disastrous results. Thus we on the extreme left were in rather a depressed state of mind when the shadows of evening fell and the battle-field grew more and more silent.

The News of Victory

The great victory of Missionary Ridge was announced to us in an almost casual way. There was immediately behind my line of battle a little dilapidated negro cabin in which our headquarters orderlies had constructed, out of planks found lying around, something like a table with a bench on each side. There I sat down with my staff-officers to "supper"—coffee, hardtack, and perhaps a slice of bacon. We had hardly begun our repast, when my division surgeon dismounted outside, came in, and joined the revelers. He was a somewhat monosyllabic gentleman and gave us only a "good evening." After a while I asked him: "Where do you come from, Doctor?"

"Just from Chattanooga, sir."

"Looked for medical stores, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"There was a tremendous noise around there. What was it?"

"Fighting, sir."

"Fighting—where?"

"On the hillside, sir. Boys went up nicely."

"What hillside?"

"They call it Missionary Ridge, I think, sir."

"What? Our boys went up Missionary Ridge? Did they get to the top? Now be a little more lively, Doctor!"

"Yes, sir; we could see them climb up there, and there was much waving of hats and cheering."

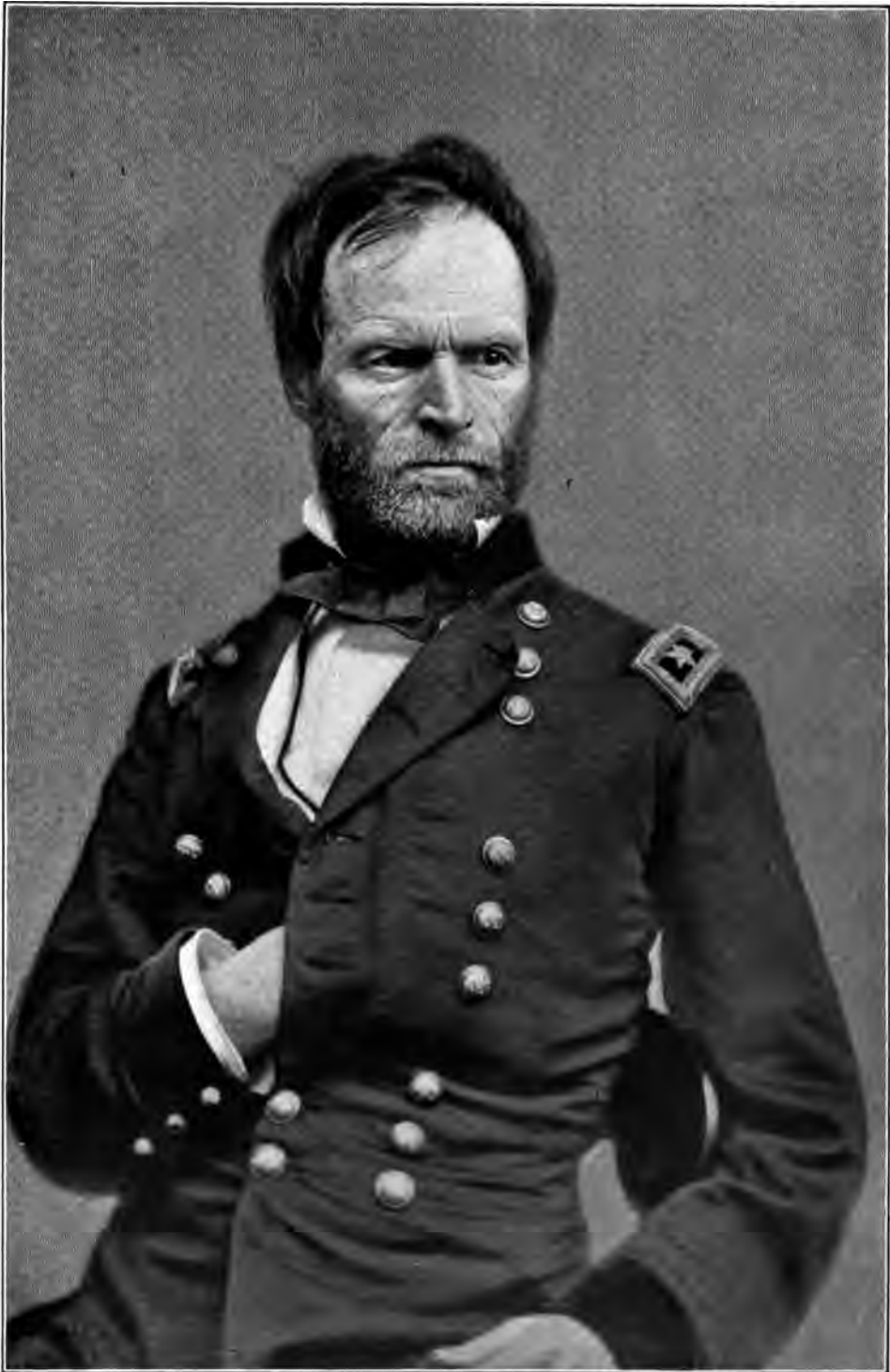
"What? Got to the top? And the rebels ran away?"

"I heard the officers say so at headquarters."

"By Jove, then we have won the battle!"

"I guess so, sir," said the Doctor quietly.

The rest of us jumped up without finishing our supper and hurriedly ran out for more news. Then we heard from afar a swelling wave of cheers rolling along our lines toward us, and in a few minutes we had the whole glorious story. It was an amazing tale. Sherman's attack on the enemy's right having come to a standstill, several divisions of the Army of the Cumberland in our center were ordered to advance. At first it was not intended to attempt the actual storming of Missionary Ridge,—a fortified position which seemed well-nigh impregnable by a front attack,—but rather to make a threatening



GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN

From a Brady negative in the possession of F. H. Meserve

General Schurz first served under General Sherman in an attempted assault of the enemy's
right at the battle of Missionary Ridge



GENERAL GRANT AT MISSIONARY RIDGE
From a war-time photograph

Grant

demonstration calculated to induce Bragg to withdraw forces from his right to his center, and thus to facilitate Sherman's task. But the brave men of our Army of the Cumberland, once launched, could not be held back. With irresistible impetuosity, without orders,—it may almost be said against orders,—they rushed forward, hurled the enemy's advanced lines out of their defenses on the slope, scaled the steep acclivity like wildcats, and suddenly appeared on the crest of the ridge, where the rebel host, amazed at this wholly unlooked-for audacity, fled in wild confusion, leaving their intrenched artillery and thousands of prisoners behind them. It was a soldiers' triumph, one of the most brilliant in history.

The next two days we took part in the pursuit of the discomfited enemy, which resulted in the capture of more guns,—bringing up the total to forty-two pieces,—of more prisoners, amounting to six thousand in all, and of large numbers of vehicles and stores, and in vast destruction of property. And then we set out under General Sherman's command on an expedition to Knoxville, East Tennessee, for the relief of General Burnside, who was hard pressed by General Longstreet's corps.

According to alarming reports Burnside was in sore need of speedy help. It seemed to be a matter of days how long he would be able to hold out. The distance to be covered in a hurry was one hundred and twenty miles. We marched in the lightest kind of order—no tents, no wagon-trains, the men carrying only their blankets and knapsacks, if they had any, with something to eat in their haversacks and plenty of ammunition in their cartridge-boxes. But they were in fine spirits after the great victory and bore the fatigues of the forced march with excellent cheer. We usually started about daybreak and went into camp about dark, having in the meantime crossed rivers and creeks with or without bridges, and mountain passes, sometimes over roads hardly worthy of the name. We saw no enemy in our front except some cavalry detachments sent out, not to fight, but to observe. Whenever they came within range, a shell or two from our guns made them scamper off.

Sherman's Sense of Humor

On this march I witnessed a little scene which was characteristic of the "fun" which we higher officers occasionally indulged in. One frosty morning I noticed a rather decent-looking house by the roadside, from the chimney of which a blue cloud of smoke curled up. In the front yard two orderlies were holding saddled horses. I concluded that there must be general officers inside and, possibly, something to eat. Seduced

by this thought, I dismounted, and found within, toasting their feet by a crackling wood fire, General Sherman and General Jefferson C. Davis, who commanded a division in the Fourteenth Corps attached to Sherman's command—the same General Jefferson C. Davis who at the beginning of the war had attracted much attention by the killing of General Nelson in the Galt House at Louisville.

General Sherman kindly invited me to sit with them, and I did so. A few minutes later General Howard entered. I have already mentioned that General Howard enjoyed the reputation of great piety and went by the name of "the Christian soldier." General Sherman greeted him in his brusque way, exclaiming: "Glad to see you, Howard! Sit down by the fire! Damned cold this morning!" Howard, who especially abhorred the use of "swear-words," answered demurely: "Yes, General, it is *quite* cold this morning." Sherman may have noticed a slight touch of reproof in this answer. At any rate, I observed a wink he gave General Davis with his left eye, while a sarcastic smile flitted across his features. It became at once clear what it meant, for Davis instantly, while talking about some indifferent subject, began to intersperse his speech with such a profusion of "damns" and the like, when there was not the slightest occasion for it, that one might have supposed him to be laboring under the intensest excitement, while really he was in perfectly cold blood. In fact, as I afterwards learned, General Davis was noted for having mastered the vocabulary of the "Army in Flanders" more completely than any man of his rank.

Howard made several vain attempts to give a turn to the conversation. Encouraged by repeated winks and a few sympathetic remarks from Sherman, Davis continued the lurid flow of his infernalisms, until finally Howard, with distress painted all over his face, got up and left; whereupon Sherman and Davis broke out in a peal of laughter. And when I ventured upon a remark about Howard's sufferings, Sherman said: "Well, that Christian soldier business is all right in its place; but he needn't put on airs when we are among ourselves."

A few weeks later, when the Knoxville campaign was over, Sherman addressed a letter to Howard thanking him, most deservedly, for the excellent services rendered by him on that expedition, and praising him as "one who mingled so gracefully and perfectly the polished Christian gentleman and the prompt, zealous, and gallant soldier." When I read this, I remembered the scene I have just described, and imagined I saw a little twinkle in Sherman's eye.

Hard Work and Scanty Returns

On December 5th, not many miles from Knoxville, we were informed that Longstreet had not waited for the arrival of our forces of relief, but effected his retreat toward Virginia. Thus our expedition had accomplished its purpose. It was a victory achieved by the soldiers' legs. We were allowed a day's rest, and then started on our way back, the same hundred and twenty miles and a little more, to our old camp in Lookout Valley. We could march more leisurely, but the return seemed harder than the advance had been. There was not the same spirit in it. Our regular food-supplies were entirely exhausted. We had to "live upon the country." We impressed what live stock we could, which was by no means always sufficient. The surrounding population, Union people, were friendly, but poor. Roasted wheat and corn had to serve for coffee; molasses, found on the farms, for sugar. But, far worse than this, the clothing of the men was in tatters, the shoes worn and full of holes. Perhaps one fourth of the men had none at all. They protected their feet by winding rags around them.

Their miseries were increased by occurrences like this: One day our march was unusually difficult. We passed through a hilly country. The roads were in many places like dry, washed-out beds of mountain torrents, full of boulders, large and small. The artillery-horses could not possibly pull their pieces and caissons over these obstacles. They had to be unhitched, and infantry detachments were called upon to help the artillerymen lift their guns and appurtenances over the rocks. This operation had to be repeated several times during the day. Thus the marching column was stopped, time and again, without affording the soldiers any real rest. On the contrary, such irregular stoppages for an uncertain length of time are apt to annoy and fatigue the marching men all the more. At last, toward dusk of the evening, I found on our route a large meadow-ground, through which a clear stream of water flowed. There was plenty of wood for fires near by. The spot seemed to be made for camping. My orders as to how far I was to march were not quite definite. I was to receive further instructions on the way. My troops, having been on their feet from early morning and having marched under the difficulties described, were tired beyond measure. They just dragged themselves painfully along. I resolved to rest them on this favored spot, if permitted, and despatched a staff-officer to corps-headquarters, two or three miles ahead, to obtain that permission. Meanwhile, waiting for an answer

I did not doubt would be favorable, I assigned camping-places to the different brigades.

Unnecessary Hardships

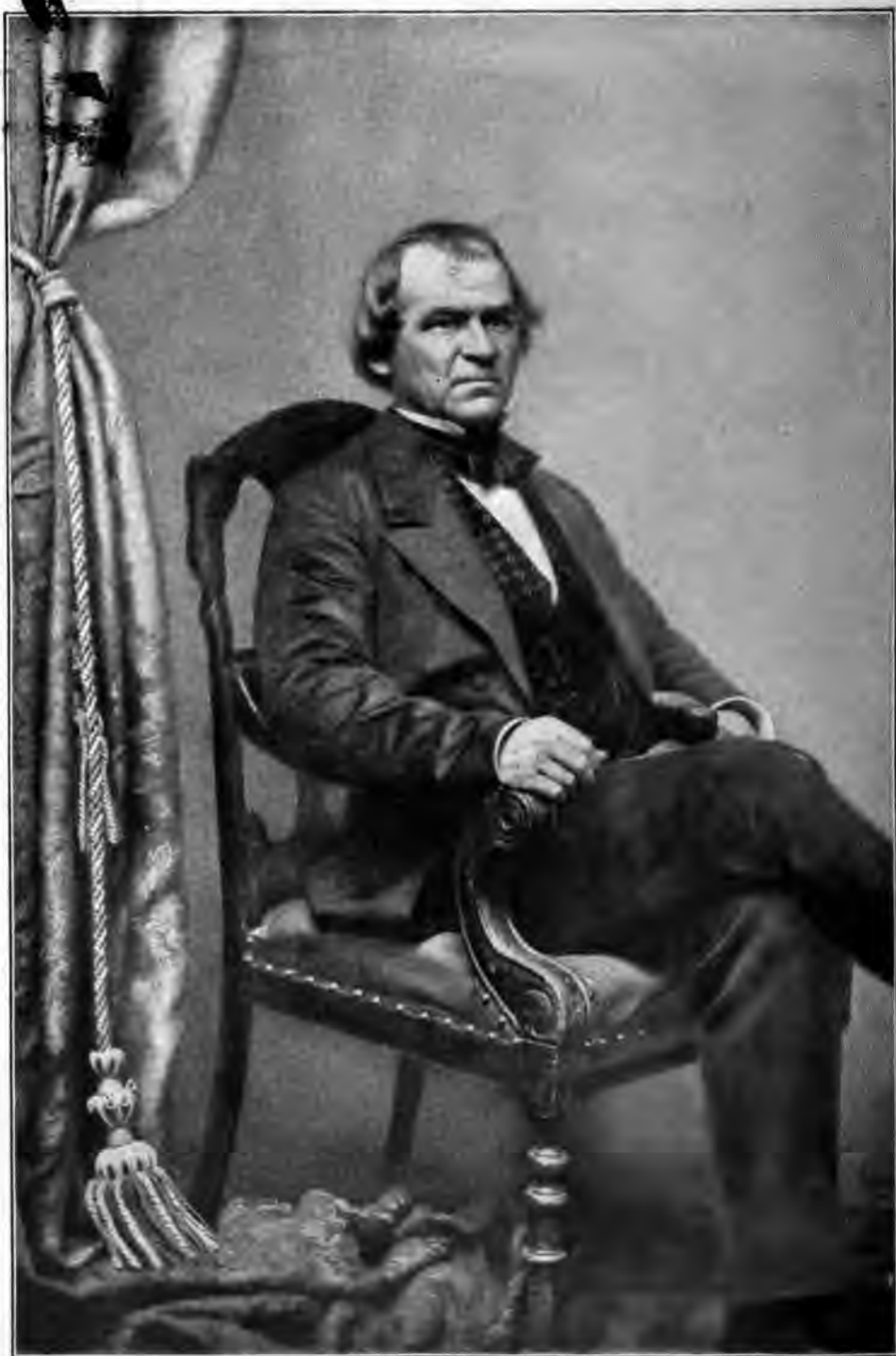
After the lapse of about an hour, when a large part of my command had come in and were beginning to build fires and to prepare such food as they had, my officer returned from corps-headquarters with the positive order that I must—without loss of time—continue my march and proceed about three miles farther, where a camping-place would be assigned to me. I thought there must be some mistake, as, according to reports, there was no enemy within many miles, and I despatched a second staff-officer to represent to corps-headquarters that to start my men again would be downright cruelty to them, and I begged that they be allowed to stay for the night where they were, unless there was real necessity for their marching on. In due time the answer came that there was such necessity. There was now nothing to be done but to obey instantly. My division bugler sounded the signal. There arose something like a sullen groan from the bivouac, but the men emptied upon the ground the water which was just beginning to boil in their kettles, and promptly fell into line.

We had hardly been on the way half an hour when a fearful thunder-storm broke upon us. The rain came down in sheets like a cloudburst, driving right into our faces. In a few minutes we were all drenched to the skin. I wore a stout cavalry overcoat with a cape, well lined with flannel, over my uniform. In an incredibly short time I felt the cold water trickle down my body. My riding-boots were soon full to overflowing. One may imagine the sorry plight of the poor fellows in rags. They had to suffer, too, not only from the water coming down from above, but also from water coming from below. We were again passing through a hilly district. The road ran along the bottom of a deep valley with high ridges on both sides. From these the rain-water rushed down in streams, transforming the road into a swelling torrent, the water reaching up to the knees of the men and higher. Meanwhile the thunder was rolling, the lightning flashing, and the poor sufferers stumbling over unseen boulders under the water and venting their choler in wild imprecations.

At last, after having struggled on in this way for about two hours, we emerged from the wooded hills into a more open country; at least, I judged so, as the absolute darkness seemed to be a little relieved. The storm had ceased. Riding at the head of my column, I ran against a horseman standing in the middle



MAJOR-GENERAL CARL SCHURE
From a war-time photograph



ANDREW JOHNSON

From a Brady negative in the possession of F. H. Meserve

"I could not rid myself of the impression that beneath this staid and sober exterior there were still some wild fires burning which might burst through the surface"

of the road. "What troops are these?" he asked.—"Third Division, Eleventh Corps." He made himself known in the darkness as an officer of the corps staff. My advance patrol had somehow missed him and gone astray. He brought me an order to put my command into camp "right here on both sides of the road." I asked him what it was that made my march in this dreadful night necessary, but he did not know. It was so dark that I could not distinguish anything beyond half a dozen feet. I did discover, however, that on "both sides of the road" there were plowed fields. There was water from the rain standing in the furrows, and the ridges were softened into a thick mire. And there my men were to camp! My staff-officers scattered themselves to find a more convenient or less dismal location for the men, but they soon returned, having in the gloom run into camps occupied by other troops. Nothing remained but to stay where we were. The regiments were distributed as well as possible in the darkness. The men could not stretch themselves out on the ground, because the ground was covered or soaked with water. They had to sit down on their knapsacks, if they had any, or on their heels, and try to catch some sleep in that position. About midnight the wind shifted suddenly and blew bitterly cold from the north, so bitterly, indeed, that after a while our outer garments began to freeze stiff on our bodies. I thought I could hear the men's teeth chatter. I am sure mine did. There we sat, now and then dropping into a troubled doze, waiting for day.

An Exasperating Situation

As soon as the first gray of the morning streaked the horizon, there was a general stir. The men rose, and tossed and swung their limbs to get their blood into circulation. The feet of not a few were frozen fast in the soil, and when they pulled them up, they left the soles of such shoes as they had sticking in the hardened mud. The pools of water left by the rain were covered with solid crusts of ice, and the cold north wind was still blowing. I started my command as soon as possible, in order to get the men into motion, intending to have them prepare their breakfast farther on in some more congenial spot. The ranks were considerably thinned, a large number of the men having strayed away from the column and trudged on in the darkness of the night. As we proceeded, we saw them crawl out from houses or barns or sheds or heaps of corn straw or whatever protection from the weather they had been able to find. The hard-frozen and stony road was marked with streaks of blood from the feet of the poor fellows who limped painfully along.

And finally it turned out that all this had been for nothing. Headquarters had been disturbed by a rumor that the enemy was attempting a cavalry raid in our direction, which might have made a drawing together of our forces necessary. But the rumor proved quite unfounded. I have told the story of that dismal night so elaborately to show my reader that even in an ordinary campaign, not to be compared with the retreat of Napoleon's army from the Russian snow-fields, soldiers are sometimes exposed to hardships, not always necessary, which in their effects are now and then no less destructive than powder and lead.

But on the whole the expedition to Knoxville for the relief of Burnside had been a decided success. The forced marches were well planned, and executed with exemplary precision and spirit. Congratulatory orders and complimentary letters were flying about in great profusion. General Sherman wrote one to General Howard, in which with justice he commended his conduct very highly and charged him "to convey to General Schurz and Colonel Buschbeck and to all your officers the assurance of my official and personal respect." General Howard in his turn was quite eloquent in praise of the Eleventh Corps and lauded its "division and brigade commanders for the energy and constancy they manifested during the campaign." In the course of his report he spoke with especial commendation of Colonel Hecker, who commanded my Third Brigade, and who had performed the most arduous duties with his characteristic spirit and efficiency. On the 17th of December we reoccupied our old encampments in Lookout Valley and looked forward to a comparatively quiet and comfortable winter.

My New Command

At last I was advised that in the work of reorganization the Eleventh and Twelfth corps had been consolidated under the name of the Twentieth Corps, that the Twentieth Corps was to be commanded by General Hooker, and that I was assigned to the command of a so-called Corps of Instruction near Nashville, in which a number of newly levied regiments were to be made fit for active duty and then, presumptively, to form part of the Army of the Cumberland under General Thomas. Thus I was separated from General Hooker, but in a manner not at all according with my wishes and expectations. I had hoped to march with Sherman southward, but the position to which I was now assigned promised little active service, for nobody could then foresee the battle of Nashville. Still, I obeyed orders without protest or murmur. My camp was speedily established

at Edgefield on the northern side of the river, opposite Nashville, and several newly organized regiments from Western States, especially from Indiana, came in to fill it.

Impressions of Andrew Johnson

It was then that I made the acquaintance of Andrew Johnson, whom President Lincoln had appointed "Military Governor" of Tennessee. Of our meeting I shall have more to say hereafter. I called upon him at the State-house in Nashville, and he received me not only with polite kindness, but with some evidence of a desire to cultivate intercourse with me. I was not quite clear in my own mind about the impression he made upon me. He had worked himself up from poverty and a low social position to political prominence by the energy of his character and a degree of ability which, if not brilliant, was at least higher than that of his political neighbors in East Tennessee. By a bold and vigorous fight against all secession tendencies and against the arrogant pretensions of the slaveholding aristocracy, he became the most conspicuous representative and the leader of the loyal Union element of the South.

His appearance was not prepossessing, at least not to me. His countenance was of a distinctly plebeian cast, without force and vivacity. There was no genial sunlight in it; rather, something sullen, something betokening a strong will inspired by bitter feelings. I could well imagine him leading with vindictive energy an uprising of a lower order of society against an aristocracy from whose lordly self-assertion he had suffered and whose pride he was bent upon humiliating. Nor did he, as a "child of the soil," possess anything of that ingenuous, naïve, and lovable naturalness which never ceased to form one of the greatest charms of Lincoln's character. Johnson was by no means a man of culture. His education had been of the scantiest. Judging from his conversation, his mind moved in a narrow circle of ideas as well as of phrases. But his contact with the world had taught him certain things as to decent and correct appearance. As often as I saw him, I found him clothed in the customary broadcloth of the higher politician in Washington, with immaculate linen; and I noticed also in his deportment, as far as I could observe it, an air, whether assumed or genuine, of quiet dignity. Yet I could not rid myself of the impression that beneath this staid and sober exterior there were still wild fires burning which might burst through the surface.

This impression was strengthened by a singular experience. It happened twice or three

times that when I called upon him I was told by the attendant that the Governor was sick and could not see anybody. Then, after the lapse of four or five days, he would send for me, and I would find him uncommonly natty in his attire and generally "groomed" with especial care. He would also wave off any inquiry about his health. When I mentioned this circumstance to one of the most prominent Union men of Nashville, he smiled and said that the Governor had "his infirmities," but was "all right" on the whole.

Johnson's Vindictive Views

My conversation with him always turned upon political subjects. He was a demonstratively fierce Union man — not upon antislavery grounds, but from constitutional reasons and from hatred of the slaveholding aristocracy, the oppressors and misleaders of the common people, who had resolved to destroy the Republic if they were not permitted to rule it. The constant burden of his speech was that this rebellion against the Government of the Union was treason, and that treason was a crime that must be made odious by visiting condign punishment upon the traitors. To hear him expatiate upon this his favorite theme, one would have thought that if this man ever came into power, the face of the country would soon bristle with gibbets, and foreign lands swarm with fugitives from the avenging sword of the Republic. And such sentiments he uttered, not in a tone betraying the slightest excitement, but with the calmness of long-standing and unquestionable conviction.

When in the course of our conversations I suggested, as I sometimes did, that there were, in the reconstruction of the Union, other objects to be accomplished fully as important as the punishment of the traitors, he would treat such suggestions with polite indulgence, at the same time insisting, with undisturbed sternness, that the Union could not endure unless, by a severe punishment of the traitors, treason were forever branded as the unpardonable crime. Indeed, this seemed to constitute the principal part of his political program for the future. No doubt there were gentler and more amiable currents of feeling in Mr. Johnson's composition, known to his family, friends, and neighbors; but in our political talks at that time they did not manifest themselves. When, a short time after my first meeting with Mr. Johnson, the Republican National Convention nominated him as its candidate for the Vice-Presidency, I was, I must confess, one of those who received the news with a certain uneasiness of feeling.



KENNETH BROWN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH



GOOD-BY! Drop me a line if you get anything that can jump," Kerstaw, M. F. H. of the Medchester Hunt, shouted from the end of the train, as it pulled out of Eastover Junction.

There was a sting in the words. Kerstaw was a good fellow, and both he and his host, St. Claire, had enjoyed his two weeks' visit to Redfields this pleasant Virginia spring weather. But in one respect the New Yorker had irritated not only St. Claire but all the other Virginians with whom he had been brought into contact during his stay, and that was in his attitude toward the horses of Eastover County. He had come down, on St. Claire's invitation, with an eye out for possible high-class hunters; and while his manners toward all the timber-toppers had been perfectly polite, he had dismissed as impossible the thought of any one that could not jump six feet.

Now, the fox-hunters of Eastover flattered themselves that they could hold their own with any men that sat in pigskin. On more than one occasion they had received riders

coming down from the North with deceitful humbleness, and then had shown them the heels of their mounts over the rough country and through the tangled underbrush of Eastover. This had happened often enough to cause what little natural modesty they possessed to exude from them, and to make them think themselves invincible. In addition, they had sent some of their horses to the Virginia shows, and had done well there, although they themselves were no horse-show riders, as they averred with pride.

But Kerstaw had taken them at an unfair advantage. He had come among them in the spring, when they could not ride across the country on account of the crops, and in a perfectly gentlemanly but very exasperating way had refused to consider anything as first-class that could not clear a six-foot bar in perfectly cold blood.

This was to men not accustomed to riding with a yard-stick. When they took an unusual jump in the hunting-field, a flying estimate of height or width sufficed them, and served adequately for subsequent conversational purposes. Probably in the excitement of good hunting

they could have shown performances — considering the indifferent take-offs and landings common in Eastover — that would have compared favorably with the riding Kerstaw could have done, even mounted on his famous Peach-blow, three times winner at Madison Square Garden. It is not always the long-striding thoroughbred that is best over rough going. And, dissembling their wrath at his requirements in horse-flesh, they had been hearty and urgent in their invitations to him to return

horse-raising farmer had not? — but it was the Northerner's tacit assumption that their horses were not up to the standard in his part of the country that made them hot under the collar.

II

St. Claire drove home thoughtfully, after seeing his friend off. He had in front of him two hunters, earning their summer keep in harness, that he considered good enough to stay in front with any company. The County of Eastover was



"St. Claire calmed them down with voice and rein until they were back in their former jog"

again in November, either with his own horses or to be mounted on the best of theirs. But Kerstaw had refused all these deep-laid invitations, saying that his duties as master of the Medchester hounds would keep him fully occupied in the fall. Yet, at parting, he sped the rankling shaft: "If you get hold of anything that can jump."

"Must think we are a lot of rotten road-riders," St. Claire muttered under his breath, the while he was waving his slouch-hat in amicable farewell.

It was not that either St. Claire or any of the others wished unduly to sell hunters to Kerstaw. Of course, each of them had one or more that he would not have minded disposing of, — what

accustomed to think that its best in girls and horse-flesh could not be surpassed anywhere, and hardly equaled.

St. Claire, as has been said, was not anxious to sell his hunters. Had there not been running unbroken in his pasture a promising four-year-old, one of whose great-grandmothers had given him the only strain of cold blood in his veins, the Virginian would have felt considerable reluctance to parting with either of his hunters; but that another man, horse-hunting, should have no desire to own them was almost an insult. Yet, undeniably, neither of them could jump six feet in cold blood.

"Nobody but a fool would want to," St. Claire growled. "You never in this world come

across a fence as high as that in a fox-hunt, and why in thunder do you want a horse to do in a paddock what he would never be called on to do after a fox? Might as well want him to climb a tree." (These reflections were made by a man who had won for himself the reputation of the most daredevil rider in the county.) "'If you get anything that can jump!'" he repeated, after several minutes of rumination, and swished his whip over the ears of his spirited horses in a way that made them almost break their traces.

St. Claire calmed them down with voice and rein until they were back in their former jog, and continued his meditations, for safety putting his whip into its socket, so that the remembrance of Kerstaw's words should not tempt him afresh to gesticulate with it.

III

It was a long, tiring drive back from Eastover Junction to Redfields, St. Claire's place; yet, as soon as he got back he went out into the big pasture, where the work stock were spending the Sunday in restful grazing. They looked up at him distrustfully as he came among them, as if their pseudo-freedom of the day required eternal vigilance. He paid no attention to any particular one of them until he came to a tremendous big buckskin mule, who wore clumsily a heavy wooden yoke, intended to keep him in the field where he was put.

St. Claire approached the mule with the cooing whistle used for the enticement of horses; and the mule, perhaps chastened by his yoke, let his master put his hands on his roached mane.

St. Claire patted him for reward, then led him across the wide pasture into the barn-yard. There he took off the heavy yoke and turned the mule loose. The big buckskin gave a playful wag or two to his head, to make sure he was free, and a whisk of his tufted tail, and went galloping around the barn-yard. Then he stopped and, with an eye cocked toward his master, began looking for stray bunches of grass and weeds in the fence-corners.

St. Claire went up and chinned the fence. It was made of stout rails, laid between posts on one side, sunk two and a half feet in the ground, and stakes on the other, driven in several inches. Posts and stakes were wired together at the top, and on the wiring one more heavy rail was laid to finish it off well. As St. Claire measured himself against the fence, he looked through the gap between the top rail and the next one below the wiring—and St. Claire stood five feet ten inches. The top rail was several inches over his head in most places.

He turned back to the mule: "Well, dog-gone you, Doctor, why don't you jump?"

The big buckskin mule browsed innocently around, whisking his little ridiculous cow-tail at a fly, now and then, as if perfectly contented in the barn-lot, although a luscious field of winter oats grew on the other side of the fence.

"You fool mule, just because I want you to jump, you won't. I don't believe you *can* jump this fence," he taunted him, seeking to impart some of the rankle of Kerstaw's words to the bosom of the mule.

St. Claire caught the mule's eye, as he was speaking, and it seemed to have a self-conscious, expectant look; not the casual expression that a mule would ordinarily wear before his master, rather the watchful air with which a suspected pickpocket might observe a policeman. The Virginian put his hands in his pockets and began to whistle, as he walked around the corner of the barn. Still whistling he went into the building, and then silently peered out through a dusty, cobwebbed window, keeping far enough from it not to be visible from outside.

The mule grazed on nibblingly for a short time, as if the actions of his master were nothing to him. Then he raised his head, gazed around him with mulish finesse, and, giving another quirk to his tail, walked close up to the seemingly insurmountable fence, reared straight up into the air, and bucked over it into the oatfield beyond, without so much as tipping the top rail with his hind toes.

"I thought as much," St. Claire, in ambush, exclaimed to himself, and went to call up half a dozen farm-hands and boys from the negro quarters for the purpose of corralling the enfranchised Doctor, who, without his yoke, was nearly as difficult of capture as a giraffe.

The next morning a new life began for Doctor. Sam, the driver, the pride of whose life the Doctor was, was told to get another mule for himself, and to bring the Doctor to the stables reserved for the carriage- and riding-horses.

"Gwine drive him yo'se'f?" he asked, with a grin that hid his disappointment at losing the prize member of his team. "Don't you want me to fix his mane and tail up good? They's done growed out right smaht," and he reached his hand for the sharp sheep-shears with which this rite was performed.

"Not on your life, Sam. That ain't no mule—that's a h-a-w-s-s," St. Claire replied, drawing out the vernacular, into which he easily fell in talking to his darkies.

"Yas'r. Tha' so!" Sam answered, with the instinctive acquiescence that always preceded even a difference of opinion. "He suhtainly do



Corralling the enfranchised Doctor, who, without his yoke, was nearly as difficult of capture as a giraffe"

favor a mule, though. Haw! haw!" and Sam gave a guffaw at this badinage so common between Southerners and their negroes.

IV

A day later the vet from Eastover Court-House stood before the big buckskin mule and eyed him for signs of trouble.

"What's wrong with him, Saint?" he asked. "I don't have much practice with mules, except when they happen to get mixed up with a barbed-wire fence."

St. Claire took the cigarette from his mouth.

"His ears are too long," he said laconically.

"Ears too long?" the vet repeated, suspecting a joke in the words, but unable to discern it.

"And I want him docked."

"Docked! Dock a mule? Goin' to make a hunter of him?"

"Exactly!"

The vet stared at St. Claire's immobile face, doubting his sanity; then, as his eyes caught

the place on the mule's neck worn bare by the yoke, a grin came over his face which spread and spread to the confines permitted by nature.

"Saint, what devilment are you up to now?" he cried. "Make a hunter of a mule! I've seen a many one ridden, but it was as a mule. Dock him! D'you say trim his ears? Oh Lordy!"

"You remember Kerstaw, who was staying with me last week? Well, he didn't seem to think much of the horses in our county: said if we ever got anything that could jump to let him know. The Doctor, here, can jump better than he can pull a plow — and that's pretty good. He's only six, and soople as a snake. Do you remember those old pictures of Miss Bessie's great-grandfather in England, with his horses?"

"The horses with the cropped ears?"

"Yes, the ones in the dining-room. They used to trim horses' ears in England a hundred years ago, same as they do a bull-terrier's now. Now, what's the matter with paring these down

horse-fashion?" and St. Claire stroked the long ears of the mule.

"Why don't you leave his tail as it is until the hair grows out?" the vet suggested.

"No; his tail will look a little funny at first, but I want the Doctor to acquire all the feelings that go with being a horse as soon as possible. He's been accustomed to thinking himself a mule for so long that I expect it will take him some time to get used to being a horse. He's going to be docked, and be fed on oats 'stead of corn, and have a sheet in the stable, and his name is going to be — let me see — Alexander Hamilton. That ought to make him feel like a human being, oughtn't it?"

Without delay the vet set to work on the transmogrification of the Doctor into Alexander Hamilton. There were many chances of damaging a good mule and having no horse to show for it; but the vet was skilful and lucky, and presently Alexander Hamilton stood where only the Doctor had stood before.

"What a weight-carrier he will make!" the vet exclaimed, standing off and eying his handiwork from a new point of view. "Say! what was that mule worth" — he spoke of him as if he indeed had passed away — "two hundred dollars?"

"Easily."

"Alexander Hamilton's a thousand-dollar hunter now, when he's schooled. I ought to charge you something pretty for that job."

"You might if you'd amputated his bray along with his tail."

The vet laughed as he washed his hands. "You're getting a little beyond me now, Saint. I reckon you'll have to go to a voice specialist for that."

V

The next day St. Claire began riding Alexander Hamilton a little, and as soon as he thought his soul had recovered from the shock of his transformation of body, he began jumping him. Alexander held his head high and thought his lines had fallen into uncommonly pleasant places. He ate with the appetite of the finest plow-mule on the plantation, and as yet he had only done dainty riding-horse work; and the matter of his ears really bothered him much less than sentimental people, who know nothing about horses, would be inclined to think.

As soon as the idea penetrated the brain of Alexander Hamilton — and there were a number of brain convolutions beneath those raw-edged ears — that jumping was desired of him, he lost the fine edge of his enthusiasm for it. Besides, jumping had hitherto led to delicious stolen bites, even if they were followed by hard words and blows: now it led only to more

jumping. However, when finally he realized that henceforth jumping was to be his vocation instead of pulling a plow, he went at it in the same steady fashion that had characterized him in his former work.

But his jump was not the delight to sit that it was to look at. It was of the kind called locally "swap-end." He went at his fence slowly, reared straight up on his hind feet, and, with a mighty impulse from his hind legs, was over, diving down almost vertically on the other side. St. Claire, the first time he tried a five-foot fence, found himself just behind Alexander's neat ears, and then on the ground, before he had time more than to realize that they were over the fence together. And for the only time in his life St. Claire grabbed the pommel of his saddle with one hand, and the cantle with the other, when next he put Alexander Hamilton at the five-foot fence. Even thus fixed in his saddle, Alexander snapped him like a cracker to a whip, the motion going up his spine, through his neck, and out of the top of his head, sending his cap fifteen feet into the air.

"Lucky I had a cap on," St. Claire commented, "or my head would have gone — the snap had to come out somewhere."

From then on it was schooling and schooling for the mule. He was sent over ditches, and took to them kindly; then over a fence again, with a pile of scattered rails both on the take-off and the landing side, to make him jump wide. Alexander Hamilton did not fancy this; but a black-snake whip in the hands of Sam, behind, overcame his objections; and in time he learned to jump in his stride, as a thoroughbred does.

That was a busy summer for St. Claire. He had never put so much pains on a hunter before. Usually he trained them by riding them fox-hunting, where they learned with hardly any conscious effort on his part. But his pride had been touched by Kerstaw, and, like many men of rather lazy, self-indulgent natures, he could work very hard for something he wanted. He used Alexander continually in overseeing his plantation: when there was a gate he jumped over it, and when there was none he hunted for the stiffest panel of the fence.

Alexander justified his selection for a higher sphere. He could jump anything that he could get his nose over; he could gallop fast; and that to his endurance, St. Claire did not pretend as he could ride far enough to find the end of it.

VI

"I've got a jumping trick; I don't know that he will suit you, but he certainly can jump," St. Claire wrote to Kerstaw in the fall, a few

weeks after the hunting season opened, when he had found that Alexander Hamilton was as good and level-headed after the hounds as he was over a hurdle. Alexander might not be able to keep up with a thoroughbred over smooth country; but in rough going his little feet picked their way so smoothly and safely that his rider might have ridden him blindfolded.

Kerstaw ran down for a day, with pleasure, to see St. Claire, and, skeptically, to see his hunter. "So you tell me you've got a 'sure-enough' horse?" he said on his arrival.

"I said nothing of the kind," the Virginian replied. "I said I had a jumping trick — and I have."

They went out to look at the paragon.

"He's big enough, anyway," Kerstaw said approvingly. "A little leggy, though, isn't he?"

"He'll never fall down because his legs give out — he'll carry two hundred pounds all day."

"H'm! odd shape. Rather low in the withers, isn't he? And his feet are pretty small," Kerstaw commented, so pleased that he was hard pushed to find faults, as becomes a horse-buyer. "He looks almost like a mule, if it weren't for his mane and tail."

"He may be for all I know," St. Claire replied nonchalantly, inwardly chuckling to find

that Kerstaw did not know that a mule's hair by nature grew like a horse's. Alexander now sported a beautiful little dock, and the indications of the plow-harness were entirely gone from his satiny sides.

"Let's see him jump."

"Sam, saddle the Doc — Alexander Hamilton." The old name he had been sedulously avoiding all summer nearly slipped from St. Claire's lips.

"Yas'r!" With preternatural solemnity the negro saddled the converted mule.

St. Claire climbed into the saddle, and without even a preliminary warming-up canter put Alexander at the highest place in the barn-yard fence — something over six feet. It is an unusual hunter who will not swerve to the lowest panel of a fence; but Alexander had been well schooled, and, besides, a few inches more or less was a matter of no consequence to him. He trotted up to the stiff rail-fence, his ears pointed forward; with beautiful precision he took off at just the right place, and sailed over the top rail with inches between him and it.

The Northerner did not say a word. He walked up to the fence and put his hand first on the top rail, and then moved it down to the top of his own hat. He looked at the print of the mule's feet, where he had taken off from the ground quite a bit lower than where he,

"The vet stared at St. Claire's immobile face, doubting his sanity"





"A black-snake whip in the hands of Sam, behind, overcame his objections"

Kerstaw, was standing, and then whistled softly to himself.

"Good cross country?" he asked of St. Claire, when the Southerner had turned his mount and hopped back into the barn-yard.

"Good as gold."

"I suppose you warrant him in every way?" Kerstaw asked.

"I warrant nothing. You've seen him jump, and I believe him sound and kind; but I don't do any warranting of any sort."

"I should like to try him."

"Certainly. There's nothing you've got to look out for. I use a snaffle on him, because he's perfectly level-headed and never tries to bolt; but he's got a tolerably tough mouth and you can ride him over a jump on the curb if you want to."

It did not take Kerstaw long to make up his mind. The two thousand dollars St. Claire asked for his plow-mule seemed cheap to him, and he went away the next day with the feeling of conscious superiority which is imparted to man in not quite the same degree by anything other than the possession of a hunter in whose ability to beat all other hunters one's faith is implicit. St. Claire was to attend to shipping Alexander immediately, in order that the M. F. H. of the Medchester Hunt obtain as much use of him this fall as possible.

VII

There was a man in the Medchester Club who was very generally disliked, and the more so as he excelled in all athletic contests. Sharples was his name, and sharp was his nature. He was skilful enough not to need to resort to sharp practices to win; yet he would rather win by rattling an opponent than by honest, sportsmanlike play. There was the matter of the golf championship of the club, when Bixby's ball — at the thirty-sixth hole — stuck on the sharp corner of the tin flag, and Sharples insisted that Bixby must play it where it lay, and yet that the flag must be taken out of the hole, because the ball was on the green. And Bixby only managed — However, that is too long a story to go into now.

Kerstaw perhaps hated Sharples more than any one else. Sharples delighted to bother the M. F. H. in every possible way. An obstreperous rider can make himself most unpleasant to an M. F. H. trying to do the best for all the members and the hounds. Sharples cared no more for the safety of the hounds than he did, apparently, for that of the master; for he rode over the former, and jumped so close after the latter that, had his horse made a mistake at any of the fences, Sharples would have been on top of him before he could get out of the way.

Theoretically, Sharples should have obeyed Kerstaw, as master, but the obedience he gave was so grudging and insufficient that it was almost none at all.

Sharples included in his jealousy the great Peachblow,— by Clingstone out of China Vase, she by Mongolian Emperor,— three times winner in the jumping class at the Garden, and he had tried vainly to get a horse that should throw Peachblow into the shade after the Medchester hounds. But, although Sharples had money enough to buy a hunter to take any fence, he had not the hands nor the nature of Kerstaw, and the horses that he bought with higher records than Peachblow under his hands did not perform as well as the pride and pet of the M. F. H.

It happened that the day Alēxander Hamilton arrived in his box-car, calm and unflustered by travel, there had been some talking at the club about horses and jumping, as there always is where men who take their chief pleasure in the pigskin are whiling reminiscent hours away. The subject of the relation between a man's courage and a horse's came up. Now, every one knows that a man on a hunter safe at five feet carries a different heart in his breast from him who is trying a filly who probably will bungle at three. Yet Sharples managed to put a very disagreeable intonation into his voice as he turned to Kerstaw and said:

"Yes, I've noticed that you never lay as stiff a drag when you are going to ride one of your

other horses as when you are going to be on Peachblow."

Every one knew that this was unfair to Kerstaw, who never relied on the superiority of his great horse to lay a drag that would permit him alone to shine, and Kerstaw flushed. He did not answer at first, and when he was quite cool again he said to Sharples:

"Sharples, you seem to think that the only time I dare go at a big fence is when I am on Peachblow. You've made one or two cracks like that before, and I'm rather tired of it. Now I received a green Virginia hunter to-day, that I've never ridden cross country, and I'll ride him against you for a thousand dollars, over the stiffest course that can be laid in Medchester."

The bet was made and recorded on paper amid the undisguised joy of the other members, who hoped for the downfall of Sharples, and at any rate were assured of a sporting event of unusual interest. A committee was appointed to lay out the course over the roughest ground that could be found, and either contestant had the privilege of having any jump that seemed to him too low raised and strengthened. Neither was to ride over the course till the day of the race.

They talk about those fences yet. Kerstaw went with the committee, and every fence that was lower than the crown of his hat he had built up, and no flimsy work would suit him. Sharples went along, and looked a little green about the gills at some of the fences, although

"It did not take Kerstaw long to make up his mind"



when he thought of the terms of the contest he felt better. He only had to follow over where Kerstaw led, and, if Kerstaw's horse did not refuse some of these impossible jumps after a gallop of miles over plowed land and up and down ravines, the chances were a hundred to one that he would break through them and leave a much lower jump for him who followed. Undoubtedly Sharples had the better of the conditions of the match, as he generally managed to have.

The committee of three who laid out the course were all hard riders, but even they, who had not to ride, balked at some of the fences.

"One would think you were building an elephant compound, not laying out a steeplechase course," Jimmy Daniels protested; but Kerstaw paid no attention to his words.

VIII

The great day came. It was near the end of the hunting season, and earth and air were in the best possible condition.

"You lead over the jumps, I believe," Sharples said, and in his tone there was not a little exultation. The more he thought of the terms of the match the better pleased he was with his own astuteness, the surer the wager seemed his.

"Certainly I lead," Kerstaw replied, "and I don't expect you to follow very far." This was a rather vicious speech for Kerstaw to make, and one could see that his exasperation against Sharples had reached its limits.

Sharples smiled sourly, although he felt pleased. All that he had to do was to follow where Kerstaw led, and if Kerstaw did not manage to negotiate a fence, he, Sharples, did not even have to try it; and after looking over the course Sharples did not have the slightest idea that Kerstaw could make it on any other horse than Peachblow. The idea had occurred to him

that Kerstaw might try to disguise Peachblow and ride him to-day,—Sharples judged others by himself,—but a glance at Alexander Hamilton, when he came ambling out at the smooth little gait natural to many Southern mules, dispelled the suspicion.

They were off, and the gallery joyfully galloped down the road from which most of the

race could be seen. Alexander Hamilton took life calmly, and when he was sent off over the stiffest course Medchester had ever dreamed of, he went about his task as phlegmatically as if he were merely jumping from St. Claire's barn-yard into the oatfield for his own pleasure, and with the marks of his neck-yoke still upon him. He flirited his little stump of a tail, with its orthodox bunch of neatly trimmed hair, as he caught sight of the first fence, and went over it with no more emotion than if he had been turning the corner of a fallowed field at the end of his furrow.

Sharples gasped a little as he saw the unsensational way in which Kerstaw's mount cleared the fence, but went at it pluckily enough himself with his high-strung thoroughbred, and took it as easily; for he, too, owned horses that were winners in jumping competitions.

That was a contest to have seen, not to read about. Each fence caused the breath to catch on the lips of the spectators, as the contestants neared it; and each one, successfully cleared, brought an "Ah!" of relief even from the most hardened. After no very long time, however, it became apparent that Sharples was laboring to keep up with Kerstaw. Alexander Hamilton was proving himself a wonder. He slid and scrambled down and up ravines and hills in the easiest way for himself,—the course was very rough,—loafed over plowed ground where



"But Redmond had already stood more than even a well-trained horse will stand"



"Alexander Hamilton, *alias* the Doctor, mule, opened his mouth and emitted a bray that rang out over the countryside like a clarion"

Sharples's Redmond plunged, and came to each succeeding jump with no apparent diminution of spring in his slender legs, whisked his dock, and jumped over as if it were too small a matter to bother about.

Then came Redmond's first refusal. He rushed at the fence as if he would knock it down,—Sharples almost hoped he would,—and stopped with a jerk that sent his rider up on his neck, his own breast pushed hard against the fence.

Sharples rode back for another trial. His face was savage, and savagely he laid the whale-bone on the sides of his good horse, till the blood came to the lash. Redmond responded this time, and yet another fence was Sharples able to flog him over. Then came the time when pampered horse-flesh could stand the strain no longer. What seemed hard condition in a horse of pleasure would not have stood half a day's corn-cultivating in a stifling river-bottom in a Virginia July. It was that training which told now in Alexander. He was hardly sweating, and Redmond was a white lather, and his legs trembled, as for an instant he hesitated, undecided between his knowledge of the hopelessness of trying to jump any more and his fear of his master's temper and whip.

This fence ended matters as far as Redmond was concerned. Sharples absolutely lost his

head as he caught sight of the spectators, here brought near the contestants by a curve in the road, on whose faces, mixed with moderate anxiety lest he break his neck, was perceptible satisfaction at his prospective defeat. The situation was made unendurable when Kerstaw, who was waiting on the other side of the fence, politely asked: "Shall I give you another lead over?" and hopped back to encourage Redmond by again preceding him over the fence.

Without waiting for the promised lead, Sharples broke into words that shocked and delighted his unsympathetic audience; and then he flogged Redmond so severely in mere brutish anger that Jimmy Daniels sprang from his horse and began to climb over the fence of the road, with the laudable intention of breaking his crop over Sharples's head—and Jimmy's was not an emotional nature. But Redmond had already stood more than even a well-trained horse will stand. He reared straight up in the air—so far that it seemed as if he must fall over backward on his rider—so far that, the safety-bars of the saddle opening, Sharples, afraid to hold on to the reins lest indeed he pull him over on himself, slipped down over Redmond's rump, still standing in his stirrups, but with no horse beneath him, while Redmond galloped off hard across country, an

earnest desire in his horsy heart nevermore to see his master.

At this psychological moment, while the audience still stood breathless at the rapid progress of events, Alexander Hamilton, *alias* the Doctor, mule, opened his mouth and emitted a bray that rang out over the countryside like a clarion. "Hee haw! hee haw! hee haw!" we inadequately represent it; but what letters, what words shall really tell the mighty blare of mulish sound that waked the echoes of Medchester?

An instant's hush, and then the laughter, shrieks, and giggles of the onlookers broke forth in a volume of sound that almost equaled the bray that had gone before. Men nearly fell from their horses, and Jimmy Daniels doubled up over the fence he was climbing, and hung helpless. And, curiously enough, the focus of the laughter was not the mule, nor yet the man riding him, but it all turned on him who, mounted on as good a hunter as money could buy, had been defeated and humbled by a mule.

Sharples showed the kind he was by instantly putting in a claim for the stakes of a thousand dollars, on the ground that a horse had been specified in the bet. The committee, still shaking with delighted amusement,—and

not one of them that would not have paid half the thousand for Sharples's mortification,—repaired to the club-house to consult the memorandum of the terms of the wager. There it was found that the word horse had nowhere been used. Kerstaw was to ride his "green hunter from Virginia"—and unanimously the committee voted that Alexander Hamilton had proved himself a "hunter" beyond peradventure of a doubt. "Anyway," Jimmy Daniels rather cruelly told Sharples, "Alexander Hamilton is half horse, and that half is good enough to beat you."

Kerstaw was one man who enjoyed an added quiet laugh all by himself. While the Medchester Hunt was appreciatively examining the cropped ears of his new hunter, and calling Kerstaw a foxy devil and other endearing names for having outwitted the sharp and detested Sharples, he himself was grinning over St. Claire and his mule. He recalled the Virginian's words, "He may be a mule for all I know," and chuckled afresh. It was a good joke on him; but he had passed it on with interest to Sharples.

And Alexander Hamilton in time became the pride of the Medchester Hunt, although his bray sometimes astonished strangers who did not know his story.

THE CONFESSION AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HARRY ORCHARD*

The last instalment of Orchard's confession might be called the story of his apprenticeship in murder. In this he told of the attempts he made—successful and unsuccessful—to blow up the Vindicator mine in the labor war at Cripple Creek in the fall of 1903—an operation undertaken, apparently, in much the same spirit with which a sailor might undertake the blowing up of an enemy's ship in naval warfare. In the following instalment, covering the winter and spring of 1904, Orchard becomes, according to his story, a professional murderer and dynamiter.

MY FIRST VISIT TO HEADQUARTERS



HE Vindicator explosion happened on a Saturday, when we were all over to Victor. Davis and I went home, and I intended to stay there that night. But after supper Davis came to my house and wanted me to go over to Victor with him to the union meeting. Davis was on the strike committee, and was going over to make the weekly report the committee had to give every union about how the strike was going. I told him I had better not go, and that it would be better for me not to be seen with him, as they might mistrust me.

He said there was no good of being afraid. He said to look at Parker; that he was liable to be lynched for the explosion. And that was right; I knew they were talking about it. Anyway, I got ready, and we went to the meeting. After the meeting Parker and Davis and I walked home together as far as the lower end of Independence, and I told them I was not going to be seen any more with them. I told Parker and Davis they ought to give me some money, so if I had to hike out I could. I told them they were likely to be arrested, and I would not have a cent if I wanted to go away. Parker told me he would give me some the next

* Begun in July, 1907

day. He said it would be no trouble to get money now from headquarters. So we parted, and I went up through Independence and on home.

On Monday, the second day after, D. C. Scott, the railroad detective, sent for me to come to Cripple Creek, and, as much as I dreaded going, I thought it best to go and play innocent and put on a bold front. So I braced up the best I could and went over, and Scott said K. C. Sterling, the mine-owners' detective, wanted to see me. Mr. Sterling came down to Scott's office, and I talked to him an hour or so, and he wanted to know if I knew anything about the Vindicator explosion, or if I mistrusted any one. I told him I did not know a thing about it, and that I did not mistrust any one. I further said that I thought it must be an accident. Sterling wanted me to tell him who told me about the attempt to wreck the train, but I told him I would not.

They kept sending for me every little while after the Vindicator explosion, and I wished many times I had never said anything to them. But I knew I had to play the string through now, and I always went over when they sent for me. Mr. Scott had given me twenty dollars in money, and wanted me to go to work for them and they would pay me one hundred dollars a month. I told them I was a union man at heart, and did not like to double-cross those men, and I did not believe they were responsible for this Vindicator outrage. But I said I would tell them anything of importance I found out on the quiet. Of course, I never intended to tell them the truth.

There was a lot of wrangling about these men they had arrested. The militia held some of them, and some were in the county jail. Those that the militia held had no charges placed against them, and the civil courts would issue writs of habeas corpus, and the militia would take them into court, and when they were released would hold them; but, finally, they were all released but six of them—Parker, Davis, and Kennison, the members of the strike committee, and Steve Adams, Foster, and McKinney.

A Delicate Situation

I kept pretty quiet all this time, but I was rather uneasy, for it was reported that McKinney had made a confession and had implicated Parker and others, and, in fact, Scott told me he had. I knew McKinney, but had never had anything to do with him, but I was afraid Parker might have told him who set the bomb in the Vindicator. I had tried to get into jail to see Parker and Davis, but the sheriff would not let me in, and I asked Mr. Scott if

he would not arrange for me to get in and see the boys. He asked me what I wanted to see them for, and I told him I just wanted to say hello and give them a bottle of whisky and some cigars. So he telephoned up to the sheriff, and I went up, and he let me in; but I could not get a chance to ask Parker or Davis anything about McKinney, because a guard was with us all the time.

I found out from Scott that Easterly had been to Denver and Pueblo, and that Frank Hangs, one of the Federation attorneys, had been in and seen McKinney and got him to make a statement. They also had a detective in to see him, and Scott wanted me to go to Denver with him and see Billy Easterly, and find out, if I could, what they got out of McKinney. This just suited me, as I thought Easterly knew Moyer and Haywood, the president and secretary of the Federation, and could get me some money from them. Mr. Scott got me transportation, and gave me some money to pay my expenses, and we went to Denver the next afternoon. We were not to be seen together, and we did not stop at the same hotel.

I went up to the Federation headquarters the next morning, and introduced myself, as I only knew them by sight. They said they knew me by reputation, as Easterly had told them about me. I asked them where Easterly was, and they told me he was in Pueblo, but would be back in a day or two. They wanted me to wait until he came back, and told me if I wanted any money they would give me some. I told them I had a little, and Moyer gave me twenty dollars. We did not go into any details about what had happened in Cripple Creek, but only spoke of it in a general way at that time.

I went and met Mr. Scott over at his hotel, and reported to him that Easterly was in Pueblo, but they expected him back in a day or so, and he said we would wait for him. I forget what I told him they said to me; I made up something and told him, and I cannot remember a falsehood like I can the truth. However, Mr. Scott had to go home before Easterly came back, and he wanted me to stay until he came, and I think he gave me some more money. In all, I got not to exceed forty dollars from Scott, and I never got any money at all from Sterling.

A Private Meeting at Headquarters

Easterly came in a day or two, and we were there a few days longer together, and Moyer, Haywood, Easterly, and myself discussed the strike and the chances of the boys who were in jail. Haywood and Moyer said that was a fine job we did at the Vindicator. Haywood said we got two good ones, and they were the kind to get,

and said a few like them and we would have everything our own way. He said they would rather have one of the bosses than a carload of "scabs," for when you took away the cause you had it all. They wanted me to stay in Denver a few days and enjoy myself, and to go back and tear something loose. They said we could not get too fierce to suit them, and Haywood said he would like to have some of the tin soldiers made an example of, as none of them had been hurt. He said we could get all the money we wanted if we would keep up the night work. They asked me how much money I wanted, and said not to take too much, as I could get more any time I needed it. I told them I wanted three hundred dollars when I went home, and in a day or so afterwards Haywood gave me three hundred dollars, and I went back. He told me to be careful and not to make any show of the money. So I left them and returned to the district.

I had never said anything to the men that went with me at the Vindicator about getting any money, or at least any amount. I think I told Billy Aikman, the man that went down in the mine with me, that we would make them put up a piece of money for the job. When I got back I gave him fifty dollars, and in a few days I gave him twenty-five more, and in all I think I gave him a hundred dollars or more. I did not tell him how much I got or where I got it. I used to give Billy Gaffney, the fellow we left at the mouth of the shaft, a dollar or two once in a while. I was afraid to give him any money to speak of, as he was drunk all the time when he had the price. He did not know I got any money at all. I gave most of this money to my wife to keep.

After I got back from Denver I went over to Cripple Creek and saw Mr. Scott, and told him I could not get much out of Easterly. I told him Easterly told me about seeing Mrs. McKinney at Pueblo, and some other stuff I made up. I have forgotten just what I did tell him, but I did not tell him the truth, and after that he did not bother me much more. The fact was, Easterly was sent down to see McKinney and his wife, to brace him up and get him to go back on his confession.

A Bomb for a Coal-bunker

I did not try to do anything for a while. Then, sometime in January, I got some roofing-pitch and melted it, and took a dozen sticks of giant-powder, and tied them up in some burlap, and wound them tight with twine, and put them in a bucket, and ran this melted nitch around it, and let it get cold, and hacked it up a little, so it looked like a chunk of coal.

I made a black-powder fuse and filled it full of giant-caps and bored a hole into the powder, and put this fuse in it and sealed it over so it would not be noticed. I made a couple of these,—Owney Barnes helped me do this,—and I got a man to throw one of them into the coal-bunkers of the Vindicator mine. This was an old man named Dempsey. He was an old-timer, and the soldiers did not pay any attention to him, but let him go in and out as he pleased. But Billy Aikman said he was all right; he was a thoroughbred; and that he was one of the men that shot the deputies in 1894. So Billy Aikman gave him one of these bombs, and he promised to throw it into the coal-bunkers. I don't know what he did do, except he called me up later that night over the telephone, when I was in Aikman's saloon, and said he had delivered those goods. He was drunk at the time, and I shut him off quick for fear he would get to talking, and I felt sore at Aikman for getting that sort of man to do the job. But I don't believe now he ever did it—because I believe, if he had, it would surely have gone off. If it had, it wouldn't have done much but blow up the boilers, as there was less than three pounds of powder in it.

Making Alibis in the Railroad-wrecking Case

A short time after this all the men in the jail were released on bail of from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars each, and we dared not do anything then on their account. I should say all but McKinney; he was not released then.

Foster, Parker, and Davis went on trial together. Davis was released soon after the opening for lack of sufficient evidence, but Parker's and Foster's trials went on jointly. Foster was charged with the first attempt to wreck the train near Anaconda. McKinney was a witness against them, he having turned State's evidence, and he swore that he and Foster had been hired by Parker to wreck the train, and they had made the attempt, but failed on account of breaking their tools. The prosecution had these tools, as McKinney and his wife had told them where they had been thrown, down an old shaft and into an out-house at Foster's home.

The defense that they put up was an alibi. I don't know how many people—I think a dozen or so—swore Foster was in a saloon in Altman all the night in question, and that he was carried home drunk about seven or eight o'clock in the morning. Now, there is no doubt Foster was drunk this morning we speak of, and

some of his friends had to help him home from this saloon; but there is no doubt, either, that he wasn't in the saloon all night, but came in there after they had tried to wreck the train, and they made up a fake alibi for him. I know this because I helped to make it. While I was not a witness myself, I helped to get the witnesses, and we would take them up to Frank Hangs' office in Cripple Creek. He and Mr. Hawkins were Parker's and Foster's attorneys. These witnesses were told what they were wanted to swear to before we took them up there, and Mr. Hangs and Mr. Hawkins went over their testimony. There were women that were told what to swear to.

That alibi was made out of whole cloth, and they made it stick, as they usually have for twelve or fifteen years. I was to be a witness once in a case of this kind, but I didn't have to, because the case was dismissed against the man. I have often heard the union leaders laugh and tell how easy it was to get out of such things, and, as the judges in these camps are usually elected by the miners, they favor them all they can, and it is seldom that a man charged with an offense connected with the union—such as beating up a man or even murder—is ever convicted. I have often talked with Haywood about these things, and he has told me the more they arrested the union leaders—as long as they could clear them in the courts—the better it suited them, as this would make the public and the rank and file of the unions believe it was persecution. And the system was to get men to swear to whatever best fitted the case.

Foster and Parker Acquitted

Now, after they had failed to wreck the train and Foster got drunk, McKinney reported this to Parker, and Parker suggested another man to help him, or McKinney did—I have forgotten which. Anyway, this was a man called Beckman, who was really a detective in the employ of the mine operators, and he had been in the "bull-pen" with Parker, McKinney, and others when they were first thrown in there. This man Beckman was a German, and had joined the Federation at Murray, Utah, and had his card, and after coming to Cripple Creek he went into the Victor Union. Parker called him a fool Dutchman, but he had the wool pulled over their eyes all right, and they thought he was an anarchist. I guess he proposed some of these outrages to them; anyway, he got into their confidence, and his wife belonged to the ladies' auxiliary. So McKinney and Beckman made it up to make the second attempt, and I know Parker got McKinney a spike-puller and wrench, because he told me so after the trial.

McKinney told his story at the trial, and Beckman told all his connection with the thing, and also some things Parker had told him and suggested to him, and also of Parker's giving him money to leave the district just after this, and promising him more. But McKinney had sworn to two statements, the one just the opposite to the other. When he was first arrested, they took him to Cañon City and kept him at the penitentiary awhile, and then took him to Pueblo and kept him in jail there. During this time they did not let any one see him, and he made a confession to Scott and Sterling, and told them all, and connected Parker, Foster, and Beckman. But afterwards Frank Hangs and a detective in the employ of James Burns, manager of the Portland mine, got into jail to see McKinney, and induced him to deny what he had told Scott and Sterling, and Hangs dictated another statement refuting the former confession, and he swore to that also. The reason they took Mr. Burns' detective in was that Mr. Burns had the only big mine that was open to union men, and the Federation leaders had to convince Mr. Burns that McKinney was lying and that the union did not try to wreck the train. When the trials came up, McKinney swore on the witness-stand that his first confession was right, and that the statement Hangs had dictated and he had sworn to was false.

But I have told you the methods used, and that both men and women swore that black was white and white was black, and the lawyers for the defense made it seem plain that it was a detective's job from start to finish. They killed McKinney's evidence to a certain extent by his having sworn to two statements, and they brought such strong evidence that Foster had not been connected with the first attempt, and the last one looked so much like a detective's job, that the jury was out only about twenty minutes, and brought in a verdict of not guilty, and all the men that had charges against them were dismissed.

The Policy of the Federation Leaders

I used to go in every day and listen to this trial, and Mr. Moyer was there, too, and I got to know him a good deal better, and I learned more about the way he felt about the strike. Now, there are a great many people who will claim that Moyer and Haywood just started this strike so they could get to handle a lot of money and take out some of it for themselves, and that they stirred up all this trouble to do that. But I do not think so myself. I know that both Moyer and Haywood were talking to the rank and file of the union to be quiet and not commit any outrages when the strike began,



WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD, CHARLES H. MOYER, AND GEORGE A. PETTIBONE

and I know Haywood was mad at that time because Ed Minster and "Slim" Campbell got loose and beat up Hawkins and Stewart, and gave the mine-owners a chance to call in the militia. And it is only reasonable to believe this, because the mine-owners wanted to get in the militia. They couldn't get non-union men to come in and work for them any other way, for if the militia did not come in, all the union men had to do was to sit there and wait, because not many of the non-union men would dare to go to work in the mines while they were there—for it was known all over the United States what the unions would do to "scabs" in these mining-camps. But after the militia came in the non-union men got to work, and then the only way to get them out of the district was to commit secret outrages; and as time went on and the strike kept going against them, they

kept growing stronger and stronger, until they didn't care whom they killed.

President Moyer's Apprehension

Mr. Moyer was a good deal worried during the McKinney trial, and particularly once when McKinney was giving his testimony, and told about Parker telling him about a fluid that would burn like fire when thrown upon or against anybody or anything. Mr. Moyer said he expected every minute to hear his name brought into it then, but for some reason the lawyers for the prosecution did not ask McKinney anything about this; and, of course, we told our lawyers not to ask anything, and it was only referred to slightly in the direct examination. But Moyer was very much provoked at Parker for talking and telling so much to people he did not know, and said he did not know but we ought to put him out of

the way.* I had asked Parker before if he had told McKinney anything about my being connected with the Vindicator explosion. He said he had not, and I was pretty sure he had not, as Scott and Sterling had told me before they knew nothing about who caused it.

Now, I did not want to do any of this business with Davis and Parker, myself, after this. And I knew, besides, that they used to hire men to commit these outrages, and keep about half the money they collected from headquarters and not give it over to the men that did the job. Steve Adams has told me since they did this with him. So I told Mr. Moyer that whatever I did after this would be with him and Haywood, and he said he would not have anything more to do with Parker in that line himself. So after that I did business with headquarters direct. Moyer had given me one hundred and fifty dollars while he was at Cripple Creek.

The Unions Organize Politically

Some little time before this trial there had been a convention called to meet in Denver by the State Federation of Labor. They sent out a call to every branch of the labor-unions. The real object of this was a political move, although it was not so stated at the time. I was elected one of the delegates from the Altman Union to this convention, and I think nearly every branch of labor in the State was represented. We met in Denver and talked over our grievances, especially those of the Western Federation of Miners and the United Mine Workers, the latter being coal-miners, who were also on strike. The two miners' organizations were by far the largest, and they reminded the other organizations very forcibly that it was their interest to support the miners. But the real object of the convention was to raise money for a campaign fund, and to support the strikers, and form organizations all over the State to take in every branch of labor, and levy assessments on the members, so much a week or month, and get so well organized that we would be strong enough to say to one of the political parties, "If you don't recognize us and let us name the head of the ticket, we will run an independent ticket."

I was elected on the Ways and Means Committee, and there were men chosen to organize these clubs in every town and district in the State. We were requested to attend a meeting one night during this convention over at Western Federation headquarters. Mostly all that were there were Western Federation men, I

* Parker met a violent death in the fall of 1906, being shot, in Goldfield, Nevada, by a man whom he employed in an assay-office he had started there.

think about twenty. It was discussed there which would be the best policy, to try to unite with one of the old political parties or run an independent ticket. The Republican party seemed impossible and the Democratic was the only possible party. Some thought the latter would give us recognition if we got well organized, and others thought we could elect an independent labor ticket. Mr. Haywood said he did not think it would be advisable to run an independent ticket, but that it would be better to fuse with the Democratic party. John M. O'Neill, the editor of the *Miners' Magazine*, thought the same, and said if we ran an independent ticket it would be sure to elect Governor Peabody again. Mr. Moyer said if we did not run an independent ticket he would vote the Socialist ticket, as he did not believe there was much difference between the Democratic and Republican parties, as they were both against organized labor. But there was not any talk to speak of for the support of the Socialist ticket.* The meeting was pretty evenly divided when a vote was taken, and we thought the best thing to do was to go ahead and get organized, and not let it be known at present that this was purely a political move, or at least not give it out in the convention this way, as many would object to the assessment if they knew it was going to be used for a political purpose. The convention broke up harmonious, and all these committees went to work, and most of the unions levied an assessment on their members of from twenty-five cents to a dollar a month.

Pettibone's Chemical Experiments

After the meeting we had at the Western Federation headquarters, during this convention, I met George A. Pettibone. This was the first time I had met him to know him, although I knew of him. I talked freely to him and he did to me, and he told me about the Grecian fire Moyer told me about, and some other things, and wanted me to come over to his store the next day, and said he would show me something that would beat a revolver for setting off a bomb. Moyer said yes, I had better go over and see the "devil," as he called him. He used to call Pettibone this because he was always making experiments with chemicals, and Moyer said he was never so

* The conventions of the Western Federation of Miners, beginning in 1902, have repeatedly passed resolutions recommending the adoption of Socialism by its members. This policy was inaugurated by Ed Boyce, who became a Socialist under the influence of Eugene V. Debs, and was carried out in the nomination of W. D. Haywood for Governor of Colorado on the Socialist ticket in 1906. The Federation, however, has never been a practical Socialist organization. The policy of its management has been purely opportunist, and its alliance is naturally with the Democratic party. The normal Socialistic vote in its strongholds has never been in a majority.



THE DEPOT AT INDEPENDENCE AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF JUNE 5, 1904

It was here, according to Orchard's confession, that he and Steve Adams exploded an infernal machine which killed thirteen men and maimed many others, among whom was Dan Gainey, whose remarkable letters of forgiveness and cheer to Orchard are printed on pages 528 and 529

happy as when he was doing something of that kind.

So I went over, and Pettibone showed me how to mix chlorid of potash and sugar together, and set it on fire with sulphuric acid, and this would set off giant-caps. He also told me about this "hell-fire," as he called it. This is made up of the following mixture: Stick phosphorus, bisulphid of carbon, benzine, alcohol, and spirits of turpentine. After this is mixed together properly, when thrown on anything with force so as to break the bottle, it will immediately be a flame of fire. I don't think they knew about this very long before this time, and Haywood told me they got the receipt out of a little book he had that was gotten out by an Irish chemist who was an anarchist. You can mix this so that it will be a longer or shorter time in taking fire.

This "hell-fire" has to be handled with care when being mixed. If it gets on your clothes or hands it will burn, and it seems to go right through cloth. Pettibone told me about getting it on his shoes, and when he began to scrub them on the floor of his cellar it started to burn all over. He told about how Marion Moor, who was on the executive board, went out on the prairie with him to learn how to mix it, and got some of it on his coat. They soaked the coat in water and thought that would put it out, but when it got dry a little it began to

burn again, and they had to soak it in water again, and even then it began to smoke before they got it home.

Outrages as Revenue-Raisers

Mr. Moyer told me while I was in Denver this time that things had been pretty quiet for a while, and that we had got to get busy up in the district and tear something loose, as there was no money coming in to the Federation. I asked him if that made any difference, and he said it did, and that as soon as things got quiet up there the money began to drop off, and as soon as something was pulled off so they got some advertising, the money picked up again. And he said they had to have money to carry on the strike. I have thought that many of these horrible depredations were committed for that purpose, as well as to terrorize the mine-owners and non-union men and make them afraid of their lives. I do not mean that Moyer and Haywood figured this out before the strike, but that it grew on them and they found it out while the strike was going on.

They wanted me to take a lot of this "hell-fire" up to the Cripple Creek district with me, and throw it through the car-windows at night when they were full of non-union men, and throw it down the shafts and set them on fire. So Pettibone got me enough material to mix several gallons of it, and I took it home with me.

He would not buy this all together, but sent different men to buy it, for fear the people would mistrust and wonder what he was going to do with it, as a chemist would be likely to know what this would do when mixed. You have to have bottles with glass stoppers to keep it in, as it would burn cork. I took this home with me, and Pettibone came up in a day or so to show me how to mix it. We did not mix any, but he told me how, and we hunted up Steve Adams, and he said he knew how to mix it. I took the materials out and buried them back of my house, as they smelled very bad in the house.*

Haywood gave me one hundred and ten dollars this time when I came away from Denver. I gave Billy Aikman fifty of this. But before I used any of this "hell-fire," Moyer came up to the district and told me I had better not use any of it, as they might have an idea where it came from and what it was by what McKinney had said, and so I did not try to use it.

Local Unions Prepare to Fight

I went to work and appointed committees in my part of the district, and started to organize these labor political clubs, and we got them pretty well organized. About this time, or a little before, the militia got busy and issued an order for every one that had firearms to turn them over to the militia officers, and they would give a receipt for the same and return them after the strike was over. I don't know how many were turned over. They published in the papers that there was a great number, but I think this was only a bluff. I never heard of any one that gave up his firearms, but they began to search houses again for them, and this made people very indignant.


There were a good many of the old miners in the district then, and we all were feeling pretty ugly. After the union miners had been deported from Telluride we organized in Cripple Creek, and especially on Bull Hill, and planned so we wouldn't be taken by surprise. We were going to blow a whistle on one of the mines for a signal, so we would not be taken by surprise. We were well armed, and the unions had quite a number of rifles shipped in. The Altman Union got about forty rifles up from the Telluride Union at the beginning of the strike, and a lot more from Denver. In all there must have been not less than a hundred of these anyway, mostly thirty-thirty and thirty-forty Winchester. They distributed these arms among the men who didn't have any of their own. I

know I got a rifle and a six-shooter. And there was a password, where you would say "Gold," and the answer would be "Field." And if they had tried to run the union men out at that time, there would have been more trouble than there was when they did run them out. This was not until some months after, and at a time when most of the union leaders were out of the district attending the Federation convention at Denver.

Moyer was in Victor about this time, and the militia made an attempt to arrest him, but he was secreted away at night. I did not attempt to do anything, as I did not want anything to do with Parker, and he said if we did anything and did not tell him there would be trouble.

II

HOW WE TRIED TO ASSASSINATE GOVERNOR PEABODY

 ABOUT this time a mob and the militia ran some more of the union men out of Telluride, Colorado, in the night, and forbade them to return on pain of death. Moyer sent for me to come to Denver, so I got ready and went. I met Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone at Federation headquarters, and they wanted me to go down to the San Juan district with Moyer. They had two pump shot-guns, sawed off so they would go in our grips when they were taken down, and plenty of shells loaded with buck-shot. The reason for this was some one had told Moyer or sent him word if they caught him they would use him as they had the United Mine Workers' officers. Some of the latter had been taken off a train and beaten up and nearly killed. They laid this to the deputies the mine operators had employed.

The next night Moyer and I started for Montrose, where they had sent John Murphy, the Federation attorney, to get an injunction from Judge Stevens against the militia and citizens of Telluride to compel them to let the union miners return to their homes peaceably and not to interfere with them. We had three six-shooters, and two shot-guns in our grips, which we left unfastened in the seats in front of us, and we sat near the middle of the car; but no one troubled us. We arrived at Montrose and met Mr. Murphy, and he had the injunction all ready. We went on to Ouray, where most of the men were that had been deported, and the next day Moyer sent a telegram to Governor Peabody informing him of the injunction, and wanted to know if these men would have the protection of the militia if they returned peaceably to their homes, and he got an answer that all law-abiding citizens would be protected. Moyer said, when he sent his telegram to the

* These materials were dug up after Orchard made his confession to the authorities, and were placed in an old safe in the office of the Cripple Creek Mine Owners' Association. They afterward burned up there, taking fire by spontaneous combustion.

Governor, that he had promised himself that he would never ask him for anything again, and he hated to do it, but this would be the last time. Moyer sent a few men back on the train the next morning, but they were met at a station some distance from Telluride, and forced off the train by militia and armed men, and threatened with death if they attempted to come into town. Sherman Bell, the adjutant-general, had arrived in Telluride, and martial law was declared, and Bell disregarded the order of the court in regard to the injunction.

Plots Against Telluride

After these men were sent back from Telluride, Mr. Moyer was angrier than ever, and he began to advise the men that they could not expect any protection from the State, and the only way was to take the law in their own hands, and go back to Telluride in a body and clean out the town. There were some methods discussed as to the best way to proceed. The first thing that we thought necessary was to get concentrated at the most convenient place, and get what arms and ammunition and other material we would need. We also spoke of filling beer-kegs with dynamite, and attaching a time-fuse, and rolling them down the mountain-side into Telluride, as the town was in a cañon with high mountains on either side. Another plan spoken of by Moyer was to poison the reservoir where they got their water for Telluride with cyanide of potassium.* This is easy to get around the mills where they use the cyanide process, and of course it is deadly poison and kills any one taking the least particle of it instantly. But Mr. Moyer only started to carry out the first of these plans when he was arrested.

After Bell disregarded the injunction, Moyer sent over to Silverton, which is thirty miles from Ouray, for Frank Schmelzer, the president of the San Juan District Union. He wanted to confer with him about what to do with these men who were deported, as there were about a hundred of them stopping at the hotel at Ouray, and paying about a dollar a day there, and he said the Federation could not afford that. Mr. Schmelzer came over the next day, and they talked the situation over. There were some more of these deported men over at Silverton. The final outcome of the conference was that they decided to lease one or more of the idle mines up at Red Mountain. This is about half-way between Ouray and Silverton on the divide, and not far from Telluride, I think less than twenty miles. Another

* The exposed reservoirs of Telluride, as a matter of fact, were guarded by the mine-owners and militia at this time as carefully as the water-supplies during a military campaign.

man came down from Red Mountain with Schmelzer; his name was Tom Taylor. He had a partner at Red Mountain, and he said there were some large boarding- and lodging-houses there, and he thought there would be no trouble in renting them, as almost everything was silver-mines around there and they were closed down on account of the low price of silver. The object of getting this out-of-the-way place was to have some place to concentrate the men and keep them together, and this place was just where they wanted them



THE POSTER ISSUED BY THE WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS

It caused the arrest of Charles Moyer, the Federation president, on the charge of desecrating the American flag

and the lease was all a bluff. The real object was to send these men up there and arm them all, get a car or two of provisions, and send all the outlaws they could get hold of up there, too.

They were going to try to get Vincent St. John to go up there and drill these men and be their leader, as they all knew him, and it was said they would do anything he told them or follow him any place. These men were mostly all foreigners—Austrians, Finns, and Italians. They thought if they could get enough men up here in this out-of-the-way place, and have them well armed, and keep them there until the snow got settled in the spring so they could walk on it, some night they could march

them over the hill to Telluride and clean out the town. This was the plan, but it was not told except to a very few, and they were well satisfied with it. If we had had another day these arrangements would have been finished, and perhaps we would have been away from there.

The Arrest of President Moyer

But the morning that we might have finished up and left later in the day, before we got up, the sheriff rapped at the door and wanted to see Moyer. I was sleeping with Moyer, and we got up and dressed, and when we went out the sheriff arrested him. He said they had wired him from Telluride to hold Moyer, and that the sheriff from San Miguel County was on his way with a warrant. Moyer wired his attorneys at Denver and wanted to know if the sheriff at Ouray had any right to hold him without a warrant. I think they told him they had; anyway, they did hold him, and about noon the sheriff and two deputies arrived and took him to Telluride. Moyer had given me some papers and his six-shooter before the sheriff from Telluride arrived, and the Ouray sheriff did not search him or lock him up, but let him stay in his office. The charge they arrested him on was desecration of the American flag. The Federation had sent out by the thousands posters imitating the American flag, with advertising on them. They only arrested Moyer on this as an excuse. They took him to Telluride, and he was released on bail, but the militia re-arrested him right away.

I left Ouray that night and went to Silverton with Schmelzer to escape arrest, and Moyer telephoned me from Telluride in a day or so, and wanted me to fetch his things and meet him at Durango, but before we got through talking they cut us off. He was telephoning me just after he was let out on bonds, and while he was talking they cut off the connection, and the militia arrested him right afterward and held him for over three months. That was the last I saw of him for nearly a year.

I stayed at Silverton a few days, and then went back to Denver and reported to Haywood. The lawyers from Denver had gone to Telluride in the meantime, but they could not get Moyer out, as the militia held him under military necessity. A few days after he was arrested, Sheriff Rutan of Telluride came to Denver to arrest Haywood on the same charge, but Haywood blocked his plans by getting a friend in Denver to swear out a warrant on the same charge, and a justice in Denver that was friendly to him put him in the custody of the deputy sheriff, who stayed with him all the time; and

he had his case continued from time to time.

Pettibone and Haywood decided we ought to teach them a lesson for sending Rutan up there, and Pettibone and I were laying for Rutan the evening he went to take the train in Denver for home. We waited in an alley off Seventeenth Street, just before you got to the depot, and Pettibone was going to hit him with some brass knuckles, and we were going to drag him into the alley and finish him. But he had seven men with him on his way to the depot, and we couldn't get him.

"The Only Way to Get Justice"

Haywood and Pettibone were pretty warm under the collar about this time. They said they could not get any justice in the courts, that Peabody was holding Moyer down there under martial law, and that he had no right to, and the only way they knew of to get any justice was to take the law into their own hands and put Peabody out of business. So they decided then they wanted me to get away with the Governor. Pettibone told me where he lived, and they wanted me to take a look around his residence and see what the chances would be to get away with him. I took a look around there, and told him I thought a man could lay alongside a stone fence in a vacant lot that was on one side of his house, and shoot him with buck-shot when he came home at night. I went and sat around the Capitol building and read until I saw him, so I would know him and learn his habits, and I told Haywood I thought he could be gotten all right, but that I ought to have some one to help me. It is better to have two men on a job of this kind, so that one can watch, and of course two men could hold up the police better than one, if you had to. Besides, you get half crazy thinking of a job of this kind, when one man is alone.

Haywood said Steve Adams was the best man he knew of to go in a job of that kind, only he said he was so well known. But we thought if he came down there in the city, and did not go around in the daytime much, he might not be known. So I left there and went back to Cripple Creek, where Steve lived. I had never had anything to do with him at this time, and was only slightly acquainted with him. I went and saw him, and told him what they wanted, and he said he was ready for any old thing.

I made arrangements with Adams to come to Denver in a few days, and I went right back to Denver, and told Haywood and Pettibone that Adams would be there soon. I kept a watch around the Governor's place, and learned all I could about his habits, and learned he usually came home in a hack quite late at night.

Adams came down to Denver in a few days, and Haywood gave him money to get some new clothes and fix himself up some; and we got rooms out of the main part of the city a little, and each got a sawed-off shot-gun from Pettibone, and kept a lookout for the Governor. We had a place fixed in Pettibone's lot back of the house to hide our shot-guns after we had shot the Governor, if we got a chance, as Pettibone lived only a short distance from the Governor and there was a dark street we could take part of the way to get there, and Pettibone was to take the guns and clean them up and put them away.

Plan to "Get" Governor Peabody

We worked on this for some time, and never happened to catch the Governor coming home at night, and we conceived the idea of planting a bomb under the edge of the sidewalk, and stretching a fine wire across some vacant lots that were there, and hiding it in the grass, and setting it off by pulling the cork out of a bottle filled with acid. When the acid touched the giant-caps it would explode the bomb. We expected to pull this wire when Governor Peabody came along there in the morning on his way to the State-house. It was his habit to walk from his residence to the State-house every morning between nine and ten o'clock. Adams went up to a little mining-camp not far from Denver to a friend he knew, and that knew about some of these outrages, and got about fifty pounds of powder and brought it back in a grip. He took it over to Pettibone's store, made a box and put the powder into it, and fixed a lid so we could bury it and leave a wire out of the ground a little, so we could attach another wire to it.

About the time we got this ready, and were

going to bury it under the sidewalk some dark night, the executive board of the Western Federation of Miners met to make arrangements for the annual convention. It was now sometime in May. The board were gathered in Denver and were going over the books, as the custom is, just before the convention, and Haywood stopped us from using a bomb at this time, as he thought it might be laid to some of the executive board.

We had seen Mr. Peabody coming home late at night in a hack, and one night we had our pump shot-guns all ready, and waited across the street opposite in a yard under some trees, and when we saw his carriage coming, we got out on the street, and as the carriage slowed up we followed up behind it, and were only about thirty or forty feet behind it when they got out. We had our guns leveled at them to shoot as soon as we saw the Governor. We had watched so we could tell him, and it was also quite light there. But there were only three women got out, and the carriage began to turn round, and we put our guns down quick and got on the sidewalk and started down the street. The carriage-driver let his horses walk and kept looking at us, and



STEVE ADAMS

Who confessed in writing to being Orchard's partner and co-worker in the field of professional murder. Adams subsequently repudiated his confession

the women kept watching us too, and stood on the porch as far as we could see them. We took the first cross-street and got out of sight as quickly as possible. We noticed the next day in the papers that the Governor had gone out to Fort Logan with some military men and did not return until the next day.

However, Haywood said he had been studying up, and had come to the conclusion that Dave Moffat was behind the whole thing, and that Governor Peabody was often closeted with him in Moffat's private office, and he said Mr. Moffat had been mixed up in the Leadville strike some years ago, and he wanted us to leave

off Peabody and see if we could not get Moffat. We went to watching Mr. Moffat's habits, but we could not get much track of him. We knew where his residence was, but we could never see him coming or going from it, and we worked along on this for some time without ever being able to see Mr. Moffat around his house. Haywood would tell us when he was in the city, as he did his banking at Mr. Moffat's bank, and was there every day, and while he said he hardly ever saw Mr. Moffat, he could always tell when he was there, as he always kept a guard at the door of his private office. Haywood furnished us with money all this time.

III

THE SHOOTING OF LYTE GREGORY
BEFORE THE CONVENTION

THE executive board had met and were having a pretty stormy time, and James Murphy from Butte would not sign the emergency bill—that is, for the expenditures out of the emergency fund. During one of their sessions it was reported by Foster Milburn, a Federation man from Idaho Springs, that Lyte Gregory—who had been a detective in the Idaho Springs labor troubles, and had been a deputy and a leader of the deputies in a strike down in the Southern coal-fields, several depredations being laid at his door—was in the city, and that Milburn met him the morning he arrived in Denver. Milburn told Pettibone about him, and Pettibone went over to the Federation headquarters, where the executive board was in session, and told them about Gregory, and they said there ought to be something done with him. That afternoon Pettibone saw Adams, and wanted him to go out with him that night, and take Gregory and mutilate him, as they claimed he had helped do that to an old man down in the coal-fields. And a little later they saw me and told me about it, and wanted to know if I would go along, and we fixed up to go.

We three—Pettibone, Adams, and myself—all went over on Curtis Street, where Gregory, Milburn, and another man were in the back part of a saloon talking, and we went in and got a drink, and saw them, so we would know them. Then we came out and stood across the street in front of the St. James Hotel, where we could see them when they came out. Milburn understood what we were going to do, and stayed with them to find out where they were going, and while we stood there watching for them, Pettibone made an excuse to go some place, and said he would be back in a few minutes. But while he was gone they all three

came out, and Gregory and this other man took a street-car. Adams and I took the same car, and followed them when they got off. They went down to a saloon on Santa Fe, near Tenth Street South, and Milburn came out on the next car. He had been up to see some men in the Granite Block, where a good many men we knew were, so he could establish an alibi. The man that came with Gregory was also from Idaho Springs, and ran a poker game in the saloon they went to. After Milburn came he told us all about this. Gregory and some others sat down in the main saloon and went to playing cards, and we thought we would give up our former plan and kill him outright.

The Death of the Detective

It was now about ten o'clock at night. I went out to our room two or three miles away, and left the rest watching him. We were going to shoot him through the window of the saloon as he sat at the table. I got a sawed-off shot-gun, and brought it back in pieces under my coat. But when I got back with the gun, they had moved into a little room in the back part of the saloon, and we could not see them, though we could hear them from the street through a window. But this window had the blinds so closely drawn that we could not see them. I went in once and bought a bottle of beer, to see if I could see where they were, but the door was closed, and I could see nothing, and we concluded to wait until Gregory came out.

A little after twelve o'clock he came out and started up the street alone, and we three followed him. We had to cross the street to get on the same side he was on. In doing this we ran into some wires stretched on the outside of the sidewalk to protect the lawns, and when we stumbled into these we attracted his attention, and he started to reach for his gun and back up toward the fence. When he did this, I shot him three times in quick succession before he fell, and then ran down the alley, as we were just opposite it. We separated as soon as we got out of the alley. I discharged another shell accidentally, before we got out of the alley, in taking the shells out of the gun. All the shooting, including this, took place within a minute or so, and we saw no one and no one seemed to be following us.

I took the gun down and put it under my coat, and we made our way to Pettibone's house—that is, Adams and I. Milburn went by himself. We left the shot-gun at Pettibone's in the place that had been previously arranged while we were working on the Governor, and we went on to our room on Downing

Avenue. Adams and I put some turpentine on our shoes, so they couldn't follow us with dogs. They did try to follow us the next day with some bloodhounds they got from Pueblo, but they went just the opposite direction from the way we went.

The Emergency Bill is Signed

The next morning the papers had the account of the murder in them. We did not go down-town until the afternoon, and then went to the Granite Block to Jack Simpkins' and Kirwan's room, they both being members of the executive board. This was Sunday and the board was not in session. Haywood and Pettibone came up there a little while later, and Haywood, Pettibone, Simpkins, Adams, and myself talked over the murder, and they told us that we did a fine job. Haywood said he had run across Armstrong, the sheriff and chief of police in Denver, and he said Armstrong said that whoever "bumped off" Gregory had done a good job, and that his men would not look very much for any one. Haywood said the detectives had had Milburn over and had questioned him, but did not arrest him, though they told him they wanted to see him again. He said Milburn was a cool, level-headed fellow, and that he had given an account of where he went after leaving Gregory at the saloon on Curtis Street, and they had gone and seen these parties that he was with, and they had told the same story. I don't know, but I think this had been previously arranged. They had Milburn up a time or two afterwards and questioned him, but did not arrest him. There was a lot of newspaper talk about this, but that was all; there was never any one arrested for it.

Haywood told me some time afterwards that some of the members of the executive board were up at the office the next morning after this happened, and Simpkins took the paper with an account of this murder in and handed it to Murphy, and that Murphy looked at the head-lines, and put the paper behind him and would not read it. I don't know whether it was before or after this—but I think it was after—that they handed Murphy the emergency bill and told him to sign his name the first one. I think at first he refused, and Haywood told him that he (Murphy) would sign it, and say that he liked it. This was the bill that Murphy had refused to sign, but Haywood told me that he signed it and they had no more trouble with him; Haywood said if he had not signed it he would not have left the room alive, and he said he guessed he thought of Gregory.

Considering Putting President Moyer Out of the Way

A short time after this Adams got on a drunk, and some of his friends sent him back to Cripple Creek. Then the annual Federation convention met. I attended this most of the time, and they had a pretty stormy session. Many of the delegates were dissatisfied with the strikes that had been called and the large amount of money that had been spent,—nearly half a million dollars,—and they were talking of electing new officers. James Murphy, the representative on the executive board from Butte, had been down to Telluride and had seen Moyer in the "bull-pen" there, and it was said that Moyer had made some deal with Butte and was going to turn Haywood down, and it was thought there was going to be a split and some of the districts would withdraw from the Federation.

Moyer always seemed to be jealous of Haywood, and he had some reason to be, as Haywood always seemed to run the office. And when Moyer was in jail at Telluride their relations became more strained than ever. Moyer used to send what letters or other business he had connected with the Federation to his wife, and had her get Copley of the executive board to attend to them. This made Haywood pretty angry. It was also reported that Moyer had shown the military officers at Telluride great respect. This also made Haywood angry, and when Murphy went down to see Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone thought there was some job being worked up by Moyer and Murphy to oust Haywood; and Pettibone and Haywood thought Moyer was weakening, and we talked of putting him out of the way. After Moyer got out, he explained that the reason he was so friendly to the militia officers was that he was sick and thought they would use him better. But he and Haywood were not very good friends afterward. Moyer was in jail over three months, and when he came back to the office again after he was released from the "bull-pen," Haywood and he just spoke to each other, as if he had only been out a day.

IV

HOW WE BLEW UP THE INDEPENDENCE DEPOT DURING THE CONVENTION



WHEN W. F. Davis, Parker, and Pettibone wanted me to go to Cripple Creek and pull off something, and stir up the delegates, so they would quit this quarreling, and be united, and finish up their business and go home. The different factions were having their little meetings nights. During



Scene showing union men as they were being deported from Telluride by the militia

this wrangle Pettibone, Davis, and Parker said I had better go to Cripple Creek and blow up something, as that would not only unite the convention, but if it happened when all the union leaders were out of the district, they would not know who to lay it to. I told them it would not be much trouble to blow up the Independence depot. We had talked of this before. The idea was to get the night shifts of non-union miners that got on the two-thirty train there every morning. They said that would be all right. Haywood said he did not want me to get mixed up in a job like that, and wanted me to get some one else to do it, as he said he had some heavier work for me to do. He said as I had never had my name mixed up with the Federation, and they had never suspected me, I could do this work better than some one that had been written up in the papers in connection with some of this work. I told him I would not get mixed up; that I would get some one else to do it, or I would set it off with an alarm-clock.

Pettibone was doorkeeper at the convention hall, and Parker, Davis, Pettibone, and myself were talking this over, and they wanted me to go up to the district that afternoon. The convention had just assembled after lunch, and Haywood came in while we were talking, and we asked him about it, and he said no doubt it would be a good thing, and that anything went

with him. He gave me some money, and told me to be sure and not get mixed up myself.

I bought an alarm-clock and went to Cripple Creek that afternoon.

Getting a Partner

I went and asked Billy Aikman if he wanted to help do a little job. He told me he did not see how he could get away, as he had bought a half-interest in a saloon at Independence and was tending bar nights, and he thought he might be missed if he wasn't there. I did not tell him what we were going to do. Then I went and told Adams they wanted a little job done, and he said all right, he was ready for any old thing, or words to that effect. I told Billy Easterly what we were going to do, and he said all right, if we wanted any help he would help us. I went and saw Floyd Miller, where he was working on a lease, and asked him if he would get me a hundred pounds of powder and two boxes of giant-caps. He said he would, and I gave him the money to get them.

I got Adams and went over that night after the powder, where Miller said he would leave it, but it was not there. Adams and I went over to see Miller the next day, and Miller said they did not deliver it, but that he had ordered it and thought it would be up sure that day. We went over that night, and carried it over to Independence, and hid it in an old cellar in the

back of a cabin that Adams had a key to. I think this was on Thursday evening, and we intended to use the powder on Saturday night.

The Burning of Neville's Saloon

A good while before this, Johnnie Neville and myself had planned to go out on a camping and hunting trip, and as his saloon had not paid him since the strike, he said he would close it up, and I said to him that he had better burn it up. So he got the saloon insured after this, and we took out some of the liquor and buried it in a dump. So when I went to Cripple Creek to get Steve Adams to go after Governor Peabody, we set the saloon on fire. I took five bottles of the Grecian fire and poured it round in the upper rooms of the saloon, and shut the doors and went away. I got these bottles in the dump by Easterly's cabin. He told me where they were when I saw him in Denver. The saloon was all in flames a short time later, and no one could get near it, and it burned up completely.

Now, after Adams and I had fixed up everything to blow up the depot, I thought it would be a good plan to go off with Johnnie Neville on this camping trip. I figured it would be a good thing for me to go away from there in the daytime with him, and then come back at night on horseback and do the job; and as Neville had a good reputation and was well thought of, I took advantage of the saloon fire and thought he dare not go back on me. Neville wanted to go with me, and we looked around for a team and wagon, as we intended to drive through the country. We bought a team and wagon from Joe Adams, Steve's brother. We got all ready and intended to leave on Saturday, and I intended to come back on horseback Saturday night and blow up the depot and ride back to where we camped.

Delayed by the Strike Committee

But Friday evening Billy Easterly came to my house and told me Parker was up from Denver and wanted to see me. I went down to Parker's house in Independence, and he told me the convention had appointed a committee to come up and investigate the strike, and to see the mine operators' representative and get both sides of the story. The Haywood faction did not want this committee appointed, and after it was appointed Parker said they did not want them to come up alone, and they decided to have him come with them. I told them we were all ready, and intended to finish the job Saturday night, but he wanted us to wait until they got away. He said they would hang him if anything like that happened when he was there, but he said if it was going to make any particular difference to go ahead, and he would

take his chances, and would rather like to catch this committee up there, so they would get a touch of high life. I told him we would wait until they left, so Parker and this committee went and had a conference with the secretary of the mine operators, and the committee were favorable to some kind of a settlement.

Now, Haywood and the strike committee and some, if not all, of the executive board did not want this committee to make any settlement or interfere with the strike, and Haywood said they had spent too much money to let them settle with any one else, and that when they wanted to settle they would have to come to them. Malcolm Gillis from Butte was on this committee, one man from Wyoming, and one from British Columbia. The Haywood faction were sore at Gillis, and said he was chairman of the Republican State Central Committee of Montana and stood in with the mine operators. The fact was that Gillis was a bright and, I think, reasonable man, and they were afraid he would open the way for settlement, and they would have no hand in it, and lose the glory.

After the conference with the secretary of the mine operators, the committee made some further inquiry about the district, and visited the union at Victor Saturday evening, and left Sunday for Denver. Sunday evening, Neville and I and his little boy Charlie left Independence with a team and wagon, and drove down the road toward Colorado Springs a few miles — I think six or eight miles — and camped for the night. I told Neville I intended to go back and do a little work that night. I told him I would make some excuse before Charlie, and if anything happened that I was ever mistrusted, I was supposed to be there all night with them. I had gotten a saddle from Tom Foster before I left, and had made arrangements with Adams to meet me where we left the dynamite.

Planting the Depot Bomb

A little after dark, I saddled one of the horses and rode back within a mile of the depot, and tied my horse in some bushes, and walked the rest of the way to the cabin, and found Adams already there. This was about ten o'clock. He had a candle, and we stayed in there about an hour, making a little wooden windlass to set off the dynamite with. We fastened two little vials on the cross-piece of this with a little strip of leather, so when you pulled on the windlass these bottles would turn over and spill sulphuric acid on the giant-caps we had put in the powder.

About eleven o'clock, when 'most everybody around there had gone to bed, we took the two

fifty-pound boxes of powder with us and went over to the depot. This depot had been closed for some time, and they kept no operator there, though the train stopped there for people to get on and off. The depot was built on a side-hill, with a long platform in front of it. We walked under this platform, and I crawled under where the plank came right close to the ground. I dug away a little place in there, and



JAMES H. PEABODY

Ex-Governor of Colorado, whom Orchard repeatedly attempted to assassinate

buried the two boxes of dynamite in the ground close up to the planks, put in the giant-caps and set up the windlass on one of the boxes, and filled the two little bottles with sulphuric acid from another bottle I had it in. This was ticklish business, as it was very dark in there, and I had to fill these little bottles without seeing them; and though I kept a pasteboard over the giant-caps and the dynamite while I was filling this, yet a drop of the acid would have set the whole thing off. We had a mixture of sugar and potash on the caps, too, that the acid would set fire to immediately.

Then we stretched a wire out from the windlass about two hundred feet on to a spur track,

and tied a chair-rung to the end of it. We went back to an old ore-house beside the spur track, and waited. It had been dark and lowery that night, but about two o'clock it began to lighten up. We were a good deal put out by this, as there was a small moon and it got quite light. The train we were waiting for came in every evening about two-thirty, and it generally was on the dot. We heard the men come on the platform talking, and finally we heard the train. Then we got down to the end of our wire and took hold of the chair-rung, and when the train was within about a hundred feet of the depot, we each had a hold of one end of this chair-rung which the wire was attached to, and pulled it and kept right on going. We intended to take the wire with us, but forgot that part, as the rocks and debris were falling around us pretty thick, although neither of us got hurt. I do not know how many men were on the platform at the time, but I think there were thirteen killed outright and some others were maimed and crippled for life.

The "Get-away"

We ran as fast as we could, and soon got up on the railroad and followed it around nearly to the old Victor mine on the north side of Bull Hill, and then separated. Adams went on around to Midway, where he lived, and I went down to where I left my horse, on the Colorado Springs road, and rode back to our camp as fast as possible, and got there just at daybreak. Mr. Neville and Charlie were awake, and I crawled up in the wagon and went to sleep for a while, or at least tried to sleep.

Mr. Neville asked me what we had blown up. I told him nothing at first, or put him off with some evasive answer. He said there were two reports and they shook the ground there. He then asked me if it was the Findley mine; I told him I was not there, and this was reasonable enough for him to believe, for the explosion was at two-thirty and it was only a few minutes after three when I got to the camp. But it was all down grade and my horse was cold standing so long,—for it was a cold night for that time of year, with a frost,—and I ran him most of the way at full speed, only slacking a couple of times close to two houses, so they would not hear the horse running.

We got our breakfast and started on down the road toward Colorado Springs about eight o'clock. We did not meet or see any one who said anything to us until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when we got close to Colorado Springs, and a man asked us if we were from Cripple Creek. We told him we were, and he asked when we left, and we told him the day

before, and he began to tell us about the explosion, and said there were sixty men killed and several hurt, and the depot was blown to atoms, and some of the people living close by were thrown from their beds. This startled Mr. Neville and Charlie, as Neville's house was only about a hundred yards from the depot, and I had to tell him I knew his folks were not hurt. I did not let Charlie hear me tell his father this, but I told him I was not more than a hundred feet from it when the explosion occurred, and this somewhat pacified him. When we got to Colorado Springs we got some later papers and found that the first reports were exaggerated and that none of the people living around the depot were seriously hurt, and we bought some things in the city that we needed, and went on about four miles beyond the Springs and camped that night. The next morning I walked back a ways until I reached a street-car line, and went into the city and got the morning papers and came back. We found in the paper where a piece of plank had gone through the roof of Mr. Neville's house, and a sliver had struck Mrs. Neville on the breast while she was in bed, but had not seriously hurt her. This relieved me a whole lot, for I realized my position if any of his family had been hurt.

We started on again, and drove a few miles beyond Palmer Lake, and camped the next night, and the next afternoon we reached the suburbs of Denver and got a little barn to put our horses and wagon in. It was only a little way from the end of the street-car line, and after we put our horses up, we took the car and went into the city. We got there a little before dark.

Satisfaction at Headquarters

I left Mr. Neville and started to go to Jack Simpkins' room in the Granite Block. I met Simpkins on the street, and we went up to this room together, and Kirwan was there, and a little later Haywood and Pettibone came in, and while we were talking Steve Adams came in. Kirwan did not take any part in the conversation; I think he left the room soon after Simpkins and I came up. They were all greatly

pleased with the job, and they said it was the only thing that ever saved the Federation from being split up. They said every delegate there wanted to get through as soon as possible, and there was no more kicking and no more new candidates for office, as no one wanted the offices, but wanted to get away as soon as possible for fear something would fall. They told us everything was on fire up in the district, or words to that effect, and they had declared martial law and had established a "bull-pen," and were deporting men, but still they did not think anything of this. They were well pleased to think they had all been elected again, except one member of the board, and they did not want him. They said the dogs had followed my trail several miles down the cañon, but Haywood said he did not think they were on to anything. Adams had stayed home and the next day went over to Cripple Creek, and his friends advised him to leave the district, and Monday night after dark he started to walk to South Park, and he caught the train there and came in to Denver. He did not leave any too soon, for that night or the next day, I have forgotten which, there was a mob of about a hundred men came to his house, and if they had found him, there is no doubt but they would have lynched him, as he had the name of being a dynamiter.

Haywood and the others asked us what we intended to do, and I told him I was going up through Wyoming on a prospecting and pleasure trip. He asked us how much money we wanted, and said it would be better for us not to take it all now or all we expected. Adams told them he wanted two hundred dollars now, and he said he was going to send for his wife, and I don't think he said what he intended to do—if he knew. I told Haywood I wanted three hundred anyway then. Next day I got the three hundred dollars from Pettibone, and Mr. Neville and I bought a tent and some other things we needed, and I think after we were there three or four days we got our team and started for Cheyenne, Wyoming. I think we were four or five days going to Cheyenne. We put our horses up there and intended to let them rest a day or so.

THE ACTORS AND VICTIMS IN THE TRAGEDIES

BY

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER



HE men and women who passed through Orchard's tale like figures in a bad dream—the pursuers and the pursued—are well known and very real characters in the West. Three of them are on trial for their life in Idaho. Haywood, the big, dominating miner who made his way by sheer personal force from the work of the mines to the head of the Western Federation; Moyer, the president, reserved, husky-voiced, serious-eyed, Haywood's superior in office, but more conservative and inferior in power; Pettibone, the adviser of the Federation headquarters, social, quizzical, sharp-tongued—all these have been housed for more than a year in the jail at Boise. And besides them the witnesses—the quarry whom the murderers stalked—have told their stories in the court-room, with involuntary shivers of apprehension over the dangers they have escaped.

Of all the principals in the trial, Pettibone has had the longest record in the Western labor wars. Originally a canvasser selling household goods for the American Wringer Company, he drifted into Montana, ran a saloon called "The Bucket of Blood" at the mining-camp of St. Mary, and from there passed over into the Coeur d'Alenes and led in the first organization of labor-unions in that section in 1890 and 1891. In 1892—as a leader in the great riot of July 11th—he blew up the Frisco mine at Gem by sliding dynamite down the penstock from the hillside above the plant with his own hands. One man was killed and several injured by the explosion, and Pettibone himself blown up by the rush of gas from the penstock, and seriously injured. For his connection with this riot he was sentenced to two years in prison, but was released after a few months' service because of a flaw in the legal proceedings. During his stay in jail at

Boise, awaiting trial, Pettibone took part in the first planning for the Western Federation of Miners, officially formed in 1893. After its formation he was never himself directly connected with mining. He returned to his old business as a seller of household specialties, establishing himself in Denver. But he always retained a sharp interest in the miners' unions, and, after the Federation moved its headquarters to Denver, occupied the singular position of an outsider who was closer to the central management of the organization than many of the officials themselves.

The Confession of Steve Adams

In this section of Orchard's story there enters for the first time as his partner a second professional murderer. Steve Adams has owned in his sworn confessions to killing the same number of men as Orchard, starting with the murder of Arthur Collins, the manager of the Smuggler-Union mine in Telluride, Colorado, in 1901—about a year before Orchard began his work. Adams is a Missourian one year younger than Orchard—a shambling, careless figure, with a marked face, a wide mouth, a cunning eye with curious drooping eyelids, and a complexion blotched by liquor and exposure. He came to the Cripple Creek district from Kansas City, where he had worked in a butcher-shop, and almost immediately, according to his story, he began to take part in the outrages and murders in Colorado. In the spring of 1905 Adams went to Park City, Idaho, as a miner, and later took up a ranch in eastern Oregon. He was arrested just after Orchard, and was also induced by Detective McParland to make a formal written confession of his crimes. In May, 1906, Adams renounced this confession, and started a fight for his life, assisted by the attorneys of the Western Federation of Miners. He was tried for murder in the late winter of 1907 at Wallace, Idaho, in the Coeur d'Alene district,

the jury dividing evenly on the question of guilt. He will be tried again this fall for the same crime.

This particular deed is told of in his confession as the last and one of the most advanced in his series of operations as a professional murderer. There were two men killed in this tragedy, alleged claim-jumpers of timber-lands, who had interfered with claims taken up by Jack Simpkins and others in northern Idaho. Simpkins, now a fugitive from justice, was a member of the executive board of the Western Federation; but this work, Adams testified, was merely a matter of personal interest to Simpkins, and not connected at all with the Federation. According to Adams' confession, he and two settlers in the country, named Mason and Glover, lay in wait for the first victim, a young man named Fred Tyler, captured him as he was coming home to his cabin in the woods one August evening in 1904, kept him all night, and killed him in the morning.

We went in one night [says the confession], Newt Glover, Albert Mason, and myself, to Simpkins' cabin, made some coffee and had breakfast, and in the morning we went over to try to catch Tyler at his cabin on Jack Simpkins' claim. He was gone, so we laid there until about sundown. He never returned, and we started up to a spring, and while we were drinking we heard some one coming. I said, "All right, I am glad of it." I got my Winchester, and, standing by the side of the trail, never moved. I saw it was Tyler coming. He had a big gun buckled on him. I stepped out of the trail and told him to throw up his hands. We disarmed him, took him to Simpkins' cabin, stopped there until morning, had breakfast there, took him three miles out in the timber next morning, and I killed him.

It was claimed by other witnesses that Tyler was led out to his death with a halter about his neck, after being worried all night by his murderers in this lonely cabin in the woods, as a captive mouse is played with by a cat.

I went down and met Simpkins at Harrison [continues the confession], and told him what I had done; that he did not have any jumper left on his claim. "Well," he said, "after we rest awhile we'll go back in and get the rest of them fellows off those other claims." In about a week or thereabouts, or probably two weeks, we went back up in there, and met a fellow named Boule, and another man coming down the trail near Simpkins' cabin. We opened fire on them, killing Boule—Jack Simpkins, I, and Newt Glover. There was another man with us at the time whose name I do not know.

Q. How did it happen the second man got away?

A. We missed him; he was dodging. We shot at him.

The Hunt for Governor Peabody

Adams came into partnership with Orchard, according to the confessions of both men, on the job of stalking Governor Peabody of Colorado, with sawed-off shot-guns, around his residence in Denver. The statement of Adams about the operation is as follows:

Pettibone told Orchard and I that we had better try and get rid of James Peabody, so he got us a shot-gun apiece and we sawed them off—Winchester shot-guns. We went to work following him from place to place, watching his habits and his house and any place that we would be likely to see him. We did not succeed for quite a while in accomplishing anything, so we concluded to adopt the plan of laying close to his house. So one night Harry and I went and were laying just across the street from Mr. Peabody's residence in a big yard that was there, that had some trees in it. There was a cluster of bushes in a northwesterly corner of this yard by a stone fence that was there. We laid there, but the first night did not have our shot-guns. We saw Peabody come home in a carriage, get out of his hack, and he had a six-shooter in his hand. He went up on his porch, and his wife or some lady unlocked the door, and he put his gun in his pocket. After they went in we went home with the expectation of coming back again the next night with the shot-guns. The next night we went back and hid in the same place, and had our shot-guns wrapped up in paper. We got that in Pettibone's store. So we unwrapped the guns, put them together, and loaded them with buck-shot. We waited for Mr. Peabody to come back, and expected he would come about eleven o'clock, as he did the night before. Along between ten and eleven o'clock, or perhaps a little after eleven, there was a carriage drove up to Mr. Peabody's house. We ran out of that yard and ran across the street behind the carriage on the sidewalk. There was three women got out of the carriage. We had our shot-guns in our hands ready for use. Mr. Peabody did not happen to be in the carriage, but the women saw us. They looked at us as the carriage started back, as we saw he was not there, and we started north. Part of the women went into the house, and one remained watching us until we went to the corner of the block and turned east. We went on an angle of a northeasterly direction, where we come to a vacant lot, and under the tree in a hole we took the shells out of our guns, took them down and tied them together with a string, put them around our necks, and went home and concealed them.

Miss Cora Peabody, the daughter of the Governor, was one of the three women referred to in both confessions as leaving the Governor's carriage. She told about this episode when on the stand in the Boise court-room.

"When the carriage stopped at our door," she said, "I got out first. As I stepped out, there was a man so close I could have touched him, and another man was close behind him. When I looked at him he moved slowly away. The other followed him. We watched them from the porch. As the carriage turned on Grand Avenue, I saw the men look into the carriage, then they turned and ran rapidly

down Grand Avenue. I then went into the house and telephoned a detective agency."

The Murder of Lyte Gregory

From attempting to assassinate Governor Peabody, both men stated they turned—merely as a side incident—to the murder of Lyte Gregory, the detective, in Denver. Adams' story of this episode follows:

We were rooming on 38th and Downing Avenue. We went down to Pettibone's store, and Pettibone told us Lyte Gregory was in Denver and was drinking, and Pettibone said he would send a man down with some money to fill him up, and would give the man five dollars. Pettibone said, "Come and go down and I will show him to you." We went down into the saloon where Gregory was, and saw him sitting there talking with this man. Pettibone said he would send down to fill him up. We walked out. Pettibone said he wanted to go and tell Haywood to get into a good safe place. While Pettibone was gone, Gregory came out with another man whom I do not know and got on a car, and Harry Orchard and I got on the same car at the opposite end and followed him out to the west side, where he and this other man got off of the car together and went into another saloon. I went in and bought a bottle of beer, and saw Gregory sitting in a card game playing poker. Harry went back to our room and got a sawed-off shot-gun, and came back and met me. We set the gun up and loaded it with buck-shot. I walked around and tried to get another look at Gregory, and as I was going up to the door of the saloon Gregory came out and started toward me. Just then some man came to the saloon door and told him that he was going the wrong way. He turned around and went around the corner of the saloon and went in the other direction. I went to Harry and we got the shot-gun and cut across after Gregory. Gregory stopped, and turned around to face us, reached for his gun, and Harry shot him, and Gregory's gun fell out on the sidewalk. We ran down through the alley, and in trying to take the gun apart Harry discharged it accidentally and came nearly getting me too. I should state right here that the man that Pettibone gave the five dollars to was a man who I think was named Melville, who lived at Idaho Springs. As to the fact that he lived there, Melville told me so himself. After Gregory, Orchard and myself, and the man that was with Gregory had left the saloon on Lawrence Street for the west side, Melville joined us on the west side, where we were watching the saloon that Gregory was in. Melville remained with us until after the shooting of Gregory. We got the gun down [apart], and Harry put it around his neck the same as he did when he brought it out, and buttoned his overcoat over it. We walked, taking a roundabout way, and came into the alley back of Pettibone's house on Evans Street. We went into this alley, and Pettibone told us he would have a place fixed there to hide that gun, and to leave it there and go back. We hid the gun there as he directed, and walked out to 38th and Downing and went to bed.

Q. After the killing of Gregory did you meet Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone, or either of them?

A. I met Pettibone.

Q. Where?

A. In his store.

Q. Did you talk the matter over?

A. Yes, sir; he laughed about it.

Q. What did he say?

A. He said it was all right.

Q. What did Simpkins say about the killing of Gregory?

A. He was tickled to death over it, and was glad of it.

Adams' Story of the Independence Depot Explosion

And now the dual story of the confessions turns to the Independence depot explosion. Adams' version of this adventure is as follows:

Harry [Orchard] came to my house when I was sick in bed. He said there was nothing the matter with me, and that I just needed a drink. He went down and bought four bottles of beer and brought it up to the house. He had some powder with him which he said was composed of chlorate of potash, sugar, and I think had something else mixed with it. I think it was sulphuric acid. He showed me how it would burn by lighting a match to it. He said it was used to explode the powder. He said the board wanted something done while they were in session, and he wanted to know if I would help him do it. I told him yes. He said, "All right, we will get some powder and get to work." So I made arrangements with him to see me next day. Next day we went over to Floyd Miller's. Floyd Miller was leasing close to Windy Point. Harry Orchard gave Miller the money to buy a hundred pounds of powder. Floyd Miller bought the powder, and I think it was the next night, the night after he bought the powder, that Harry and I went over and got it and carried it over to my brother Joe's cabin, which was empty at that time. The next night we were going to put it under the depot, when some of the executive board came to Independence with Sherman Parker and stayed overnight. That was the night we were going to do the work. Sherman Parker told us not to do it while he was there or they would all be hung for it. So we waited until the next night after they left, and carried out this job—blew up the depot.

Q. How did you carry it out?

A. We dug a hole under the platform of the depot and placed the powder there. I took the side of a tin can, to fit tight over a cap-box with the lid off. We sprinkled powder composed of sugar and chlorate of potash on these caps, which were open end up. We set the cap-box down into the box of powder, after preparing a hole in the powder big enough to set it in, then put a windlass on the box with two bottles of sulphuric acid. We put the windlass on when the bottles were empty, then filled them full of the acid, leaving them open. We then set the other fifty-pound box of powder on top of this box. Then we attached a wire to the windlass in order to turn the bottles over so the acid would go into these caps. We ran a wire along, and at the other end made a loop in the wire and passed a rung of a chair through the loop. Harry Orchard and I each

took hold of the rung with one hand, and when the time came we pulled the wire and caused the explosion.

Q. After the explosion what did you do?

A. Harry and I ran, taking an easterly course, around Bull Hill. He left me on the east side of the hill, going down into the brush, where he had a horse hitched. I went on around the hill to my home in Midway. I hid the shot-gun in an ash-dump about six or seven feet from the railroad. I also hid a sack of buck-shot shells with the gun, and they are probably there yet.

Q. Next day what did you do?

A. Mary Mahoney, my wife, and I went to Altman next morning. We looked down at the depot, and it was a hard sight to look at. I did not think it would be so bad. I went from there back to Cripple Creek. In Cripple Creek I heard they were after me and were going to hang me. I took a car, and went to my house in Midway and got my Winchester, took one six-shooter and two belts of cartridges, and started for Denver, walking, going in a north-easterly direction. I went on north to South Platte, where I took the railroad to Denver. I arrived in Denver just at dusk. I got off just as we got into the yards. That was the second evening after I left Independence, and would be about Thursday evening. I went direct to Western Federation headquarters, and got a good handshaking and an introduction to all of the board that I was not acquainted with.

Q. Who was present at headquarters when you arrived, if you can remember?

A. Charlie Kennison, Sherman Parker, Haywood, Marion Moor, Schmelzer, Murphy, to whom I was introduced, Jack Simpkins, Kirwan, J. C. Williams, D. C. Copley with his little white vest.

Q. Where is Copley now?

A. I do not know.

Q. He got into bad grace with Moyer and Haywood?

A. Yes, sir. He was thrown down bodily.

Q. Did they talk about the blowing up?

A. No, sir; nothing was mentioned about it.

Q. Who was it that introduced you to them?

A. Charlie Kennison introduced me to some. Marion Moor introduced me to one or two.

Q. How did Murphy seem to act?

A. He just bowed and shook hands. Did not demonstrate that he knew anything about it at all. I believe Murphy was innocent of knowing anything about the crime.

Q. Of course Kennison, Sherman Parker, W. F. Davis, and Haywood knew all about it?

A. Yes, sir; I think they did. Their actions indicated they did.

The Tale of an Independence Depot Victim

These are the stories of the man-hunters—direct, plain narratives, like tales of the hunting of big game in a sportsman's magazine—the narrators concerned only with the stalking of the quarry and their own escape from danger. The stories of the men who were hunted bring in the normal view of this thing—especially of the horror at the Independence depot.

By a curious freak of circumstance, Phil Chandler, one of the wounded in this tragedy, has been a guard at the Idaho State Penitentiary in Boise, where Orchard has been confined, entirely unknown to Orchard. Every detail of the Orchard narrative he believes is correct.

Chandler was lounging at the farther end of the station platform when the train came in, and started walking toward it. There was a blot of flame, a sharp noise, more like a whistle than an explosion, and he knew he was being thrown rapidly through the air. He struck on his thigh on a rail before the train, and his first thought was to crawl off the track. Then he realized that his leg was broken. Beside him, John Police, an Austrian, had gathered his footless legs in his arms and sat up, silently writhing. Below, on the bank beside the station, Dan Gainey and Ed Holland cried out for some one to help them lift timbers off their legs. There were no timbers there; they thought this because their legs were crushed below the knees. The train stopped short of the injured men, and the engineer, with a yellow railroad torch, came down the track. "Slim" Rector—a chum of Chandler's—came walking up, staring at the ground, unhurt, but apparently out of his senses. He came up without a word, and lay down like a dog on the track close to Chandler. "Hurt, Slim?" said Chandler. "No," said "Slim." "You?" "My leg's broke," said Chandler. Then they took them to the Victor hospitals.

There were thirteen dead men—mostly blown to pieces. They gathered them in baskets and barrels—a general mixture of unassorted human flesh. They recognized them by their hands and clothing. "The woman where I boarded," said Chandler, "went down to the undertaker's and picked out one man's hand in a barrel they had full of remnants in a back room there." All but two or three of the thirteen men who were killed died at once. John Sinclair was thrown a hundred yards away and was not found for some time. "He died right next to me in the hospital," said Chandler, "the worst sight I ever saw. His whole face was gone."

The Forgiveness of Dan Gainey

The wounded men were all injured about the feet and legs, which were crushed by the throwing up of the heavy timbers of the platform. One of these injured men was Dan Gainey, both of whose legs were maimed. Gainey is a native of Walla Walla, Washington, about Orchard's age. His father was an Irish settler in the Walla Walla Valley, who became wealthy as a farmer in that exceedingly rich country. It was a region noted for the sturdy independence of its pioneers, and that spirit appeared in Gainey to a marked degree. After leaving his father's farm he went out to work in the mining-camps of Idaho and Colorado. From the first Gainey was a non-union man, refusing from principle to join the Federation of Miners. He became a friend of Orchard in the Coeur d'Alenes, working for him in his business there.

Orchard had no knowledge that Gainey was upon the platform at Independence. After his confession Gainey wrote to him. This letter—for fear it would have a depressing influence—was not shown to Orchard for a year. Last spring Detective McParland recalled Gainey to Orchard's mind, and finally they gave him the former's letter. Orchard broke down reading it, but the effect was not at all what these people had feared. A very warm and intimate correspondence has passed between the two men—the victim and his would-be murderer. The remarkable character of this relation is best shown by the following letters of Gainey, which explain themselves.*

Walla Walla, Wash., April, 1906.

MR. HARRY ORCHARD:

My dear Harry: I intended to write to you some time ago, or about a month after I learned that you were positively identified, but in the meantime I was compelled to go to Southern California, and wait upon my brother, who died there. On returning home, my father died, and so in these two bitter bereavements, coupled with my painful, crippled condition, I have had but one yearning desire: that God in his mercy call me home. I feel to-day that this all-consuming wish will be granted in yet a little while. And so, while there is time I would have you know that I freely forgive you for the horrible injuries you inflicted upon me. You perhaps know by this time I was on the Independence depot platform when it was blown up. I lost one foot and had the other so badly broken that it can never be well again. For nearly two years I have suffered indescribable mental and physical tortures. How grievously you have afflicted me, by whom you were never injured, you can never know in this world. And yet I forgive you—yes, even as I hope God will forgive me.

You certainly recall the time when Archie McAlpin, Bill Pryor, you, and myself lived in a barn in Mullan, while cutting cord-wood up at Sheehe's siding, and you surely remember my unceasing contention that

* The singular beauty and nobility evinced in the letters by Mr. Gainey can be explained by the fact that he is a devout Catholic and received a careful education at a Jesuit college at Walla Walla.

no organization of men, no matter how good, bad, or powerful, could long or successfully defy the laws of our common country. Unfortunately this advice has not prevailed with you. I wish for your sake and mine it could have been otherwise, and I sincerely hope that even now you have turned to your Maker, imploring forgiveness for your awful crimes against his creatures. In your hopeless and abject misery, I have not the heart to reproach you, since I feel that your conscience assails you with reproaches too bitter for human expression. It is well if this be so, and better yet if truthful, heartfelt repentance abides with you to the end.

And now, Harry, I cannot believe you were always cruel and depraved, but rather that you were persuaded and led into these crimes by that specious reasoning of the Miners' Union which declares the end justifies the means. However this may be, you have done one commendable thing—confessed. I trust you have told the truth—the whole truth, neither accusing an innocent man wrongfully in the smallest particular, nor shielding a guilty man, even though he were your brother. This you owe to society, to yourself, and to your God. It is the only recompense you can make to society for the crimes you were engaged in, so it can be prepared to protect itself, and apprehend your confederates, that, in so far as they are concerned, such crimes shall cease. You owe it to yourself for the peace of mind it brings, which alone perceives the path of repentance, the only path leading to the throne of the Almighty. You owe it to your God, whose attributes are truth, mercy, and forgiveness, who has spared you in your iniquities, with a patience surpassing all human understanding. God's will be done. It is altogether probable that Providence is using you as an instrument of divine retribution against that organization which is responsible for your inhuman conduct and moral degradation.

Do not be deceived by false notions of honor and justification. These are the last two steps admitting you within the portals of Hell. Tell the truth as becomes a prodigal son of God, make every earthly atonement possible, and in sorrow and repentance beg for pardon. It will not be denied you. Now I ask you to write to me, stating how you support your situation, and if you possess that Christian resignation which faces the darkest trials with trust, meekness, and tranquillity of spirit. Write with the freedom and privilege of friendship, as I shall no longer remember the past against you. Truly I am sorry for your sad plight, but cannot bring myself to believe you are utterly depraved. The men who led you into this are infinitely worse, and God only knows what they will have to answer for before that tribunal which is only a few days removed from the longest lived among us. Write as soon as you get this, or convenient. I write in care of the prison warden, but suppose he will give this to you.

Yours in sympathy,

DAN GAINEY.

P. S. Would like to know if you have Christian books to read?

DAN.

Walla Walla, March 27, 1907.

MR. HARRY ORCHARD:

My dear Harry: I received your letter of the 16th inst. to-day, being away from here for some time. I have quite a lot of accumulated correspondence to answer and so will put off doing any more than acknowledging your letter for the present. However, I wish to congratulate you on your decision to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in the criminal acts with which you were connected. You may be sure that this disposition in mankind to confess the

truth is not implanted in their nature for nothing. The power which made and governs this universe placed this impulse in your nature as truly as it did the impulse to love your kind. If you do that your awakened conscience tells you is right you cannot do wrong — let no man or arguments deceive you in the contrary. Truth is eternal and must prevail. Make every amend you possibly can to mankind, for you will surely live beyond the grave and stand before the great Father whose creatures you have wronged so cruelly. I shall write you again in a week or so. Good-by.

DAN GAINEY.

Walla Walla, Wash., April 12, 1907.

MR. HARRY ORCHARD:

Dear Harry: I wrote you a short letter some time ago in which I promised to write you a longer letter later on. I have been busy, and yet on looking back I can hardly see what I have done. But you understand I must do something to make a living, and on account of my crippled condition I can go but very slowly. I am fairly reconciled to my present condition, as I realize I have but a few years to live at the farthest. After all, I imagine it is but a little difference, when compared with all the time which is gone and yet to come, whether I die to-day or one hundred years from to-day. The longest human life is but a tiny drop in the ocean of time. One thing we know, and that is we are not responsible for our being here, and we are here for some purpose. This being so, we should perform our allotted tasks as best we may. I believe the power which gave us being placed us here to remain until He calls us home. Were it not for this belief I should have long since filled a suicide's grave, as my anguish and suffering has at times seemed more than I could bear.

I have read and thought much on the mystery of death. I have examined all the evidences presented to my mind critically and dispassionately, because I have been most of my life uninfluenced by religious belief. I concluded at last, from cold reasoning, there is another life — that death is but a change. To-day I know this is true. I know it because I have been told by some inexplicable mysterious agency which links the living to the dead. No argument can disprove this belief to me; it is ever present, ever insistent, as though some spirit from the other world stands by me in assurance. I am better for this belief, because I am easier, resigned, and at peace. I trust you are the same. I have no ill will towards you to-day, since I feel you are not the Harry Orchard you were when you committed those crimes. In other words, I have long since forgiven you. I do not know why or how you came to do those things. Perhaps you cannot now tell yourself. I feel sure you would never do them again, but anyway I forgive you. You have not hurt me nor others as much as yourself. If you are truly sorry and repentant, if you make all the amends to society and God you possibly can during the remainder of your life, you will surely be forgiven. If you fail to meet those conditions freely and fully, then you condemn yourself, and my forgiveness and all the prayers of all the men and churches cannot save you. So, then, what you should do is what your conscience tells you to do — tell the truth, the whole truth, regardless of whom or what it may affect. The truth and repentance will bring you nearer to your God. You can do nothing for society but tell the

truth; nothing for your God but the truth; nothing for your eternal salvation but the truth and repentance. If these are thorough, then you shall surely live again, even in the presence of those you have wronged, who will remember their wrongs no more.

I trust you are prepared to meet whatever punishment the world has in store for you. If I can be of any service in mitigating such punishment I will be glad to do so by petitioning the Governor, etc. For Moyer, Haywood, *et al.*, I shall not use any such effort, since I regard them as infinitely worse than you are or ever were. Now, then, there is a concerted effort around here to make it appear you are the only guilty one connected with those crimes. Of course sensible people know better, and I know, and said all the time you would tell the truth, as you were not utterly depraved. I believe this still, and now that you realize the obligation you are under to your country, yourself, and your God, I believe you will only tell the truth, that you will do all you possibly can to undo what you and your confederates were engaged in.

Well, Harry, I must close, as it is getting late and I am getting tired.

Good-by.

DAN GAINEY.

Excuse haste and mistakes.

P. S. If you write, let me know if you ever heard of Bill Madill since you left the Coeur d'Alenes.

DAN.

The sequence of the blowing up of the Independence depot forms one of the bitterest chapters in the history of the Western Federation of Miners. On the day following it — June 6, 1904 — there was a general angry uprising which drove great numbers of the union miners out of the Cripple Creek district. Two more men were killed and several more wounded by firing around the miners' union hall at Victor. The militia were again called into the district, the Victor union hall was stormed and taken from the armed miners defending it, the officials of local government belonging to the Federation were deposed, and a campaign of forcible deportation of union miners was begun under the direction of a special military commission. Over two hundred men were sent out of the district, many of them across the border of the State. Many others found it wise to leave. This movement was necessarily accompanied with hardships to many men and families, and the feeling of resentment and anger it caused has never died in the memory of the deported people and their friends. Since this deportation the Western Federation of Miners has never regained a foothold in the Cripple Creek district. There is a small union there, but all large mines refuse to employ Federation men.

[The next instalment of Orchard's story will tell of his attempts to assassinate Governor Peabody, Judges Goddard and Gabbert of Colorado, and Fred Bradley of San Francisco, a prominent mining man, by the use of trap bombs, invented by himself and his associates.]

THAD'S WATCHERS

A STUDY IN EXPEDIENCY

BY

GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

AUTHOR OF "LOST: AN ECHO," "THE SORROWS OF GIUSEPPE," ETC.



HEY eyed the sleeping old man contemplatively by the crude light of a glass lamp. Rebidee turned his quid in a cheek no tenderer than ox-hide; Alvin sucked at a broken T.D., which gurgled throatily. Alvin's chair was tilted at a perilous angle against the kitchen wall, and his thin, patched knees were drawn up close under his lantern-jaws.

The old man sighed in his sleep, which was troubled, and half opened his eyes.

"Cur'us, ain't it, how Thad kin sleep with his eyes open?" murmured Rebidee. "That's one thing I cal'late I'd break him of, mighty sudden, if they was any break to him!"

"Shucks! I don't mind it none!" mumbled Alvin around his pipe-stem. "I'd a gret sight ruther have him do *that* th'n to talk in his sleep same's he doos—mostly 'bout Captoly, too. Seems like he was a-visitin' with her, sometimes; I don't like it, an' wouldn't, not if I set up with him a year. But what common sense kin ehbody expect out of a feller goin' on eighty-six?"

They lapsed into silence for a while. The *tick-tack-tick-tack* of a square mahogany clock filled the whitewashed kitchen; the pendulum glinted incessantly, playing hide-and-seek behind an oval opening in the painted landscape which adorned the clock's base.

"I hear he's made ye an offer. What *was* it?" demanded Rebidee abruptly, raking his bristly chin with crooked fingers. He introduced the vital subject with the delicacy of a *musth* elephant running amuck in a jungle.

"See him through, fer the place," answered Alvin with cheerful brevity. Alvin was eight or ten years younger than Rebidee, but was thoroughly seasoned.

"Goin' to take him up?"

"Dunno yit. *Sbb-hbl* . . ."

The old man was stirring and blinking; he

threatened to wake up, which would have been fatal to any more "visitin'." Alvin noiselessly unlimbered himself from his chair, tiptoed across the room, and stuck a torn envelop down between the lamp-chimney and the brass stay. Thaddeus sighed, nestled like a baby, and dropped back to sleep. He looked very frail and ancient. The twisty veins protruded on his furrowed brows; his hands were long and thin, with brownish mottles here and there. He lay under the coverlets, a mockery of the strong-armed Thaddeus Buck who, even so little as twenty years ago, had "driven river" with the stoutest of the lumber-jacks. His youth had been wild and hot. Now Thaddeus was cold, so cold that even with his bed dragged out into the kitchen he shivered under half a dozen patchwork quilts.

"You might do wuss," opined Rebidee, resuming the conversation exactly where it had been broken off five minutes before. His mind had not moved from that precise point during the interruption.

"Yup."

"The place is wuth four hundurd an' a half—fair-to-middlin' house, though the roof's bad—fairish barn, ice-house, chanst fer hens, woodlot, an' cuts enough hay to winter three or four critters. Why don't you take him up?"

"Well, it ain't all clear profit."

"*Ain't*? . . ."

"Nup. The one what watches him out has got to put up a monyment fer him an' Captoly, not less'n fifty dollars."

"*What*? . . . *Fif-ty*? . . ."

"That's the figger."

"Jeems Rice! Of all the sinful wastes! . . . *That* old skeezucks! Allus ben as poor as pooduc, an' now goin' to blow fifty dollars on a monyment! . . ."

"*Ain't* it the 'tarnal limit, though? An' I can't argy it outa him, try as hard's I'm a mind to. Says he's allus worked like a nigger in the woods an' on the river, an' now he

wants suthin' to make it up to him—him an' Captoly. Bought his lot more'n six months ago, to Bethel—one o' the best. Goin' to have Captoly took thar, an' himself laid side o' her. I can't make him see the selfishness on't, no way in this world, though I bet I've talked a bookful at him. He's *sot*, yes, sir, what time he ain't cryin'. I call it downright wicked to spen' money like that, specially as it don't come outa him at all, but outa whoever takes the job here!" Alvin puffed indignantly at the T.D.

"Ain't thar no way to beat him?"

"Don't see none, an' I've studied a heap at it."

"Deck Peverley's got some amazin' bargains in second-handed stones. Mebbe you might git suthin' marked from fifty to thirty-five or even thirty, hey?"

"Nup. Thad, he says it's got to *cost* fifty—he's riveted solid to *that* p'int—says he'll have it put in the writin's. No way out on't in this world. An' that ain't all, nuther. You remember that little Minervy Buck what used to visit 'em before Captoly was took?"

"Mmmm?"

"Got to give her twenty-five!"

"You—*have*? . . ."

"Yup."

"Gawd!"

Rebidee vented his emotion by worrying a fresh "chaw" from his plug, much as a dog worries a recalcitrant bone.

"An' do all his purvidin' as long's he hangs on?" he asked presently.

"Sure. P'r'aps you see now why I ain't so over-an'-above anxious 'bout takin' on him up. How'm I goin' to know how long he'll stan' it? If I take this job, I'll have to quit at the mill, an' my dollar a day goes to blazes. That's all right, if he tuckers out inside a reas'nable time; but s'posen he *don't*—what *then*? S'posen he has the writin's done, an' I bind myself to 'em, an' then he takes it into his head he ain't a-goin' fer to die—what *then*? I've heerd tell of some o' these here old fellers dwindle along fer years; an' the Bucks is an all-fired tough stock!"

"Yup; but Thad's ben failin' up fast ever sence Captoly went. You see yourself he ain't no bigger'n a pint o' cider now. I never see a man shrivel like he's done the past year. Then, too, this stroke he's had—first or second?"

Alvin held up two fingers. Rebidee nodded.

"Well," he went on, after a minute's reflection, "I'd hate to give you any bad advice, but reelly I don't think you'd be runnin' a mite o' resk to have Del Cates drive out to-morrer an' do the writin's. Better 'tend to it while he's got

his right mind. I think it's a doubt if he keeps it much longer; then you'd lose the place entire, an' never git nawthin' fer the three weeks you ben here, nuther."

"I dunno but you're right, Reb. I'd hate to git beat *now*, after all I ben through. It's ben danged onpleasant here, some o' the time, all alone with him, helpless an' all—an' he's that pernicky—say! wants his milk het; an' even ast me to read out loud to him, once, outa the *Banner*. The wusst is his talkin' 'bout Captoly, though. Mournin' an' takin' on all the hull eternal time. I jest can't stan' it—*have* to make him shet up—an' then he'll blubber an' beller—oh, it ain't no bed o' roses, watchin' old Buck out, now *I'm* goin' to tell you! Whether I'd resk a year of it, or six months, fer the sake of this here farm—well, I dunno. . . ."

The clock said *Yes-no-yes-no* with panicky indecision; old Buck stirred again and stretched his gaunt hand out over the counterpane. Alvin, tamping the ashes down into the heel of his pipe, did not see the gesture; but Rebidee's weasel-eyes caught it.

"Al," said he, "you wait on a bit, an' I'll tell you what to do. I'm waitin' to see suthin', an' if I see what I *want* to see, why—you—take—him—up!" He spoke impressively, emphasizing each word with a dip of his unseemly forefinger.

"What you waitin' t' see, Reb?"

"Ne'mmind . . . wait on! I'll bate you fifty cents I hit it right, too, 'bout Thad. Want to take me?"

"Mebbe. I'll see."

Silence again. Alvin, tilting against the wall, nodded, dozed a trifle; the clock said: *What-what-what-what?* . . . Rebidee said nothing. He did not doze. His narrow eyes glinted in the lamplight, and his thin cheeks hollowed in profoundly as he gnawed at them with prematurely toothless gums.

All of a sudden: "Thar! See thar!" he whispered, and Alvin came to himself with a start. His eyes leaped to the bed. Old Thad was pawing at the patchwork with fingers like talons—then he reached out into the air, grasping at empty space—then again his fingers busied themselves rapidly with the quilt, picking and picking at the stitches.

Rebidee reached over and dug Alvin facetiously in the lean ribs.

"Say, you!" he whispered, "get onta that? *That's* what I was waitin' fer—wantin' to see! I give him three days at the *outside*. Take my bet?"

"Nup. I might lose, an' fifty cents don't grow on every bush in Oxford County. But

... but ... " he ruminated, "I tell you what I *will* do, by cripes! You come round here to-morrer an' be witness fer the writin's, an' I'll have Del Cates bring out a long-necker from the Pond. Are you on?"

"Betcher life!"

"Shake on't!"

"Here - an' good luck with the farm! *What?* Ten o'clock already? Say, I hadn't no idee 'twas so late. Well, I mus' be a-pikin'. What time to-morrer?"

"Oh, middle the aft'noon. Be here sure!"

"Yup." Rebidee tiptoed to the door and quietly opened it. "Shouldn't wonder if it

made out to rain 'fore mornin'," said he, peering up at the sky.

"Better not hold the door open, Reb," said Alvin. "If the draft woke him up he might be li'ble to cry all night."

Rebidee vanished. Alvin turned back into the kitchen. The old man's feeble breath sounded like a ghostly sobbing for long-past miseries; his hands groped their thin appeal into empty air, striving for something that has never yet been found on earth. Alvin did not look at him, but opened a Broncho Bill novel and settled himself beside the lamp to watch old Thaddeus "out."

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"

BY

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HERE had been an automobile accident. Before the court one of the witnesses, who had sworn to tell "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," declared that the entire road was dry and dusty; the other swore that it had rained and the road was muddy. The one said that the automobile was running very slowly; the other, that he had never seen an automobile rushing more rapidly. The first swore that there were only two or three people on the village road; the other, that a large number of men, women, and children were passing by. Both witnesses were highly respectable gentlemen, neither of whom had the slightest interest in changing the facts as he remembered them, and both had noted their impressions soon after the accident. I find among my records another case, where everything depended upon the time which had passed between a whistle signal from the street and the onset of an explosion. It was of the greatest importance for the court to know whether the time was long enough to walk a certain distance, in which at least half a minute was needed. Of two unbiased witnesses, one swore that the time was less than ten seconds, the other that it was more than one minute. Again, there was a case where it was essential to

find out whether at a certain riot the number of guests in the hall was larger than the forty who had been invited to attend. There were witnesses who insisted that there could not have been more than twenty persons present, and others who were sure that they saw more than one hundred. In a case of poisoning, some members of the family testified that the beverage had a disagreeable sour taste, others, that it was tasteless, and others, that it was sweet. In some Bowery wrangle, one witness was quite certain that a rowdy had taken a beer-mug and kept it in his fist while he beat with it the skull of his comrade; while others saw that the two were separated by a long table, and that the assailant used the mug as a missile, throwing it a distance of six or eight feet. In another trial, one witness noticed at the sea-shore in moonlight a woman with a child, while another witness was not less sure that it was a man with a dog. And only recently passengers in a train which passed a courtyard were sure, and swore, that they had taken in at a glance the distinct picture of a man whipping a child; one swore that he had a clean-shaven face, a hat, and was standing, while another swore that he had a full beard, no hat, and was sitting on a bench.

There is no need of heaping up such illustrations from actual cases, as every one who remembers the last half-dozen murder trials of his

city knows with what regularity these differences in reports of witnesses occur. We may abstract from all cases which demand technical knowledge; we want to speak here only of direct observations and of impressions which do not need any special acquaintance with the matter. Wherever such knowledge is needed, the door is, of course, open to every variety of opinion, and one famous expert may conscientiously report that the criminal acted like a normal man, while the other interprets the same behavior as irrational. No, we speak here only of those impressions for which every layman is prepared and where there can be no difference of opinion. We further abstract entirely from all cases of intentional deception: the witness who lies offers no psychological interest. And we exclude all questions of mental disease. Thus there remain the unintentional mistakes of the sound mind — and the psychologist must ask at once, Are they all of the same order? Is it enough to label them simply as illusions of memory?

To make the memory responsible is indeed the routine way. It is mostly taken for granted that we all perceive our surroundings uniformly. In the case that there were only twenty men in the hall, no one can have seen one hundred. In the case that the road was muddy, no one can have seen it dusty. In the case that the man was shaved, no one can have seen the beard. If there is still disagreement, it must have crept in through the trickery of memory. The perception must be correct; its later reproduction may be false. But do we really all perceive the same, and does it mean to us the same in our immediate absorption of the surrounding world? Is the court sufficiently aware of the great differences between men's perceptions, and does the court take sufficient trouble to examine the capacities and habits with which the witness moves through the world which he believes he observes? The study of these powers no longer lies outside of the realm of science. The progress of experimental psychology makes it an absurd incongruity that the State should devote its fullest energy to the clearing up of all the physical happenings, but should never ask the psychological expert to determine the value of that factor which becomes most influential — the mind of the witness. The demand that the memory of the witness should be tested with the methods of modern psychology has been raised before; but it seems necessary to add that the study of his perceptive judgment will have to find its way into the court-room, too.

Last winter I made an experiment with the students of my regular psychology course in

Harvard. Several hundred young men, mostly between twenty and twenty-three, took part. It was a test of a very trivial sort. I asked them simply, without any theoretical introduction, at the beginning of an ordinary lecture, to write down careful answers to a number of questions referring to that which they would see or hear. I urged them to do it as conscientiously and carefully as possible, and the hundreds of answers which I received showed clearly that every one had done his best. I shall confine my report to the first hundred papers taken up at random. At first I showed them a large sheet of white cardboard on which fifty little black squares were pasted in irregular order. I exposed it for five seconds, and asked them how many black spots were on the sheet. The answers varied between twenty-five and two hundred. The answer, over one hundred, was more frequent than that of below fifty. Only three felt unable to give a definite reply. Then I showed a cardboard which contained only twenty such spots. This time the replies ran up to seventy and down to ten. We had here highly trained, careful observers, whose attention was concentrated on the material, and who had full time for quiet scrutiny. Yet in both cases there were some who believed that they saw seven or eight times more points than some others saw; and yet we should be disinclined to believe in the sincerity of two witnesses, of whom one felt sure that he saw two hundred persons in a hall in which the other found only twenty-five.

My next question referred to the perception of time. I asked the students to give the number of seconds which passed between two loud clicks. I separated the two clicks at first by ten seconds, and in a further experiment by three seconds. When the distance was ten, the answers varied between three fourths of a second and sixty seconds, a good number judging forty-five seconds as the right time. One, a Chinese, called it half a second, while all those whose judgments ranged from one second to sixty seconds were average Americans. When the objective time was three seconds, the answers varied between half a second and fifteen seconds. I emphasize that these large fluctuations showed themselves in spite of the fact that the students knew beforehand that they were to estimate the time interval. The variations would probably have been still greater if the question had been put to them after hearing the sound without previous information; and yet a district attorney hopes for a reliable reply when he inquires of a witness, perhaps of a cabman, how much time passed by between the shooting in the cab and a cry.

In my third experiment I wanted to find out how rapidity is estimated. I had on the platform a large clock with a white dial over which one black pointer moved once around in five seconds. The end of the black pointer, which had the form of an arrow, moved over the edge of the dial with a rapidity of ten centimeters in one second; that is, in one second the arrow moved through a space of about a finger's length. Now, I made this clock go for a whole minute, and asked the observers to watch carefully the rapidity of the arrow, and to describe, either in figures or by comparisons with moving objects, the speed with which that arrow moved along. Most men preferred comparisons with other objects. The list begins as follows: man walking slowly; accommodation-train; bicycle-rider; funeral cortège in a city street; trotting dog; faster than trot of man; electric car; express-train; goldfish in water; fastest automobile speed; very slowly, like a snail; lively spider; and so on. Would it seem possible that university students, trained in observation, could watch a movement constantly through a whole minute, and yet disagree whether it moved as slowly as a snail or as rapidly as an express-train? And yet it is evident that the form of the experiment excluded every possible mistake of memory and excluded every suggestive influence. The observation was made deliberately and without haste.

Those who judged in figures showed not less variation. The list begins: one revolution in two seconds; one revolution in forty-five seconds; three inches a second; twelve feet a second; thirty seconds to the hundred yards; seven miles an hour; fifteen miles an hour; forty miles an hour; and so on. In reality the arrow would have moved in an hour about a third of a mile. Not a few of the judgments, therefore, multiplied the speed by more than one hundred.

In my next test I asked the class to describe the sound they would hear and to say from what source it came. The sound which I produced was the tone of a large tuning-fork, which I struck with a little hammer below the desk, invisibly to the students. Among the hundred students whose papers I examined for this record were exactly two who recognized it as a tuning-fork tone. All the other judgments took it for a bell, or an organ-pipe, or a muffled gong, or a brazen instrument, or a horn, or a 'cello string, or a violin, and so on. Or they compared it with as different noises as the growl of a lion, a steam whistle, a fog-horn, a fly-wheel, a human song, and what not. The description, on the other hand, called it: soft, mellow, humming, deep, dull, solemn, resonant,

penetrating, full, rumbling, clear, low; but then again, rough, sharp, whistling, and so on. Again I insist that every one knew beforehand that he was to observe the tone, which I announced by a signal. How much more would the judgments have differed if the tone had come in unexpectedly?—a tone which even now appeared so soft to some and so rough to others—like a bell to one and like a whistle to his neighbor.

I turn to a few experiments in which I showed several sheets of white cardboard, of which each contained a variety of dark and light ink-spots in a somewhat fantastic arrangement. Each of these cards was shown for two seconds, and it was suggested that these rough ink-drawings represented something in the outer world. Immediately after seeing one, the students were to write down what the drawing represented. In some cases the subjects remained skeptical and declared that those spots did not represent anything, but were merely blots of ink. In the larger number the suggestion was effective, and a definite object was recognized. The list of answers for one picture begins: soldiers in a valley; grapes; a palace; river-bank; Japanese landscape; foliage; rabbit; woodland scene; town with towers; rising storm; shore of lake; garden; flags; men in landscape; hair in curling-papers; china plate; war picture; country square; lake in a jungle; trees with stone wall; clouds; harvest scene; elephant; map; lake with castle in background; trees; and so on. The list of votes for the next picture, which had finer details, started with: spider; landscape; turtle; butterfly; woman's head; bunch of war-flags; ballet-dancers; crowd of people; cactus plant; skunk going down a log; centipede; boat on pond; crow's nest; beetle; flower; island; and so forth. There are hardly any repetitions, with the exception that the vague term "landscape" occurs often. Of course, we know, since the days of Hamlet and Polonius, that a cloud can look like a camel and like a whale. And yet such an abundance of variations was hardly to be foreseen.

My next question did not refer to immediate perception, but to a memory image so vividly at every one's disposal that I assumed a right to substitute it directly for a perception. I asked my men to compare the size of the full moon to that of some object held in the hand at arm's length. I explained the question carefully, and said that they were to describe an object just large enough, when seen at arm's length, to cover the whole full moon. My list of answers begins as follows: quarter of a dollar; fair-sized canteloupe; at the horizon, large dinner-plate, overhead, dessert-plate; my

watch; six inches in diameter; silver dollar; hundred times as large as my watch; man's head; fifty-cent piece; nine inches in diameter; grape-fruit; carriage-wheel; butter-plate; orange; ten feet; two inches; one-cent piece; school-room clock; a pea; soup-plate; fountain-pen; lemon-pie; palm of the hand; three feet in diameter: enough to show, again, the overwhelming manifoldness of the impressions received. To the surprise of my readers, perhaps, it may be added at once that the only man who was right was the one who compared it to a pea. It is most probable that the results would not have been different if I had asked the question on a moonlight night with the full moon overhead. The substitution of the memory image for the immediate perception can hardly have impaired the correctness of the judgments. If in any court the size of a distant object were to be given by witnesses, and one man declared it as large as a pea and the second as large as a lemon-pie and the third ten feet in diameter, it would hardly be fair to form an objective judgment till the psychologist had found out what kind of a mind was producing that estimate.

There were many more experiments in the list; but as I want to avoid all technicality, I refer to only two more, which are somewhat related. First, I showed to the men some pairs of colored paper squares, and they had ample time to write down which of the two appeared to them darker. At first it was a red and a blue; then a blue and a green; and finally a blue and a gray. My interest was engaged entirely with the last pair. The gray was objectively far lighter than the dark blue, and any one with an unbiased mind who looked at those two squares of paper could have not the slightest doubt that the blue was darker. Yet about one fifth of the men wrote that the gray was darker.

Now, let us keep this in mind in looking over the last experiment, which I want to report. I stood on the platform behind a low desk and begged the men to watch and to describe everything which I was going to do from one given signal to another. As soon as the signal was given, I lifted with my right hand a little revolving wheel with a color-disk and made it run and change its color, and all the time, while I kept the little instrument at the height of my head, I turned my eyes eagerly toward it. While this was going on, up to the closing signal, I took with my left hand, at first, a pencil from my vest-pocket and wrote something at the desk; then I took my watch out and laid it on the table; then I took a silver cigarette-box from my pocket, opened it, took

a cigarette out of it, closed it with a loud click, and returned it to my pocket; and then came the ending signal. The results showed that eighteen of the hundred had not noticed anything of all that I was doing with my left hand. Pencil and watch and cigarettes had simply not existed for them. The mere fact that I myself seemed to give all my attention to the color-wheel had evidently inhibited in them the impressions of the other side. Yet I had made my movements of the left arm so ostentatiously, and I had beforehand so earnestly insisted that they ought to watch every single movement, that I hardly expected to make any one overlook the larger part of my actions. It showed that the medium, famous for her slate tricks, was right when she asserted that as soon as she succeeded in turning the attention of her client to the slate in her hand, he would not notice if an elephant should pass behind her through the room.

But the chief interest belongs to the surprising fact that of those eighteen men, fourteen were the same who, in the foregoing experiment, judged the light gray to be darker than the dark blue. That coincidence was, of course, not chance. In the case of the darkness experiment the mere idea of grayness gave to their suggestible minds the belief that the colorless gray must be darker than any color. They evidently did not judge at all from the optical impression, but entirely from their conception of gray as darkness. The coincidence, therefore, proved clearly how very quickly a little experiment such as this with a piece of blue and gray paper, which can be performed in a few seconds, can pick out for us those minds which are utterly unfit to report, whether an action has been performed in their presence or not. Whatever they expect to see they do see; and if the attention is turned in one direction, they are blind and deaf and idiotic in the other.

Enough of my class-room experiments. Might they not indeed work as a warning against the blind confidence in the observations of the average normal man, and might they not reinforce the demand for a more careful study of the individual differences between those on the witness-stand? Of course, such study would be one-sided if the psychologist were only to emphasize the varieties of men and the differences by which one man's judgment and observation may be counted on to throw out an opposite report from that of another man. No, the psychologist in the courtroom should certainly give not less attention to the analysis of those illusions which are common to all men and of which as yet common sense knows too little. The jurymen and the judge

do not discriminate, whether the witness tells that he saw in late twilight a woman in a red gown or one in a blue gown. They are not expected to know that such a faint light would still allow the blue color sensation to come in, while the red color sensation would have disappeared. They are not obliged to know what directions of sound are mixed up by all of us and what are discriminated; they do not know, perhaps, that we can never be in doubt whether we heard on the country road a cry from the right or from the left, but that we may be utterly unable to say whether we heard it from in front or from behind. They have no reason to know that the victim of a crime may have been utterly unable to perceive that he was stabbed with a pointed dagger; he may have felt it like a dull blow. We hear the witnesses talking about the taste of poisoned liquids, and there is probably no one in the jury-box who knows enough of physiological psychology to be aware that the same substance may taste quite differently on different parts of the tongue. We may hear quarreling parties in a civil suit testify as to the size and length and form of a field as it appeared to them, and yet there is no one to remind the court that the same distance must appear quite differently under a hundred different conditions. The judge listens, perhaps, to a description of things which the witness has secretly seen through the keyhole of the door; he does not understand why all the judgments as to the size of objects and their place are probably erroneous under such circumstances. The witness may be sure of having felt something wet, and yet he may have felt only some smooth, cold metal. In short, every chapter and subchapter of sense psychology may help to clear up the chaos and the confusion which prevail in the observation of witnesses.

But, as we have insisted, it is never a question of pure sense perception. Associations, judgments, suggestions, penetrate into every one of our observations. We know from the drawings of children how they believe that they see all that they know really exists; and so do we ourselves believe that we perceive at least all that we expect. I remember some experiments in my laboratory where I showed printed words with an instantaneous illumination. Whenever I spoke a sentence beforehand, I was able to influence the seeing of the word. The printed word was courage: I said something about the university life, and the subject read the word as college. The printed word was Philistines: I, apparently without intention, had said something about colonial policy, and

my subject read Philippines. In this way, of course, the fraudulent advertisement makes us overlook some essential element which may change the meaning of the offer entirely. Experimental psychology has at last cleared the ground, and to ignore this whole science and to be satisfied with the primitive psychology of common sense seems really out of order when crime and punishment are in question and the analysis of the mind of the witness might change the whole aspect of the case. It is enough if we have to suffer from these mental varieties in our daily life; at least the court-room ought to come nearer to the truth, and ought to show the way. The other organs of society may then slowly follow. It may be that, ultimately, even the newspapers may learn then from the legal practice, and may take care that their witnesses be examined, too, as to their capacity of observation. Those experiments described from my class-room recommend at least mildness of judgment when we compare the newspaper reports with each other. Since I saw that my own students do not know whether a point moves with the slowness of a snail or with the rapidity of an express-train; whether a time interval is half a second or a whole minute; whether there are twenty-five points or two hundred; whether a tone comes from a whistle, a gong, or a violin; whether the moon is small as a pea or large as a man—I am not surprised any more when I read the reports of the papers.

I had occasion recently to make an address on peace in New York before a large gathering, to which there was an unexpected and somewhat spirited reply. The reporters sat immediately in front of the platform. One man wrote that the audience was so surprised by my speech that it received it in complete silence; another wrote that I was constantly interrupted by loud applause, and that at the end of my address the applause continued for minutes. The one wrote that during my opponent's speech I was constantly smiling; the other noticed that my face remained grave and without a smile. The one said that I grew purple-red from excitement; and the other found that I grew white like chalk. The one told us that my critic, while speaking, walked up and down the large stage; and the other, that he stood all the while at my side had patted me in a fatherly way on the shoulder. And Mr. Dooley finally heard that before I made my speech on peace I was introduced as the Professor from the Harvard War School—but it may be that Mr. Dooley was not himself present.

THE WILES OF THE WOOLER

BY

MYRA KELLY

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE CITIZENS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. GLACKENS



A STORE in Grand Street was the goal toward which Mr. Goldstone had been crawling through many dark and devious ways and years. What wife and children were to other men his business was to him, and he dwelt happy and solitary in a neighboring garret, conscious of no unfulfilled desire, for his name glittered in pleasing though unstable porcelain letters upon the window of his emporium and was repeated in gold and black above its door. "Samuel Goldstone," he

knew the larger letters spelled, though he was quite unlearned in English print or script. "Samuel Goldstone"; and then, in smaller type, the explanatory if ambiguous phrase: "Ladies, Gents, Houses, and Children Furnished at Reduced Rates."

Within the store he had accumulated great treasure from the wrecks of neighboring and rival concerns, from fire sales, from sheriff's sales, from auctions, and even from enterprising burglars. To guard and distribute his hoard he had secured a cash-registering machine, a young lady, and a young gentleman. The machine took care of the money; the young lady "furnished" the ladies and children; the young gentleman ministered to the gents and houses; while Mr. Goldstone stood proudly upon the sidewalk and chanted:

"Step right in, lady; step right in! This is our bargain day. Ladies furnished. All the latest styles. Babies and children at half. Step right in! This is the place for big values!"

And the lady, weakly yielding to his persuasions, or to the detaining hand with which he

reinforced them, would find herself simultaneously and suddenly in the shop and in the way. For the two assistants, young, lonely, and often idle, found time for many a confidential interview between onslaughts upon the customers delivered into their hands.

It was an afternoon in early October. The store was empty, a confidential interview was in progress; Esther Mogilewsky's golden head rested against a pile of "flannel opportunities" as she listened, absorbed, entranced, while Isaac Blumberg, scholar and salesman, read aloud in the clear voice which had won him a medal at a recent night-school oratory competition. He read of the fall sales of larger establishments as set forth in that morning's paper.

"And think of this, Miss Mogilewsky!" he cried. "Moleskin three quarter length coats at \$1,000! Think of it! And last week they were \$999. The Fur Trust, of course!"

Esther wrinkled her pretty forehead in obedient effort, but since she had been but a few years in America and had never heard of a mole, her reflections led her no further than that Mr. Blumberg was a learned youth, and that Mr. Goldstone's store, with its counters along each side and its center tables piled high with bargains, was a pleasant place. But Mr. Goldstone's face, as he peered suddenly over the "Sacrificed All-from-Wool Underwear," could hardly be called pleasant, and during the next few minutes, in a mixture of English and Yiddish with copious profanity in both, he favored his assistants with startling versions of their biographies for that they had, as they guiltily came to understand, allowed two potential shoppers to escape unshopped. In vain Esther wept. In vain Isaac explained and apologized. Mr. Goldstone set an extravagant value upon the possible outlay of the lost quarry and vowed to deduct it from the wages of his staff.



"Esther Mogilewsky's golden head rested against a pile of 'flannel opportunities' as she listened"

"A lady mit no hat und a vorn vaist! For the vaist, forty-seven und a half cents; for the hat, sixty-nine und three-fourths cents. That money you lose me. Und a little girl mit no shoes und stockings. For the shoes, thirty-five cents; for the stockings—ain'd you lucky we're sellin' off our stockings?—seven und a half cents. That you lose me, too. That is altogether one dollar fifty-nine und three-fourths cents. You pay me each half. That you pay for foolin'!"

"He wasn't foolin'. He was readin'," Esther interrupted, loyally.

"Und ain't readin' foolin'?" sneered the boss. "Readin' is vorse than foolin'. I charge you extra, maybe, for readin'. Und what foolishness was you readin'?"

And so, to divert his attention and to stem his eloquence, they told him. Isaac read of liquidation sales, of clearances, of special importations, of glove sacrifices, of a lace week, and of a hosiery event. The eyes of the listening Mr. Goldstone glittered with a new purpose.

"You read 'em good," he commented. "Can you write 'em too?"

"Sure," answered Isaac proudly.

Gradually, the name of Samuel Goldstone spread throughout the East Side. It began to appear, heralding clearances, cut rates, and other words of charm, in the polyglot papers—English, Russian, Polish, and Jewish—most popular in the district. So eloquently did Isaac paint the advantages which ladies, gents, houses, and children must derive from being furnished by Samuel Goldstone that the public, which had fought wildly against physical persuasion, yielded in weak hordes to the magic of the pen.

Then did mad self-reviling and vain regrets rend the bosom of Mr. Blumberg. He had destroyed his Eden, had made confidential interviews impossible, solitude unknown. The shop was never empty now. Esther never had leisure, he himself was rarely free from women who wanted to see the "broken sets of china" or the "cuts in curtains"; from the men who wanted to buy either the ground-work or the accessories to their costumes. But he quickly found

that there were trials more searching than attendance upon the men who demanded furnishing. The articles of strictly masculine nature were in what he proudly called his "providence," but over the co-sartorial ground of gloves Esther presided.

It was when he first saw her with a brewery-driver's huge hand between her two slender ones as she, greatly to her customer's delight, tried innumerable and inordinately large gloves upon it, that he realized how dear she was to him, and how inimical to his desire the patronage of the sterner sex might prove. From that day the advertisements of Samuel Goldstone's emporium threw heavy emphasis upon the ladies, the children, and the houses, but slighted or ignored the gents. From that day, too, there was a new warmth in Isaac's few conversations with his colleague, and a new sting in his remorse as he noticed her growing weariness and pallor.

The boom increased. The expurgated advertisements continued. One morning Esther, coming early to the store, found a black-browed, black-haired, smiling and waxen lady hiding coyly behind the door and making an urgent though silent appeal for the services of a maid. Miss Mogilewsky had reduced her to the borders of conventionality before Mr. Blumberg arrived, and together they made place for her in the crowded window, hung a price upon every garment of her attire, and drove a stupendous trade. She drew smiling attention to the "Sappho skirt with tailor tucked circular flounce effect," which Esther had dexterously fitted to the slender figure; to the "millinery opening," of which she wore a sample upon her dainty head; to the "Pride of the Avenue Bolero Eton Jacket," which afforded so alluring a vista of the "Reduced Ladies' Like-Linen Shirt-waist" beneath.

Mr. Goldstone was delighted with the new acquisition. She smiled at him gently through the window, and was profitable as well as ornamental. He lavished affection and bargains upon her, and it became Miss Mogilewsky's duty and pleasure to array her in varied but always gorgeous attire. When the weather allowed, it was his custom to request the honor of the young person's society upon the sidewalk, and for these occasions she had a purple street costume, gloves, veil, and muff complete, and was most carefully watched over by her admiring boss.

Esther had dressed her one morning in full bridal regalia—a sale of ladies' light-weight dresses was in progress—and had then withdrawn the screen behind which these rites were performed and called Isaac to inspect and to set

prices on the glowing vision. It was early, and they were alone.

"Beautiful!" he cried. "Beautiful! But when I think of a bride she is not like this."

"What is mit her? Ain'd she fine?" Esther urged. "Ain'd she stylish? Ain'd I fix her right?"

"You fixed her out o' sight, Miss Mogilewsky—out of sight. But her hair is too dark. When I think of a bride her hair is always golden."

"So?" asked Esther.

"Yes, so. Black-eyed and golden-haired she is, the girl I love."

"So," repeated Esther, with a gasp.

"Yes, so. And some day when I have a store with my name on it I will tell her how I love her and it will be our partnership store—mine and Esther's. Her name will be on it too."

"So," sighed Esther, happily. Her English was limited, but her eyes were eloquent.

Isaac's wooing had reached this happy but unsettled point when a new difficulty arose. On a day when "A holocaust of Laces, designed for the costumes of European royalty and secured by our special Paris representative," had been featured, the crowd was so dense that Mr. Goldstone first pressed into service Miss Mogilewsky's small nephew, who had come to the store with the lunch for which she had not found time to go home, and had then—the clamor continuing—been constrained to desert his post upon the sidewalk and to assume charge of the center tables. There he did some eccentric measuring of laces and juggling of change, and so much did he appreciate the opportunities of an indoor career that he determined to devote all his time to it. To that end he hung upon the breast of the waxen lady over the "Facings of pure silk, emphasized with applications of Zaza braid and outlined with French dots," a card bearing the legend:

WANTED

A STRONG PULLER-IN

ITALIAN MAN

The strong Italian man applied, dozens of him, some with heavy Tipperary brogues. Mr. Goldstone selected one, and was repaid by such an influx of indignant and shanghaied customers as he had never been able to corral. But then, he had never been "likely heavy-weight material," had never swung a shillalah at an Irish fair—was not, in short, a strong Italian "puller-in," born in Kilcashel and trained in the Fourth Ward.

Mr. Goldstone was now at leisure to study the internal economy of his establishment. For a few days he suffered the pangs of despised

love, for his dark-browed divinity turned her back persistently upon him in the pursuit of her calling; but he soon came to Mr. Blumberg's way of thinking, and saw that the changing graces of Esther Mogilewsky were more attractive than the fixed, even if amiable, complaisance of his former favorite. And Isaac, seeing that he had added a dangerous rival to the list of his miseries, cursed the days when he had learned to write and had laid this accomplishment at his employer's service.

Upon an evil day Mr. Goldstone bought, at some incredible discount, the stock of a small manufacturer of men's fleece-lined gloves, and commanded that an advertisement setting forth their beauty and comfort, their economy and "single spear backs," should be sent to all the papers. "A great man's week" was to be inaugurated. The ladies, the children, and the houses were to be thrust into the background. All the emphasis and the lime-light of publicity were to be centered upon the nobler sex. Fleece-lined, single-spear-back gloves, with diversifications of fancy vests, Ascots, rubbers, and flannels, were to form the moral of Isaac's contribution to the press.

But the tried spirit of Mr. Blumberg revolted.

His poet's vision showed him the store full of men, Esther at the service of men, Esther smiling upon men; himself fitting rubbers to the feet of men, and Esther looking upon him in that position. It was more than he could endure. But Mr. Goldstone was not lightly to be disobeyed, and only through guile could his commands be set at naught; and the evil star of Mr. Blumberg showed him a way of keeping the shop empty of men and Esther at leisure to listen to his suit.

Isaac wrote an advertisement in his most fluent style. It bristled with capital letters, it painted the Ascots and the vests in every color of the rainbow, it represented the heating power of the gloves and flannels as equal to that of tons of coal. It was a triumph, and Mr. Goldstone made elaborate preparations for the expected multitude. The black-haired young person in the window was coyly smiling in the most fancy of the fancy vests, the most vivid of the four-in-hands, the smallest of the calorific gloves, and she carried in the hollow of her arm a discreetly folded scarlet bundle. Miss Mogilewsky wore an "almost alpaca Irene shirt-waist, with modish stock," and Mr. Blumberg gleamed in specimens of all the

"The shop was never empty now"





"With a brewery-driver's huge hand between her two slender ones"

"features," whose price had been forcibly deducted from his salary.

The sale was to begin upon a Monday morning. The day came; the populace did not. The Italian puller-in worked vigorously but to little purpose, and Mr. Goldstone fumed and wondered. At ten o'clock a large wagon was backed almost across the sidewalk, and two Board of Health officials disembarked. At sight of the blue cloth and brass buttons the strong Italian reversed his function and became a shover-out; but the men overawed that stalwart son of Tuscany and entered the emporium. Mr. Goldstone, with visions of vests and neckties sold at prices as fancy as themselves, bustled forward, and a look of horrified enlightenment dawned upon the face of Mr. Blumberg.

"Are you the proprietor?" asked one of the visitors. Mr. Goldstone beamed and bowed.

"Then we've come for the goods mentioned in the advertisement," announced the other, drawing out Mr. Blumberg's latest effusion.

"All of them?" cried Mr. Goldstone, and he thought that his prayers had been answered and the yearnings of a lifetime fulfilled. "All of them?"

"Every last one of them. Get them out quick. You've got to come to headquarters to explain. You must have been crazy when you put that advertisement in the papers."

"Crazy!" echoed the amazed proprietor. "Crazy? Sure not. I got the goods here all right. It's for sure 'great man's week.' Who's crazy?"

"You are, I guess. Hurry up, now; no nonsense. We are going to quarantine the place and take away all the infected stuff. Where is it?"

"What stuff?" shrieked the frightened and desperate Mr. Goldstone.

"This, of course," answered the officer, and read the finale of Isaac's swan-song, printed in small and unobtrusive type: "We are offering these goods at epoch-making rates because they are from the stock of the late Mr. Jacob Abrahams. He died on North Brother Island, and his family needs the money."

For a moment blank bewilderment banished all expression from the face of the betrayed Samuel Goldstone. His eyes roved wildly over his domain until they fell upon the forsworn Mr. Blumberg, who, frantic of face and gesture, was trying to explain the situation to Esther.

"It was the men," he was reiterating. "I could not bear that they should come, Miss Mogilewsky. I could not bear to see the men about you. But I never thought of this—I swear I didn't—I swear it."

It was sheer waste of energy on Mr. Blumberg's part to swear in the sputtering presence of his boss. Nothing was left to be said by any rival blasphemer. Even the strong Italian, who had deserted his post in the hope of a "mill," was impressed, and Esther covered her ears in terror.

"But didn't you write the thing?" queried the inspector, "and didn't you know that something would happen?"

Murder and comprehension flamed into Mr. Goldstone's face. With an inarticulate snarl he rushed upon the bard of his bargains, and in an instant the shop was full of scurrying and pursuing forms. The boss chased Isaac; the inspector, fearing bloodshed, chased the boss; the puller-in, scenting battle, chased the other three. The assistant inspector, a knight at heart, caught Esther as she reeled before the

onrush of the chase and threw her on the high-heaped "Egyptian Balbriggan Underwear" on the center table; climbed after her; drew her to her feet; and from that commanding but insecure position they watched the progress of the battle beneath.

Around and around the shop flew Mr. Blumberg, his breath coming heavily, his heart laboring under the mockery of his fancy vest. After him—under counters, over tables—followed the boss, the inspector, and the puller-in. Spaces were narrow, and the bargain display was insecure. Heap after heap tottered and fell until the path of flight was strewn. The crash of tinware heralded the fall of the boss as he plunged into a maze of coffee-pots and dish-pans and came ponderously to earth. The inspector joined him. The puller-in forcibly extricated the combatants, and Esther clung tremblingly to the assistant. And then, as Isaac, once more on his feet, sped toward freedom and the door, and wondered if he might outstrip vengeance, the handle turned, the door opened, and Morris Mogilewsky, with a message

"Most carefully watched over by her admiring boss"



to his aunt, stood upon the threshold. But brief was his stand. Mr. Blumberg escaped over the prostrate form of his angel of deliverance, and vanished, hatless and panting, into the moving Grand Street crowd.

The specific charge against Samuel Goldstone was not proved, but weeks of officialdom and of inquiry followed. Torrents of disinfectants ruined the character of the store, the confidence of the public, the temper of the boss, much of the stock, the assurance of the hot-headed puller-in, and the peace of Esther's days.

For Isaac was gone, and she was very lonely in the transformed store, which smelled so acridly of chemicals; nor was its gloom relieved by the constant companionship of the soured and abusive Mr. Goldstone. He had long suspected that he had a rival in his clerk, and was handicapped by no chivalric scruples against speaking ill of the absent. He spent hours at it; he railed at and abused the vanished Isaac bitterly and unceasingly.

"Und for why did he write that fool words? For why? For why? It ain'd business und it ain'd sense. I buy them gloves from off of my friend Goldmark. Is Goldmark dead? Sure not. You seen him in de store yesterday. He ain'd died nowhere, und he says he died by Islands. Ain'd he crazy? Gott! I ain'd never seen such a foolishness! It's goot he goes."

But to Esther it was very bad. For the first few days she suffered agonies of uncertainty as to his fate; and the sight of his deserted derby under the hosiery counter was almost more than she could bear. Then her doubts were resolved into an even more cruel certainty. Morris, her small nephew, appeared one afternoon with a tiny note, which he delivered to her when the eyes of the boss were not upon him. "The salesman gives it to me," he whispered. "I seen him by the corner."

The note was short: "Meet me at Grand, corner Essex, to-night. Give the boy a penny if you have it. Isaac."

"You seen him. What kind from looks did he have?" asked Esther wistfully.

"Well," Morris admitted, "he ain't got no more stylish looks. He has looks off of poor mans. Say, he puts him on mit a little bit of hat. It ain't no fer man's hat, und it makes him awful funny looks. Hangs a ribbon on it."

"So," was Esther's only comment. Then she added, "You shall tell him I'll be there at seven. Und, Morris, here's a penny for you. You don't

needs you shall tell your mama how you makes mit me and— Mr. Blumberg."

The eyes of love are never keen, else would Esther have discovered the large part that clothes had played in the making of her man, for the figure which awaited her coming at the corner of Grand and Essex streets that evening bore little resemblance to the dapper Mr. Blumberg of the emporium. Gone was his assurance and his color, gone his ingratiating manner and his fancy vest.

He was shrunk to half his former size, and the little Scotch cap, perched rakishly over one of his hollow eyes, added largely to the change in his appearance. But Esther saw none of those things. She saw only that he was thin, and ill, and miserable. She had thoughtfully brought his derby in a paper bag, and when it was once more upon his head he seemed to recover some of his spirits. Nevertheless, his report was gloomy, and his hope at lowest ebb. He was out of work, could find no opening, had eaten nothing all day, wished that he were dead, and had asked Esther to meet him that he might bid her an eternal farewell, since his chances in New York were gone, and he must emigrate.

"But where will you go?" asked his lady, through her tears. "Are you going far away?"

"Very far," replied Isaac. "I may never see you again. I am going to Harlem."

"Mein Gott! So far!" wailed Esther. "So awful, awful far. Und the store mit our names on it— where is that little store?"



"When I think of a bride her hair is always golden"

"It ain't nowhere." Isaac groaned from the depths of a depression to which only one of his race could reach. "It ain't nowhere at all. It was a lie, that little store; only a lie."

"A lie — and I think so much of it. Ah, Isaac, that makes me cold in mine heart und tears in mine eyes."

"What else can I say?" asked her lover. "I have no money and no job. What can I say but farewell?"

When Esther reached home, heavy of eye and sick at heart, Morris was watching for her. Mr. and Mrs. Mogilewsky had gone to a ball, to which Esther had been invited, but from the very thought of which she shrank.

"Did you see him?" Morris eagerly inquired. "Didn't he have funny looks? What kind from hats was it?"

His adored auntie, instead of answering, threw herself face downward upon the bed behind the door in a wild paroxysm of weeping. The boy was beside her in a moment, apologizing, explaining, comforting. Deftly and tenderly he removed her hat and jacket, murmuring the while:

"Don't you have sad feelings, auntie. Don't you cry. I guess maybe I don't know what is stylish hats for mans. I guess it was awful tony hat, only I ain't never seen none like it. Don't you have sad feelings over your fellow. He's a awful nice fellow."

Gradually Esther's sobs ceased, and she allowed herself to be soothed and quieted by Morris' endearments and caresses, and when the elder Mogilewskys returned from scenes of revelry, they found aunt and nephew asleep and peaceful.

Weeks went by; they grew to months, and no word came from Isaac. He had evidently deserted Esther, whose sorrow gradually changed to resentment. Why, she asked herself, did he not write to her? Why make no sign of love or remembrance? Slowly she came to believe that his farewell had been final, and slowly the vision of him, which in the first weeks of her bereavement had haunted the whole store, faded and died.

Mr. Goldstone was not an impetuous wooer. He had waited for his store, and was content to wait for Esther. He was patient, but assured. For what girl, he asked himself — and Esther, — could refuse the inducements he had to offer? "Some day," he would remark, "you can come in the store und buy all you want at half price — that is when you promise to marry mit me. Some day you come in the store und take all you want free — that is when you marry mit me."

After a time, too, home influence was brought

to bear; for Morris, whose eye for romance was always keen, had informed his mother that Mr. Goldstone held his assistant in admiring and sentimental regard.

"Sooner he looks on her, sooner he has glad looks," Morris reported, "und sooner she looks on him, sooner he has proud looks. I guess, maybe, he could have kind feelings over her. Say, what you think, he gives me a necktie mit funny smells und a spot on it the whiles she's aunties mit me."

"Und how does your auntie make? Has she feelings?" asked the match-making Mrs. Mogilewsky.

"I couldn't to tell," answered Morris. "I don't know, even."

Neither did Mr. Goldstone. Neither, sometimes, did Esther. She didn't intend to spend her life in mourning for a faithless lover, and yet — and yet — But Mrs. Mogilewsky didn't approve of procrastination in an affair so important and so advantageous. She visited the Grand Street store; she invited the proprietor to spend an evening at her apartment. And Mr. Goldstone, divested of his derby and overcoat, — a guise in which Esther had never seen him, — proved so affable and was so devoted that Esther felt that it might be pleasant to put away all thoughts save those of duty, and to bestow this very powerful and desirable brother-in-law upon her house. Her dreams that night were all of pomp and pride. She saw herself released from daily toil and living in the four-roomed flat over the Grand Street store. Mr. Goldstone had promised to engage it for her as soon as another engagement should be agreed upon. And there, with all her wants supplied and all her wishes granted, she should live in peace and plenty. Should she do it, she wondered, should she do it?

On the next morning Morris, on an early visit to the bakery, met the long-lost Isaac, and came tearing back to his auntie with a letter. "He sees me on the block," he panted. "He's awful stylish now, und he says like this: 'Ain't your auntie got no letters from me?' Und I says, 'No.' Und he says — 'scuse me — 'Damn Goldstone! I writes your auntie whole bunches of lovin' letters. I guess Goldstone don't gives them to her when she comes by the store.' Sooner he gives me a quarter und this letter to you."

The letter was a masterpiece. The eloquence which had once swayed thousands was centered now upon one. In flights of adjectives and flocks of capital letters, Isaac poured out his heart. He upbraided Esther for her disregard of his devotion, her unresponsiveness to his former appeals. He told her of his altered



"Isaac, once more on his feet, sped toward freedom and the door"

fortunes and of his unchanged heart. He announced his attainment to the post of floor-walker in a Sixth Avenue establishment, and laid at her feet his love, his hand, his two-roomed home, and a position in the millinery department of his new field.

Esther reached Mr. Goldstone's emporium in a flutter of happiness, and, under the romantic influence of her "loving letter," she dressed the brown-browed lady in full bridal array.

Mr. Goldstone, arriving somewhat later, and still under the spell of the evening's joy, added the finishing touch. Sending Esther to the cellar upon some improvised errand, he plucked off the bridal veil and wreath, twisted the black locks into a hard knot, substituted an auburn wig from his stock of "human hair goods, all naturally curled," readjusted the veil and wreath, and awaited Esther's return. That she was moved, he could not doubt. That she didn't wish to be kissed was also made clear to him, and from this disinclination he could not move her, even by his gracious assurance

that she might wear that identical costume "as is" upon their nuptial day. He was puzzled and disappointed, but quite determined to secure his reward before she should leave the shop that evening.

Meanwhile Isaac, that impetuous lover, had determined not to trust to a written reply, but to venture bravely into the enemy's country and to watch for his divinity that evening outside the Grand Street shop. To that end he secured a half-hour's grace from his new concern and cautiously approached the scene of his joys and sorrows. From the opposite side

of the street he reconnoitered. There was the gold-and-black sign, there the smiling lady. When his eyes rested upon that cheerful young person, he could have danced for joy, for he saw that her hair was golden and remembered the conversations of happier days.

While Isaac was drawing blissful conclusions from the golden hair above the dark eyes of the waxen lady, another pair of dark eyes, wide and black with terror, were fixed on the distorted face close to her own. For Mr. Goldstone, transformed by desire and passion and maddened by a whole day's rebuffs, was creeping upon his prey, determined to break her spirit. Esther had retreated before him the whole length of the shop, and now stood at bay in the corner between the wooden backing of the window-space and the jewelry counter. She could go no further; he was between her and the door. Escape was impossible, and Isaac's letter lay upon her heart.

And outside Isaac was dodging wagons and imperiling his life among horse-cars in a vain endeavor to catch a glimpse of his sweetheart. He could see clearly into the shop, for the door was unobscured, but it seemed unaccountably empty. There were the high-piled bargain tables, there the hanging samples of ladies' and gents' attire, the glittering heaps of tinware, the dangling rainbows of ribbon, but not a sign of life.

Carefully he crossed the street, gingerly he approached, promptly he was seized by the strong Italian puller-in, and vigorously he was dragged into the shop by the official he had added to the establishment, but who failed to recognize him in his official Prince Albert. And then Esther was yielding to wild hysterics in his arms, while the Italian, with Celtic curses, was shaking Mr. Goldstone like a rat, and "landing" wherever land might be.

"Ye ould devil," he cried, with characteristic Latin warmth, "I'd loike to shake the black heart out of yer black carcass. Find her hat, my boy—find the poor child's hat—and put some of those fancy fixin's upon her. We'll have the weddin' this minute of time, and I'll lock this swine in here till it's over."

And by an alien power, without pomp or ceremony, Isaac and Esther were married. They were attended by that most sustaining of bridesmaids, most encouraging of groomsman, and proudest of witnesses—Terrence O'Toole, the Italian puller-in.

Mr. Goldstone's emporium is now for Gents' Furnishing *Exclusively*, but his life is not quite without female influence. In his garret he enjoys the companionship of a smiling, placid, silent lady, black of eye and black of hair, in full bridal regalia.



THE FIGHT FOR REFORM IN SAN FRANCISCO

BY

GEORGE KENNAN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



WHEN Mayor Schmitz came before the voters of San Francisco as a candidate for reelection on the Labor-Union ticket, in the fall of 1905, it was perfectly well known to the reading and thinking people of the city that Ruef, the Mayor, and the members of the municipal boards were blackmailers, extortioners, and thieves. It had been clearly shown by the report of the Andrews Grand Jury,* as well as by the investigations of the press, that the administration made a business of selling immunity to gamblers, prize-fight promoters, and keepers of brothels; that the great house of prostitution at 620 Jackson Street was virtually a municipal institution; that the police were giving protection to notorious criminals and taking money therefor; that the municipal boards were blackmailing law-breakers and compelling honest men to pay tribute; that the work of the city was given to dishonest contractors who divided their illegal profits with the officials who permitted them to steal; and that, with the exception of the Board of Supervisors,† every branch of the city government was shamelessly and almost defiantly corrupt.

In order to deal effectively with this intolerable state of affairs, the best men in the Republican and Democratic parties determined to lay aside, temporarily, all political considerations, and to unite in opposition to the gang

* The grand jury, headed by Mr. T. P. Andrews, was impaneled December 10, 1904, and discharged August 19, 1905. It was an honest and intelligent body of men, and it gave to the public a trustworthy and accurate description of municipal conditions, supported by a mass of incriminating facts; but, owing mainly to a lack of money, it was unable to engage a competent force of detectives, and therefore failed to get legal evidence upon which Ruef and Schmitz could be indicted. The jury had no doubt whatever of their guilt, but could not prove it.

† Prior to the election of 1905 most of the supervisors were honest and intelligent men. The Mayor's power of appointment had given him complete control of the Police Commission, the Board of Public Works, and the Board of Health; but, owing to discrimination against many of the Labor-Union candidates for supervisors in the elections of 1901 and 1903, a majority of the men elected on that board were honest Republicans or Democrats.

of thieves who had obtained control of the municipal government and who were seeking reelection as candidates of the Labor-Union party. In 1905, therefore, they nominated a fusion ticket, headed by a young Republican lawyer named John S. Partridge, and went to the people on a non-political issue and on a platform of honesty and reform.

Inasmuch as the combined Republican and Democratic vote in 1903 exceeded the Labor-Union vote by more than six thousand, the supporters of the new movement felt confident that they would have strength enough to defeat the corrupt Ruef-Schmitz administration at the polls; but, unfortunately, the workingmen of the city ignored the moral aspect of the contest, and chose to regard the campaign as a fight between capital and labor, or, at least, as a struggle in which the economic questions involved were far more important than the moral questions. They believed that the association of employers known as the Citizens' Alliance, which supported the Fusion ticket, was using the cry of "graft" merely as a means of dividing and disrupting the Labor-Union party; and, in order to prevent such disruption, they determined to stand together for their own Mayor, regardless of charges against him which might or might not be true.

One working-man, who was fairly representative of thousands, argued the question in this way: "Under the present administration business has improved, wages have advanced, and we have all been prosperous. Skilled workmen who before the election of Mayor Schmitz were earning only from three to five dollars a day are now getting from five to seven dollars. As for graft — there has always been graft; but nobody has ever made a howl about it until now, when our administration happens to be in power. Why didn't the capitalist employers say something about it before, when they were getting the plums? Ruef may be

making money on the side, but he is taking it from people who can afford to pay; his hand isn't in our pockets." The same idea was expressed, in a slightly different form, by the wife of a skilled workman: "I don't care how much they steal, so long as my husband gets good wages. They're not stealing from us."

The feeling among the laboring men was that the administration had promoted their interests; that even if Ruef and the members of the executive boards were corrupt, the money which they illegally received came out of the pockets of people who were abundantly able to pay; and that, granting the truth of the charges made by the Andrews Grand Jury and the press, grafting was not a new thing, and it was better, on the whole, to ignore or tolerate it than to disturb the conditions which made for high wages and business prosperity.

Influenced by such considerations as these, the working-men of the city voted, almost unanimously, for Mayor Schmitz; but they probably would not have been able to reelect him if they had not had the support of the Roman Catholics; most of the Jews; hundreds of corporations, firms, and business men who expected to be able to buy illegal privileges from a dishonest administration; and thousands of saloon-keepers, brothel proprietors, prize-fight promoters, pool-sellers, and gamblers, to whom Ruef, Schmitz, and the Police Commissioners were secretly affording facilities or giving protection.

The Roman Catholics favored Schmitz because he appointed many of their people to office and gave to their fairs and charities money that he obtained by sharing the earnings of prostitutes; most of the six thousand Jewish voters supported him, partly because they knew that they could buy favors from him and partly because he had allied himself with a boss of their own race; and all of the saloon-keepers, brothel proprietors, prize-fight promoters, pool-sellers, and gamblers worked enthusiastically for him because he permitted them to violate law and gave them a "wide-open" town.

Schmitz in Absolute Control

Against this powerful combination of labor-unions, selfish merchants, Jews, Roman Catholics, houses of prostitution, pool-rooms, gambling-dens, and more than three thousand saloons, the honest men of the Fusion party could make little headway; and when the polls closed and the votes were counted, it was found that the Labor-Union men and their allies had made a clean sweep.

Not only had they reelected Schmitz by a

greatly increased majority,* but, to the surprise even of their own leaders, they had given the Mayor, for the first time, complete control of the Board of Supervisors, and had elected, as members of that body, the most ignorant, venal, and generally disreputable lot of men that ever disgraced an American city. One of them was a hack-driver; another drove a beer-wagon; a third was drummer in the orchestra of the Tivoli Theater; and the others were a carpenter, a pressman, a plumber, a machinist, a piano-polisher, an electrician, a dentist, a baker, an editor of a small labor-union paper, a grocery-man, a saloon-keeper, and three or four ward politicians. The only members of the new board who had education and even elementary acquaintance with municipal affairs were Gallagher the lawyer, Boxton the dentist, Rea the editor, Duffey the plumber, and Sanderson, the son of an ex-mayor of the city. Gallagher afterward became chairman of the finance committee and acted as mayor when Schmitz went to Europe, and Duffey was subsequently made president of the Board of Public Works.

The mere fact that most of these supervisors were manual laborers is not in any way discreditable to them; but the management of the business of a great city requires education, training, good judgment, and high administrative ability, and such attainments and mental capacities are not to be found, as a rule, among hack-drivers, saloon-keepers, carpenters, plumbers, and machinists. Manual laborers may be honest and well-meaning, but they have neither the experience nor the intellectual equipment which is necessary in dealing with the difficult and complex problems of municipal government. The supervisors chosen in 1905, moreover, were not even honest; and Gavin McNab wittily said that all the burglar-alarms in the city rang of their own accord when the election of the whole Labor-Union ticket was announced.

In justice to the manual laborers of the city, however, it is only fair to say that the election of this incompetent and dishonest Board of Supervisors was mainly due, not to deliberate choice on their part, but to the use, for the first time, of voting-machines. In the two previous elections,

* The vote for mayor in the three elections that followed the organization of the Labor-Union party was as follows:

1901	
Labor-Union.....	31,776
Republican and Democratic combined.....	30,365
Republican and Democratic majority.....	8,589
1903	
Labor-Union.....	26,016
Republican and Democratic combined.....	32,099
Republican and Democratic majority.....	6,083
1905	
Labor-Union.....	40,191
Republican and Democratic combined (Fusion)....	28,687
Labor-Union majority.....	11,984

a large number of Labor-Union men exercised discrimination by scratching their tickets and voting for Republican or Democratic supervisors whom they preferred to their own. In the election of 1905 they did not do this, for the reason that they were not familiar with the new machines... They were allowed only two minutes each for the act of voting, and they feared that if they hurriedly pulled or pushed certain levers, in an attempt to substitute Republican or Democratic candidates for their own, they might make mistakes which would defeat their purposes and possibly invalidate their ballots. Nine tenths of them, therefore, voted the straight Labor-Union ticket, regardless of their objections to many of the Labor-Union candidates, and the result of this was to give Ruef and Schmitz complete control of the Board of Supervisors—a control which they had never before had.

Encouraged by the evidence of popular approval and support which the result of the election seemed to furnish, the Mayor and his boss not only continued to protect vice, sell privileges, and hold up men who needed licenses or permits, but devised new and bolder methods of intimidation, extortion, and fraud.

The Mayor, for example, secretly went into partnership with a wholesale liquor firm known as the Hilbert Brothers' Mercantile Company, and agreed to use his position and his power over the Police Commission as a means of putting the company's whisky into the saloons of

the city. For such service he was to receive a commission of fifty dollars a barrel, and this sum he agreed to divide with Thomas Reagan, one

of the Police Commissioners, if the latter would act as the company's agent and assist him in subjecting the saloon-keepers to pressure. The Hilbert Brothers' Mercantile Company then made contracts with Eastern distillers for thousands of barrels of whisky, at prices ranging from fifty-two to eighty-five cents a gallon, in bond, and this liquor the Mayor and the Police Commission compelled the saloon-keepers to take, at three dollars and three dollars and a half per gallon, duty paid. The company did not require the retail dealers to pay cash for the whisky, but took their notes, at from thirty to ninety days, and presented each of them with a small amount of its stock as a sort of gift or reward. The notes were then discounted in the Western National Bank.

The saloon-keepers, of course, dared not refuse to take the Hilbert whisky, because their liquor licenses had to be renewed every three months, and if they should insist upon their right to buy where they chose they might be forced

out of business. Many if not most of them were constantly violating municipal regulations by selling drink to minors, by maintaining side entrances, or by affording facilities to gamblers, bunco-men, and thieves, and it was easy for the Police Commissioners to charge them with these offenses and hold up their licenses. There was no possibility of evasion or



EX-MAYOR EUGENE E. SCHMITZ

escape, because Schmitz was virtually a partner in the Hilbert Company; Ruef was its legal counsel at a salary of five hundred dollars a month; and Reagan, a Police Commissioner, was its agent and salesman. The situation was that described in Western slang as "a cinch." If nothing unforeseen had happened, the corrupt officials of the administration would probably have made a fortune out of this one "deal"; but the earthquake and fire in April, 1906, put a stop to the sale of liquor; the Hilbert Brothers' Mercantile Company was unable to meet its contracts and went into bankruptcy; and Ruef and Schmitz had to be satisfied with the money that they had made up to that time. The facts and papers in the case were discovered by the fire-insurance adjusters when they investigated the affairs and opened the safe of the Hilbert Company.

The whisky deal was only one of many similar transactions. By using the power of the Police Commission as a means of intimidation, the Mayor and his confederates forced saloons and houses of ill fame to sell or use the champagne of the Hilbert Company; the beer of Fire Commissioner Wreden; the cigars of Police Commissioner Drinkhouse; and the saloon crockery of Police Commissioners Poheim and O'Grady; and upon all of this merchandise they received a commission.

The Famous "French Restaurants" Case

But they were not satisfied with a mere commission business, profitable though it might be. In scores of cases they resorted to direct blackmail, and extorted large sums of money from saloon-keepers and restaurant proprietors by directing the Police Commission to hold up their liquor licenses. In 1905, for example, they accused the so-called French restaurants—"Delmonico's," "Marchand's," the "Bay State," the "Old Poodle Dog," the "New Poodle Dog," the "Pup," "Frank's," and others—of renting up-stairs bedrooms for improper and illegal purposes.

The accusation was fully justified by the facts, but it was not made in the interest of public morality. Ruef and the Mayor, at that very time, were sharing in the profits of notorious brothels, and they were perfectly willing to let the restaurant proprietors make such use as they chose of their up-stairs bedrooms, provided they paid for the privilege. But they *must* pay, and the charge of immorality was merely a plausible excuse for threatening them with the liquor-license club. As the restaurant-men had hundreds of thousands of dollars invested in their business, and as the holding up of their licenses was ruinous to them, they were soon forced to come to terms. In January, 1905, they

consented to pay Ruef a "counsel fee" of ten thousand dollars for two years' protection, and Ruef shared the money with Schmitz, who had agreed to assist him in the transaction.

When, however, the Mayor undertook to play his part in this blackmailing scheme, he ran against an obstruction. Reagan and Hutton, two of the four Police Commissioners who had assisted in holding up the restaurants, refused to change front at the Mayor's command; and in order to get the licenses renewed, and thus keep faith with Ruef's clients, Schmitz reorganized the Police Commission by putting Poheim in as chairman and dismissing Hutton upon the charge of having had immoral relations with a young girl. As Hutton made no defense, it was presumed that he had fallen into a trap set for him by Ruef and the police, and that he allowed himself to be removed simply because he was afraid to resist.

This explanation of his behavior is more or less conjectural, but it is certain that when the Mayor determined to remove him, he had him watched, and that he availed himself of the Commissioner's entanglement with the young girl, even if he did not directly or indirectly bring it about. The incident is interesting and significant as an illustration of administration methods. With Hutton out of the way, Schmitz had a majority of one in the Police Commission, and was able to get the licenses of the French restaurants renewed.

\$250,000 a Year for "rotection"

The sums which Ruef and the Mayor extorted from these restaurants, however, were small in comparison with the amounts which they received from houses of prostitution and gambling-dens. The brothel at 712 Pacific Street paid for protection \$440 a week, or about \$23,000 a year; and the "Municipal Crib," at 620 Jackson Street, turned over one quarter of its profits, or about \$40,000 a year. The money was paid to Ruef by Richard Creighton for the Pacific Street house, and by George Maxwell for the "Municipal Crib," and was equally divided between Ruef and the Mayor.

The gamblers in Chinatown paid for protection a spot-cash premium of \$18,000 and a regular tribute of \$1,000 a week, or \$70,000 for the first year.

The pool-sellers of the city paid \$20,000 a month during the racing season, or about \$120,000 a year, and the association of athletic clubs known as the Prize-Fight Trust bought protection at \$20,000 a year.

The earthquake and fire interfered for a time with these payments, and the blackmailers did not receive as much money as they had

anticipated; but the sums above specified were those originally agreed upon.

It thus appears that from the French restaurants, the two houses of prostitution, the gamblers of Chinatown, the pool-sellers, and the Prize-Fight Trust, Ruef and the Mayor received, or were to receive, annually more than a quarter of a million dollars. But this was the revenue from only a part of the field that they were exploiting.

A well-known lawyer of San Francisco, who for many years has had a wide and accurate knowledge of municipal affairs, estimates that the graft in the Police Department alone was at least \$500,000 a year, and may have reached \$1,000,000. To this sum must be added the money received or extorted through the Board of Public Works from builders, contractors, and theater-owners; the money made by paying exorbitant rents for municipal offices, after the fire; the bribes received from business men who wanted special and often illegal privileges; and the money stolen by such fictitious and fraudulent municipal bureaus as the "Commissary Department" and the "City Commercial Company"—bureaus organized in violation of law and maintained for the sole purpose of robbery. And even this is not all.

When the administration got control of the municipal boards in 1904, Ruef began to act as attorney for individuals and groups of individuals who had dealings with the city, or who wished to secure privileges or permits. Personally, he had no more power or legal ability than any other lawyer; but, through his corrupt alliance with the Mayor, he became a sort of municipal dictator; and if a business firm or a corporation wanted a contract, a theater permit, or a spur-track privilege, it went directly to him, engaged him ostensibly as legal counsel, and paid him in accordance with the importance or value of the favor desired. In some cases he received a lump sum for a specified transaction, while in others he was engaged as general counsel with a salary of from five to twelve thousand dollars a year. The fees which he earned in this way he divided with Schmitz, because Schmitz was the only man who could manipulate the boards and get the official action or decision for which payment had been made.

Corporations Engage Ruef as "Special Counsel"

In 1906, when the Mayor got control of the supervisors as well as the boards, Ruef's services as counsel were sought, for the first time, by wealthy and powerful corporations. The Home Telephone Company and the United

States Independent Telephone Company wanted a chance to compete with the Pacific States Telephone Company, which was then in undisputed possession of the San Francisco field; the street-car company known as the United Railroads sought to get a franchise which would give it the right to use overhead electric trolleys instead of wire cables; the San Francisco Gas



ABRAHAM RUEF

Political Boss of San Francisco

and Electric Company desired an ordinance which would authorize it to charge consumers of gas eighty-five instead of seventy-five cents per thousand feet; and a group of real-estate speculators who were incorporated as the Parkside Realty Company wished a franchise for a street-railway which would give the public access to their suburban property.

All of these corporations proceeded at once to engage Ruef as special counsel; and as the ordinances or franchises which they wished to obtain would be immensely valuable to them, they did not hesitate to offer him tens of thousands and in some cases hundreds of thousands of dollars for his services and "influence." The Pacific States Telephone Company paid him to help keep rival companies out, and the Home Telephone Company paid him for helping to get a franchise that would enable it to come in. He took large "fees" from both, and then

betrayed and threw overboard the one from which he had received least. The Gas and Electric Company paid him for the eighty-five-cent gas ordinance, and the United Railroads and Parkside companies made deals with him for their franchises.

By the terms of the bargains that he made with these corporations, he received from them, in the aggregate, nearly half a million dollars, and this sum he shared with the Mayor and the Board of Supervisors. The money was paid to him ostensibly as a lawyer, and for legal services; but, inasmuch as every one of these corporations already had its own attorney, the thing really purchased was favorable action of the Mayor and supervisors on measures pending before them. In other words, the corporations bought what Ruef had to sell, and they were probably well aware, when they began negotiations with him, that they were buying ordinances and franchises, and not paying a lawyer for legal advice. One of them—the Parkside Realty Company—attempted to conceal its purchase of a franchise by means of a fictitious transaction in real estate. It paid Ruef thirty thousand dollars, and then entered that sum in its books, not as a counsel fee, but as money paid for two tracts of land which it pretended to have bought from two men interested in the Parkside property. This, in itself, is sufficient to show that the company knew the real nature of its bargain with Ruef, and that it was not paying, in good faith, for legal advice.

A City of Universal Graft

One of the most noticeable differences between graft in San Francisco and graft in Eastern cities is to be found in the nature and variety of the methods employed. In New York, under Boss Tweed, the frauds were mainly in municipal contracts; in St. Louis, the aldermen made money chiefly through the corrupt sale of privileges and franchises. In San Francisco, Ruef, Schmitz, and their allies took toll everywhere, from everybody, and in almost every imaginable way. They went into partnership with dishonest contractors; sold privileges and permits to business men; extorted money from restaurants and saloons; levied assessments on municipal employees; shared the profits of houses of prostitution; forced beer, whisky, champagne, and cigars on restaurants and saloons on commission; blackmailed gamblers, pool-sellers, and promoters of prize-fights; sold franchises to wealthy corporations; created such municipal bureaus as the Commissary Department and the City Commercial Company in order to make robbery of the city more easy; leased rooms and buildings for municipal offices at exorbitant

rates and compelled the lessors to share profits; held up milkmen, kite-advertisers, junk-dealers, and even street-sweepers; and took bribes from everybody who wanted an illegal privilege or exemption and who was willing to pay for it. The motto of the administration seemed to be: "Encourage dishonesty, and then let no dishonest dollar escape."

If graft in San Francisco had been confined to the operations of Ruef, Schmitz, and the higher authorities, it would have been bad enough, but the spirit of selfishness and greed pervaded every branch of the municipal government. Tempted and corrupted by the example and the success of the Mayor, hundreds of clerks, police officers, and petty officials began to graft on their own account, and before the end of 1906 the whole municipal administration from top to bottom was rotten. The police force, in particular, was so demoralized and so corrupt that it might almost be said to constitute a distinct criminal class.

It contained, originally, a large number of capable officers and honest men; but under the direction of Chief Dinan, who was himself a grafter and an associate of pickpockets and thieves, it lost not only its efficiency but its sense of honor, and instead of protecting the public by enforcing the laws, it devoted itself mainly to making money by allowing gamblers, pool-sellers, brothel-keepers, and prostitutes to break the laws. Its honest officers and men tried, at first, to do their duty; but the Police Commissioners, under the influence or direction of Ruef, interfered with their efforts to close illegal and immoral resorts; the police-court judges, allowing themselves to be swayed by selfish political considerations, released the prisoners whom they arrested;* two of the Superior courts restrained or hampered them with injunctions;† and even their own chief punished them for energetic and efficient action by transferring them to remote and unimportant precincts.

Discouraged by such opposition, a large number of them finally became convinced that dishonesty was the best policy, and that they would have most peace and make most money

* Police Captain Mooney, for example, presented to the courts fifty-seven cases of saloon-keepers who were illegally maintaining side entrances for women, but he was able to get only one conviction.

† The report of the Andrews Grand Jury shows that the gamblers of Chinatown were shielded for nine months by an injunction issued by Judge Carroll Cook of the Superior Court; that the house of ill fame at 1129 Dupont Street was protected for more than two years in the same way and by the same judicial officer; and that Judge Cook and Judge Hebbard restrained the police from interfering with eight houses of prostitution on Belden Street, and with the great brothel on Jackson Street popularly known as the "Municipal Crib." Judge Cook, furthermore, granted one hundred and sixty-nine writs of habeas corpus for the release of persons whom the police had arrested on criminal charges.

"Report of the Andrews Grand Jury," pp. 154-156.



J. F. DINAN

Chief of Police of San Francisco

by shutting their eyes and holding out their hands. They began, therefore, to take protection money from houses of ill fame, pool-rooms, gambling-dens, "fences," or shops that bought stolen goods, "deadfalls," or saloons where men were drugged and robbed, Barbary Coast dance-halls, "grottos," "nymphias," and vicious resorts of all kinds. In some cases, they even compounded felonies by taking a share of the money which criminals had stolen.

A Traveling Salesman's Experience of Police Protection

In the early part of 1906, a traveling salesman named Douglas, who represented the firm of Stevenson Pae & Co. of Glasgow, Scotland, came to San Francisco from Australia, in the course of a trip around the world. On the next day after his arrival, he got into conversation on Market Street with a man from whom he asked information with regard to the location of the San Francisco Mint. This chance acquaintance offered him a cigar, invited him to take a drink, and finally lured him into a "club," where he either drank too much or was drugged, and where, when he became insensible, he was robbed of a gold watch, a diamond pin, a letter of credit for five hundred pounds, and twenty-five hundred dollars in currency.

On the following day he went to the president of a fruit-canning company with which his firm had had business dealings, told the story of his misadventure, and asked for advice. The president went with him to police headquarters,

where he made a statement of his case to Chief Dinan. The latter telephoned for Arthur E. Mack, a disreputable lawyer who acted as attorney for houses of ill fame, gambling-houses, and dives, and had a long consultation with him in a private room.

Mack then went out, and in half an hour returned, bringing the complainant's watch, diamond pin, and letter of credit. These things he offered to return if Douglas would put up with the loss of his twenty-five hundred dollars in currency and would take no further steps in the matter. Chief of Police Dinan strongly advised acceptance of this proposition, on the ground that if publicity were given to the scandal, Douglas would be disgraced and might lose more than the twenty-five hundred dollars in money. At any rate, this was the best that could be done. The unfortunate victim, who feared that the story, if it should get into the newspapers, would ruin him with his employers, finally agreed to the compromise and took what he could get.

It is evident, of course, that if Dinan and Mack knew where to find the watch, diamond pin, and letter of credit, they also knew where to look for the twenty-five hundred dollars in currency; and it was the opinion of the president of the canning company that the Chief of Police and the attorney for the dives received from the robbers a share of the cash proceeds of the robbery. In point of criminality, the transaction was little worse than taking protection money from such law-breakers as gamblers, pool-sellers, and proprietors of brothels, and this the Chief of Police did constantly.



WILLIAM J. BURNS

Chief detective in the graft investigations

Looters Blackmailed by the Police Department after the Earthquake

In the summer of 1906, after the earthquake and fire, Dinan and a large part of the police force went into the business of blackmailing looters and dealers in half-burned junk stolen from the ruins of the city. The property destroyed or injured in the great conflagration was valued at four hundred million dollars, and a considerable part of it consisted of brass or copper, which, even in a defaced or melted form, was salable. In the early summer, hundreds of looters began to dig in the ruins of the burned buildings for valuable metals and for merchandise that had not been wholly consumed.

It was the business of the police, of course, to prevent robbery of this kind and to protect, as far as possible, the property-owners; but, instead, Dinan and a large number of his subordinates gave protection to the looters, blackmailed the junk-dealers, and shared the profits of both. Honest police officers tell me that between May and December, 1906, metal junk to the value of at least three million dollars was taken out of the ruins by looters and shipped to markets on the Pacific coast and in the East. This is probably an underestimate,

because officials of the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe railroads report that they handled more than three million dollars' worth of such junk, and large quantities were shipped to Seattle and other coast ports by water.

The business was so profitable, and under the protection of the police so safe, that even lawyers and merchants went into it, and junk-dealers were willing to pay from three to five thousand dollars each for the privilege of buying and selling looted brass and copper without molestation. One junk-dealer, who had a lot of stolen brass on hand, and who thought that he could outwit the police and avoid payment of blackmail, conceived the idea of buying a comparatively small quantity that had not been stolen and getting a bill of sale of it. Then, when he wanted to dispose of the looted brass, he could ship it with the smaller quantity legitimately bought, and show the bill of sale, if necessary, as proof that he had come into possession of it honestly. While he was making preparations for shipment, Dinan sent for him and said: "Where did you get the brass that you are about to ship?" The junk-dealer replied that he had bought it, and showed the bill of sale. "That won't do," said the Chief of Police. "You didn't buy all that brass from the dealer in metals and plumbers' supplies who gave you that bill." It ended in Dinan's holding him up for two thousand dollars. The Chief of Police wouldn't take a check, and the junk-dealer had to get currency from a bank in Oakland.

A captain of police who has remained honest, and who, for that reason, has repeatedly had trouble with Dinan, tells me that the police farmed out territory to thieves by specified metes and bounds and collected what was equivalent to rent. For a certain number of lots, or blocks, a looter paid, every month, a certain proportionate sum; and then he went boldly to his leased area with men and wagons, and dug out and carried away all the valuable metal that he could find.

In order to prevent this, a friend of the writer stationed a private watchman at the ruins of his canning factory, but without avail. Looters came with wagons and carried away, among other things, four large copper kettles weighing five hundred pounds apiece. When the watchman appealed to the police patrolman who was on duty in that quarter and asked him to arrest the thieves, the officer said: "Aw, let 'em take 'em! If they don't, somebody else will." No arrests were ever made and the kettles were never recovered, although, of course, it would not have been difficult to find and identify copper kettles weighing five hundred pounds apiece.

In a few cases, honest police officers took thieves of this kind into the police-courts; but when the offenders declared that they were only teamsters and day-laborers who had been hired to do the work by men whom they supposed to be owners of the property, they were discharged.

It may seem incredible that, in a city of three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, looters could dig out and carry away, unobserved, three or four million dollars' worth of metal and damaged merchandise; but it must be remembered that in the burned area of nearly five square miles there were ruins of more than twenty-five thousand buildings. If the seven hundred police of the city had been honest instead of dishonest, and efficient instead of inefficient, it would still have been extremely difficult for them to watch and protect the whole field, and it was manifestly impossible for the twenty-five thousand property-owners to do so. Men were often seen digging in the ruins and carrying stuff away; but the casual observer had no means of ascertaining whether such men were looters, or employees of the owners hired to clean up the premises; and when the police gave the thieves protection, they were comparatively safe, even though they might be working under the eyes of hundreds of people.

With the restoration of street-car transportation and the gradual extension of rebuilding operations, looting, as an industry, became more difficult and less profitable; but before it was finally abandoned it had brought fortunes to a large number of speculators in fire-junk, and had added very materially to the illegal gains of Chief Dinan and the police.

Why Schmitz Ruled San Francisco

San Francisco, in the fall of 1906, presented in some respects an extraordinary picture. On the one hand, there were tens of thousands of business men striving with courage, energy, and invincible determination to retrieve their misfortunes and rebuild the city, while, on the other hand, there was a shockingly corrupt municipal administration which protected criminals, black-mailed business enterprises, sold franchises, looted ruins, and went into partnership with brothel-keepers and thieves. On one side, the observer might see some of the highest and most admirable qualities of manhood displayed in energetic and heroic action, while on the other side there was an almost unparalleled exhibition of selfishness, greed, dishonesty, social depravity, and official corruption.

In view of this state of affairs, one naturally asks: How did it come about? If the business men of San Francisco showed such energy



RUDOLPH SPRECKELS

Financial backer of the prosecution

and determination in coping with the tremendous catastrophe of April 18th,—if they were able to reconstruct their wrecked and burned city at the rate of a new building every forty-five minutes,—why could they not overthrow a notoriously dishonest administration headed by a comparatively insignificant Jewish lawyer and a fiddler from the orchestra of the Columbia Theater? The heroic courage that could deal so effectively with a physical and material disaster ought also to have been capable of dealing successfully with a moral disaster. Why did it fail to do so?

The answer to these questions is to be found in the domination of San Francisco by labor-unions, and in the unwillingness of the labor-union men to give up power for the sake of principle. They went into politics and formed the Labor-Union party in 1901 because they had been defeated in their long and desperate struggle with the Employers' Association, and because they hoped to recover at the polls the power which they had lost in the strike.

When they succeeded in attaining their object, they fell, unfortunately, into the hands of Ruef and Schmitz; and although many of them ultimately became convinced that they had fallen among thieves, they attributed much of

the prosperity that they were enjoying to their own acquisition of power, and they were not willing to disrupt their political organization, and perhaps lose their power, by turning down their own representatives—dishonest though they might be—and going over to the opposition. They voted again for Schmitz, therefore, in 1905, notwithstanding the evidence of his dishonesty which had then been presented; and when they were reinforced by all the selfish, vicious, and criminal elements of the wide-open-town population, they made an army which was so powerful and so strongly entrenched that the forces of decency, honesty, and order could not defeat it.

Beginning the Fight for Reform

After the earthquake and fire, the best men of the city formed a citizens' Committee of Fifty which was honest, efficient, and representative; but as soon as the Mayor recovered from the paralyzing shock of the catastrophe, he dismissed this committee and formed another which was almost wholly controlled by Ruef. What, then, were the honest men of the city to do? They had been defeated at the polls by a coalition of labor and vice; their committee had been dismissed by a Mayor who did not want good government; their grand jury had failed to get evidence upon which to base legal proceedings against the official thieves; and there seemed to be no remedy for the existing evils except a resort to force. The workingmen of the city held the balance of power; they continued to give their support to a criminal administration; and it was by no means certain that, even in a physical struggle, they could be overthrown.

Discouraged by the apparent hopelessness of the situation, most of the honest men gave up the struggle and tried to adjust themselves to conditions that they could not change. Such was not the case, however, with all. Even before the earthquake, forces of regeneration were slowly gathering strength, and in the fall of 1906 a little group of men, including Fremont Older, Rudolph Spreckels, ex-Mayor Phelan, Francis J. Heney, and William J. Burns, began another fight for honesty, decency, and civic reform. The Andrews Grand Jury, despite its partial failure, had pointed out the only available method of attack, and that was by means of legal proceedings in the courts. The municipal reform must begin with criminal indictments, and legal evidence to support such indictments must be found.

Fremont Older and Rudolph Spreckels

The man who deserves most credit, perhaps, for giving a practical direction to the reform

movement is Fremont Older, managing editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*. He was the first to warn Schmitz that an alliance with Ruef would be ruinous to him, and when the Mayor, in disregard of this warning, packed the municipal boards with venal men and began to use his official power to promote Ruef's corrupt money-making schemes, the *Bulletin* was one of the first papers to attack and denounce him.

When the Andrews Grand Jury was impaneled in December, 1904, and made a sincere and serious attempt to bring Ruef and Schmitz to justice, Older not only gave it vigorous and effective journalistic support, but coöperated personally with its foreman in the work of obtaining legal evidence against the thieves and blackmailers who were robbing and disgracing the city.

In the late summer or early fall of 1905 he became closely associated with Rudolph Spreckels, a young millionaire of high personal character, who hated civic dishonesty as much as Older did, but who had never before taken an active part in reform work. Mr. Spreckels conceived the idea of organizing a committee of citizens—a sort of unarmed vigilance committee—whose duty it should be to prevent or check administrative dishonesty by watching the officials of the city government, investigating their accounts, scrutinizing their acts, and giving publicity to the results of such supervision. Mr. Spreckels thought that he could find ten or fifteen men of influence and wealth who would consent to go into such a committee and aid in the establishment of a municipal bureau of scrutiny and investigation. After talking the matter over with Older and ex-Mayor Phelan, Mr. Spreckels, with their assistance, drew up a list of names of prominent business men, and himself undertook to secure their coöperation. A week or two later, however, he was forced to report that the plan could not be carried out, for the reason that no wealthy and representative men would go into it. The idea of an unarmed vigilance committee was then dropped, and nothing more was done until after the municipal election of 1905.

Heney Offers to Conduct Prosecution Without Pay

The complete triumph of the Labor-Union party in that election and the return of Mayor Schmitz by an overwhelming majority, made up largely of business men, was very discouraging to the Fusion reformers, and especially to Spreckels, Phelan, and Older; but they determined to continue the struggle, and in December of 1905 Older, after consultation with Phelan, went to Washington to see if he could

not get Francis J. Heney to undertake the work of prosecuting the grafters and bringing them to justice.

Heney, who was then engaged in an investigation of the Oregon land frauds, said that he would gladly conduct the legal fight against Schmitz and Ruef if he could be released from his duties and obligations to the government, and if he could have the assistance of William J. Burns, the federal detective who was already helping him in Oregon. With this promise, Older returned to San Francisco and reported to Spreckels, who then decided that he would back the prosecution financially, even if he should have to do it alone.

Early in February, 1906, Mr. Heney and Mr. Burns came to San Francisco, and Mr. Spreckels met them there for the first time. After a discussion of the situation, Mr. Spreckels said: "How much do you think it will cost, Mr. Heney, to make this fight and carry it to a finish?"

Heney replied: "Before we go into that, Mr. Spreckels, I should like to ask whether you understand and have fully considered the probable consequences of the action that you propose to take? You are, I assume, a novice in this sort of work, but Mr. Burns and I have had experience and we can tell you what is likely to happen to you. If you carry this fight through to a finish, without discrimination and without favor, you may ultimately find yourself up against men of wealth, power, and high social position. Some of them may even be your personal associates and friends. They will naturally turn against you, and in defending themselves they will do you all the harm they can. You must be prepared for loss of friends, injury to your business, false statements about your character and motives, and worries and annoyances of all kinds. You must even be ready to take the risk of assassination, because when men are threatened with the penitentiary and see no other way of escape they sometimes commit murder, or hire it done. Have you thought of all these things?"

Mr. Spreckels replied that he had thought of some of them and was fully prepared to take the risk of all.

"Very well," said Mr. Heney. "I'll join you, and we'll carry this prosecution just as far and just as high up as the evidence will take us. My estimate of the expense is one hundred thousand dollars."

"If you go into this work," said Mr. Spreckels, "I shall expect you to give it your undivided time and attention and your best energies. You'll have to abandon everything else and devote yourself exclusively to this business. Upon

such conditions, what do you think your share of the hundred thousand dollars should be?"

To this Mr. Heney replied: "I don't want any share at all. If you—a man of wealth, a man who doesn't have to go into things of this kind—are willing to give it your time and your money, to sacrifice your comfort and, if necessary, your business and your friends, in order to put up a fight for honest government, I should be a poor sort of creature if I were not willing to make some sacrifice myself. I'll conduct this prosecution without pay." Then, with a smile, he added: "If a grateful city chooses to erect a monument over my grave when I'm dead, all right; it will be reward enough."

Spreckels' Committee of One

After this talk with Heney and Burns, Mr. Spreckels made another attempt to get the support of prominent citizens. He thought that if he could persuade twelve or fifteen wealthy and influential business men to organize a sort of good government club and contribute five or ten thousand dollars each to a civic reform fund, it would help to give the prosecution a representative character and add greatly to its strength. He soon discovered, however, that the business men of San Francisco were not willing to support, openly, a prosecution which threatened *all* wrong-doers, without exception, and which might strike as high as the office of the chief legal counsel of the Southern Pacific Railroad. They thought that something ought to be done, and they had no objection to the punishment of Schmitz and Ruef; but they were not prepared to attack powerful corporations, nor to investigate and prosecute without discrimination or limit. In short, they were afraid that their business would be injured; that their relations with others would be made unpleasant; or that their duty as members of the proposed committee would conflict with their obligations to men with whom they had been closely associated. Some of them were willing to give money, but they would do so only upon condition that their names should not be made public.

Mr. Spreckels finally abandoned the idea of organizing a citizens' committee, and in reporting his failure to Mr. Older said: "I can't get fifteen men, I can't get ten men, I can't even get five men. Now I'm going to form a committee of one—Rudolph Spreckels. They can't throw me down, and I'll guarantee the hundred thousand dollars for the expenses of this prosecution."

Heney Made Assistant District Attorney

In February, 1906, Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Burns secretly put detectives into the field and



FRANCIS J. HENY

Assistant District Attorney and Special Prosecutor

began the search for legal evidence against Ruef, Schmitz, and the corrupt officials of the municipal government. The earthquake and fire in April interrupted the investigation, and it was not actively taken up again until Heney and Burns finished their work in Oregon and came to San Francisco in the fall of 1906. The first thing that then had to be done was to give Mr. Heney official standing by getting him appointed as Assistant District Attorney, so that he could act with authority as a legal representative of the State.

William H. Langdon, the District Attorney, had been elected on the Ruef-Schmitz ticket, and it was uncertain whether he would be willing to appoint, as his assistant, a man whose avowed purpose was to prosecute the Ruef-Schmitz administration. It so happened, however, that Mr. Langdon, at that time, was running for Governor of the State, as the candidate of William R. Hearst's Independence League, and that the manager of Mr. Hearst's campaign was J. J. Dwyer. Mr. Dwyer was in sympathy with the objects of the prosecution, and through his influence Langdon was induced to remove Assistant District Attorney Duke and appoint Mr. Heney in his place; and on the

24th of October Mr. Heney entered upon the discharge of his duties.

Foreseeing trouble as the result of this appointment, Mr. Ruef made a daring attempt, through the Board of Supervisors, to remove Langdon and get the latter's place for himself; but this move was promptly blocked by the courts

Getting an Honest Grand Jury

The next thing of importance that had to be done was to get an honest grand jury, so that when the evidence against Schmitz and Ruef should be presented, it would be possible to secure indictments. In previous years, clerks and secretaries who acted as Ruef's confederates in the courts had often drawn grand jurymen of Ruef's own selection by putting rubber bands around the little slips of paper that bore their names, so that they could be distinguished, in the box, by the sense of touch. Before drawing them out the clerk would slip the rubber bands off, and an observer never would have suspected that any discrimination had been made. In order to prevent fraud of this kind, Mr. Heney insisted that the slips bearing the names should all be emptied out of the box upon a table, where they could be examined before the drawing took place.

The jury chosen was a fairly good one, even in the beginning; and as it gradually became acquainted with municipal affairs and conditions, as disclosed by Mr. Burns' investigations, it was so shocked and aroused, and its feeling of civic duty was so intensified, that, upon presentation of convincing evidence, its members would not have hesitated to indict their own brothers.

Before the end of the winter, its foreman, Mr. B. P. Oliver, said to one of his friends: "I realize, for the first time, that I have not been a good citizen. I have not taken much interest in politics; I have evaded jury duty when I could; and I have given myself up, for the most part, to the making of money; but since I have seen, in the grand jury room, what money will lead men to do, I have almost come to hate the rotten stuff. I don't care whether my children have any of it or not."

With the impaneling of an honest grand jury, the way was cleared for a vigorous and effective prosecution of all the grafters, blackmailers, extortioners, and bribers in the city; and with a good deal of public sympathy, but very little active support, except from the newspapers, three determined men began the fight against Ruef, the Mayor, the supervisors, the municipal boards, the sheriff, the police, and some of the

most wealthy and powerful corporations on the Pacific coast.

Burns' Great Feat of Detective Work

William J. Burns, who was a federal detective of eighteen years' experience, put a well-organized force of men into the field, and soon began to get circumstantial evidence which connected Ruef, Schmitz, and the municipal boards with all sorts of crooked transactions. However, he experienced the same trouble that the Andrews Grand Jury had had in tracing bribes and black-mail directly to the Mayor. The first man he secured who could furnish proof — or at least show where it might be found — was Frank Maestretti, ex-president of the Board of Public Works.

Maestretti was a political ward boss of the Tammany type, who had instigated or encouraged ballot-box stuffing in the Thirty-ninth Election District of San Francisco in 1904; who had been tried for subornation of perjury upon an indictment found by the Andrews Grand Jury; who had been acquitted through the tangling up of the witnesses for the State by counsel for the defense; and who had finally been appointed president of the Board of Public Works in place of the Mayor's brother.

In the Republican State Convention at Santa Cruz, in 1906, Maestretti incurred the displeasure of Ruef and Schmitz through alleged unfaithfulness; and when the Mayor went to Europe, in the fall of that year, he left orders with Gallagher, who was to act as Mayor in Schmitz's absence, to punish Maestretti by removing him from office. This action greatly incensed Maestretti, partly because his position had given him many opportunities for graft, partly because the Mayor had promised, before he went away, that no change in the presidency of the Board of Works would be made.

While Maestretti was in this angry, resentful mood, he happened to meet Mr. Older of the *Bulletin*, and in talking with the latter about his (Maestretti's) removal from office he attributed it to the spite of Ruef. Older expressed the opinion that Maestretti had been deceived and betrayed not by Ruef alone, but by Schmitz as well; and when Maestretti doubted this, Older suggested that he cable the Mayor, who was then in London, and ask him whether the removal had been made by his order. Maestretti acted upon this suggestion, and when he received no answer to his telegram he became convinced that Schmitz had dealt treacherously with him, and had virtually stabbed him while pretending to be his friend. This made him more indignant than ever; and taking advantage skilfully of his anger and his desire to be revenged upon the Mayor and Ruef,



FREMONT OLDER

Editor of the *San Francisco Bulletin*

Burns succeeded in prevailing upon him to give aid and information to the prosecution.

In this way Mr. Burns obtained the coöperation of a man who knew many of the secrets of the administration, and who could, therefore, suggest methods of getting legal evidence and designate persons from whom such evidence could be obtained.

Having thus broken into the ranks of the grafters, Mr. Burns worked so rapidly and so successfully that on the 30th of November, five weeks after the appointment of Mr. Heney as Assistant District Attorney, Ruef and Chief of Police Dinan were jointly indicted for conspiracy in selling protection to the house of prostitution at 712 Pacific Street; and Dinan, who had given false testimony before the grand jury in connection with the same house, was indicted alone for perjury. Just a week later, Schmitz and Ruef were arraigned in the Superior Court on five indictments charging them with felonious extortion of money from the French restaurants.

Thus in the first haul of the net of the prosecution were caught the three criminals who were chiefly responsible for the corruption of the municipal government, namely, the boss, the Mayor, and the Chief of Police.

The Supervisors Turn State's Evidence

But this was only a beginning. Mr. Burns soon became satisfied that in order to get evidence against the men who had bribed the administration, and especially the corporations, it would be necessary to break down the supervisors and force them to confess. In order to accomplish this, he used agents who were in their confidence and who, at the same time, were trusted by Schmitz and Ruef. Through such agents—men who had previously acted with the corrupt officials of the municipal government—he sowed seeds of suspicion and dissension in the ranks of the grafters, and made the supervisors believe that Schmitz and Ruef were “holding out on them,” that is, were not dividing fairly with them the money received for ordinances and franchises which they were directed to pass or grant.

Ruef, at that time, was paying the bribe-money to the supervisors through Gallagher, the chairman of the Finance Committee, and none of them had received money for corrupt action in any other way or from any other source. As soon, however, as they were led to believe that Schmitz and Ruef were withholding from them their fair share of the “boodle,” they determined to do a little business on their own account, and to pick up a few bribes which would not have to be divided with Ruef. But when they undertook to do this they were lost; because they were sure to fall, sooner or later, into one of the traps that Burns and his agents were setting for them.

The next move of the skilful and experienced detective was to inspire Schmitz with the belief that Maestretti, ex-president of the Board of Public Works, ex-Police Commissioner Poheim, and others, had gone over to the prosecution and were secretly working against him. This idea was supported by the action of Spreckels, Heney, and Burns in asking the Governor of the State to pardon two of Maestretti's men who had been sent to the penitentiary for ballot-box stuffing, and color was also given to it by paragraphs which appeared from time to time in the local newspapers stating that Maestretti was furnishing Heney and Burns with information.

Irritated by the discovery that these men were working against him, the Mayor cast about in his mind for some means of punishing them, and shortly hit upon the idea of striking at them through a roller-skating rink which they jointly owned and from which they were receiving a large revenue. He therefore caused to be laid before the Board of Supervisors an ordinance which provided that no girl under sixteen years of age should visit a skating-rink unless accompanied by her mother. This, on

its face, looked like a measure framed in the interest of public morality; but inasmuch as the patrons of skating-rinks in San Francisco are largely young girls, the ordinance materially reduced the profits of Maestretti, Poheim, and Roy.

Agents of Burns, acting ostensibly in behalf of the proprietors of San Francisco skating-rinks generally, then opened negotiations with three of the supervisors—Lonergan, Boxtton, and Walsh—and offered to give them five hundred dollars apiece if they would vote against the skating-rink ordinance.

Believing that Schmitz and Ruef were “holding out on them,” and that, consequently, they were fully justified in making what they could by grafting on their own account, the three supervisors, one after another, expressed a willingness to be bribed.

Burns then rented a furnished house on Hyde Street; bored gimlet-holes in a door of the room that was to be used as a trap; arranged table and chairs in the way that they would be arranged when the supervisors should come there after their money; and then had a private rehearsal, in order to make sure that he and his secret-service men in the next room could see through the gimlet-holes, and hear through the door, when the money should be passed.

“Now, Tom,” said one of Burns' men, addressing an empty chair before the trap had been set, “I'm giving you this five hundred dollars without the scratch of a pen, and I'm trusting to your word that you'll vote against that skating-rink ordinance.” He then handed to the empty chair a package of bills. Burns and his men, concealed in the next room, found that they could see and hear perfectly.

The first supervisor to fall into the trap was Lonergan, who came alone, received five hundred dollars furnished by Mr. Spreckels, and went away without ever suspecting that his conversation with the briber had been overheard, or that the transfer of the money from hand to hand had been watched. Boxtton and Walsh were then caught in the same way, and Lonergan was entrapped a second time, and then and there put under arrest, with the money in his possession. It was a comparatively easy matter, of course, to intimidate and break down Lonergan, and with the information which he furnished, and the proof already in hand, Burns overwhelmed Boxtton and Walsh, and eventually extorted confessions from the other guilty supervisors of the board. Upon promise of immunity and protection, they all “came through,” and furnished evidence upon which indictments were found against the telephone companies, the United Railroads, and the other bribing corporations.

MRS. TREMLEY

BY

MARY STEWART CUTTING

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE STORIES OF COURTSHIP," "LITTLE STORIES OF MARRIED LIFE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS



YOUNG Mrs. Lorimer Grant's mother, Mrs. Tremley, stood opposite the oval mirror of the dressing-table in her rose-hung room, pinning on her hat with fingers that shook a little; she was going to see the one person on whose intimate sympathy and help she could rely in the present emergency — her friend Miss Westmore, who had arrived the night before, from the town which had until lately been the home of both, on a visit to a widowed brother.

Mrs. Tremley's hat was a pretty one; even in her wretchedness, with the tears running uncontrollably down her cheeks, she was forlornly conscious that it *was* pretty, and was automatically careful to get it on straight. It would have added the last straw if she had had to wear ugly things. To a woman of middle age a hat is a crucial thing — if it doesn't absolutely soften and adorn, it accentuates every ravaging mark that time has made. Mrs. Tremley's hats were triumphs in their way. They were always soft and misty, with little gleams and velvety shadows in them, which appropriately framed her delicate face and curling grayish locks.

They would have been a triumph for any woman, and when you knew how little money she spent on them, they were a marvel. Mrs. Tremley's income came in a tiny check each month from a Woman's Exchange for which she privately hemmed table-linen in her beautiful napery stitch — such a tiny check that most people wouldn't have considered it an "income" at all; but it had been her portion to contribute to the general fund when Trina was the wage-earner and the two had lived alone together, and it saved her self-respect now. She wasn't wholly dependent on her newly married daughter and her son-in-law, even if she had to accept her board and lodging from them. She hadn't minded doing that at first. Hadn't she and Trina always been together? But lately —

how was it possible that it was her own child who had dealt the blow? She was afraid to think, for fear a dagger would stab her to the heart.

She hastily dried her tears and pulled the little veil down over her face as Trina came suddenly into the room.

"Going over to see Sally, Mother?" she asked, with a swift, anxious glance at the averted face of the other.

"Yes; I think she'll be rested now from the journey."

"Give her my love," said the girl absently.

She was pretty and dark-haired, with coral lips and a coral tinge to her smooth cheeks, accentuated by a string of pink coral beads that hung around her neck over a long tea-gown of white wool material, bridal new, and trimmed with lace.

"Bend down, Mother, and let me pin your veil; it isn't on straight. There! you're all right again now. Give my love to Sally." She hesitated and went on rapidly, with heightening color: "Be sure and stay to dinner if she asks you to, as of course she will. It will make a nice little change for you. I don't expect to see a thing of you while she's here! Lorimer and I were saying this morning that you needed a change — it's dreadfully stupid for you here all the time with us."

"She's afraid — poor child — that I heard what they *did* say!" thought the mother, with a pang, as she answered gently:

"I never find it stupid where you are, Trina, and I thought I'd get home early and make some gingerbread for dessert."

"Now, Mother, *please* don't! Lorimer only ate it last time so as not to hurt your feelings; he really doesn't care for it a bit. And, Mother, just wait a moment — your belt's crooked. Mother, I saw that you got some money from the Exchange this morning. Now please don't spend any of it on the house. It's perfectly ridiculous for you to go and buy grapes for Lorimer as

you did last week—it distresses him to have you do it!”

“It was such a handsome bunch!” murmured Mrs. Tremley apologetically.

“I wish you wouldn’t keep on with the Exchange. You know that what’s mine is yours as much now as it always was, Mother. When any one asks me how it seems not to earn my own money, I always say, ‘It seems perfectly lovely!’ I’m the most unblushingly dependent person you ever knew. . . . You aren’t going without kissing me good-by, Mother? Give my love to Sally. I feel quite jealous because you’re going to have such a good time together without me. I’d make you take me along if Lorimer wasn’t coming for me to go with him.”

“Good-by, dear,” said the mother.

It was always Lorimer! Through all Trina’s rattle and chatter she felt that the noise was only to drive away that Silent Thing which stood ready to creep between them.

For once she was glad to leave her child for Sally, who, between the ages of both, had been mostly the mother’s friend; she had no friends of her own age, having long ago merged herself in Trina’s. She was sick for the comfort of Sally’s voice—Sally, who would convince her that the specter didn’t exist, that her presence was as necessary for Trina’s happiness as it had ever been. For ten whole days she would at any rate have Sally—somebody who would want to be only with her. Except for the brother and his daughter, Sally was as much a stranger here as she was herself.

She hurried along now, erect and graceful in spite of her forlornness, which was accentuated by that deep depression, the “dust-and-ashes” feeling, which comes as part of our later heritage in the springtime, when all nature is efficiently budding and getting ready for the new life, and there seems to be no spring of anything in us. Our forces do not quicken so easily—they wear us out with their dragging. No effort seems as if it could be worth while. Yet, with this, Mrs. Tremley had also an ineradicable youthfulness of temperament that held in it no peaceful acceptance of denial. She was as desirous of having life her own way as she had always been.

It was a pretty enough town, with large houses and spreading trees and wide green door-yards whitened here and there with circled rings of fallen magnolia petals; but the scene was, after all, an alien one. She longed, as those do who are uprooted in middle age, for the sight of a familiar turning, or even for the long, smoke-belching, black-windowed factory which she had always hated to pass. Everybody told her how much prettier this place was than the one

she had left—she patiently consented to admire, while she inwardly loathed her surroundings. They were all part of this great change which she herself had enthusiastically helped to bring about, by her sympathy, if in no other way. It had been her own romance as well as Trina’s when Trina was trying to find out whether she really cared for Lorimer Grant who loved her so much. At the time it had seemed as if the mother were more in love with him than the daughter.

Even after Trina had decided, she had still kept up an absurdly wilful, altogether charming reservation of herself. The mother smiled now at the remembrance of Trina’s quick “No, Lorimer!” and her instant retreat, blushing and laughing, when he came into the room, with her further threat: “I’ll go away and not come back unless you promise not to touch me unless I say you can. Please, Lorimer!”

Underneath all her wilfulness was the promise of something intoxicatingly sweet when she should forget to be shy. The mother had had long, long talks with her child, who clung to her and long, long talks with Lorimer. She had been his confidante. But all that had been changed since the marriage.

They seemed, even after three months, grow daily more and more exquisitely absorbed in each other. The mother, who had been everything to both, was oddly apart now, when she wanted to be so one with their happiness. Even in the daytime, when Lorimer was away, Trina wasn’t really hers—the thought of him still overpoweringly possessed her. The mother’s very ministrations in the house seemed in some way to clash against it. She began sensitively to find out that she cleared up things which Trina didn’t want cleared up, or dusted books and ornaments which Trina wished no hand to touch but her own. The daughter no longer confided as she used to do; she tried to be interested in all her mother said, but it was often evident that no matter how brightly she questioned or answered, she really *wasn’t* interested. She had moments of far-off silences, soft flushing inner communings. It was with her mother that she was shy now, not with Lorimer. Poor Mrs. Tremley wondered how she could ever have thought that lean brown face, with the black eyes and hair, handsome—she was so deadly sick of always seeing it near Trina’s. She had awful, after-repudiated moments of feeling that he was getting to be perhaps as sick of seeing her, though she unflinchingly lavished her services on him—if that was the way to please Trina she would please! And he was invariably polite and attentive to her, even when Trina fidgeted.

He had ordinarily a gallant manner, though when he was so much to Trina it seemed somehow chilling to find herself still only "Mrs. Tremley" to him. The conversation at those three meals a day—to which she was always promptly on time—would often have languished if she herself hadn't kept it up, nervously trying her best to select subjects that would be pleasing to her son-in-law. The quieter the others grew, the harder she talked, in that desperate effort to be agreeable, not to be a dead-weight. Yet if the two happened at any time to be without her for a moment, she could hear the incessant low murmur of their voices. A couple of times she had left them purposely alone for the entire evening, and Trina, coming up-stairs to seek her out, had found her weeping in her loneliness.

Trina had been so loving, so terribly distressed. Not want her with them? Why, of course they wanted her with them! She must never think of anything else. When she had fondly drawn her mother down-stairs into the library, they had all had a game of cribbage together. And yet—and yet—the thing that had been said that morning, that she had overheard, couldn't unsay itself. Trina, in recounting the conversation, had left out her closing sentence:

"If mother would *only* stay at Sally's, so that we could have our dinner alone to-night, Lorimer!" and Lorimer's longing assent, "If she only would!"

Never had the mother felt as she had when those dagger-like words struck her. They seemed to strike at the very base of motherhood, to take away from her something which she had been created to give. They must be translated into meaning something else if she were to live. She passionately needed Sally to reassure her, to laugh at her and quote Trina's own protestations of not being happy without her.

So prettily garbed, so delicately fine in her lavender gown and hat was Mrs. Tremley, as she walked along those alien streets in the fragrant sunshine of the spring afternoon, that no one would have dreamed that in her lonely commonplaceness she was fast locked in one of the grappling problems of life—the problem of shifting one's individuality so that it may adequately meet new and strange conditions for it. To be no longer necessary to those we love! She stopped for a moment to lean on the stone railing of a little bridge, below which flowed a little brook, as unresting as her heart.

A robin sang out from the green branches of a tree at the side of it, with that peculiar sound there is in such bird notes in the early spring, as if they had all the hollow dome of the blue heavens for their own. For one brief moment

Mrs. Tremley felt that if this day brought her no rescue she must die.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Tremley." The speaker was a tall, smiling, sallow woman, modishly dressed, with large, waving black plumes and rustling skirts. She had an almost professional manner of greeting, as of one used to being affably recognizant of many. "Perhaps you don't remember me—Mrs. Bevan of the Vittoria Colonna Club."

"Oh, certainly! Good afternoon, Mrs. Bevan," said Mrs. Tremley, with vague recollection.

"I don't often meet you out—I suppose you are too occupied with your dear young people," pursued Mrs. Bevan professionally, with, however, a curious, half-anxious look at the other. Mrs. Tremley didn't know how white she was. "Your daughter told me how fortunate she was in having you with her. There's no one who can take the place of a mother, is there?" She lapsed into a warmer tone. "The other day when I saw you two together, I said to my husband, 'I wish I could borrow Mrs. Grant's mother, she reminds me so much of my own!'"

"Thank you!" said Mrs. Tremley, with a slight stiffening—why, the woman could be only a few years younger than herself!

Yet she was still more forlorn after the other passed on, in spite of the assurance she had longed for. She had it at every hand, from Trina and from every one who met her, yet it only satisfied her for the moment—and left a worse hurt behind. She had kept the tears from her eyes while she walked, but they were very near to flowing now. It was with wild haste to reach a refuge that she at last rang the doorbell of the old-fashioned double house in which Sally Westmore's brother and niece lived, and a moment after heard Sally's cheerful, welcoming voice calling her to come up-stairs.

"I've only fifteen minutes in which to get dressed to meet Edith,"—Edith was the niece,—she declared, as, clad in a flowing wrapper, she embraced her friend, "and I don't want to lose you for one moment of them." Sally's large, handsome personality seemed extraordinarily blooming and full of life. "Take this chair, it's the most comfortable one, and I can talk to you as I go in and out. Well, and how are you, dear? It's lovely to see you again."

"Oh, I'm well," said Mrs. Tremley vaguely, gazing at the screen behind which Miss Westmore had disappeared and was evidently washing, with loud noise of running water and slappings of wet linen. The visitor raised her voice. "Oh, Sally, you don't *know* how glad

I am to see you, how I've longed for your coming! I felt that I could hardly live until you got here! I've been through so much — I — will you be out soon?"

"Go on; I can hear you perfectly," encouraged Miss Westmore.

"I am so sick of living in a strange place and seeing only strange faces," pursued Mrs. Tremley, in a still louder voice, that trembled a little. "If I were only home again!"

"Well, I can tell you that *I'm* perfectly delighted to get away from home and see strange faces," announced Miss Westmore excitedly. She had emerged now from behind the screen, fresh and sparkling, and was dashing about the room laying hold of different garments. "Really, I got in such a state that, as I told Edie, if I should have had to look at old Mr. Drum and the Walker girls and Mrs. Kellert passing the house another day, I'd have gone into nervous prostration. Edie's got something on hand for every blessed day I'm here. There are a lot of interesting things going on at the Club. Why on earth don't you join it? Edie would put you up."

"I never have belonged to clubs," said Mrs. Tremley stiffly.

"What difference does that make? There's a time for everything. I hope I'll never get to the place where I won't want to do a thing because I've never done it before," said Miss Westmore belligerently. "Will you do me up behind?"

She held her body rigid, but her hands dashed from right to left of the dressing-table as her visitor painstakingly struggled with the hooks. "It does seem dreadful to have to run off and leave you this way. To-morrow — no, I don't believe I'll have a minute to-morrow, with the drive and all — but the day after — oh, I haven't asked you a word about Trina and Lorimer. I suppose you're all perfectly happy together now, after all the excitement they dragged us through!" She wheeled suddenly. "Winifred Tremley, what's the matter? Just wait till I get my hat and cloak. There, go on now and tell me."

"There's nothing to tell," said Mrs. Tremley. She made an effort. "Oh, yes, they're very happy, and I — it's absurd, of course, but sometimes" — the words would out, even at this inauspicious moment — "I feel as if they'd be happier if I were not with them so much."

She drew a long breath; at last she had said it. "It makes Trina unhappy if I hint at it, but of course there are times when I can't help being sensitive, when I feel as if they didn't need me with them."

The bitter moisture in Mrs. Tremley's eyes was arrested by the expression on her friend's

face. Miss Westmore was putting on her gloves, — after a comprehensive dashing of her toilet accessories into place, — and she stopped for an instant, with an odd look of mingled comprehension and compassion and a queer underlying, scarcely veiled surprise.

"Why, of course — what did you expect? I should think you'd know — well, there's no use in *my* saying — and *you've* been married *yourself*!" She shut her lips tight, still with that peculiar look at her friend. "Well, I'll have to go, dear —" Her arms went around the older woman. "We'll go down-stairs together. Oh, I'll be sure and get to you day after to-morrow at any rate, even if it's only for ten minutes. You won't mind if I leave you? I have to perfectly race. Good-by! Give my love to Trina. I've been so glad to see you!"

Glad to see her! It seemed to Mrs. Tremley as she retraced her steps that nobody was ever going to be really glad to see her again in this world. She was to be forever and forever only an accessory to other people's pleasures. No one needed her. Even this tried friend had failed her, as even the nearest and dearest friend will sometimes fail one in what seems the time of utmost need, and one is brought face to face with that inexorable law that we ourselves must live our own lives, and stand, if we stand at all, from the strength within us.

Yet, strangely enough, through the bitterness of her soul, she seemed after all to divinely glimpse something to stand by. The ease that she had cried for hadn't come; instead what was it that Sally Westmore had said — had wanted to say? That in Trina's scheme of happiness just now she was necessarily outside? Why *should* they want her with them *all the* time? Why should two people who were still honeymooning not be better off without *any* one else there? Strange, how when one plunged the dagger firmly in, that after that one sharp thrust the wound should be so easeful! "It does not hurt, O Paetus!" All death is that something else shall live. What was that Sally had wanted to tell her? She had been married, as Miss Westmore truly said, herself.

She stopped on the little bridge once more, and rested her arms on the rail — looking down over it at the ceaseless bubbling flow of the brook, as it circled around the stones. The leaves on the twigs rustled gaily in the sunshine, the sky-blue hollows of the sky seemed immeasurable. The robin was silent.

She was thinking of her husband and herself in those far-off, bygone days when they had gone to housekeeping together: of the dining-table they had bought; of the time when "his" mother had stayed with them — "But she was very



SHE LINGERED OVER HER MEAL, ENJOYING EVERY MOUTHFUL

different from the way I am with Trina," she said to herself hastily. They had begun life together quite alone; they were very young, much younger than Trina, and very much in love. They had needed no one but each other. She had made a great many mistakes, of course, that a mother could have saved her,—that she had meant to save Trina,—and yet—she wouldn't have had it any different! There came back over her face, after all these intervening years, that inexpressible look of one who has been once surprised by love, one who remembers the happiness of her honeymoon.

She stayed there a long time looking at that ceaselessly flowing water, a long, long time. When the breeze began to blow up cool, she left it and began her walk back. She walked briskly, still smiling a little to herself. She looked very young, and her bonnet very becoming. She did not go straight home, but went out of her way and stopped at the baker's for a couple of muffins and at the grocer's for a small blue-and-gray jar of ginger, and a cream-cheese, and a little glass box of smoked fish. As she passed the greenhouse of the florist, she hesitated, and then went in recklessly to purchase a couple of long green-stemmed pink roses. When she reached the house, she said to the maid who let her in, "You can set the table for two to-night, Ellen, I won't be there," and then went to work making her simple preparations with a pleasure in the dainty housewifery which she hadn't had since she had been under the roof of her son-in-law. She drew out a little mahogany stand in her room and stood it by the rose curtains of the west window, and spread on it a fair white linen cloth and a little brown Wedgwood tea-pot and a small brass tea-kettle that were her own belongings. Then she went down-stairs to see about the rest of the little plenishings that Ellen insisted on taking up for her. There was soup for dinner, and a leg of lamb, and vegetables and macaroni and pudding. Lorimer liked to dine heartily. Mrs. Tremley wanted none of these things. They seemed heavy and hot and uninteresting beside the meal she had in prospect. Her mouth fairly watered for those muffins!

She heard Trina and Lorimer run up the steps together, but she did not go to meet them as usual. She waited patiently until Trina, dressed for dinner, opened the door of her room and looked in.

"Mother, are you ill? Ellen said—why, Mother!"

Mrs. Tremley sat in an arm-chair by her little white-covered table in the rose-curtained window. The blue ginger-jar stood near the hissing brass tea-kettle; the muffins, exquisitely brown, flanked the white cream-cheese; and on the dressing-table beside her the long-stemmed pink roses hung over the glass at one side. There was a glow in the west that filled all the room with a pale, rosy light.

"Why, Mother!" said Trina again in amazement. Her voice was unsteady, and she came and put her arms close, close around the dear form. "Mother! what does all this mean? Have you deserted us?"

"It means that I'm going to have my days out, if I want to—like Ellen!" said Mrs. Tremley happily. "Trina! I want you and Lorimer to have your dinner together sometimes—just you two together, dearie. There's often but this one time in your life, dear, when you can have it like that—just you two together. I'm enjoying myself!" She pushed the girl away gently. "Really, Trina! You mustn't come up afterwards, for I want to read up in my history. I'm going to join a class at the Club. I was always so fond of history."

She listened to their voices down-stairs, when her peremptoriness had at last insured Trina's reluctant obedience. They were a little worried now, but they would soon get over it. She lingered over her meal, enjoying every mouthful, filled with a new peacefulness that seemed to be made up, not from any great thing, but from a thousand little things. She thought, oddly enough, of how Trina's little socks had used to look when the baby had kicked them off on to the floor.

Oh, she was really a mother again! She had found out how to give some of her life to her child. That was what had nearly killed her—to be no longer a mother, not to have anything of herself to give toward her child's happiness. Trina might not understand, but that made no difference. Some day her little girl would consciously need her again in the old way, or in some new way that might be even sweeter; but she expected no more recognition now than when she had given her little Trina life from the life of her own bosom. The fact was the same.

It added a little even to that deep, exquisite sense of bestowal when Lorimer, coming up to her room later, said impulsively, as he kissed her, "Good night, Mother." He had the old tender, intimate manner that had made her almost as much in love with him as Trina was.

MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY

GEORGINE MILMINE

VIII

THE MASSACHUSETTS METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE AND
CALVIN FRYE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



THE organization of the Christian Science Church in August, 1879, seems to have suggested the organization of another institution, which, in the history of the Christian Science movement, is second in importance only to the Church itself. The Massachusetts Metaphysical College was chartered January 31, 1881, and between that date and 1889, when it closed, about four thousand persons studied Christian Science in this institution, and to-day many practising healers have the degree of C. S. B., C. S. D., or D. S. D. from Mrs. Eddy's college.

The college was organized something more than a year before Mrs. Eddy removed permanently to Boston, and was, in the beginning, one of the experiments by which she strove to rehabilitate herself in Lynn. Its charter was issued under an act passed in 1874,* an act so loose in its requirements, resulting in the chartering of so many dubious institutions and the granting of so many misleading diplomas, that in 1883 medical institutions chartered under this act were prohibited from conferring degrees. The purpose of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, as stated in the articles of agreement, was: "To teach pathology, ontology, therapeutics, moral science, metaphysics, and their application to the treatment of diseases." The signers to the articles of agreement were: Mary B. G. Eddy, president; James C.

Howard, treasurer; Charles J. Eastman, M.D., Edgar F. Woodbury, James Wiley, William F. Walker, and Samuel P. Bancroft, directors; all students of Mrs. Eddy's except Charles J. Eastman, who had been a pupil in the little "dame's school" which Mrs. Eddy taught at Tilton for a few months during her first widowhood, and who at this time had a doubtful medical practice in Boston.

The name "Massachusetts Metaphysical College" is somewhat misleading. During the nine years of its existence this institution never had a building of its own, or any other seat than Mrs. Eddy's parlor, and, with very incidental exceptions, Mrs. Eddy herself, during all this time, constituted the entire faculty.* In short, the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, subsequently of such wide fame among Christian Scientists, was simply Mrs. Eddy, and its seat was wherever she happened to be. To call it an institution was a very literal application of the boast of the old Williams alumni that Mark Hopkins on one end of a saw-log and a student on the other would make a college.

The organization of the college in 1881 in no way changed Mrs. Eddy's manner of instruction. Her new letter-heads, indeed, told the public that the Massachusetts Metaphysical College was located at Number 8 Broad Street, Lynn, but the name was the only thing which was new. Classes of from two to five students continued to meet on the second floor of Mrs. Eddy's house, as before, and she gave but one course of study: twelve lessons in mental healing, very similar to those she had given to Miss Rawson, Mrs. Rice, and their fellow-students eleven years

* Acts and Resolves passed by the General Court of Massachusetts, 1874, Chapter 375, Section 2: "Such association may be entered into for any educational, charitable, benevolent, or religious purpose; for the prosecution of any antiquarian, historical, literary, scientific, medical, artistic, monumental, or musical purposes," etc., etc. This Chapter 375 was later merged into Chapter 115 of the Public Statutes.

* Mrs. Eddy states that her husband taught two terms in her college, that her adopted son, E. J. Foster Eddy, taught one term, and that Erastus N. Bates taught one class.

before — except that "manipulation" was now discountenanced, and denunciation of mesmerism was a prominent feature of the lectures. The tuition fee was still three hundred dollars, the price which Mrs. Eddy says she fixed under Divine guidance; although, in many instances where the student was unable to pay that amount, she took one hundred dollars instead

Mr. Eddy Suffering from Mesmeric Poison

When Mrs. and Mr. Eddy moved to Boston in the early spring of 1882, they soon took a house at 569 Columbus Avenue, Mrs. Eddy's first permanent home in Boston, and on the door placed a large silver plate bearing the inscription, "Massachusetts Metaphysical College." At about this time Mr. Eddy's health began to decline, and both he and his wife believed that he was suffering from the adverse mental treatments of Edward J. Arens.

After the charge of conspiracy to murder, brought in 1878, a coldness developed between Mr. Arens and the Eddys. He came to Boston, and began to exercise some originality in his practice and teaching, which was, of course, very obnoxious to Mrs. Eddy. In 1881 Mr. Arens published a pamphlet entitled "Theology, or the Understanding of God as Applied to Healing the Sick." In this pamphlet Mr. Arens quoted extensively from "Science and Health," using the text of Mrs. Eddy's work where it answered his purpose, but substituting his own ideas for many of her statements which he believed were extreme or untenable. In his preface he announced that he made no claim to having originated the doctrine which he advanced, stating that it had been practised by Jesus and the apostles, by the secret association of priests known as the Gottesfreunde in the fourteenth century, and in the nineteenth century by P. P. Quimby, of Belfast, Maine. He added that he had made use of "some thoughts contained in a work by Eddy." The third edition of "Science and Health" appeared a few months later, containing a preface signed Asa G. Eddy, which scathingly denounced Arens as a plagiarist, and paid the following tribute to Mrs. Eddy:

"Mrs. Eddy's works are the outgrowths of her life. I never knew so unselfish an individual, or one so tireless in what she considers her duty. It would require ages and God's mercy to make the ignorant hypocrite who published that pamphlet originate its contents. His pratings are colored by his character, they cannot impart the hue of ethics, but leave his own impress on what he takes. He knows less of metaphysics than any decently honest man."

From this time on, the Eddys accredited Mr.

Arens with the same malicious intervention in their affairs with which they had already charged Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Spofford. As has been mentioned before, Mrs. Eddy believed that the mesmeric influence of each of these three men affected her differently, and that each operated upon her in a manner analogous to the effect of certain harmful drugs. The influence of Mr. Arens, she insisted, affected her like arsenic. Hence, when Mr. Eddy's health began to fail, she diagnosed his case as the result of Mr. Arens' mesmeric influence, or, as she expressed it, "arsenical poison, mentally administered." To say that Mr. Eddy believed in malicious mesmerism more sincerely than did his wife would perhaps be incorrect; but his was the more passive nature, and he had less power of reaction and recuperation. He was convinced that he was being slowly poisoned, and daily treated himself against Mr. Arens and his alliterative chemical equivalent.

Death of Mr. Eddy

When Mr. Eddy continued to grow steadily worse, Mrs. Eddy became alarmed, and sent for a regular physician. She called Dr. Rufus K. Noyes, then of Lynn, a graduate of the Dartmouth Medical School and who has now for many years been a physician in Boston. Dr. Noyes found Mr. Eddy's case very simple, and told Mrs. Eddy that her husband was suffering from a common and very well-defined disease of the heart, and that he might die at any moment. He came to see Mr. Eddy twice after this, gave him advice as to diet, hygiene, and rest, and suggested the usual tonics for the heart and general system.

Mr. Eddy's death occurred on the morning of Saturday, June 3d, some hours before day-break, and almost immediately Mrs. Eddy telegraphed Dr. Noyes to come up from Lynn and perform an autopsy.* The old rumor that the post-mortem examination was held at the order of the board of health is totally unfounded. The autopsy was private, and was conducted at the widow's request. Dr. Noyes found that death had resulted from an organic disease of the heart, the aortic valve being destroyed and the surrounding tissues infiltrated with calcareous matter.

It is necessary to remember that, fantastic as the theory of poisoning by mental suggestion may sound, Mrs. Eddy thoroughly believed in it, and she considered her husband's death absolute proof of the power of malicious mesmerism to

* Only the year before, Mrs. Eddy had expressed herself strongly against post-mortem examinations: "A metaphysician never gives medicine, recommends or trusts in hygiene, or believes in the ocular or the post-mortem examination of patients." "Science and Health" (1881), Vol. I., p. 269.

"Many a hopeless case of disease is induced by a single post-mortem examination." "Science and Health" (1881), Vol. I., p. 169.



ENOCH FRYE III.
Father of Calvin A. Frye



LYDIA BARNARD FRYE
Mother of Calvin A. Frye

destroy life. Charles J. Eastman, who attended Mr. Eddy just before his death, agreed with Mrs. Eddy that the symptoms were those of arsenical poisoning, and she doubtless thought that the autopsy would corroborate this opinion. After the autopsy she still clung to her conviction, and, although Dr. Noyes actually took Mr. Eddy's heart into the room where she was and pointed out to her its defectiveness, she still maintained that her husband had died from mental arsenic. On Monday she gave out the following interview*:

"My husband's death was caused by malicious mesmerism. Dr. C. J. Eastman, who attended the case after it had taken an alarming turn, declares the symptoms to be the same as those of arsenical poisoning. On the other hand, Dr. Rufus K. Noyes, late of the City Hospital, who held an autopsy over the body to-day, affirms that the corpse is free from all material poison, although Dr. Eastman still holds to his original belief. I know it was poison that killed him, not material poison, but mesmeric poison. My husband was in uniform health, and but seldom complained of any kind of ailment. During his brief illness, just preceding his death, his continual cry was, 'Only relieve me of this continual suggestion, through the mind, of poison, and I will recover.' It is well known that by constantly dwelling upon any subject in thought finally comes the poison of belief through the whole system. . . .

* Boston Post, June 5, 1882.

I never saw a more self-possessed man than dear Dr. Eddy was. He said to Dr. Eastman, when he was finally called to attend him: 'My case is nothing that I cannot attend to myself, although to me it acts the same as poison and seems to pervade my whole system just as that would.'

"This is not the first case known of where death has occurred from what appeared to be poison, and was so declared by the attending physician, but in which the body, on being thoroughly examined by an autopsy, was shown to possess no signs of material poison. There was such a case in New York. Every one at first declared poison to have been the cause of death, as the symptoms were all there; but an autopsy contradicted the belief, and it was shown that the victim had had no opportunity for procuring poison. I afterwards learned that she had been very active in advocating the merits of our college. Oh, isn't it terrible, that this fiend of malpractice is in the land! The only remedy that is effectual in meeting this terrible power possessed by the evil-minded is to counteract it by the same method that I use in counteracting poison. They require the same remedy. Circumstances debarred me from taking hold of my husband's case. He declared himself perfectly capable of carrying himself through, and I was so entirely absorbed in business that I permitted him to try, and when I awakened to the danger it was too late. I have cured worse cases

before, but took hold of them in time. I don't think that Dr. Carpenter* had anything to do with my husband's death, but I do believe it was the rejected students†—students who were turned away from our college because of their unworthiness and immorality. To-day I sent for one of the students whom my husband had helped liberally, and given money, not knowing how unworthy he was. I wished him to come, that I might prove to him how, by metaphysics, I could show the cause of my husband's death. He was as pale as a ghost when he came to the door, and refused to enter, or to believe that I knew what caused his death. Within half an hour after he left, I felt the same attack that my husband felt—the same that caused his death. I instantly gave myself the same treatment that I would use in a case of arsenical poisoning, and so I recovered, just the same as I could have caused my husband to recover had I taken the case in time. After a certain amount of mesmeric poison has been administered it cannot be averted. No power of mind can resist it. It must be met with resistive action of the mind at the start, which will counteract it. We all know that disease of any kind cannot reach the body except through the mind, and that if the mind is cured the disease is soon relieved. Only a few days ago I disposed of a tumor in twenty-four hours that the doctors had said must be removed by the knife. I changed the course of the mind to counteract the effect of the disease. This proves the myth of matter. Mesmerism will make an apple burn the hand so that the child will cry. My husband never spoke of death as something we were to meet, but only as a phase of mortal belief. . . . I do believe in God's supremacy over error, and this gives me peace. I do believe, and have been told, that there is a price set upon my head. One of my students, a malpractitioner, has been heard to say that he would follow us to the grave. He has already reached my husband. While my husband and I were in Washington and Philadelphia last winter, we were obliged to guard against poison, the same symptoms apparent at my husband's death constantly attending us. And yet the one who was planning the evil against us was in Boston the whole time. To-day a lady, active in forwarding the good of our college, told me that she had been troubled almost constantly with arsenical poison symptoms, and is now treating them constantly as I directed her. Three days ago one of my

patients died, and the doctor said he died from arsenic, and yet there were no material symptoms of poison."

The "Doctor" Eastman whom Mrs. Eddy quotes as corroborating her theory that Mr. Eddy died from arsenic was not a graduate of any medical school, nor is there any evidence that he had ever studied at one, though the then lax medical laws of Massachusetts did not prevent him from writing M.D. after his name. He was a director of Mrs. Eddy's college, and his name appeared in her curriculum as an authority to be consulted on instrumental surgery, which was not taught in her classes. He was also dean of the so-called "Bellevue Medical College," which was chartered under the same indiscriminating act under which Mrs. Eddy's college was chartered, and which was later reported as a fraudulent institution and closed.

In the *Christian Science Journal*, June, 1885, Mrs. Eddy thus explains Mr. Eastman's connection with her college, but neglects to say that he was one of the original directors:

"Charles J. Eastman, M.D., was never a student of mine, and, to my knowledge, never claimed to be a Christian Scientist. At the time Mr. Rice* alludes to he was a homeopathic physician and dean of the Bellevue Medical College. His name appeared in my curriculum as surgeon to be consulted outside, instrumental surgery not being taught in my college. His name has been removed from my curriculum. Such are the facts wherewith Rev. Mr. Rice would slander a religious sect.

"MARY B. G. EDDY,
Prest. Massachusetts
Metaphysical College."

Although a genial enough fellow personally, and a frequent caller at Mrs. Eddy's house, Eastman's "professional" record is almost incredibly sinister. His private practice was largely of a criminal nature, and at the time when Mrs. Eddy made him a director of her college he had already been indicted on a charge of performing a criminal operation. In 1890 he was again before the Grand Jury on a similar charge; and in 1893, upon a third charge (the girl having died from the effects of the operation), he was sentenced to five years in the State prison. Eastman served out his term, and died a few years after his release.

Eastman's assertion that he found traces of arsenic in Mr. Eddy's system was absolutely valueless as a medical opinion, and Mrs. Eddy must have known that it would carry no weight,

* Dr. Carpenter was a well-known mesmerist who used to give public exhibitions in Boston.

† Although Mrs. Eddy usually attributed her husband's death to Mr. Arens' mesmeric influence, she sometimes mentioned Richard Kennedy as his accomplice.

* The Rev. Mr. Rice, a former member of the Massachusetts legislature, had written some newspaper articles against the issue of medical diplomas by Mrs. Eddy's college.

or she would not have summoned Dr. Noyes to make an autopsy.

Mr. Eddy's funeral services were held at the house on Columbus Avenue, after which his remains were taken to Tilton, New Hampshire, by Mr. George D. Choate, and interred in the Baker family lot, Mrs. Eddy herself remaining in Boston. On the following Sunday, Mrs. Clara Choate preached a eulogistic funeral sermon before the Christian Science congregation—still a small body of less than fifty members. Mr. Eddy, indeed, died upon the eve of the determining epoch in his wife's career, and could have had no conception of the ultimate influence and extent of the movement which bears his name.

Some time after Mr. Eddy's death, his wife wrote a colloquy in verse, which she called "Meeting of my Departed Mother and Husband," in which she expressed confidence in their blessed state and in her own future.

In this dialogue the mother, Abigail Baker, asks of Mr. Eddy:

"Bearest thou no tidings from our loved one on earth,
 The toiler tireless for Truth's new birth,
 All unbeguiled ?
 Our joy is gathered from her parting sigh :
 This hour looks on her heart with pitying eye,—
 What of my child ?"

To this Mr. Fddy replies:

"When severed by death's dream, I woke to life:
 She deemed I died, and could not hear my strife
 At first to fill
 That waking with a love that steady turns
 To God; a hope that ever upward yearns,
 Bowed to his will.

"Years had passed o'er thy broken household band
 When angels beckoned me to this bright land,
 With thee to meet.
 She that has wept o'er me, kissed thy cold brow,
 Rears the sad marble to our memory now
 In lone retreat.

"By the remembrance of her earthly life,
And parting prayer, I only know my wife,
 Thy child, shall come,—
Where farewells cloud not o'er our ransomed rest,—
Hither to reap, with all the crowned and blest,
 Of bliss the sum."

The Triumph of Mesmerism

Many of Mrs. Eddy's students, as well as Mrs. Eddy herself, disregarded the evidence of the autopsy, and believed that Mr. Eddy had died from mesmeric poison rather than from a disease of the heart. Every new movement has its extremists, and Christian Science was then so young that all sorts of extravagant hopes were cherished among its enthusiasts. More than one dreamer fervently believed that the grave was at last to be cheated of its victory. In

any case, Mr. Eddy's death was regarded as a blow to the movement, but, since they believed that the bodily organs were impotent to contribute to either health or disease except as they were influenced by the belief of the patient, it was much less discouraging to feel that Mr. Eddy had died from the shafts of the enemy than from a simple defect of the heart-valves. In the one case, his death was a stimulus, a call to action; in the other, it was an impeachment of Mr. Eddy's growth in Science, an indication that he had not entirely got beyond the belief in the efficacy of the organs of the body. Explained as the work of animal magnetism, Mr. Eddy's death, which might otherwise have been a blow to his wife professionally, was made to confirm one of her favorite doctrines. It was upon the subject of malicious mesmerism that many of her students had differed from her and fallen away, and even the loyal found it the most difficult of her doctrines to accept. Here, in Mr. Eddy's death, was absolute evidence of what mesmerism might accomplish.

The hour had come when Mrs. Eddy needed all her friends about her. Arthur T. Buswell was still in Cincinnati, where he had been sent as a path-finder two years before. After Mrs. Eddy's tart reply when he wrote to her asking financial aid, their correspondence practically ceased until Mr. Eddy's illness, when she sent him a request to give her husband absent treatments. One day he received a telegram which said merely: "Come to 569 Columbus Avenue immediately." He accordingly gave up his position as Superintendent of Public Charities, and started at once for Boston. When he arrived at 569 Columbus Avenue, he found Mr. Eddy dead in the house, and Mrs. Eddy surrounded by half a dozen faithful students, and almost frantic from fear. She declared that mesmerism had broken down her every defense, that her students were powerless to treat against it, and that she herself was at last prostrated. Twice, she said, she had resuscitated her husband from the power which was strangling him, but the third time her strength was exhausted. Mesmerism was submerging them, and she felt that she was barely keeping her own head above water. She was afraid to go out of the house, and afraid to stay in it. This was the end, she told her faithful women; undoubtedly she would speedily follow her husband. The light of truth was to be put out, and the world would begin again its dreary vigil of centuries.

But, although beset by grief and fear, Mrs. Eddy did not abandon herself to lamentation. On the contrary, she sat almost constantly at her desk, writing press notices and newspaper interviews upon the subject of her husband's



MARY BAKER G. EDDY

From a photograph taken during her first years in Boston

death. Mrs. Eddy, indeed, is never so commanding a figure as when she bestirs herself in the face of calamity. She gave way to fear and dread only in the short intervals when she laid aside her driven pen for rest, and her best energies were concentrated upon how she should present to the public this misfortune which, if wrongly understood, might be used as an effective argument against Christian Science, and might retard her advancement in a new field.

Entrance of Calvin A. Frye

Soon after her husband's death, Mrs. Eddy, attended by Mr. Buswell and Miss Alice Sibley, went to Mr. Buswell's old home at Barton, Vermont, to spend the remainder of the summer. Mr. Buswell asserts that Mrs. Eddy was in an

excessively nervous and exhausted condition, approaching nervous prostration, and that he was called up night after night to treat her for those hysterical attacks from which she was never entirely free. But, however ill she might have been the night before, each day found her planning for the future of her church and college, arranging for lectures to be given by her students, looking about for new practitioners, and tirelessly devising means to extend the movement. She knew that a practical reconstruction of her household would now be necessary, and began casting about in her mind for such of her students as could be counted upon to devote themselves unreservedly to her service. In one of her selections, certainly, she was not mistaken. On the day they started back to Boston

Mrs. Eddy had Mr. Buswell telegraph Calvin A. Frye, a young machinist of Lawrence, Massachusetts, who had lately studied with her, to meet them at Plymouth, New Hampshire. One is tempted to wonder what Mr. Frye would have done, when this message reached him, had he known of what it was to be the beginning. From the day he joined Mrs. Eddy at Plymouth, and returned to Boston with her, he has never left her. Having entered Mrs. Eddy's service at the age of thirty-seven, he is now a man of sixty-two, and is still at his post.

For twenty-five years Mr. Frye has occupied an anomalous position in Mrs. Eddy's household. He has been her house-steward, book-keeper, and secretary. When he attends her upon her ceremonial drives in Concord, he wears the livery of a footman. In a letter to her son, George Glover, written April 27, 1898, Mrs. Eddy describes Mr. Frye as her "man-of-all-work." Since Mrs. Eddy's retirement to Concord eighteen years ago, Calvin Frye has lived in an isolation almost as complete as her own, the object of surmises and insinuations. He has no personal friends outside of the walls of Pleasant View, and the oft-repeated assertion that in twenty-five years he has not been beyond Mrs. Eddy's call for twenty-four hours is perhaps literally true. Although her treatment of him has often been contemptuous in the extreme, his fidelity has been invaluable to Mrs. Eddy; but the actual assumption of livery by a middle-aged man of some education and of sturdy, independent New England ancestry, is a difficult thing to understand. Whether he feels the grave charges which have recently been brought against him, or the ridicule of which he has long been the object, it is not likely that any one will ever learn from Mr. Frye. Whatever his motives and experiences, they are securely hidden behind an impassive countenance and a long-confirmed habit of silence.

The Frye Family

Calvin A. Frye was born August 24, 1845, in Frye village, which is now a part of Andover, Massachusetts, and which was formerly called Frye's Mills, as it was a settlement which had grown up about the saw-mill and grist-mill of Enoch Frye II., Calvin Frye's grandfather. The Fries were an old American family, and their ancestors had taken part in the War of the Revolution and the War of 1812. Calvin Frye's father, Enoch Frye III., was born in the last year of the eighteenth century. After preparing himself in the Phillips Andover Academy, he entered Harvard University, and was graduated from there in 1821, with that famous class

to which belonged Ralph Waldo Emerson, Samuel Hatch, Edward Loring, and Francis Cabot. The members of this class, before their graduation, agreed to hold a reunion every year for fifty years, and Enoch Frye was present at the fiftieth and last reunion of his class at Cambridge in 1871.

After leaving college, Enoch Frye taught for



CALVIN A. FRYE

Who has been a member of Mrs. Eddy's household for twenty-five years; from a photograph taken about twenty-three years ago

a short time as assistant master in one of the Boston schools. In 1823 he returned to Andover. While still a young man he had a long illness which left him incurably lame and partially incapacitated him. After his recovery he kept a small grocery-store. He married Lydia Barnard, and they had four children, of whom Calvin was the third. While the children were still very young, the mother became insane, and, with the exception of lucid intervals of short duration, she was insane until her death at an advanced age. She was twice placed in an asylum, but, upon her return from her second stay there, she begged her family not to send her away again, and for twelve years thereafter she was the charge of her widowed daughter, Lydia Roaf.

Each of Enoch Frye's children learned a trade, and Calvin, after attending the public school in Andover, was apprenticed as a machinist in Davis & Furber's machine-shops in East Andover. He worked there until he joined Mrs. Eddy in 1882. He was a good machinist, and left



MARY BAKER G. EDDY IN HER CARRIAGE AT PLEASANT VIEW

On the coachman's box is Calvin Pryce, who for twenty-five years has been Mrs. Eddy's steward, bookkeeper, secretary, and footman

a steady and fairly remunerative employment to follow her. When he was twenty-six years old, Calvin married Miss Ada E. Brush, of Lowell, who was visiting in Lawrence, and who attended the same church. She lived but one year, and after her death Calvin went back to his father's house—the family had moved to Lawrence in the early sixties.

The Fries were all calm, slow, and inarticulate. They kept to themselves, both in Andover and in Lawrence, and never went anywhere except to the Congregational church of which they all were members. In their church relations they were as quiet and unassertive as in their secular life. They went to service regularly, but evinced no especial interest in the church. Indeed, their solitary manner of life seemed to come about from a general lack of interest in people and affairs, and they stayed at home not so much because of an absorbing family life as because they felt no impulse to stir about the world. The men were all good mechanics, regular and steady in their habits; Lydia, the daughter, was patient, industrious, and self-sacrificing. As a family, the Fries were long-lived. Enoch III. lived from 1799 to 1886. His brother Andrew, now living, is between ninety-five and ninety-six years old, and a sister also lived to a great age. Careful, regular living and a systematic avoidance of any excitement long preserved the Fries in health of mind and body. If Calvin Frye was to fill for half his life an office to which many were called, but which few chose for very long, certainly his forebears had done their best amply to sheathe his nerves.

Calvin and Lydia Frye first became interested in Christian Science through their sister-in-law, Mrs. Oscar Frye. Mrs. Clara Choate, a prominent healer in the Boston church, was called to treat the insane mother, whom the family believed was benefited by the treatments. Calvin took a course of instruction under Mrs. Eddy, after which both he and Lydia practised a little. After Calvin joined Mrs. Eddy in Boston, Lydia followed him, and for some time did Mrs. Eddy's housework. Returning ill to Lawrence, she underwent a severe surgical operation, and at last died in reduced circumstances at the home of a relative. Lydia was an ardent Christian Scientist, and almost until the day she died stoutly declared that she "did not believe in death."

From the day Calvin Frye entered the service of Mrs. Eddy, he lived in literal accordance with the suggestion of that passage in "Science and Health" * where Mrs. Eddy reminds us that Jesus acknowledged no family ties and bade us

call no man father. Mrs. Eddy demanded of her followers all that they had to give, and Mr. Frye, certainly, complied with her demand. When his father, Enoch Frye III., died, on April 22, 1886, four years after the son had entered Mrs. Eddy's service, Calvin went down to Lawrence to attend the funeral, but his precipitate haste indicated a short leave of absence. On the way to the cemetery he stopped the carriage and boarded a street-car bound for the railway-station, in order to catch the next train back to Boston. By the time his sister Lydia died, four years later, Calvin had become so completely absorbed in his new life and duties that he did not acknowledge the notification of her death, did not go to her funeral, and did not respond to a request for a small amount of money to help defray the burial expenses. For him family ties no longer existed, and death had become merely a belief.

Mrs. Eddy's New Household

The Massachusetts Metaphysical College, in Boston, was first at 569 Columbus Avenue, and later at 571, the house next door. The houses, which are still standing, were then exactly alike, narrow three-and-a-half-story dwellings with gray stone fronts and slate roofs, a type of house very common in Boston. When Mrs. Eddy returned to the city in the fall of 1882, attended by Mr. Buswell and Mr. Frye, she at once resumed her classes; this, of course, meant that the college had reopened, for Mrs. Eddy was still the president and entire faculty. Half a dozen or more of her students now made their home in Mrs. Eddy's house, or, as they expressed it, "lived at the college." Among these were Calvin Frye, Arthur Buswell, Julia Bartlett, Hanover P. Smith, E. H. Hammond, and Mrs. Whiting. (Luther M. Marston and Mrs. Emma Hopkins came later.) They lived on a coöperative plan, each contributing his share toward the household expenses, while Mr. Frye did the marketing, engaged the servants, kept the accounts, and superintended the housekeeping. Mrs. Eddy fitted up an office on the first floor where most of her resident students saw their patients. They observed a system of rotation, and each had his fixed office hours, so that the one room met the needs of several practitioners. These practitioners, in one way and another, helped to arouse an interest in Christian Science, and Mrs. Eddy's classes began to grow larger. Her teaching was not so much of a tax upon her strength as might be imagined, for the twelve lectures were by this time an old story to her and the same lecture was always given in practically the same language. The lectures dealt with but one idea,

* "Science and Health" (1906), page 31.

Top row (counting from left): 4, Mrs. Woodbury. Second row: 1, Rev. J. W. Winkley; 3, Hanover P. Smith; 4, Arthur T. Buswell;
7, Calvin A. Frye. Third row: 1, J. M. C. Murphy; 3, Mrs. Augusta Stetson



Fourth row: 2, Wm. H. Bradley; 9, Wm. B. Johnson. Bottom row: 1, Capt. J. S. Eastaman; 3, Mrs. Emma Hopkins; 4, Miss Julia Bartlett

CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS' PICNIC AT POINT OF PINES

This picture was taken July 16, 1885, at a picnic which commemorated the ninth anniversary of the founding of the Christian Scientists' Association

and progressed rather by figurative illustrations and repetitions than by the development of a line of reasoning. But her duties by no means ended with her lectures. She kept a sharp eye on the finances of the college and the household expenditures, more than once taking Mr. Frye to task for his mistakes in bookkeeping. Mrs. Eddy's correspondence was now very large, and she usually attended to it herself. She frequently occupied the pulpit at Hawthorne Hall on Sunday, and was constantly writing replies to attacks upon her church and college, besides press notices, which Mr. Buswell took about to the editors of the Boston papers in the hope of further advertising Mrs. Eddy and her work. What with preaching, teaching, writing, and editing, Mrs. Eddy had very little time for friendly personal intercourse. She was, as her students used proudly to declare, in the saddle day and night. She went out of the house but seldom, though she liked to take a daily drive when she had time for it. With her friends and resident students she never talked of anything but Christian Science and the business problems which confronted her. When other subjects were introduced, she grew absent-minded. She read very little except the newspapers and the *New York Ledger*, which she had read since her young womanhood, and which she still read regularly every week. In earlier times Mrs. Eddy had been very fond of Mrs. Southworth's novels, but now she discouraged the reading of fiction, and "Science and Health" was the only book she kept in her room. When she lectured before her classes, Mrs. Eddy usually had a vase of flowers upon the table at her side, and, to illustrate the non-existence of matter, she often explained that there were really no flowers there at all, and that the bouquet was merely a belief of mortal mind. She was fond of flowers in spite of the fact that she had always been totally without a sense of smell—she used, indeed, to tell her students that the absence of a physical sense meant a gain in spirituality.

There was singularly little social intercourse among the students who resided at the college. Mrs. Eddy was no idler, and she found plenty of work for all her assistants. Occasionally, in the evening, a fire was lighted in the parlor down-stairs, and she joined her students for an hour or two; but this did not occur often. The two memorable festivities of the Christian Scientists in the early eighties were the reception which Mrs. Clara E. Choate gave for Mrs. Eddy upon the latter's return from a visit to Washington, April 5, 1882, and the picnic at Point of Pines, July 16, 1885, which commemorated the ninth anniversary of the founding of

the Christian Science Association, and was also Mrs. Eddy's sixty-fourth birthday. At this picnic E. H. Harris, a dentist, and a new protégé of Mrs. Eddy's, gave a talk in which he mentioned the advantages of Christian Science in the practice of dentistry; Mrs. Augusta Stetson, who had recently come into the Association, and who had been a professional elocutionist before she became a Christian Scientist, recited two poems; and Mrs. Eddy gave a "spiritual interpretation" of the ocean.

The House of Mesmer

The atmosphere of Mrs. Eddy's house derived its peculiar character from her belief in malicious mesmerism, which exerted a sinister influence over every one under her roof. Her students could never get away from it. Morning, noon, and night the thing had to be reckoned with, and the very domestic arrangements were ordered to elude or to combat the demoniacal power. If Mrs. Eddy had kept in her house a dangerous maniac or some horrible physical monstrosity which was always breaking from confinement and stealing about the chambers and hallways, it could scarcely have cast a more depressing anxiety over her household. Those of her students who believed in mesmerism were always on their guard with each other, filled with suspicion and distrust. Those who did not believe in it dared not admit their disbelief. If a member of that household denied the doctrine, or even showed a lack of interest in it, he was at once pronounced a mesmerist and requested to leave.

Students on Night Duty

Mr. Eddy's death had given malicious animal magnetism a new vogue. Mrs. Eddy was now always discovering in herself and her students symptoms of arsenical poison or of other baleful drugs. Her nocturnal illnesses, which she had for years attributed to malicious mesmerism, were now more frequent and violent than ever.

One of the principal duties of the resident students was to treat Mrs. Eddy for these attacks. These seizures usually came on about midnight. Mrs. Eddy would first call Mr. Frye, and he, after hurrying into his clothes, would go about the house, knocking at the doors of all the students, and calling to them to dress immediately and hurry down to Mrs. Eddy's room. After arousing the inmates of the house, he would hasten through the deserted streets, summoning one after another of the healers whom Mrs. Eddy considered most effective. When they arrived at the college, they would find a group of sleepy men standing in the hall

outside Mrs. Eddy's door, talking in low tones. They were called, one by one, by Miss Bartlett or Mr. Frye, and admitted singly into Mrs. Eddy's chamber. Sometimes she lay in a comatose condition, and would remain thus for several hours, while each student, in his turn, sat beside the bed and silently treated her for about twenty minutes. He then left the room by another door than the one by which he had entered, and another student took his

it via Worcester, so that it need not go through Boston at all.

When a contagion of influenza spread about Boston in the early eighties, a number of the students in Mrs. Eddy's class were affected by it. She paused one day in the midst of a lecture to say: "I notice that a number of you are sneezing and coughing, and the cause is perfectly apparent to me. Kennedy and Spofford are treating you for hashish. Just treat yourselves for hashish, and this will pass."

A Burlesque Court Martial

Even the students under Mrs. Eddy's own roof were at times accused of resorting to malicious malpractice. On one occasion Mr. Buswell secured the Rev. Dr. Amos Peabody, of Cambridge, to preach before the Christian Science congregation at Hawthorne Hall. It was announced by Mrs. Eddy, before the students started for the service, that Mr. Frye was to introduce Dr. Peabody to the audience. When the minister ascended the rostrum, however, he was alone, and no one introduced him. After several days had passed, Mr. Frye knocked at Mr. Buswell's door late one night, and told him that he was wanted in the parlor. Mr. Buswell rose, dressed, and went down-stairs, where he found Mrs. Eddy and half a dozen resident students sitting about the room. Mr. Buswell sat down, and for a few minutes every one was silent. Then Mr. Frye rose and said, "Mr. Buswell, I charge you with having worked upon my mind last Sunday, so that I could not introduce the speaker." Mrs. Eddy listened while Mr. Buswell defended himself. Several other students spoke, and then everybody went off to bed.

In the summer of 1884 Mrs. Eddy taught her first class in Chicago. She had now fallen out with Mrs. Clara Choate, and for several weeks before she went West Mrs. Eddy was in a state of great anxiety lest Mrs. Choate should "prostrate" her through mesmerism, as she believed that Mrs. Choate herself wished to go to Chicago to teach. Mr. Frye had bought Mrs. Eddy's ticket, engaging a drawing-room for her and a berth for himself,—he always accompanied her upon her journeys,—when, on the very night before they were to start, she fell ill. Next day she was not able to leave the house, and many of her students were summoned to the college to treat against Mrs. Choate.

The "P. M." Society

This adverse treatment, now conducted with some system, was an important feature of the daily life at the college. A regular society was organized among Mrs. Eddy's most trusted



LYDIA FRYE ROAF

Only sister of Calvin A. Frye. Mrs. Roaf was an ardent Christian Scientist, and was at one time a member of Mrs. Eddy's household in Boston

place. Again, the students would find Mrs. Eddy sitting up in bed, with a high color, her hair in disorder, wringing her hands and uttering unintelligible phrases. On one occasion, when Mrs. Eddy was walking the floor with a raging toothache, metaphysical treatment was abandoned, and several of her students were found rushing up and down Tremont Street after midnight, trying to persuade some dentist to leave his bed and come to her relief.

In animal magnetism Mrs. Eddy found a satisfactory explanation for the seeming perversity of inanimate things. Mesmerism caused the water-pipes to freeze and the wash-boiler to leak. She was convinced that all the postal clerks and telegraph operators in Boston had been mesmerized, and on one occasion, when she was sending an important telegram to Chicago, she had Luther M. Marston, one of her students, take it out to West Newton and send

students and was called the "P. M." (Private Meeting).^{*} This society met daily after breakfast in the morning and after supper at night, gathered in Mrs. Eddy's parlor, and "took up the enemy" in thought. Mrs. Eddy was not always present at these sittings, but she usually gave out the line of treatment. She would say, for example: "Treat Kennedy. Say to him: 'Your sins have found you out. You are affected as you wish to affect me. Your evil thought reacts upon you. You are bilious, you are consumptive, you have liver trouble, you have been poisoned by arsenic,'" etc. Mrs. Eddy further instructed her practitioners that, when they were treating their patients, they should first take up and combat the common enemy, mesmerism, before they took up the patient's error. The adverse treatments given by the students at the college were usually conducted in perfect silence, and the participants sat with their eyes closed.[†] Miss Bartlett, a very devout woman, as she sat in this silent circle, absorbed in her task, her eyes closed, her head bowed, had a habit of idly passing a side-comb again and again through her hair. Mrs. Eddy, who, when she was there, always kept an eye on the circle, on one of these occasions suddenly broke the stillness by a sarcastic remark to the effect that better work would be done if less time were spent in hair-combing and more in combatting error. Miss Bartlett blushed as if she had been caught committing a mortal sin.

But Mrs. Eddy's policy of sharp rebuke proved to be a wise one. On the whole her students liked it, and on the whole they needed it. Her business assistants and practitioners were most of them young men whose years had need of direction. In the nature of the case, they were generally young men without a strong purpose and without very definite aims and ambitions. Whether it was that Mrs. Eddy did not want men of determination about her, or whether such men were not drawn to her and her college, the fact remains that most of the men then in her service were of the eminently biddable sort. Some of them, before they came into Christian Science, had tried other vocations and had not been successful. Mrs. Eddy drew young men of this type about her, not only because she could offer them a good living, but because she was able to give them an impetus, to charge them with energy and endow them with a certain effectiveness which they did not have of themselves. Loyal

Christian Scientists point to this or that man who once worked under Mrs. Eddy and who afterward broke with her, explaining that he was more successful and useful under her than he has ever been since he went over to the enemy. In some instances this is certainly true. Many of her students never worked so well after they withdrew from her compelling leadership, and their contact with her remained the most vivid and important event in their lives. Out of her abundant energy and determination Mrs. Eddy has been able to nerve many a weak arm and to steel many an irresolute will, and she has done much of her work with tools which were temporarily given hardness and edge by the driving personality behind them.

Suit Against Mr. Arens

As the college grew and her classes increased in size, Mrs. Eddy exacted, and for the most part obtained, the same absolute obedience which she had demanded of the faithful in Lynn. She had a custom of sending telegrams to students who had left Boston, summoning them to report at the college immediately, and giving no explanation of the order. When they arrived there, they sometimes found that she had merely been experimenting to see how quickly they could reach her in case of need. If they were prompt in this sort of drill, she seemed pleased and reassured. On the Fourth of July, especially, she demanded that all her students be subject to call, and that none of the resident students leave Boston on that day. She explained that on the Fourth "mortal mind was in ebullition," and she feared animal magnetism more then than at any other time.

In 1883 Mrs. Eddy brought an action against Edward J. Arens for infringement of her copyright upon "Science and Health," and won the suit. Arens was forbidden to circulate his book,—to which there has already been a reference in this chapter,—and the copies which he had on hand were ordered by the court to be destroyed. Mr. Arens' defense was that "Science and Health" was not Mrs. Eddy's own work, but that it had been taken largely from P. P. Quimby's manuscripts. As none of Mr. Quimby's manuscripts had been published or copyrighted, and as Mr. Arens did not have them in his possession, the defendant's position was obviously untenable. Although this decision had to do merely with the validity of Mrs. Eddy's copyright, and did not touch upon the authorship of the book, Mrs. Eddy chose to construe it as being a court decision to the effect that she was the sole author of "Science and Health," and the founder and discoverer of

^{*}The sessions of this secret society later caused a good deal of discussion and criticism. In the *Christian Science Journal* of September, 1898, Mrs. Eddy admits that she "did organize a secret society known as the 'P. M.," but that its workings were not "shocking or terrible."

[†]Calvin Frye, Arthur Buswell, Hanover P. Smith, Luther M. Marston, E. H. Hammond, Mrs. Whiting, and Miss Julia Bartlett were at various times members of this circle.



The houses at 569 and 571 Columbus Avenue, where Mrs. Eddy lived during her first years in Boston, and where the "Massachusetts Metaphysical College" was successively established. In the house at 571, which is now a confectioner's shop, Mr. Eddy died

Christian Science; and her construction cheered and encouraged her quite as much, perhaps, as an actual decision to that effect would have done. She afterward referred to this decision as her "vindication in the United States court."

Mrs. Eddy's Increasing Prosperity

The years from 1882 to 1885 were years of rapid advancement for Mrs. Eddy and Christian Science. Although a list of the members of the Christian Scientists' Association, made June 2, 1884, shows that but sixty-one persons then belonged to the Association, many people were interested in Christian Science who had not actually allied themselves with it, and Mrs. Eddy was steadily gaining some sort of recognition for herself and her teachings. She had now a considerable number of graduate students who were in practice, and their success, as well as hers, depended upon the growth of Christian Science and of the college. They sent their patients to study under her, and canvassed widely among their friends and acquaintances. Some of these students went to distant places to practise, and did the work of missionaries, encouraging their patients to go to Boston and study under Mrs. Eddy. A degree from the Massachusetts Metaphysical College meant, in most cases, a lucrative practice. In the West

especially, where Boston is regarded as the sum of all that is conservative, and where even the banks consider it an advantage to have a Bostonian among their directors, a degree from a Boston institution meant a great deal, and the "Massachusetts Metaphysical College, of Boston" suggested an institution devoted to higher scholarship. A combination of Boston and metaphysics seemed to leave little to be desired in the way of learning, and many a Western student, after having "gone East to college," returned home to find that, for the purpose of making a living and commanding respect among his neighbors, a degree from the Massachusetts Metaphysical College served him quite as well as a degree from Harvard. Graduate students had lectured and practised in Chicago, and when Mrs. Eddy taught a class there in the summer of 1884, she inspired a sentiment which was ultimately to build up a strong church.

The Christian Science Church was now conspicuous enough to be the object of occasional attacks from conservative theologians. These attacks were neither frequent nor bitter,—indeed, they were usually humorous or mildly ironical,—but Mrs. Eddy made the most of them, and answered them with promptness and fire, getting her replies published in the

Boston newspapers whenever it was possible to do so, and, when editors proved intractable, resorting to her own periodical, the *Christian Science Journal*. She realized the value of persecution, even when it had to be helped along a little, and in the *Journal* for April, 1885, she cries: "Must history repeat itself, and religious intolerance, arrayed against the rights of man, again deluge the earth in blood?" In the *Journal* we find that in March of the same year Mrs. Eddy was permitted to speak at a religious meeting held at Tremont Temple, and there to reply to a letter by the Rev. A. J. Gordon denouncing Christian Science, and that she gloriously vindicated her church.

Mrs. Eddy was now president of the "Massachusetts Metaphysical College," editor of the *Christian Science Journal*, president of the Christian Scientists' Association, and pastor of the First Church of Christ (Scientist). To the latter office her students had ordained her, without the aid of the clergy, in 1881, and her official letters and press communications were now usually signed "Reverend Mary Baker G. Eddy." Her classes now numbered from fifteen to twenty-five students each. The course of instruction took only three weeks, which, with a class of twenty-five, would mean that Mrs. Eddy's fees for that period of time amounted to \$7,500. It is safe to say, however, that at least one fourth of her students were admitted at a discount and paid only \$200 each. Men and women of intelligence and some experience of the world began to frequent her college. Among these were Dr. J. W. Winkley, then a Unitarian minister who had a church at Revere; Mrs. Emma Hopkins, wife of an Andover professor; Mrs. Ursula Gesterfeldt, of Chicago; Mrs. Augusta Stetson, then an elocutionist in Somerville, Boston; Mrs. Ellen Brown Linscott; Mrs. Josephine Woodbury and her husband; the Rev. J. H. Wiggin and the Rev. Frank E. Mason.

To understand the early growth of Christian Science in Boston, one must remember, first, that Boston was then, as it is now, the stronghold of radical religious sects; that people there were in an unusual degree preoccupied with the contemplation of the soul, and that many of them were unwilling to accept the theological account of it; secondly, that, while fundamentally Mrs. Eddy never changed at all, superficially she was continually changing for the better, and her shrewdness, astuteness, and tact grew with every year of her life. After

her removal to Boston, she constantly learned from her new associates, even to the extent of resolutely breaking herself of certain ungrammatical habits of speech—no mean achievement for a woman above sixty. But the most important thing that Mrs. Eddy learned was to admit—to herself only—her own limitations. She began to submit her editorials, pamphlets, and press communications to certain of her students for grammatical censorship. She now granted interviews to strangers and new students only when she felt at her best. She withdrew herself from her followers somewhat, and built up a ceremonial barrier which was not without its effect. In writing, she acquired more and more facility as time went on. Her style of expression remained vague, but that suited her purpose, and her excessive floridity delighted many of her readers, and was condoned by others as a survival of the old-fashioned flowery manner of writing. The important point is that the task of writing, which had once been so laborious for her, had, through incessant practice, become comparatively easy. Her letters of this date are better spelled and punctuated, and are written in a firmer and more vigorous hand, than those written when she was forty.

Mrs. Eddy now began to limit the number of her public addresses, and she delivered her Sunday sermon before her congregation at the Hawthorne rooms only when she felt that she could rouse herself to that state of emotional exaltation which it was her aim to produce in her hearers. Often as late as Sunday morning, she would notify one of her students to fill the pulpit. At other times, after she had appointed a substitute, she would decide at the last minute to go herself, and, after the audience at Hawthorne Hall had been waiting for perhaps half an hour, Mrs. Eddy's carriage would swing into Park Street, the horses on a trot, and she would alight amid a crowd of delighted students, sweep rapidly up the aisle, ascend the rostrum, and at once begin to deliver one of her most effective sermons; perhaps a discussion of how, in His resurrection, Christ made the highest demonstration of the healing powers of Christian Science, or perhaps a prophetic discourse upon a text of which she was particularly fond, and which she always delivered with astonishing conviction: "Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

ELLEN TERRY'S MEMOIRS

PORTIA: THE END OF MY APPRENTICESHIP



ELLEN TERRY

IN the November McClure's Ellen Terry describes the most memorable of all her experiences on the stage,—her first appearance as Portia. Up to this time her career had been one of ceaseless and often discouraging effort. The opportunity to play Portia came in one of her darkest moments, when she had almost decided to abandon acting. Miss Terry gives a remarkable account of the wonderful first night performance—a performance which was almost an epoch in stage history and came as the turning point in her career.

The illustrations for this series constitute an artistic record of the Shakespearian drama for the past fifty years. They have been gathered from all parts of America and England and form a collection of singular importance and interest.

THE GREAT AMERICAN FORTUNES AND THEIR MAKING

STREET RAILWAY FINANCIERS

THE magazine will begin in the November number a series of articles which will unfold the story of the greatest era in fortune-building in human history. Group by group, the great fortunes of the country, varying from \$25,000,000 to many hundred millions, will be taken up. Together, these articles will give a history of the development of a virgin continent of boundless natural wealth—a development which, in the last fifty years, has resulted in a most intense political, financial and industrial struggle. The men who came to the front in that struggle are millionaires and multi-millionaires of the day, and the story of their fortunes and how they were made yields a narrative of the most profound interest and deepest significance. The first of these articles will deal with the street railway financiers. Burton J. Hendrick of the staff of the Magazine will describe the operations of the Ryan-Whitney-Dolan-Widener-Elkins Syndicate which represents a capitalization of one billion dollars.



THOMAS F. RYAN

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for

OCTOBER 1907

PRICE 15 CENTS

M^cCLURE'S MAGAZINE



ELLEN TERRY FROM THE PORTRAIT BY G. F. WAITS
THE S. S. McCLURE COMPANY LONG ISLAND CITY NEW YORK

His next purchase was a white peacock, which, very soon after its arrival, disappeared under the sofa. In vain did Rossetti "shoo" it out. It refused to budge. This went on for days.

"The lovely creature won't respond to me," said Rossetti pathetically to a friend.

The friend dragged out the bird.

"No wonder! It's *dead*!"

"Bulls don't like me," said Rossetti a few days later, "and peacocks aren't homely."

It preyed on his mind so much that he tried to repair the failure by buying some white dormice. He sat them up on little bamboo chairs, and they looked sweet. When the winter was over, he invited a party to meet them and congratulate them upon waking up from their long sleep.

"They are awake now," he said, "but how quiet they are! How full of repose!"

One of the guests went to inspect the dormice more closely, and a peculiar expression came over his face. It might almost have been thought that he was holding his nose.

"Wake up, little dormice," said Rossetti.

"They'll never do *that*," said the guest. "They're *dead*. I believe they have been dead some days!"

Do you think Rossetti gave up live stock after this? Not a bit of it. He tried armadillos and tortoises.

"How are the tortoises?" he asked his man one day, after a long spell of forgetfulness that he had any.

"Pretty well, sir, thank you. . . . That's to say, sir, there ain't no tortoises!"

The tortoises, bought to eat the beetles, had been eaten themselves. At least, the shells were found full of beetles.

And the armadillos? "The air of Chelsea don't suit them," said Rossetti's servant. They had certainly left Rossetti's house, but they had not left Chelsea. All the neighbours had

dozens of them! They had burrowed, and come up smiling in houses where they were far from welcome.

Kate Terry's Leap into Fame

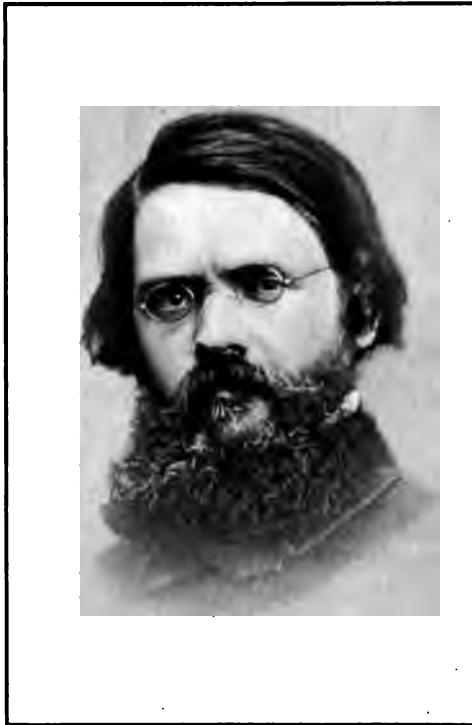
This by the way. Miss Herbert, who looked like the Blessed Damosel leaning out "across the bar of heaven," was quite unsuited to the line of parts that she was playing at the St. James'. Perhaps this had something to do

with her falling ill during the run of "Friends and Foes." At any rate, her illness was Kate's opportunity. From the night that Kate played Mrs. Union, her reputation was made.

It was a splendid chance, no doubt, but of what use would it have been to any one who was not ready to use it? Kate, though only about nineteen at this time, was a finished actress. She had been a perfect Ariel, a beautiful Cordelia, and had played at least forty other parts of importance since she had appeared as a tiny Robin in the Keans' production of "Merry Wives of Windsor." She had not had her head turned by big salaries, and she had never ceased working

since she was four years old! No wonder that she was capable of bearing the burden of a piece at a moment's notice. The Americans cleverly say that "the lucky cat *watches*." I should add that the lucky cat *works*. Reputations on the stage—at any rate, enduring reputations—are not made by chance, and to an actress who has not worked hard the finest opportunity in the world will be utterly useless.

My own opinion of my sister's acting must be taken for what it is worth—and that is very little. I remember how she looked on the stage,—like a frail white azalea,—and that her acting, unlike that of Adelaide Neilson, who was the great popular favourite before Kate came to the front, was scientific. She knew what she was about. There was more ideality than passionate womanliness in her

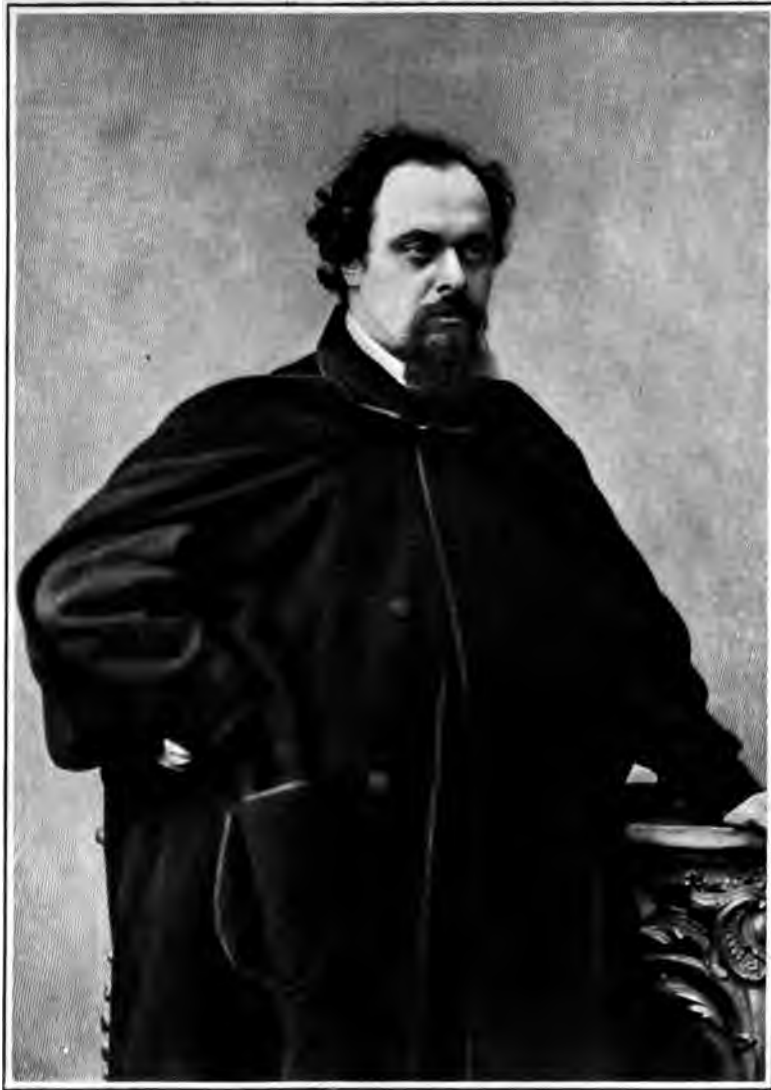


TOM TAYLOR



Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

ELLEN TERRY IN 1866



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

interpretations. For this reason, perhaps, her Cordelia was finer than her Portia or her Beatrice.

She was engaged at one time to a young actor called Montagu. If the course of that love had run smooth where should I have been? Kate would have been the Terry of the age. But Mr. Montagu went to America, and, after five years of life as a matinée idol, died there. Before that Arthur Lewis had come along. I was glad because he was rich, and I had some riding.

Tom Taylor had an enormous admiration of Kate, and during her second season as a "star" at Bristol he came down to see her play Juliet and Beatrice and Portia. This second Bristol

season came in the middle of my time at the Haymarket, but I went back, too, and played Nerissa and Hero. Before that I had played my first leading Shakspeare part, but only at one matinée.

An actor named Walter Montgomery was giving a matinée of "Othello" at the Princess' (the theatre where I made my first appearance) in the June of 1863, and he wanted a Desdemona. The agents sent for me. It was Saturday, and I had to play it on Monday! But for my training, how could I have done it? At this time I knew the words and had *studied* the words — a very different thing — of every woman's part in Shakspeare. I don't know what kind of performance I gave on that memorable afternoon,

but I think it was not so bad. And Walter Montgomery's Othello? Why can't I remember something about it? I remember that the unfortunate actor shot himself on his wedding-day!

Any one who has come with me so far in my life will realize that Kate Terry was much better known than Ellen at the time of Ellen's first retirement from the stage. From Bristol my sister had gone to London to become Fechter's leading lady, and from that time until she made her last appearance in 1867 as Juliet at the Adelphi, her career was a blaze of triumph.

Paris—Eugénie and Bernhardt

Before I came back to take part in her farewell tour (she became engaged to Mr. Arthur Lewis in 1866), I paid my first visit to Paris. I saw the Empress Eugénie driving in the Bois, looking like an exquisite wax work. Oh, the beautiful *slope* of women at this period! They sat like beautiful half-moons, lying back in their carriages. It was an age of elegance—in France particularly—an age of luxury. They had just laid down asphalt for the first time in the streets of Paris, and the quiet of the boulevards was wonderful after the rattling London streets. I often went to three parties a night, but I was in a difficult position, as I could not speak a word of the language. I met Tissot and Gambard, who had just built Rosa Bonheur's house at Nice.

I liked the Frenchmen because they liked me, but I didn't admire them.

I tried to learn to smoke, but I never took kindly to it and soon gave it up.

What was the thing which made me homesick for London? *Household Words*. The excitement in the sixties over each new Dickens can be understood only by people who experienced it at the time. Boys used to sell *Household Words* in the streets, and they were often pursued by an

eager crowd, for all the world as if they were carrying news of the "latest winner."

Of course I went to the theatre in Paris. I saw Sarah Bernhardt for the first time, and Madame Favart, Croisette, Delaunay, and Got. I never thought Croisette—a superb animal—"a patch" on Sarah, who was at this time as thin as a harrow. Even then I recognized that Sarah was not a bit conventional, and would not stay long at the Comédie. Yet she

did not put me out of conceit with the old school. I saw "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*" finely done, and I said to myself then, as I have often said since: "Old school—new school? What does it matter which, so long as it is *good enough*!"

Madame Favart I knew personally, and she gave me many useful hints. One was never to black my eyes underneath when "making up." She pointed out that although this was necessary when the stage was lighted entirely from beneath, it had become ugly and meaningless since the introduction of top-lights.

The friend who took me everywhere in Paris landed me one night in the dressing-room of a singer. I remember it because I heard her complain to a

man of some injustice. She had not got some engagement that she had expected.

"It serves you damn right!" he answered. "You can't sing a bit."

A Street Drama

For the first time I seemed to realise how brutal it was of a man to speak to a woman like that, and I *hated* it. Long afterward, in the same city, I saw a man sitting calmly in a cab, a man of the "gentlemanly" class, and ordering the *cocher* to drive on, although a woman was clinging to the side of the carriage and refused to let go. She was a strong, splendid creature of the peasant type, bareheaded, with a fine open brow, and she was obviously



MRS. TOM TAYLOR AND SON

consumed by resentment of some injustice—mad with it. She was dragged along in one of the busiest streets in Paris, the little Frenchman sitting there smiling, easy. How she escaped death, I don't know. Then he became conscious that people were looking, and he stopped the cab and let her get in. O men!

Paris! Paris! Young as I was, I fell under the spell of your elegance, your cleanness, your well-designed streets, your nonchalant gaiety. I drank coffee at Tortoni's. I visited the studio of Meissonier. I stood in the crowd that collected round Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," which was in the Salon that year. I grew dead sick of the endless galleries of the Louvre. I went to the Madeleine at Easter-time,—all purple and white lilies,—and fainted from trying to imagine ecstasy when the Host was raised. If that is true, if people believe it with their souls, how can their souls stay in their bodies? . . .

I never fainted again in my life, except once from *anger*, when I heard some friends whom I loved slandering another friend whom I loved more.

Good-by to Paris and back to London, where I began acting again with only half my heart. I did very well, they said, as Helen in "The Hunchback," the first part I played after my return; but I cared nothing about my success. I was feeling wretchedly ill, and angry, too, because they insisted on putting my married name on the bills.

After playing with Kate at Bristol and at the Adelphi in London, I accepted an engagement to appear in a new play by Tom Taylor, called "The Antipodes." It was a bad play, and I had a bad part, but Telbin's scenery was lovely. Telbin was a poet, and he has handed on much of his talent to his son, who is alive now, and painted our Faust scenery at the Lyceum. I have always been friendly with the

scene-painters, perhaps because I have always taken pains about my dresses, and consulted them beforehand about the colour, so that I should not look wrong in their scenes, nor their scenes wrong with my dresses!

Telbin and Albert Moore together did up the New Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, which was

opened in October, 1867, under the ostensible management of the Wigans. I say "ostensible," because Mr. Labouchere had something to do with it, and Miss Henrietta Hodson, whom he afterward married, played in the burlesques and farces without which no theatre bill in London at that time was complete. The Wigans offered me an engagement, and I stayed with them until 1868, when I again left the stage. During this engagement I acted with Charles Wyndham and Lionel Brough, and, last but not least, with Henry Irving.

Mrs. Wigan, *née* Leonora Pincott, did me the honour to think that I was worth teaching, and took nearly as much pains to improve me

as Mrs. Kean had done at a different stage in my artistic growth. Her own accomplishment as a comedy actress impressed me more than I can say. I remember seeing her as Mrs. Candour, and thinking to myself, "This is absolutely perfect." If I were a teacher I would impress on young actresses never to move a finger or turn the eye without being quite certain that the movement or the glance *tells* something. Mrs. Wigan made few gestures, but each one quietly, delicately indicated what the words which followed expressed. And while she was speaking she never frittered away the effect of that silent eloquence.

One of my besetting sins was—nay, still is—the lack of repose. Mrs. Wigan at once detected the fault, and at rehearsals would work to make me remedy it. "*Stand still!*" she would shout from the stalls. "Now you're



NAPOLEON III. AND EUGÉNIE



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT
From the painting by de la Gandara

of value!" "Motionless! Just as you are! *That's* right."

A few years later she came to see me at the Court Theatre, where I was playing in "The House of Darnley," and afterward wrote me the following very kind and encouraging letter:

December 7, '77.

DEAR MISS TERRY:

You have a very difficult part in "The House of Darnley." I know no one who could play it as well as you did last night—but you could do it much better. You would vex me much if I thought you had no ambition in your art. You are the one young actress of my day who can have her success entirely in her own hands. You have all the gifts for your noble profession, and, as you know, your own devotion to it will give you all that can be learned. I'm very glad my stage direction was useful and pleasant to you, and any benefit you have derived from it is overpaid by your style of acting. You cannot have a "groove"; you are too much an artist. Go and prosper, and if at any time you think I can help you in your art, you may always count on that help from your most sincere well-wisher,

LEONORA WIGAN.

Another service that Mrs. Wigan did me was to cure me of "fooling" on the stage. "*Did she?*" Well, at any rate, she gave me a good fright one night, and I never forgot it, though I will not say I never laughed again. I think it was in "The Double Marriage," the first play put on at the New Queen's. As Rose de Beurepaire, I wore a white muslin Directoire dress and looked absurdly young. There was one "curtain" which used to convulse Wyndham. He had a line: "Whose child is this?" and there was I, looking a mere child, and with a bad cold in my head, too, answering: "It's

bine!" The very thought of it used to send us off into fits of laughter. We hung on to chairs, helpless, limp, and incapable. Mrs. Wigan said if we did it again, she would go in front and hiss us, and she carried out her threat. The very next time we laughed, a loud hiss rose from the stage-box. I was simply paralysed with terror.

Dear old Mrs. Wigan!

The stories that have been told about her would fill a book! She was exceedingly plain, rather like a toad, yet, perversely, she was more vain of her looks than of her acting. In the theatre she gave herself great airs and graces, and outside it hobnobbed with duchesses and princesses.

This fondness for aristocratic society gave additional point to the story that one day a blear-eyed old cabman in capes and muffler descended from the box of a disreputable-looking growler, and inquired at the stage-door for Leonora Pincott.

"Any lady 'ere of that name?"

"No."

"Well, I think she's married and changed her name, but she's 'ere right enough. Tell 'er I won't keep 'er a minute. I'm 'er b—old father!"



ELLEN TERRY IN 1866

In the character of Gertrude

In "Still Waters Run Deep" I was rather good as Mrs. Mildmay, and the rest of the cast were admirable. Wyndham, who was afterward to be such a splendid Mildmay, played Hawksley, and Alfred Wigan was Mildmay, as he had been in the original production. When the play is revived now, much of it seems very old-fashioned, but the office scene strikes one as freshly and strongly as when it was first acted. I don't think that any drama which is vital and *essential* can ever be old-fashioned.

My First Impressions of Henry Irving

One very foggy night in December, 1867,—it was Boxing Day, I think,—I acted for the first time with Henry Irving. This ought to



Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

HENRY IRVING

In the character of Jingle in "Mr. Pickwick"

have been a great event in my life, but at the time it passed me by and left "no wrack behind." Ever anxious to improve on the truth, which is often devoid of all sensationalism, people have told a story of Henry Irving promising that if he ever were in a position to offer me an engagement I should be his leading lady. But this fairy story has been improved on since. The newest tale of my first meeting with Irving was told during my Jubilee. Then, to my

hardly spared me even so much definite thought as this. His soul was not more surely in his body than in the theatre, and I, a woman who was at this time caring more about love and life than the theatre, must have been to him more or less unsympathetic. He thought of nothing else, cared for nothing else; worked day and night; went without his dinner to buy a book that might be helpful in studying or a stage jewel that might be helpful to wear. I remem-



Photograph lent by Robert Custer

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL

In the characters of Pygmalion and Galatea

amazement, I read that on that famous night when I was playing Puck at the Princess', and caught my toe in the trap, "a young man with dark hair and a white face rushed forward from the crowd and said: 'Never mind, darling. Don't cry! One day you will be queen of the stage.' It was Henry Irving!"

In view of these legends, I ought to say all the more stoutly that, until I went to the Lyceum Theatre, Henry Irving was nothing to me and I was nothing to him. I never thought that he would become a great actor. He had no high opinion of *my* acting! He has said since that he thought me at the Queen's Theatre charming and individual as a woman, but as an actress *boydenish*. I believe that he

ber his telling me that he once bought a sword with a jewelled hilt, and hung it at the foot of his bed. All night he kept getting up and striking matches to see it, shifting its position, rapt in admiration of it.

He had it all in him when we acted together that foggy night, but he could express very little. Many of his defects sprang from his not having been on the stage as a child. He was stiff with vanity and self-consciousness; his eyes were dull and his face heavy. The piece we played was Garrick's boiled-down version of "The Taming of the Shrew," and he, as Petruchio, appreciated the humour and everything else far more than I did, as Katherine; yet he played badly, nearly as badly as I did;



CHARLES WYNDHAM

In the character of David Garrick
From the painting by John Pettie, R. A.

and how much more to blame I was, for I was at this time much more easy and skilful from a purely technical point of view.

Was Henry Irving impressive in those days? Yes and no. His fierce and indomitable will showed itself in his application to his work. Quite unconsciously I learned from watching him that to do work well, the artist must spend

his life in incessant work and deny himself everything for that purpose. It is a lesson we actors and actresses cannot learn too early, for the bright and glorious heyday of our success must always be brief at best. Henry Irving, when he played Petruchio, had been toiling in the provinces for eleven solid years, and not until as Rawdon Scudamore in "Hunted Down"

had he had any success. Even that was forgotten in his failure as Petruchio. What a trouncing he received from the critics who have since heaped praise on many worse men!

Irving's Long Struggle

I think this was the peculiar quality in his acting afterwards—a kind of fine temper, like the purest steel, produced by the perpetual fight against difficulties. Socrates, it is said, had every capacity for evil in his face, and he was good as a naturally good man could never be. Henry Irving at first had everything against him as an actor. He could not speak, he could not walk, he could not *look*. He wanted to do things in a part, and he could not do them. His amazing power was imprisoned, and only after long and weary years did he succeed in setting it free.

A man with a will like that *must* be impressive! To quick-seeing eyes he must, no doubt. But my eyes were not quick, and they were, moreover, fixed on a world outside the theatre. Better than his talent and his will, I remember his courtesy. In those days, instead of having our salaries brought to our dressing-rooms, we used to wait in a queue on Treasury Day to receive them. I was always late in coming, and always in a hurry to get away. Very gravely and quietly Henry Irving used to give up his place to me.

I played once more at the Queen's after Katherine and Petruchio. It was in a little piece called "The Household Fairy," and I remember it chiefly through an accident which befell poor Jack Clayton through me. The curtain had fallen on "The Household Fairy," and Clayton, who had acted with me in it, was dancing with me on the stage to the music which was being played during the wait, instead of changing his dress for the next piece. This dancing during the entr'acte was very popular among us. Many are the burlesque quadrilles I had with Terriss and others in later days. On this occasion Clayton suddenly found he was late in changing, and, rushing up-stairs to his dressing-room in a hurry, he missed his footing and fell back on his head. This made me very miserable, as I could not help feeling that I was responsible. Soon afterward I left the stage for six years, without the slightest idea of ever going back. I left it without regret. And I was very happy, leading a quiet, domestic life in the heart of the country. When my two children were born, I thought of the stage less than ever. They absorbed all my time, all my interest all my love.

II

HIDING IN THE COUNTRY

1868—1874



Y disappearance from the stage must have been a heavy blow to my father and mother, who had urged me to return in 1866 and were quite certain that I had a great future. For the first time in years they had no child in the theatre. Marion and Floss, who were afterward to adopt it as a profession, were still at school; Kate had married; and none of their sons had shown any great aptitude for acting. Fred, who was afterward to do so well, was at this time hardly out of petticoats.

Perhaps it was because I knew they would oppose me that I left the stage quite quietly and secretly. It seemed to outsiders natural, if regrettable, that I should follow Kate's example. But I was troubling myself little about what people were thinking and saying. "They are saying—what are they saying? Let them be saying!"

Then a dreadful thing happened. A body was found in the river—the dead body of a young woman, very fair and slight and tall. Every one thought that it was my body.

I had gone away without a word. No one knew where I was. My own mother identified the body, and Floss and Marion, at their boarding-school, were put into mourning. Then father went and swore it was not his daughter. It was just at this moment that the news came to me in my country retreat that I had been found dead, and I flew up to London to give ocular proof to my poor distracted parents that I was alive. Father, who had been the only one not to identify the drowned girl, confessed to me that she was so like me that just for a second he, too, was deceived. You see, they knew I had not been very happy since my return to the stage, and when I went away without a word, they were terribly anxious, and prepared to believe the first bad tidings that came to hand. It came in the shape of that most extraordinary likeness between me and that poor soul who threw herself into the river.

A Six-Year Vacation

I was not twenty-one when this happened, and I haven't made up my mind yet whether it was good or bad for me, as an actress, to cease from practising my craft for six years. Talma, the great French actor, recommends long spells of rest, and says that "perpetual indulgence in the excitement of impersonation dulls the sympathy and impairs the imaginative faculty of the comedian." This is very useful in my defence, yet I could find many examples which



Photograph by Braun, C'ement & Co.

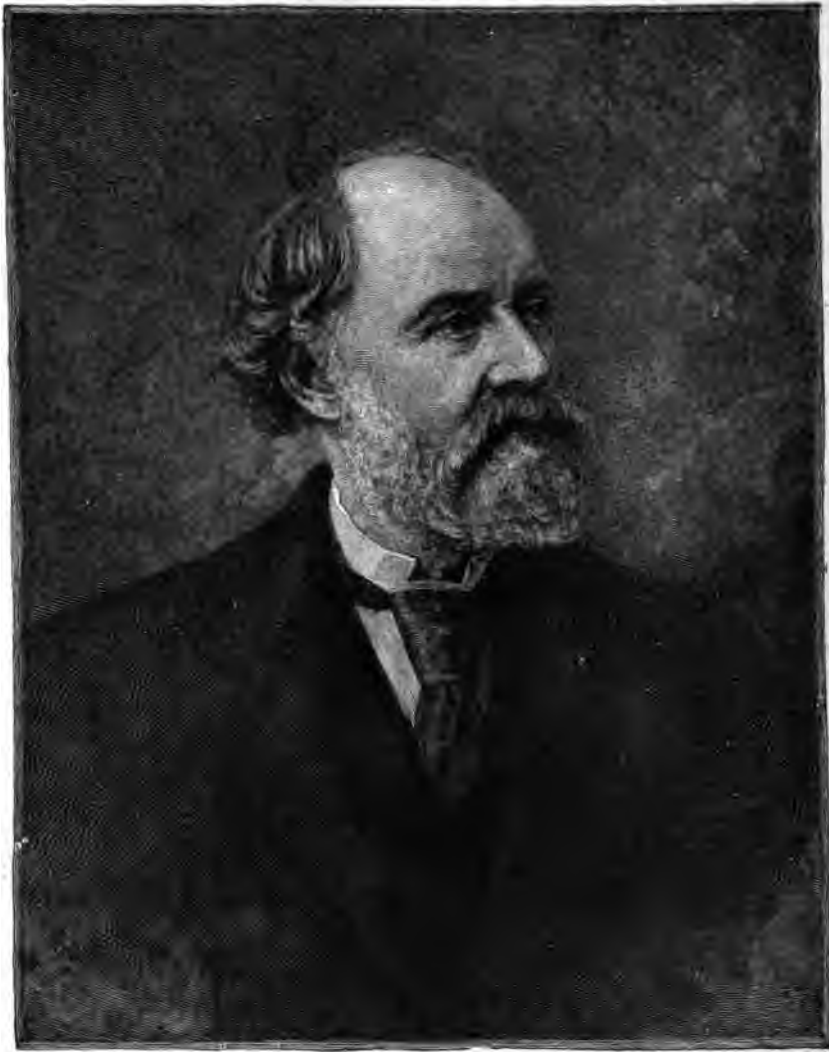
HEAD OF A YOUNG GIRL (ELLEN TERRY)

From the painting by George Frederick Watts, in the collection of Alexander Henderson, Esq., M.P.

prove the contrary. I could never imagine Henry Irving leaving the stage for six months, let alone six years, and I don't think it would have been of the slightest benefit to him. But he had not been on the stage as a child. If I was able to rest so long without rusting, it was, I am sure, because I had been thoroughly trained in the technique of acting long before I reached

my twentieth year—an age at which most students are just beginning to wrestle with elementary principles.

Of course, I did not argue in this way at the time! As I have said, I had no intention of ever acting again when I left the Queen's Theatre. If it is the mark of the artist to love art before everything, to renounce everything for its sake,



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CHARLES READE

to think all the sweet human things of life well lost if only he may attain something, do some good, great work — then I never was an artist. I have been happiest in my work when I was working for some one else. I admire those impersonal people who care for nothing outside their own ambition, yet I detest them at the same time, and I have the simplest faith that absolute devotion to another human being means the greatest *happiness*.

I now led a most unconventional life, and experienced exquisite delight from the mere fact of being in the country. No one knows what "the country" means until he or she has lived in it. "Then, if ever, come perfect days."

Adventures in Cooking

What a sensation it was, too, to be untrammelled by time! Actors must take care of themselves and their voices, husband their strength for the evening's work, and when it is over they are too tired to do anything! For the first time I was able to put all my energies into living. Charles Lamb says, I think, that when he left the East India House, he felt embarrassed by the vast estates of time at his disposal, and wished that he had a bailiff to manage them, but I knew no such embarrassment. I began gardening, "the purest of human pleasures"; I learned to work, and in

time cooked very well, though my first essay in the difficult art was rewarded with dire and complete failure.

It was a chicken! Now, as all the chickens had names,—Sultan, Duke, Lord Tom Noddy, Lady Teazle, and so forth,—and as I was very proud of them as living birds, it was a great wrench to kill one at all, to start with. It was the murder of Sultan, not the killing of a chicken. However, at last it was done, and Sultan deprived of his feathers, floured, and trussed. I had no idea *how* this was all done, but I tried to make him "sit up" nicely like the chickens in the shops.

He came up to the table looking magnificent—as large as any turkey.

"Hasn't this chicken rather an odd smell?" said our visitor.

"How can you!" I answered. "It must be quite fresh—it's Sultan!"

However, when we began to carve, the smell grew more and more potent.

I had cooked Sultan without taking out his in'ards!

There was no dinner that day except bread-sauce, beautifully made, well-cooked vegetables, and pastry like the foam of the sea. I had a wonderful hand for pastry!

My hour of rising at this pleasant place near Mackery End in Hertfordshire was six. Then I washed the babies. I had a perfect mania for *washing* everything and everybody. We had one little servant, and I insisted on washing her head. Her mother came up from the village to protest.

"Never washed her head in my life. Never washed any of my children's heads. And just look at their splendid hair!"

After the washing I fed the animals. There were two hundred ducks and fowls to feed, as well as the children. By the time I had done this, and cooked the dinner, the morning had flown away. After the midday meal I sewed. Sometimes I drove out in the pony-cart. And in the evening I walked across the common to fetch the milk. The babies used to roam where they liked on this common, in charge of a bulldog, while I sat and read.

I studied cookery-books instead of parts—Mrs. Beeton instead of Shakspeare!

Babies and Baby-talk

Of course, I thought my children the most brilliant and beautiful children in the world, and, indeed, "this side idolatry," they were exceptional, and they had an exceptional bringing up. They were allowed no rubbishy picture-books, but from the first Japanese prints and fans lined their nursery walls, and

Walter Crane was their classic. If injudicious friends gave the wrong sort of present, it was promptly burned! A mechanical mouse in which Edy, my little daughter, showed keen interest and delight was taken away as being "realistic and common." Only wooden toys were allowed. This severe training proved so effective that when a doll dressed in a violent pink silk dress was given to Edy, she said it was "vulgar"!

By that time she had found a tongue, but until she was two years old she never spoke a word, though she seemed to notice everything with her grave dark eyes. We were out driving when I heard her voice for the first time:

"There's some more."

She spoke quite distinctly. It was almost uncanny.

"More what?" I asked in a trembling voice, afraid that, having delivered herself once, she might lapse into dumbness.

"Birds!"

The nursemaid, Essie, described Edy tersely as "a piece," while Teddy, who was adored by every one because he was fat and fair and angelic-looking, she called "the feather of England."

"The feather of England" was considered by his sister a great coward. She used to hit him on the head with a wooden spoon for crying, and exhort him, when he said, "Master Teddy afraid of the dark," to be a *woman*!

I feel that if I go maundering on much longer about my children, some one will exclaim, with a witty and delightful author when he saw "Peter Pan" for the seventh time: "Oh, for an hour of Herod!" When I think of little Edy bringing me in minute bunches of flowers all the morning, with the reassuring intelligence that "there were lots more," I could cry, but why should any one be interested in that? Is it interesting to any one else that when she dug up a turnip in the garden for the first time, she should have come running in to beg me to come quick: "Miss Edy found a radish. It's as big as—as big as *God*!"

When I took her to her first theatre,—it was Sanger's circus,—and the clown pretended to fall, and the drum went bang! she said: "Take me away! take me away! you ought never to have brought me here!" No wonder she was considered a dour child! I immediately and humbly obeyed.

It was truly the simple life we led in Hertfordshire. From scrubbing floors and lighting fires, cooking, gardening, and harnessing the pony, I grew thinner than ever—as thin as a whipping-post, a hurdle, or a haddock! I went

to church in blue-and-white cotton, with my servant in silk. "I don't half like it," she said. "They'll take you for the cook, and me for the lady!"

We kept a goat, a dear fellow whom I liked very much until I caught him one day chasing my daughter. I seized him to inflict severe punishment; but then I saw that his eyes were exactly like mine, and it made me laugh so much that I let him go and never punished him at all.

"Boo" became an institution in these days. She was the wife of a doctor who kept a private asylum in the neighbouring village, and on his death she tried to look after the lunatics herself. But she wasn't at all successful! They kept escaping, and people didn't like it. This was my gain, for "Boo" came to look after me instead, and for the next thirty years I was her only lunatic, and she was my most constant companion and dear and loyal friend.

We seldom went to London. When we did, Ted nearly had a fit at seeing so many "wheels go round." But we went to Normandy, and saw Lisieux, Mons, Bayeux. Long afterward, when I was feeling as hard as sand-paper on the stage, I had only to recall some of the divine music I heard in those great churches abroad to become soft, melted, able to act. I remember in some cathedral we left little Edy sitting down below while we climbed up into the clerestory to look at some beautiful piece of architecture. The choir were practising, and suddenly there rose a boy's voice, pure, effortless, and clear. . . . For years that moment stayed with me. When we came down to fetch Edy, she said:

"Ssh! ssh! Miss Edy has seen the angels!"

Oh, blissful quiet days! How soon they came to an end! Already the shadow of financial trouble fell across my peace. Yet still I never thought of returning to the stage.

Charles Reade Goes Hunting

One day I was driving in a narrow lane, when the wheel came off. I was standing there, thinking what I should do next, when a whole crowd of horsemen in "pink" came leaping over the hedge into the lane. One of them stopped and asked if he could do anything. Then he looked hard at me and exclaimed: "Good God! it's Nelly!"

The man was Charles Reade.

"Where have you been all these years?" he said.

"I have been having a very happy time," I answered.

"Well, you've had it long enough. Come back to the stage!"

"No, never!"

"You're a fool! You ought to come back."

Suddenly I remembered the bailiff in the house a few miles away, and I said laughingly: "Well, perhaps I would think of it if some one would give me forty pounds a week!"

"Done!" said Charles Reade. "I'll give you that, and more, if you'll come and play Philippa Chester in 'The Wandering Heir.'"

He went on to explain that Mrs. John Wood, who had been playing Philippa at the New Queen's, of which he was the lessee, would have to relinquish the part soon, because she was under contract to appear elsewhere. The piece was a great success, and promised to run a long time if he could find a good Philippa to replace Mrs. Wood. It was a kind of Rosalind part, and Charles Reade only exaggerated pardonably when he said that I should never have any part better suited to me!

Welcomed Back to the Stage

In a very short time after that meeting in the lane, it was announced that the new Philippa was to be an actress who was returning to the stage "after a long period of retirement." Only just before the first night did any one guess who it was, and then there was great excitement among those who remembered me. The acclamation with which I was welcomed back on the first night surprised me. The papers were more flattering than they had ever been before. It was a tremendous success for me, and I was all the more pleased because I was following an accomplished actress in the part.

It is curious how often I have "followed" others. I never "created" a part, as theatrical parlance has it, until I played Olivia at the Court, and I had to challenge comparisons, in turn, with Miss Marie Wilton, Mrs. John Wood, and Mrs. Kendal. Perhaps it was better for me than if I had had parts specially written for me, and with which no other names were associated.

The hero of "The Wandering Heir," when I first took up the part of Philippa, was played by Edmund Leathes, but afterward by Johnstone Forbes Robertson. Every one knows how good-looking he is now, but as a boy he was wonderful—a dreamy, poetic-looking creature in a blue smock, far more of an artist than an actor,—he promised to paint quite beautifully,—and full of aspirations and ideals. In those days began a friendship between us which has lasted unbroken until this moment. His father and mother were delightful people, and very kind to me always.

Every one was kind to me at this time. Friends whom I had thought would be estranged by my long absence rallied round me

and welcomed me as if it were six minutes instead of six years since I had dropped out of their ken. I was not yet a "made" woman, but I had a profitable engagement, and a delightful one, too, with Charles Reade, and I felt an enthusiasm for my work which had been wholly absent when I had returned to the stage the first time. My children were left in the country at first, but they came up and joined me when, in the year following "The Wandering Heir," I went to the Bancrofts at the Prince of Wales'. I never had the slightest fear of leaving them to their own devices, for they always knew how to amuse themselves, and were very independent and dependable in spite of their extreme youth. I have often thanked Heaven since that, with all their faults, my boy and girl have never been lazy and never dull. At this time Teddy always had a pencil in his hand, when he wasn't looking for his biscuit,—he was a greedy little thing!—and Edy was hammering clothes on to her dolls with tin-tacks. Teddy said poetry beautifully, and when he and his sister were still tiny mites, they used to go through scene after scene of "As You Like It" for their own amusement, not for an audience, in the wilderness at Hampton Court. They were by no means prodigies, but it did not surprise me that my son, when he grew up, should be first a good actor, then an artist of some originality, and should finally turn all his brains and industry to new developments in the art of the theatre. My daughter has acted also,—not enough to please me, for I have a very firm belief in her talents,—and has shown again and again that she can design and make clothes for the stage that are both lovely and effective. In all my most successful stage dresses lately she has had a hand, and if I had anything to do with a national theatre, I should, without prejudice, put her in charge of the wardrobe at once!

I may be a proud parent, but I have always refrained from "pushing" my children. They have had to fight for themselves, and to their mother their actual achievements have mattered very little. So long as they were not lazy, I have always felt that I could forgive them anything!

And now Teddy and Edy—Teddy in a minute white piqué suit, and Edy in a tiny kimono, in which she looked as Japanese as everything which surrounded her—disappear from these pages for quite a long time. But all this time, you must understand, they are educating their mother!

"Kind, Unjust, Generous Charles Reade"

Charles Reade, having brought me back to the stage, and being my manager into the bargain,

was deeply concerned about my progress as an actress. During the run of "The Wandering Heir" he used to sit in a private box every night to watch the play, and would send me around notes between acts, telling me what I had done ill and what well in the preceding act. Dear, kind, unjust, generous, cautious, impulsive, passionate, gentle Charles Reade! Never have I known any one who combined so many qualities, far asunder as the poles, in one single disposition. He was placid and turbulent, yet always majestic. He was inexplicable and entirely lovable—a stupid old dear, and as wise as Solomon! He seemed guileless, and yet had moments of suspicion and craftiness worthy of the wisdom of the serpent. One moment he would call me "dearest child"; the next, with indignant emphasis, "*Madam!*"

When "The Wandering Heir" had at last exhausted its great popularity, I went on a tour with Charles Reade in several of his plays. In spite of his many and varied interests, he had entirely succumbed to the magic of the "irresistible theatre," and it used to strike me as rather pathetic to see a man of his power and originality working the stage sea at nights, in company with a rough lad, in his dramatic version of "Hard Cash." In this play, which was known as "Our Seaman," I had a part which I could not bear to be paid twenty-five pounds a week for acting. I knew that the tour was not a financial success, and I ventured to suggest that it would be good economy to get some one else for Susan Merton. For answer I got a fiery "*Madam, you are a rat! You desert a sinking ship!*" My dear old companion, Boo, who was with me, resented this very much: "*How can you say such things to my Nelly?*"

"Your Nelly!" said Charles Reade. "I love her a thousand times better than you do, or any puling woman." Another time he grew white with rage, and his dark eyes blazed, because the same "puling woman" said very lightly and playfully: "Why did poor Nell come home from rehearsal looking so tired yesterday? You work her too hard." He thought this unfair, as the work had to be done, and flamed out at us with such violence that it was almost impossible to identify him with the kind old gentleman of the Colonel Newcome type whom I had seen stand up at the Tom Taylors, on Sunday evenings, and sing "The Girl I Left Behind Me" with such pathos that he himself was moved to tears. But, though it was a painful time for both of us, it was almost worth while to quarrel with him, because when we made it up he was sure to give me some "treat"—a luncheon, a present, or a drive.

We both felt we needed some jollification because we had suffered so much from being estranged. He used to say that there should be no such word as "quarrel," and one morning he wrote me a letter with the following post-script written in big letters:

"THERE DO EXIST SUCH THINGS AS HONEST MISUNDERSTANDINGS."

"There, my Eleanora Delicia" (this was his name for me, my real, full name being Ellen Alicia), "stick that up in some place where you will often see it. Better put it on *your looking-glass*. And if you can once get those words into your noddle, it will save you a world of unhappiness."

How Charles Reade Practised Realism

I think he was quite right about this. Would that he had been as right in his theories about stage-management! He was a rare one for realism. He had *preached* it in all his plays, but when he produced a one-act play, "Rachael the Reaper," in front of "The Wandering Heir," he began to practise what he preached — jumped into reality up to the neck!

He began by buying *real* pigs, *real* sheep, a *real* goat, and a *real* dog. *Real* litter was strewn all over the stage, much to the inconvenience of the unreal farm-labourer, Charles Kelly, who could not compete with it, although he looked as like a farmer as any actor could. They all looked their parts better than the real wall which ran across the stage, piteously naked of *real* shadows, owing to the absence of the *real* sun, and, of course, deficient in the painted shadows which make a painted wall look so like the real thing.

Never, never can I forget Charles Reade's arrival at the theatre in a four-wheeler with a goat and a lot of little pigs. When the cab drew up at the stage-door, the goat seemed to say, as plainly as any goat could: "I'm dashed if I stay in this cab any longer with these pigs!" and while Charles Reade was trying to pacify it, the piggies escaped! Unfortunately, they didn't all go in the same direction, and poor, dear Charles Reade had a "divided duty." There was the goat, too, in a nasty mood. Oh, his serious face, as he decided to leave the goat and run for the pigs, with his loose trousers, each one a yard wide at least, flapping in the wind!

"That's a relief, at any rate," said Charles Kelly, who was watching the flight of the pigs. "I sha'n't have those d—d pigs to spoil my

acting as well as the d—d dog and the d—d goat!"

How we all laughed when Charles Reade returned from the pig-hunt to rehearsal with the brief direction to the stage-manager that the pigs would be "cut out."

The reason for the real wall was made more evident when the real goat was tied up to it. A painted wall would never have stood such a strain.

On the first night, the real dog bit Kelly's real ankles, and in a real anger he kicked the real animal by a real mistake into the orchestra's real drum.

So much for realism as practised by Charles Reade! There was still something to remind him of the experiment in Rachael, the circus goat. Rachael—he was no she, but what of that?—was given the free run of the garden of Reade's house at Knightsbridge. He had everything that any normal goat could desire—a rustic stable, a green lawn, the best of food. Yet Rachael pined and grew thinner and thinner. One night when we were all sitting at dinner, with the French windows open on to the lawn because it was a hot night, Rachael came prancing into the room, looking happy, lively, and quite at home! All the time, while Charles Reade had been fashing himself to provide every sort of rural joy for his goat, the ungrateful beast had been longing for the naphtha lights of the circus, for lively conversation and the applause of the crowd.

You can't force a goat any more than you can force a child to live the simple life.

"N'Yawk's the place," said the child of a Bowery tenement in New York, on the night of her return from an enforced sojourn in Arcady. She hated picking daisies, and drinking rich new milk made her sick. When the kind teacher who had brought her to the country strove to impress her by taking her to see a cow milked, she remarked witheringly to the man who was milking:

"Gee! You put it in!"

Rachael's sentiments were of the same type, I think. "Back to the circus!" was his cry, not "Back to the land!"

I hope, when he felt the sawdust under his feet again (I think Charles Reade sent him back to the ring), he remembered his late master with gratitude. To how many animals, and not only four-footed ones, was not Charles Reade generously kind, and to none of them more kind than to Ellen Terry!



AN IDYL OF THE ROAD

BY

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

AUTHOR OF "THE MADNESS OF PHILIP," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH



CAROLINE rocked herself back and forth from her waist, defying the uncompromisingly straight chair which inclosed her portly little person.

"Bounded 'n th' north by Mass'joosetts; bounded 'n th' north by Mass'joosetts; bounded 'n th' north by Mass'joosetts," she intoned in a monotonous chant. But her eyes were not upon the map; like those of the gentleman in the poem, they were with her heart, and that was far away.

Out of the window the spring was coming on, in waves of tree-bloom and bright grass; the birds bickered sweetly in the sun-patches; everything was reaching on tiptoe for the delicious thrill of May — and she was bounding Connecticut! It was idiotic. What was a knowledge of the uninteresting limits of her native State compared to that soft fresh wind on her cheek, that indescribable odor of brown earth?

Two fat birds descended with a twitter into a crystal rain-pool, and bathed with splashes of spray; Caroline's feet itched in her ribbed stockings. A soiled and freckled boy, bare from the knees, whistled by the window, jangling a can of bait, his pole balanced prettily on one ragged shoulder. As he reached the puddle, a pure inconsequence of good feeling seized him, and he splashed deliberately in it, grinning around him. Caroline mechanically bent and unbuttoned the top button of her stout boots. He caught her eye.

"Where you going?" she called through the glass.

"Oh, I d'no — anywheres, I guess!" he answered invitingly. "Want to come?"

"I can't. I have to go to school," she said shortly.

"And so ought he — you ought to be ashamed of yourself, calling through the window to that Simms boy!" cried a disgusted voice. Caroline twitched her shoulder spitefully.

"A great girl like you, too! Why, he's no better than a common tramp, that boy," proceeded the voice. "Look at his clothes!"

"Nobody wears good clothes to go fishing," Caroline grumbled. "I wish he had mine!"

"Fishing! He never wears them anywhere. He hasn't got them to wear. And he'd be glad enough to get yours, I can tell you."

"He wouldn't do any such thing! He told me Saturday he'd rather be a dog than a girl; he'd get more use of his legs!"

There was a scandalized silence. Caroline waited grimly.

"What are you doing?" said the voice at last.

"Studying my jography," she replied.

"Well, mind you do, then."

"I can't, if everybody talks to me all the time," she muttered sullenly.

Nevertheless she resumed her rocking and crooning.

"Bounded 'n th' *east* by Rho *Disland*; bounded 'n th' *east* by Rho *Disland*; bounded 'n th' *east* by Rho *Disland*."

The housemaid appeared just under the window, dragging a small step-ladder and a pail of glistening, soapy water. Her head was coifed in a fresh starched towel, giving her the appearance of a holy sister of some clean blue-and-white order; her eyes were large and mournful. She appealed instantly to Caroline's imagination.

"Oh, Katy, what a lovely Mother Superior you would make!" she cried enthusiastically.

"I'm a Presbyterian, Miss Car'line," said Katy reprovingly. "You'd better go on with your lessons," and she threw up the window from the outside.

A great puff of spring air burst into the room and turned it into a garden. Moist turf and sprouting leaves, wet flagstones and blowing fruit-blossoms, the heady brew of early morning in the early year assailed Caroline's quivering nostrils and intoxicated her soul.

"Oh, Katy, don't it smell grand!" she cried.

Katy wrung the soapy cloth and attacked the upper sash.

"You've got the nose of a bloodhound,"

she observed. "I b'lieve you'd smell molasses cookies half a mile."

Caroline sighed.

"I didn't mean them," she said. "I meant —"

"You'd better be at your lesson; your aunty'll be here in a minute if she hears you talking, now!"

Katy was severe, but fundamentally friendly.

Caroline groaned and applied herself.

"Bounded 'n th' *south* by Long Island *Sound*; bounded 'n th' *south* by Long Island *Sound*; bounded 'n th' *south* — oh, look!"

Up the neat flagged path of the side yard a spotted fox-terrier approached, delicately erect upon his hind legs, his mouth spread in cheerful smiles, his ears cocked becomingly. He paused, he waved a salute, and as a shrill whistle from behind struck up a popular tune, he waltzed accurately up to the side porch and back, retaining to the last note his pleased if painstaking smile.

Caroline gasped delightedly; Katy's severity relaxed.

"That's a mighty cute little dog," she admitted.

Another shrill whistle, and the dog returned, limping on three legs, his ears drooping, his stumpy tail dejected. He

paused in the middle of the walk, and at a sharp clap, as of two hands, he dropped limply on his side, rolled to his back, and stiffened there pathetically, his eyes closed.

Caroline's chin quivered; Katy's position on the ladder was frankly that of one who has paid for an orchestra-chair; Maggie had left the cookies and stood grinning in the kitchen door; an aunt appeared in an upper window.

One more clap, and the actor returned to life and left them, but only for a moment. He was back again, erect and smiling, a small wicker basket balanced on his paws. Marching sedately up to Maggie, he paused, and glanced politely down at the basket, then up at her.

Flesh and blood could not resist him. Hastily tugging out from her petticoat a bulging pocket-book, she deposited a dime in the basket; the aunt, with extraordinary accuracy,



"Her head was coifed in a fresh starched towel"

dropped a five-cent piece from the window; Katy mourned her distance from her own financial center, and Caroline ran for her bank. It was a practical mechanism, the top falling off at her onslaught with the ease of frequent exercise, and she returned in time to slip six pennies under the two hot cookies that Maggie had added to her first contribution. At each tribute the terrier barked twice politely, and only when there was no more to be hoped for did he trot off around the corner of the house, the cookies swaying at a perilous angle under his quivering nostrils.

A moment later a tall young man stepped across the grass and lifted a worn polo-cap from a reddish-yellow head.

"Much obliged, all," he said, with an awkward little bow. "Good day!"

He turned, whistled to the terrier, and was going on, when he caught the heartfelt admiration of Caroline's glance.

"Want to pat him?" he inquired.

She nodded and approached them.

"Shake hands with the lady, William Thayer, and tell her how d'you do," he commanded, as she knelt beside the wonderful creature.

The terrier offered a cool, tremulous paw, and barked with cheerful interrogation as she shook it rapturously.

"Those were fine cookies," said the young man. "I had 'em for breakfast. I'm going to buy a bone for William Thayer, and then he'll have some, too."

"Was that *all* you had?" she inquired, horror-stricken. He nodded. "But I'll make it up on dinner," he added lightly.

Caroline sprang to her feet.

"You go over there behind that barn and wait a minute," she commanded.

The young man—he was only a boy—blushed under his tan and bit his lip.

"I didn't mean—I'll get along all right; you needn't bother," he muttered, conscious of Katy's suspicious eye.

"Oh, do! Please do!" she entreated. "I'll be out there in just a minute; hurry up, before Maggie gets through those cookies!"

He turned toward the barn, and Caroline ran back to the house.

"Is that man gone? What are you doing, Caroline?" called the invisible voice.

"Yes, he's gone. I was patting the dog," she answered boldly, stepping through the dining-room into the pantry and glancing hastily about. Only a plate of rolls was in sight; the place was ostentatiously clean and orderly. She sighed and pushed through the swinging door; the refrigerator was a more delicate affair. But Maggie's broad back was bent over her ovenful, and Caroline clicked the door-knob unchallenged.

Two chops sat sociably on a large plate; a little mound of spinach rested on one side of them, a huge baked potato on the other. She slid the plate softly from the metal shelf, peeping apprehensively at Maggie, tumbled the rolls on to the top, and sped into the dining-room. From a drawer in the sideboard she abstracted a silver fork which she slipped into her pocket, adding, after a moment of consideration, a salt-shaker. Stepping to the door, she paused on the little porch for a hasty survey. The

coast seemed clear, and she sped across the yard, the silver jingling in her pocket. She was safe from the back, but a flank movement on Maggie's part would have been most disastrous, and it was with full appreciation of the audacity of her performance that she scudded around the barn and gained the cherry-tree behind it.

The young man was sitting on the grass, his head against the tree; his eyes brightened as she approached.

"Have you any luck?" he inquired.

She held out the plate, and, as he took it, fumbled in her pocket for the fork.

"It's all cold," she murmured apologetically, "but I knew Maggie'd never warm it. Do you mind?"

"Not a bit," he answered, with a whimsical glance at her eagerness to serve him. "I always *did* like greens," he added, as he accepted the fork and attacked the spinach.

"Here, William Thayer!"



"Whistled by the window, jangling a can of bait"

He handed one of the chops to the dog, and stared as Caroline drew out the salt-cellar.

"Did you—well, by—that's pretty kind, now!"

"Potatoes are so nasty without it," she explained.

"Yes, that's why I don't us'ally eat 'em," he replied.

There was a moment's silence, while he ate with the frank morning appetite of twenty, and Caroline watched him, her sympathetic jaws moving with his, her eyes shining with hospitality.

"Nice place you've got here," he suggested, breaking a roll.

"Yes. I wish I'd brought you some butter, but I didn't dare cut any off; it was in a jar, and it clatters so. ("Oh, that's all right!") This is nicer than it used to be out here. It *was* the chicken-yard, and ashes and things got put here; but nobody keeps chickens any more, and this is all new grass. They took down the back part of the barn, too, and painted it, and now it's the stables, or you *can* say carriage-house," she explained instructively.

He threw his chop-bone to William Thayer and drew a long breath.

"That was pretty good," he said, "and I'm much obliged to you, Miss." Caroline swelled with importance at the title. "I must have walked four or five miles, and it's not such fun with an empty stomach. I came from Deepdale."

"Oh, how lovely!" cried she. "By the pond?"

"Yes, by the pond. I gave William Thayer a swim, and I had a little nap. It's nice and pretty all around there. I cut some sassafras root; want some?"

He felt in his pockets, and produced a brown,

aromatic stump; Caroline sucked at it with a relish.

"Where are you going now?" she asked respectfully, patting William Thayer's back while his master caressed his ear.

"Oh, I don't know exactly. There's some nice woods back of the town; I think I'll look 'em through, and then go on to New Derby. I read in the paper about some kind of a firemen's parade there to-morrow, and if there's a lot of people, we'll earn something. We haven't made much lately, because William Thayer hurt his leg, and I've been sparing of him—haven't I, pup? But he's all right now."

He squeezed the dog's body and tickled him knowingly; the little fellow grinned widely and barked. Caroline sighed.

"It must be grand," she said wistfully, "to walk from one town to another, that way. Where do you sleep?"

"In barns, sometimes, and there's lots of covered wagons all around the farm-houses, outside the towns, you know. A church shed's as good a place as any. I don't like the towns as big as this, though; I like the country this time o' year."

Caroline nodded comprehendingly, breathing deep breaths of the fresh, earth-scented air.

"I wish there never were any houses in the world—nor any schools, either!" she cried.

He smiled. "I never was much for schools, myself," he said. "They don't smell good."

Caroline looked at him solemnly. She felt that the resolution of her life was taken. In one ecstatic flash she beheld her future.

"I shall never go to school again," she announced. "I shall—" A wave of joyous



"Returned in time to slip six pennies under the two hot cookies"

possibility broke over her, but modesty tied her tongue.

"Could I—would you—I'm a real good walker!" she burst out, and blushed furiously. Who was she to associate with a dog like William Thayer?

The young man looked curiously at her. A kind of anxiety clouded his frank gray eyes. "Oh, you mustn't talk like that," he urged, laying one brown hand on her apron. "That wouldn't do for a young lady like you. I guess you better go to school. Girls, you know!"

He waited a moment, but she scowled silently. He began again:

"I guess it's different with girls, anyway. You see, you have to get your education. A young lady——"

"I'm not a young lady," snapped Caroline. "I'm only ten 'n' a quarter!"

"Well, anyway, it isn't respectable," he argued hastily. Caroline opened her eyes wide at him.

"Aren't *you* respectable?" she demanded, appraising unconsciously his clothes, which were, if not fine, at least clean and whole, his flannel shirt finished with a neat blue tie, his shoes no dustier than the country roads accounted for.

He flushed under his thick freckles, and plucked at the grass nervously.

"N-n—yes, I *am*!" he shouted defiantly. "I know lots of people don't think so, but I am! We earn our way, William Thayer an' me, an' we don't want much. I don't see as we do any harm. It don't take much to live, anyhow; it's coal-scuttles an' lookin'-glasses an'—an' carpets that cost money. And if you don't want *them*—oh, what's the use talking? I never could live all tied up."

"Caroline! Caroline!" A loud voice cut across her meditative silence. She shrugged her shoulders stubbornly and put her finger on her lip. The boy shook his head.

"You better go," he said soothingly. "You'll have to sometime, you know. Here, take these," as she jumped up, forgetting the fork and the salt-shaker. "Be sure to put 'em back where you got 'em, won't you?"

"Oh, leave 'em here. I'll come back," she said carelessly, but the boy insisted.

"No, you take 'em right now," he commanded. "I wouldn't want any mistake made."

"Just wait a minute—I'll come back," she repeated, as the call sounded again.

"Caroline! where are you?"

The boy stood up, holding out the silver. "You—you don't want 'em to say I—I took 'em?" he blurted out.

Her eyes opened wide: she looked all the incredulous horror she felt.

"Steal?" she cried, "with a dog like that?"

He nodded. "That's the way I look at it, but some don't," he said shortly. "You better go now. Much obliged for the breakfast. If I come back this way, maybe I'll stop in again, if you'd like to see William Thayer."

"I think she went across behind the stable, Miss Carrie," Katy called helpfully.

Caroline thrust the silver into her pocket and turned to go.

"I'm coming!" she cried desperately, and, patting William Thayer, she took a few backward steps.

"There's a nice brook in those woods," she observed irrelevantly, "if you should want to take another nap," and, turning her back resolutely, she rounded the barn and disappeared.

The boy picked up the empty plate and slipped it into a door at the back of the stable. Then, lifting the dog over the nearest fence, he climbed it and stepped through the next yard into the street.

"That was a mighty nice little girl, William Thayer," he said thoughtfully. "She seemed to understand a lot, for such a little one."

Caroline stalked aggressively into the dining-room, and, finding it for the moment empty, hastily replaced the salt-shaker. The fork she laid in the pantry. Hardly was her pocket clear of the telltale stuff when her aunt appeared before her.

"I suppose you know you're late for school, Caroline," she began, with evident self-control. "If you think I am going to write you an excuse, you are very much mistaken."

"All right," Caroline returned laconically. "Is my lunch ready?"

"It was nothing in the world but that dog; I cannot understand the fascination that tramps and loafers have for you! You never got it from this family. Why do you like to talk to dirty tramps? Some day a strange dog will bite you. Then you'll be sorry!"

"He wasn't a bit dirty. If you weren't so afraid of dogs, you'd know William Thayer wouldn't bite!" she retorted indignantly. "I think I might have three cookies—those are nasty little thin ones. And you never put enough butter."

Caroline and her namesake-aunt were as oil and water in their social intercourse.

"Now, that's another thing. I cannot see where you put all the food you eat! You get more than the boys, a great deal. And boys are supposed—not that any one grudges it to you, child, but really——"

"I'm getting later all the time," Caroline remarked impartially. "You needn't cut the crusts off; I like 'em."

Her aunt sighed, and handed her the lunch-basket; a fringe of red-and-white napkin dangled invitingly from the corner.

"Now run along; what are you going in there for?"

"My jography."

She stood for a moment looking out at the flagstone where William Thayer had waltzed so seductively, then strolled slowly out, along the porch and by the house. The lilies-of-the-valley were white in the side-beds; their odor, blown to her on quick puffs of west wind, filled her with a sort of pleasant sadness, the mingled sorrow and delight of each new spring. She bent her strong little legs and squatted down among them, sniffing ecstatically. What was it she was trying to remember? Had it ever happened? Years ago, when she was very little——

"Caroline! are you trying purposely to be naughty? It is twenty minutes past nine!"

She muttered impatiently, stamped her foot deliberately upon the lilies, and ran out of the yard.

It will never be known what Caroline's definite intentions were on that morning. It is not improbable that she meant to go to school. She undoubtedly walked to the building devoted to the instruction of her generation and began to mount the steps. What power weighted her lagging feet and finally dragged her to a sitting position on the top step, she could not have told; but certain it is that for ten minutes she sat upon the text-book of geography, thoughtfully interposed between her person and the cold stone, her chin in her hand, her eyes fixed and vague. Behind her a chorus of voices arose in the melody that accompanied a peculiarly tedious system of gymnastics; she scowled unconsciously. Before her, clear to the inward vision, lay a pleasant little pond, set in a ring of new grass. Clear lay the pebbles and roots at the bottom; clear was the reflection of the feathering trees about it; clear shone the eyes

of William Thayer as he joyously swam for sticks across it. Great patches of sun warmed the grass and cheered the hearts of two happy wanderers, who fortified themselves from a lunch-basket padded with a red-fringed napkin. Happy yellow dandelions were spotted about, and the birds chirped unceasingly; the wind

puffed the whole spring into their eager nostrils. Truly a pleasant picture! As in a dream, Caroline walked softly down the steps and toward the north.

For ten minutes she kept steadily on, looking neither to the right nor to the left, when the rattle of a particularly noisy wagon attracted her attention. She caught the eye of the driver; it was the egg-and-chicken man. He nodded cheerfully.

"Hello, there!" said he.

"Hello!" Caroline returned. "You going home?"

"Sure," said the egg-and-chicken man. "Want a ride?"

Caroline wasted no breath in words, but

clambered up to the seat beside him.

"Startin' out early, ain't you?" he queried.

"Goin' far up my way?"

"Pretty far," she answered cautiously, "but not so very."

"Oh!" said he, impressed by such diplomacy.

"'Bout where, now?"

"Have you sold many eggs this morning?" she inquired with amiable interest.

"Twenty-three dozen, an' seven pair o' broilers," he informed her. "Goin' as far as my place?"

"I s'pose it's pretty cold as early as you get up," Caroline suggested pleasantly.

The egg-and-chicken man surrendered. "Middling," he answered respectfully, "but it smells so good and things looks so pretty, I don't mind. I'm glad I don't live in the city. It's all pay-in-stone an' smoke. This time o' year I like to feel the dirt under m' feet, somehow."

"So do I," said Caroline fervently. They jogged on for a mile in silence.

"I have to get out here," said he finally, "but don't be scared. That horse won't move a peg without me. I'll be back in a minute."



"She sat upon the text-book of geography, thoughtfully interposed between her person and the cold stone"

But when he returned she was not there.

The houses were thinning out rapidly ; one side of the road was already only a succession of fields, and along a tiny worn path through one of these Caroline was hurrying nervously. She crossed the widening brook, almost a little river now, and kept along its farther bank for half an hour, then left it and struck into the fringe of the woods.

It was very still here ; the road was far away, and only the chatter of the birds and the liquid cluck of the little stream disturbed the stillness of the growing things. She walked softly, except for the whisper of brushing against the spreading branches that choked the tiny path. The heat of noon was rising to its climax, and the shafts of light struck warm on her cheeks.

Suddenly a sound disturbed the peace of the woods — a scratching, rattling, scurrying sound. Something was moving through the dead leaves that had gathered among the roots and trunks. She started back nervously, but jumped forward again with a cry of delight, and caught William Thayer in her arms.

Even as he was licking her cheek, the path widened, the trees turned into bushes, the underbrush melted away, and the brook, a little river now, bent in upon them in a broad curve,

spanned only by stepping-stones. It ran full between its grassy banks, gurgling and chuckling as it lapped the stones, a mirror for the fat white clouds where it lay in still pools.

In the shelter of a boulder, a lad crouched over a fire, coaxing it with bits of paper and handfuls of dry leaves. Just as the flames shot up, the dog barked cheerily, and the lad turned to welcome him. His eye fell on Caroline; amazement and real pleasure grew into a delighted laugh.

"Well, if you don't beat the Dutch!" he cried. "How'd you get here?"

"I came in the wagon with the egg-and-chicken man," said she happily, "and then I walked 'cross lots. William Thayer knew me just as well!"

"Course he did. He always knows his friends. Now, see here. You can stay and watch this fire, an' I'll go over there a ways where those men are buildin' a fence; I'll bet they'll give us something. You look after the fire an' put on these old pieces of rail; it was hard work gettin' dry stuff to-day. We won't be long."

They disappeared between the trees, and Caroline sat in proud responsibility before the delightful little fire. The minutes slipped by; from time to time she fed the blaze with bits

"'Sure,' said the egg-and-chicken man. 'Want a ride?'"



of bent twigs, and at the proper moment, with a thrill of anxiety, she laid two pieces of the old fence-rail crosswise on the top. There was a second of doubt, and then they broke into little sharp tongues of flame. With a sigh of pleasure, she turned from this success, and, opening the lunch-basket, laid the napkin on the ground and methodically arranged four sandwiches, two cookies, and an orange on it. Then, with her fat legs crossed before her, she waited in silence. Between the sun at her back and the fire on her face, she grew pleasantly drowsy; the sounds about her melted imperceptibly to a soft, rhythmic drone; her head drooped forward. . . .

"Hello, hello!"

She jumped and stared at the boy and the dog. For a moment she forgot. Then she welcomed them heartily and listened proudly to his admiring reception of her preparations.

"Well, William Thayer, will you look at that! How's this for a surprise? And see what we've got." He balanced a tin pail carefully between the two crossed sticks in the heart of the fire, and unfolded from a newspaper two wedges of pumpkin-pie. In William Thayer's little basket was a large piece of cheese.

"It's coffee 'n' milk mixed together; they had bottles of it," he explained. "William Thayer 'll take back the pail. Are you hungry?"

Caroline nodded.

"Awful," she stated briefly.

"Well, then," he said with satisfaction, "let's begin."

Caroline attacked a sandwich with shining eyes, and when in another minute the boy took from his pocket a tin ring that slipped miraculously out of itself into a jointed cup, and dipped her a mug of hot coffee from the bubbling pail, she realized with a pang of joy that this was, beyond any question, the master moment of her life.

"I take this along," he explained, "so's when I go by, and they're milking, I can have some warm. Anybody'd give me all I want if William Thayer dances and drops dead for 'em. It tastes good early in the morning, I tell you."

She sighed with pleasure. To drink warm milk in the cool, early dawn, with the cows about you, and the long, sweet day free before!

They sipped turn about; the boy divided the orange mathematically; the pie was filled with fruit of the Hesperides.

"That was mighty good, that dinner," he announced luxuriously, "an' now I'll have a pipe."

The pungent, fresh odor of the burning

tobacco was sweet in the air; a dreamy content held them quiet.

He did not ask her whence or whither; she had no apologies or regrets. Two vagabonds from every law of home and duty, they were as peaceful and unthoughtful of yesterday's bed and to-morrow's meal as William Thayer, who slept in the sun at their feet.

For long they did not talk. An unspoken comprehension, an essential comradeship, filled the deep spaces of silence that frighten and irritate those whom only custom has associated; and Caroline, flat on her filled stomach, her nose in the grass, was close in thought and vague well-being to the boy who puffed blue rings toward the little river, his head on his arms.

"I put the plate into that door in the barn," he said finally. "Did you put those silver things back?"

Caroline grunted assent.

"But they wouldn't think that you—what you said," she assured him earnestly. "It's only tramps they're afraid of."

He glanced quickly over at her, but she was utterly innocent.

"One came to the kitchen once, and asked Mary for some hot tea or coffee, and she hadn't any, but she said if he was very hungry she'd give him a piece of bread and butter, and he said to go to hell with her bread and butter. So she doesn't like them."

The boy gasped.

"You oughtn't to—had you—that isn't just right for you to say, is it?" he asked awkwardly.

"What—hell?" Caroline inquired placidly. "No, I s'pose not. Nor damn nor devil, either. But, of course, I know 'em. Those are the only three I know. I guess they're about the worst, though," she added with pardonable pride. "My cousin, the Captain, knows some more. He's twelve 'n' a half. But he won't tell 'em to me. He says boys always know more than girls. I suppose," respectfully, "you know more than those three, yourself?"

Her companion coughed.

"A boy—" he began, then paused, confronted with her round, trustful eyes.

"A boy—" he started again, and again he paused.

"Oh, well, a boy's different," he blurted finally.

Caroline nodded humbly.

"Yes, I know," she murmured.

There was silence for a while. The river slipped liquidly over the stones, the white clouds raced along the blue above them, the boy smoked. At length he burst out with:



"The pungent, fresh odor of the burning tobacco was sweet in the air"

"You're all right, now! You're just a regular little chum, aren't you?"

She blushed with pleasure.

"I never had anybody along with me," he went on dreamily. "I always go alone. I—I didn't know how nice it was. I *had* a chum once, but he—he——"

The boy's voice trembled. Caroline's face clouded with sympathy.

"Did he die?" she ventured.

"No," he said shortly; "no, he didn't die. He's alive. He couldn't stand my ways. I tried to stay in school and—and all that, but soon as spring came I had to be off. So the last time, he told me we had to part, him and me."

"What was his name?" she asked gently.

The boy jerked his head toward the dog.

"*That's* his name," he said. "William Thayer." A little frown gathered on Caroline's smooth forehead; she felt instinctively the cloud on all this happy wandering. The spring had beckoned, and he had followed, helpless at the call; but something—what and how much?—tugged at his heart; its shadow dimmed the blue of the April sky.

He shrugged his shoulders with a sigh; the smile came again into his gray eyes and wrinkled his freckled face.

"Oh, well, let's be jolly," he cried with a humorous wink. "The winter's comin' soon enough!" and he burst into a song:

"There was a frog lived in a well,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
There was a frog lived in a well:
Kitty alone, and I!"

His voice was a sweet, reedy tenor; the quaint old melody delighted Caroline.

"This frog he would a-wooing ride
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;"

She began to catch the air, and nodded to the time with her chin.

"Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I!"

The boy lifted his polo-cap in a courtly manner, and began with grimaces and bows to act out the song. His audience swayed responsive to his every gesture, nodding and beaming.

"Quoth he, 'Miss Mouse, I'm come to thee'—
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
Quoth he, 'Miss Mouse, I'm come to thee,
To see if thou canst fancy me.'
Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I!"

Caroline swung her hat by its ribbons and shrilled the refrain, intoxicated with freedom and melody:

"Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I!"

She drummed with her heels on the ground, the boy waved his cap, and William Thayer rolled over and over, barking loudly for the chorus. Suddenly the boy jumped up, pulled her to her feet, and with grotesque, skipping

steps pirouetted around the dying fire. The dog waltzed wildly on his hind legs; Caroline's short petticoats stood straight out around her as she whirled and jumped, a Bacchante in a frilled pinafore. The little glade rang to their shouting:

"Kitty alone and I!"

He darted suddenly through an opening in the bushes, William Thayer close behind, Caroline panting and singing as she gave chase. Through a field, across a little bridge they dashed. He flung the empty coffee-pail at an astonished group of men, who stopped their work, their fence-posts in hand, to stare at the mad trio.

Breathless at last, they flung themselves on a bank by the road and smiled at each other. Caroline laughed aloud, even, in sheer, irresponsible light-headedness, but over the boy's face a little shadow grew.

"It won't seem so nice alone after this, will it, William Thayer?" he said slowly.

Caroline stared.

"But—but I'm coming! I'll be there," she cried. "I'm coming with you!"

He went on as if he had not heard.

"Who'll there be to eat our dinner with us to-morrow, William Thayer?" he questioned whimsically.

Caroline moved nearer and put her hand on his knee.

"There'll be—won't there be me?" she begged.

He shook his head.

"I guess not," he said bluntly.

Her eyes filled with tears.

"But—but you said I was a—a regular little chum," she whispered. "Don't you like me?"

He was silent.

"Don't you? Oh, don't you?" she pleaded.

"I don't *need* much to eat, really!"

The lad looked at her with a strange longing. The fatherhood that lives in every boy thrilled at the touch of her fat little hand on his knee; the comradely glow in her round brown eyes warmed his restless, lonely heart. He shook her off almost roughly.

"I guess they'd miss you more'n that salt-shaker," he said grimly. "I wish I could take you with me—honest, I do. But you better stay home and go to school. You don't want to grow up ignorant, and have your folks ashamed of you."

"But you—you aren't ignorant!" she urged warmly, her admiration shining in her eyes.

He blushed and kicked nervously at the grass.

"I am," he said angrily. "I am, too. Oh, dear, I wish—I wish——"

"The little glade rang to their shouting"



They looked at each other, troubled and uncertain.

"You're a girl," he began again, "and girls can't; they just can't. They have to stay with their folks and keep nice. It's too bad, but that's the way it is. You'd want to see 'em, too. You'd miss 'em nights."

Caroline winced, but could not deny. "Oh," she cried passionately, "why do girls have to do *all* the missing? It's just what that Simms boy says: 'If I couldn't be a boy, I'd rather be a dog!'"

"There, there," he said soothingly, "just think about it. You'll see. And you're not exactly like a girl, anyhow. You're too nice."

He patted her shoulder softly, and they lay quietly against the bank. Her breathing grew slow and regular; raising himself cautiously on one elbow, he saw that she had fallen asleep, her arm about William Thayer, her dusty boots pathetically crossed. He watched her tenderly, with frequent glances up and down the road.

Presently an irregular beat of hoofs sounded around a bend, and a clattering wagon drew steadily nearer.

The egg-and-chicken man jumped out and strode angrily toward the little group.

"I've caught you, have I, you young——"

"Ssh!"

The boy put up a warning hand.

"She's fast asleep," he whispered. "Are you goin' to take her home?"

The man stared.

"Oh, I'm no child-stealer," said the boy lightly. "Here, just lift her soft with me, and I'll bet we can put her in without wakin' her up at all."

Without a word, the man slipped his hands under Caroline's shoulders, the boy lifted her

dusty boots, and, gently unloosing her arm from the dog, they lifted her lax little body carefully to the wagon and laid her on the clean straw in the bottom, her head on a folded coat. She stirred and half opened her eyes, murmured broken words, and sank yet deeper into her dream.

The man pointed to a book on the seat.

"That's her lesson-book," he whispered hoarsely. It was the despised geography.

"Her folks think a heap of her, I tell you," he added, still eying the boy uncertainly. "She's about as bright as they make 'em, I guess."

"I guess she is," said the lad simply. "She'd ought to have been a boy. She'd have made a fine one."

The man's face cleared.

"Do—do you want a job?" he said abruptly. "We're short up at my place, and I wouldn't mind the dog. I remember you, now. You caught a chicken for me once; my wife gave you a hot supper."

The boy smiled faintly and shook his head.

"I remember," he said.

"No, I don't believe I want any job, thank you. I—I'm sort of—I have to keep along."

"Keep along? Where?"

He waved his hand vaguely.

"Oh, just along," he repeated. "This year, anyhow. Maybe—well, good-by. Her folks might be gettin' anxious."

He stepped up to the cart and looked once more at the flushed cheeks and brown hands, then strode off up the road.

The egg-and-chicken man gathered up the reins and the wagon started. Caroline scowled a little at the motion, but slept on. The boy whistled to the dog.

"Come on, William Thayer," he said. "I guess it's just you and me now."



"Come on, William Thayer. . . . I guess it's just you and me now."

THE THIRD DEGREE

BY

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ASOLD as the history of crime is the history of cruelties exercised, in the service of justice, for the discovery of criminal facts. Man has the power to hide his knowledge and his memories by silence and by lies, and the infliction of physical and mental pain has always seemed the quickest way to untie the tongue and to force the confession of truth. Through thousands of years, in every land on the globe, accomplices have been named, crimes have been acknowledged, secrets have been given up, under threats and tortures which overwhelmed the will to resist. The imagination of the Orient invented more dastardly tortures than that of the Occident; the medieval Inquisition brought the system to perhaps fuller perfection than later centuries; and to-day the fortresses of Russia are said to witness tortures which would be impossible in non-Slavic lands. And, although the forms have changed, can there be any doubt that even in the United States brutality is still a favorite method of undermining the mental resistance of the accused? There are no longer any thumb-screws, but the lower orders of the police have still uncounted means to make the prisoner's life uncomfortable and perhaps intolerable, and to break down his energy. A rat put secretly into a woman's cell may exhaust her nervous system and her inner strength till she is unable to stick to her story. The dazzling light and the cold-water hose and the secret blow seem still to serve, even if nine tenths of the newspaper stories of the "third degree" are exaggerated. Worst of all are the brutal shocks given with fiendish cruelty to the terrified imagination of the suspect.

Confessions Invented under Torture

Decent public opinion stands firmly against such barbarism; and this opposition springs not only from sentimental horror and from

esthetic disgust: stronger, perhaps, than either of these is the instinctive conviction that the method is ineffective in bringing out the real truth. At all times, innocent men have been accused by the tortured ones, crimes which were never committed have been confessed, infamous lies have been invented, to satisfy the demands of the torturers. Under pain and fear a man may make any admission which will relieve his suffering, and, still more misleading, his mind may lose the power to discriminate between illusion and real memory. Enlightened juries have begun to understand how the ends of justice are frustrated by such methods. Only recently an American jury, according to the newspapers, acquitted a suspect who, after a previous denial, confessed with full detail to having murdered a girl whose slain body had been found. The detectives had taken the shabby young man to the undertaking-rooms, led him to the side of the coffin, suddenly whipped back the sheet, exposing the white bruised face, and abruptly demanded, "When did you see her?" He sank on his knees and put his hands over his face; but they dragged him to his feet and ordered him to place his right hand on the forehead of the body. Shuddering, he obeyed, and the next moment again collapsed. The detectives pulled him again to his feet, and fired at him question after question, forcing him to stroke the girl's hair and cheeks; and, evidently without control of his mind, he affirmed all that his torturers asked, and, in his half-demented state, even added details to his untrue story:

A Microscope for Crime

The clean conscience of a modern nation rejects every such brutal scheme in the search of truth, and yet is painfully aware that the accredited means for unveiling the facts are too often insufficient. The more complex the machinery of our social life, the easier it seems to cover the traces of crime and to hide the

outrage by lies and deception. Under these circumstances, it is surprising and seems unjustifiable that lawyers and laymen alike should not have given any attention, so far, to the methods of measurement of association which experimental psychology has developed in recent years. Of course, the same holds true of many other methods of the psychological laboratory — methods in the study of memory and attention, feeling and will, perception and judgment, suggestion and emotion. In every one of these fields the psychological experiment could be made helpful to the purposes of court and law. But it is the study and measurement of associations which have particular value in those realms where the barbarisms of the third degree were formerly in use. The chronoscope of the modern psychologist has become, and will become more and more, for the student of crime what the microscope is for the student of disease. It makes visible that which remains otherwise invisible, and shows minute facts which allow a clear diagnosis. The physician needs his magnifier to find out whether there are tubercles in the sputum: the legal psychologist may in the future use his mental microscope to make sure whether there are lies in the mind of the suspect.

The Science of the Association of Ideas

The study of the association of ideas has attracted the students of the human mind since the day of Aristotle; but only in the last century have we come to inquire systematically into the laws and causes of these mental connections. Of course, every one knows that our memory-ideas link themselves with our impressions — that a face reminds us of a name, or a name of a face; that one word calls another to mind; that even smell or taste may wake in us manifold associations. But out of such commonplaces grew a whole systematic science, and the school of associationists began to explain our entire mental life as essentially the interplay of such associations. There are the outer associations of time and place, where one thing reminds us of another together with which we experienced it. There are inner associations, where one thing awakens in our minds something else which has similarity to it, or to which it is related as a part to the whole or the whole to a part, and so on. The word "dog" may call up in my mind, perhaps, the memory-picture of a particular dog, or the name of that dog, or the idea of a house in which I saw it; or it may bring up the superordinated idea, "animal," or the subordinated, "terrier," or the coördinated, "cat," or the part, "tail"; or perhaps it may suggest to me the German

translation for dog, or a painting with dogs in it: there are no end of possibilities. But the psychologists were not satisfied with grouping the various cases; their chief aim was to determine the conditions under which they arise, the influence which the frequency or the recency or the vividness or the combination of special experiences has on the choice of the resulting idea.

In the last few decades, then, has arisen the new science, experimental psychology, which, like physics and chemistry, has its own workshops, wherein mental facts are brought under experimental test in the same way as in the natural sciences. With the application of experimental methods, the study of associations took at once a new turn. In the laboratory we are not confined to the chance material which daily life offers; we can prepare and control the situation. For instance, I may use a list of one hundred substantives, and read one after the other to my subject, and ask him to give me the first word which enters his mind. I receive thus one hundred associations which are independent of any intentional selection, showing just the paths of least resistance in the mind of my man. I may use them, for instance, to make statistics as to their character: if the outer associations prevail, I have a type of mind before me other than in the case of a preponderance of inner associations; if the superordinations prevail, I have an intellect other than if the subordinations were in the majority. Or I may study the influences of preceding impressions. Perhaps I read to my man a story or showed him some pictures before I gave him the one hundred words for association; the effect of that recent experience will show itself at once. In this way the variations are endless.

Measuring Thought by Electricity

ut one aspect dominates in importance: I can measure the time of this linkage of ideas. Suppose that both my subject and I have little electrical instruments between the lips, which, by the least movement of speaking, make or break an electric current passing through an electric clockwork whose index moves around a dial ten times in every second. One revolution of the index thus means the tenth part of a second, and, as the whole dial is divided into one hundred parts, every division indicates the thousandth part of a second. My index stands quietly till I move my lips to make, for instance, the word "dog." In that moment the electric current causes the pointer to revolve. My subject, as soon as he hears the word, is to speak out as quickly as possible

the first association which comes to his mind. He perhaps shouts "cat," and the movement of his lips breaks the current, stops the pointer, and thus allows me to read from the clockwork in thousandth parts of a second the time which passed between my speaking the word and his naming the association. Of course, this time includes not only the time for the process of association, but also the time for the hearing of the word, for the understanding, for the impulse of speaking, and so on. But all these smaller periods I can easily determine. I may find out how long it takes if my subject does not associate anything, but simply repeats the word I give him. If the mere repetition of the word "dog" takes him 325 thousandths of a second, while the bringing up of the word "cat" took 975 thousandths, I conclude that the difference of 650 thousandths was necessary for the process of associating "cat" and "dog."

In this way, during the last twenty years, there has developed an exact and subtle study of mental associations, and through such very careful observation of the time-differences between associations a deep insight has been won into the whole mental mechanism. The slightest changes of our psychical connections can be discovered and traced by these slight variations of time, which are, of course, entirely unnoticeable so long as no exact measurements are introduced. The last three years have finally brought the latest step: the theoretical studies have been made useful to practical life. Like many other branches of experimental psychology, the doctrine of association has become adjusted to the practical problems of education, of medicine, of art, of commerce, and of law. It is the last which chiefly concerns, us here.

How the Mind Betrays its Own Secrets

For instance, our purpose may be to find out whether a suspected person has really participated in a certain crime. He declares that he is innocent, that he was not present when the outrage occurred, and that he is not even familiar with the locality. An innocent man will not object to our proposing a series of one hundred associations to demonstrate his innocence. A guilty man, of course, will not object, either, as a declination would indicate a fear of betraying himself; he cannot refuse, and yet affirm his innocence. Moreover, he will feel sure that no questions can bring out any facts which he wants to keep hidden in his soul; he will be on the lookout. As long as nothing more is demanded than that he speak the first word which comes to his mind, when another word is spoken to him, there is indeed

no legal and no practical reason for declining, as long as innocence is professed. Such an experiment will at once become interesting in three different directions as soon as we mix into our list of one hundred words a number, perhaps thirty, which stand in more or less close connection to the crime in question—words which refer to the details of the locality, or to the persons present at the crime, or to the probable motive, or to the professed alibi, and so on. The first direction of our interest is toward the choice of the associations. Of course, every one believes that he would be sure to admit only harmless words to his lips; but the conditions of the experiment quickly destroy that feeling of safety. As soon as a dangerous association rushes to the consciousness, it tries to push its way out. It may, indeed, need some skill to discover the psychical influence, as the suspected person may have self-control enough not to give away the dangerous idea directly; but the suppressed idea remains in consciousness, and taints the next association, or perhaps the next but one, without his knowledge.

He has, perhaps, slain a woman in her room, and yet protests that he has never been in her house. By the side of her body was a cage with a canary-bird. I therefore mix into my list of words also "bird." His mind is full of the gruesome memory of his heinous deed. The word "bird," therefore, at once awakens the association "canary-bird" in his consciousness; yet he is immediately aware that this would be suspicious, and he succeeds, before the dangerous word comes to his lips, in substituting the harmless word "sparrow." Yet my next word, or perhaps my second or third next, is "color," and his prompt association is "yellow": the canary-bird is still in his mind, and shows its betraying influence. The preparation of the list of words to be called thus needs psychological judgment and insight if a man with quick self-control is to be trapped. In most cases, however, there is hardly any need of relying on the next and following words, as the primary associations for the critical words unveil themselves for important evidence directly enough.

Yet not alone are the first associations interesting. There is interest in another direction in the associations which result from a second and a third repetition of the series. Perhaps after half an hour, I go once more through the whole list. The subject gives once more his hundred replies. An analysis of the results will show that most of the words which he now gives are the same which he gave the first time—pronouncing the words has merely accentuated

his tendency to associate them in the same connection as before. If it was "house"—"window" first, then it will probably be "house"—"window" again. But a number of associations have been changed, and a careful analysis will show that these are first of all the suspicious ones. Those words which by their connection with the crime stir up deep emotional complexes of ideas will throw ever new associations into consciousness, while the indifferent ones will link themselves in a superficial way without change. To a certain degree, this variation of the dangerous associations is reinforced by the intentional effort of the suspected. He does not feel satisfied with his first words, and hopes that other words may better hide his real thoughts, not knowing that just this change is to betray him.

The Involuntary Influence of Emotion

But most important is the third direction of inquiry: more characteristic than the choice and the constancy of the associations is their involuntary retardation by emotional influence. A word which stirs emotional memories will show an association-time twice or three times as long as a commonplace idea. It may be said at once that it is not ordinarily necessary, even for legal purposes, that the described measurement be in thousandths of a second; the differences of time which betray a bad conscience or a guilty knowledge of certain facts are large enough to be easily measured in hundredths or even in tenths of a second; though measurements for the theoretical purposes of psychology require, indeed, a division of the second into a thousand parts. In the following legal division I shall, therefore, refer to differences in tenths of a second only.

The absolute time of associations is, of course, quite different for different persons; to link familiar ideas like "chair"—"table" or "black"—"white" may take for the slow type more than a full second, while the alert mind may not need more than half a second. Thus we begin by finding the average for each individual, and all our interest goes into the deviations from this average. That a certain association should take one and a half seconds would be a very suspicious retardation for the quick mind which normally associates in three quarters, while it would be quite normal for the slow thinker. And here, again, it may be mentioned that the retardation is not always confined to the dangerous association alone, but often comes in a still more pregnant way in the following or the next following association, which on the surface looks entirely harmless. The emotional shock has perturbed the

working of the mechanism, and the path for all associations is blocked. The analysis of these secondary time-retardations is the factor which demands the greatest psychological skill. A few illustrations from practical life may make the whole method clearer

A Case of Psychological Detective Work

An educated young man of eighteen lived in the house of an uncle. The old gentleman went to consult a nerve specialist in regard to some slight nervous trouble of the younger friend. On that occasion he confided his recent suspicion that the young man might be a thief. Money had repeatedly been taken from a drawer and from a trunk; until lately he had had suspicions only of the servants; he had notified the police, and detectives had watched them. He was most anxious to find out whether his new suspicion was true, as he wanted, in that case, to keep the matter out of court, in the interest of the family. The physician, familiar with the new psychological methods, arranged that the young man come for an examination of his nerves. He then proposed to him a list of a hundred associations as part of the medical inspection. The physician said "head," the patient associated "nose"; then "green"—"blue," "water"—"air," "long"—"short," "five"—"six," "wool"—"cloth," and so on, the average time of these commonplace connections being 1.6 seconds. But there were thirty-seven dangerous words scattered among the hundred—words that had to do with the things in the room from which the money was abstracted, or with the theft and its punishment, or with some possible motives. There appeared, for instance, the word "thief." The association "burglar" seemed quite natural, but it took the boy suddenly 4.6 seconds to reach it. In the same way "police"—"theft" took 3.6 seconds, "jail"—"penitentiary" 4.2 seconds. In other cases the dangerous word itself came with normal automatic quickness, but the emotional disturbance became evident in the retardation of the next word. For instance, "key"—"false key" took only 1.6 seconds, but the following trivial association "stupid"—"clever" grew to 3.0 seconds. "Crime"—"theft" came again promptly in 1.8, but the inner shock was so strong that the commonplace word "cook" was entirely inhibited and did not produce an association at all in 20 seconds. In the same way "bread"—"water" rushed forward in 1.6 seconds, but this characteristic choice, the supposed diet of the jail, stopped the associative mechanism again for the following trivial word. It would lead too

far to go further into the analysis of the case, but it may be added that a repetition of the same series showed the characteristic variations in the region of the suspicious words. While "crime" had brought "theft" the first time, it was the second time replaced by "murder"; "discover" brought the first time "wrong," the second time "grasp." In the harmless words there was hardly any change at all. But, finally, a subtle analysis of the selection of words and of the retardations pointed to sufficient details to make a clear diagnosis. The physician told the young man that he had stolen; the boy protested vehemently. Then the physician gave him the subtle points unveiled by the associations — how he had bought a watch with the money and had given presents to his sister; and the boy confessed everything, and was saved from jail by the early discovery. The brutalities of the third degree would hardly have yielded such a complete result, nor the technicalities of legal evidence, either.

Trapping a Trained Criminal

Of course, this case is that of a highly sensitive mind with the strong feelings of a bad conscience. A professional tough criminal would not show such intense emotions, and hence not such long retardations, if he were as unsuspicious and unaware of the purposes of the experiment as that boy was. But what would be the situation of such a trained criminal who had no conscience and who knew beforehand that the experiment was to determine whether or not he lied or spoke the truth?

In that case, another group of facts is to be considered. We might expect from such a subject very little lengthening of the simple association-time by emotion, but instead of it a considerable lengthening by conscious effort to avoid suspicious and dangerous associations, provided that he were anxious to hide the damaging truth. As soon as a critical word were offered, he would be on the lookout not to betray the first word which came over the threshold of consciousness, but to make sure first that it was harmless, and to replace it if it were dangerous. Experiment shows that such watching and conscious sanctioning takes time, and the replacing of the unfit word by a fitting word brings still larger loss of time; nobody is able to look out for the harmlessness of his associations and yet to associate them with the average quickness with which the commonplace ideas are brought forth. If the dangerous words show association-times of unusual shortness, it is necessary to suppose that the subject of the experiment makes no effort to suppress

the truth; the short time proves that he lets the ideas go as they will, without his sifting, sanctioning, and retouching. Even the best bluffer will thus be trapped in his effort to conceal anything, by time-differences which he himself cannot notice.

Experiments with a Multi-Murderer

As an illustration of a case of such a type, I may speak of experiments that I carried on recently for several days in a Western penitentiary with a self-confessed multi-murderer. He played the star witness in a trial against a man whom his confession accused as an accomplice. It made hardly a difference whether the view of the prosecution or the view of the defense was taken: seen from any side, the witness offered a psychological problem of unusual interest. And its importance did not decrease when it was found out, through the verdict of the jury, that the defendant was innocent and had no connection with the crimes of the witness. No side doubted at any time that this was one of the most persistent murderers of modern time, and no side could deny that he was, during the trial, an imperturbable witness with the mildest manners, with quiet serenity, and with the appearance of a man who has found his peace in God.

The first problem for the psychologist was whether the confession of the witness was a chain of conscious lies or whether he himself really believed what he told the court. No outer evidence was fit to settle this question of his mental attitude, and it seemed thus interesting to study whether it might be possible to decide it by the association method.

I had the good chance to see the murderer at once on the witness-stand. As my seat was at the small table of the attorneys for the prosecution, I had him only a few feet from me for careful observation. I cannot deny that my impression on that first morning was very unfavorable. His profile, especially the jaw, appeared to me most brutal and vulgar; I also saw at once the deformation of the ear, the irregularity in the movements of the eyes, and the abnormal lower lip. That this was the profile of a murderer seemed to me not improbable, but that this man had become a sincere religious convert seemed to me quite incredible. Yet, I did not consult my antipathies; I had to rely on my experiments, which I started the following day. This is, of course, not the place to set down a scientific report of the nearly one hundred groups of tests and experiments which were completed; they belong in scholarly archives. Most of them referred to the memory, the attention, the feelings, the will the judgment,

and the suggestibility. Our interest here belongs only to the association experiments and to some related tests. Thus the report here covers only a small section of the case, and ignores entirely everything which does not refer to the subjective veracity.

I told the witness directly that I had come to examine his mind and find out what was really at the bottom of his heart. He at once declared himself perfectly ready to undergo any test. If he thought that he, the experienced poker-player, could easily hide his inmost mind and could deceive me with cant and lies, I turned the tables on him quickly. I began with some simple psychological tricks with which every student of psychology is familiar, but which were naturally unknown and somewhat uncanny to the witness. For instance, I covered one of his eyes and asked him to fixate with the other eye a little cross on the table, and to watch at the same time a cent piece which I moved at the side of the cross. Suddenly I told him that he would not see the cent any more—indeed, it had disappeared; and as he did not know that we all have a blind spot at the entrance-place of the optical nerve in the retina, he was much struck by my foreknowledge of such a defect in his eye. Or, I showed him the drawing of a stair which he saw as such; observing his eye movements, I told him that he now did not see the stair any more, but an overhanging wall, and again he was astonished at my knowing everything in his soul. In a similar way, I used some tactual illusions, and soon he was entirely under the spell of the belief that I had some special scientific powers.

Testing his Own Belief in the Confession

Then I began with a real experiment. I told him that I should call at first fifty words, and each time, when he heard a word, he was to name to me as quickly as possible the first thing which came to his mind on the hearing of the word. I asked him not to choose the words intentionally, but to let them go without any reflection; I added that I should learn all from the ideas which he would bring up. My first word was "river," he associated "water"; then "ox," he said "yoke"; "mountain," he said "hill"; "tobacco," he said "pipe." All the interest thus seemed to belong to the choice of the words, and he saw that I wrote his answers down. But the fact is that I did something else also: I measured in fractions of a second the time between my calling the word and his giving a reply. Between his hearing of the word "river" and his speaking the word "water," eight tenths of a second passed; between "ox"—"yoke,"

six tenths; between "tobacco"—"pipe," eight tenths. On the whole, seven to eight tenths of a second was the very short standard time for those associations which represented familiar ideas.

Now, there were mixed in among the fifty words many which had direct relation to his criminal career and to his professed religious conversion—for instance, the words confession, revolver, religion, heaven, jury, death, Bible, pardon, railroad, blood, jail, prayer, and some names of his victims and of his alleged accomplices. Let us not forget that he was fully under the belief that I had a special power to discover from his spoken words the real tendencies of his mind; if he had had anything to hide, he would have been constantly on the lookout that no treacherous word should slip in. If a word like "confession" or something similar were called among harmless ones, he would never shout at once the first word which came to his mind, but would have watched that no dangerous secret, perhaps "confession"—"humbug," came out and betrayed him. He would have quickly suppressed the word before it was spoken—and yet, however quickly he might have done it, it would have taken at least one or two seconds more; and he would have used the longer time the more freely as he had no reason to suspect that time played any part in the experiment.

Proofs that the Witness Made No Effort to Hide Anything

But the results show the very remarkable fact that the dangerous words brought, on the whole, no retardation of the associative process. After "tobacco"—"pipe" came with the same promptness "confession"—"truth," again in eight tenths of a second, a time entirely insufficient for any inner deliberation or sanction or choice or correction: it is a time which just allows the speaking of the first idea which arises in the mind. "Heaven"—"God" took, again, less than a second, and so "religion"—"truth," "blood"—"knife," "governor"—"executive," "witness"—"stand," "minister"—"pulpit," "mine-owner"—"mine"; only "pardon"—"peace," "death"—"end," and similar more abstract words took about one and a half seconds, a time which is still too short for real inhibition and second thought. Even the names of his accomplices and of his victims awoke associations in less than nine tenths of a second. The fact that these associations were produced by the witness in the minimum time, which made deliberation impossible, while he was convinced that the words would unveil his real mind, is strong evidence indeed that this man

did not want consciously to hide anything, and that he himself really believed his so-called confession.

If these experiments had been made with him before his confession, he would have stumbled over every third word, and many of his associations would have taken three seconds or more. He would have been unable, in spite of best efforts, to overcome the fear of betraying himself, and this fear would have retarded the associations in a way which would have trapped him unmistakably. But not only the short time, the choice of the associations also indicated clearly that, in an almost incredible manner, a mild, indifferent serenity had taken hold of his mind, and that his criminal life was of no concern to him any more. I gave him, for instance, the name of a city in which, according to his confession, he had been last to poison a victim and to dynamite his house; but in his mind the place did not connect itself any more with murder: in less than a second his mind joined it with "ocean."

The Mental Organism of the Murderer

It is evident from the association-times that no real emotion accompanied any of his memories of crime. He did not have and did not simulate a bad conscience. The emotional retardation of suspicious associations, characteristic of the average criminal, was, as expected, entirely lacking in this wholesale murderer. That does not mean that he lacks feeling; my experiments showed the opposite. To be sure, his sensitiveness for pain was, as with most criminals, much below the average. A deep pin-prick did not produce any reaction, and his whole touch sense was obtuse, while his eyes and ears were very sharp. But, in spite of this lack of organic pain,—he has never been ill,—he is sensitive to the immediate perception of suffering in others. Simulation is excluded: I measured the involuntary reactions. He really shivers at the thought of hurting others. I have no reason for doubting that he had this mental sensitiveness always; and that is no contradiction to the fact that he was spreading pain all around. Nearly all his crimes were performed in an impersonal way; he did not see the victims. He manufactured infernal machines, laid dynamite in the mines and bombs under gates, and thought of the suffering of the victims as little as the manufacturer of children's toys may think of the happiness of the little ones. He assured me that in those fifteen years of heinous deeds he never struck any one personally with his fist; that would have gone against his nerves. He exhibited tender feeling in all directions; he selected,

for instance, very delicate color combinations as those which he liked best among many which I showed him. His favorite color seemed to be dark blue; any showy or loud dressing is disagreeable to him. He asserts, even, that he rarely drank any strong drinks: one glass of beer made him sleepy.

Yet, his emotional life is simply dead—the small figures of his association-times would otherwise be quite impossible. And it may be added that even if his religious conversion is genuine, his so-called religion lacks also every sound and deep feeling; it is thoroughly utilitarian; he serves God because he will reward him after death.

The association experiments thus completely fulfilled their purpose: they gave a definite reply to a definite question which could hardly be answered by other methods of evidence. The association experiments proved that the murderer did not try to hide anything. Of course, this was only the first problem to be solved in the case. From this state of subjective truthfulness which interests the psychologist to the proof of objective truth which interests the court is still a very long way. It would have been possible, for instance, that all this was pseudo-religious auto-suggestion, or that it was a systematic illusion brought forth by the suggestions of detectives and lawyers, or that the witness was hypnotized, or that his mind was diseased. The experimental inquiry had to study all those and other possibilities; they formed the chief part of my experiments, but they do not belong here, as they have no relation to the method of association-measurement, which was the only concern of this discussion.

The Case of a School Girl

Of course, the theoretical importance of the method is independent of the practical importance of the cases in which it is applied. Multi-murderers are rare; but the simplest case of wrong-doing may demonstrate the success of the method just as well. No sharper contrast could be possible than that between the brutal criminal with his dynamite bombs and the lovely little girl with her chocolate bonbons whom I had seen a short time before. She was anemic and neurasthenic, and could not concentrate her attention on her work for her college examinations. She came to me for psychological advice. I asked her many questions as to her habits of life. Among other things, she assured me that she took wholesome and plentiful meals and was not allowed to buy sweets. Then I began some psychological experiments, and, among other tests, I started, at first rather aimlessly, with trivial associations.

Her average association-time was slow, nearly 2 seconds. Very soon the word "money" brought the answer "candy," and it came with the quickness of 1.4 seconds. There was nothing remarkable in this. But the next word, "apron," harmless in itself, was 6 seconds in finding its association, and, furthermore, the association which resulted was "apron" — "chocolate." Both the retardation and the inappropriateness of this indicated that the foregoing pair had left an emotional shock, and the choice of the word "chocolate" showed that the disturbance resulted from the intrusion of the word "candy." The word "apron" had evidently no power at all compared with those associations which were produced by the candy-emotion.

I took this as a clue, and after twenty indifferent words which slowly restored her calmness of mind, I returned to the problem of sweets. Of course, she was now warned, and was evidently on the lookout. The result was that when I threw in the word "candy" again, she needed 4.5 seconds, and the outcome was the naïve association "never." This "never" was the first association that was neither substantive nor adjective. All the words before had evidently meant for her simply objects; but "candy" seemed to appeal to her as a hint, a question, a reproach, which she wanted to repudiate. She was clearly not aware that this mental change from a descriptive to a replying attitude was very suspicious; she must even have felt quite satisfied with her reply, for the next associations were short and to the point. After a while I began on the same line again. The unsuspecting word "box" brought quickly the equally unsuspecting "white"; and yet I knew at once that it was a candy-box, for the next word, "pound," brought the association "two," and the following, "book," after several seconds the unfit association "sweet." She was again not aware that she had betrayed the path of her imagination. In the course of three hundred associations I varied the subject repeatedly, and she remained to the end unconscious that she had given me all the information needed. Her surprise seemed still greater than her feeling of shame when I told her that she skipped her luncheons daily and had hardly any regular meals, but consumed every day several pounds of candy. With tears she made finally a full "confession." She had kept her injudicious diet a secret, as she had promised her parents not to spend any money for chocolate. The right diagnosis led me to make the right suggestions, and after a few weeks her health and strength were restored.

The Physician as Psychologist

This trivial case with its foolish offense shows how psychological detective work may also be useful outside of the sphere of law. It not seldom becomes the serious interest of the educator and the physician to disentangle hidden thoughts, and the "third degree" of the school and of the consultation-room might easily be replaced by association experiments. On such a basis the nerve specialist would frequently be able to make the right and helpful diagnosis without the aid of any "confession" and without awakening in the patient the slightest suspicion that his physician had discovered the real source of the trouble. Experiments have convinced me that the method may bring to light facts of which even the patient himself is ignorant. Ideas which are connected in his deepest soul, but which he cannot bring up voluntarily by mere effort of memory, are sometimes brought to expression by the mechanical devices of this association method. It seems that as soon as a number of associations have been produced under pressure of the desire to associate as quickly as possible, the mind enters into a state of decreased inhibition, in which suppressed and forgotten ideas rush forward.

This fact must become the more important, the more we learn, under the guidance of the Vienna School, that one of the most troublesome nervous diseases — namely, hysteria — results principally from suppressed affective ideas, and can be cured by awaking anew the restrained thought. Hysteria is "strangled emotion," and disappears when the forgotten emotional ideas are brought to conscious expression. One hysteric woman always became mute after sunset; another could not take any food but liquids; another was constantly tortured by the hallucination of the tobacco odor. Every physician knows a hundred such hysteric symptoms. No one of these patients knew the reason or origin of her trouble. Slowly the physician discovered the suppressed ideas, which had had no chance to express themselves and had worked disaster in their inhibited form. The woman who could not speak at night had sat once at sunset, years before, at the bedside of her sick father; she had vehemently suppressed every sound in order not to disturb him. As soon as this first scene was brought back to her mind, she regained her voice. The woman who could not take solid food had been obliged, years before, to suppress her disgust when eating at the same table with a man who suffered from an ugly disease. As soon as this starting-point was consciously associated again, she was ready

to dine like others. The woman who smelled tobacco had long before heard by chance, in a room full of smoke, that the man she loved was in love with another, and she had had to suppress her emotion on account of the presence of others. As soon as she connected the smell again in consciousness with that first strangulated emotion, the hallucination disappeared. Hysteric contractions and anaesthesias, pathological impulses and inhibitions, can all be removed if the long-forgotten emotional ideas with which the disturbance started can be brought to light. Just here the association method seems surprisingly helpful. The psychologist who seeks to discover the secret connections of ideas may thus, by his association method, not only protect the innocent and unmask the guilty, but bring health and strength to the nervous wreck.

Psychology in Place of The "Third Degree"

Yet our chief interest belongs to the legal aspect of this method. Carried out with the skill which only long laboratory training can give, it has become, indeed, a magnifying-glass for the most subtle mental mechanism, and by it the secrets of the criminal mind may be unveiled. All this has, of course, no legal standing to-day, and there is probably no one who desires to increase the number of "experts" in our criminal courts. But justice demands that truth

and lies be disentangled. The time will come when the methods of experimental psychology cannot longer be excluded from the court of law. It is well known that the use of stenographers in trials once met with vehement opposition, while now the shorthand record of the court procedure seems a matter of course. The help of the psychologist will become not less indispensable. The vulgar ordeals of the "third degree" in every form belong to the Middle Ages, and much of the wrangling of attorneys about technicalities in admitting the "evidence" appears to not a few somewhat out of date, too: the methods of experimental psychology are working in the spirit of the twentieth century. The "third degree" may brutalize the mind and force either correct or falsified secrets to light; the time-measurement of associations is swifter and cleaner, more scientific, more humane, and more reliable in bringing out the truth which justice demands. Of course, we are only at the beginning of its development; the new method is still in many ways imperfect, and if clumsily applied it may be misleading; moreover, there exists no hard and fast rule which fits every case mechanically. But all this indicates only that, just as the bodily facts have to be examined by the chemist or the physiologist, the mental facts must be examined also, not by the layman, but by the scientific psychologist with the training of a psychological laboratory.

ON THE HEIGHTS

BY

WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

YOU love the mountains and I love the sea,
 Yet love the mountains too—the more since I
 Have seen you so uplifted in the high
 Heart of the hills, where something seemed to be
 Restored to you of childlike health and glee.
 Light-footed as a fawn you wandered by
 Aspiring paths that climbed into the sky,
 Fellow to clouds and breezes, and as free.

And oft, when you had breasted some ascent
 And stood with parted lips, swift beating heart,
 Flushed cheek, and hair in bright confusion blown,
 You were transfigured; in your eyes would start
 A look of awe with exaltation blent
 As if some spell were o'er your spirit thrown.

ELEANOR'S HOUSE

BY

WILLA SIBERT CATHER

AUTHOR OF "THE TROLL GARDEN," "THE PROFILE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. WALTER TAYLOR



HALL you, then," Harriet ventured, "go to Fortu-
ney?" The girl threw a startled glance toward the corner of the garden where Westfield and Harold were examining a leak in the basin of the little fountain, and Harriet was sorry that she had put the question so directly. Ethel's reply, when it came, seemed a mere emission of breath rather than articulation.

"I think we shall go later. It's very trying for him there, of course. He hasn't been there since." She relapsed into silence,—indeed, she had never come very far out of it,—and Harriet called to Westfield. She found that she couldn't help resenting Ethel's singular inadaptness at keeping herself in hand.

"Come, Robert. Harold is tired after his journey, and he and Ethel must have much to say to each other."

Both Harold and his wife, however, broke into hurried random remarks with an eagerness which seemed like a protest.

"It is delightful to be near you here at Arques, with only a wall between our gardens," Ethel spurred herself to say. "It will mean so much to Harold. He has so many old associations with you, Mrs. Westfield."

The two men had come back to the tea-table, and as the younger one overheard his wife's last remark, his handsome brown face took on the blankness of disapproval.

Ethel glanced at him furtively, but Harriet was unable to detect whether she realized just why or to what extent her remark had been unfortunate. She certainly looked as if she might not be particularly acute, drooping about in her big garden-hat and her limp white frock, which had not been very well put on. However, some sense of maladroitness certainly penetrated her vagueness, for she shrank behind the tea-table, gathering her scarf about her shoulders as if she were mysteriously blown upon by a chilling current.

The Westfields drew together to take their leave. Harold stepped to his wife's side as they went toward the gate with their guests, and put his hand lightly on her shoulder, at which she waveringly emerged from her eclipse and smiled.

Harriet could not help looking back at them from under her sunshade as they stood there in the gateway: the man with his tense brown face and abstracted smile, the girl drooping, positively swaying in her softness and uncertainty.

When they reached the sunny square of their own garden, Harriet sank into a wicker chair in the deep shadow of the stucco wall and addressed her husband with conviction:

"I know *now*, my dear, why he wished so much to come. I sensed it yesterday, when I first met her. But now that I've seen them together, it's perfectly clear. He brought her here to keep her away from Fortu-
ney, and he's counting on us to help him."

Westfield, who was carefully examining his rose-trees, looked at his wife with interest and frank bewilderment, a form of interrogation with which she was perfectly familiar.

"If there is one thing that's plainer even than his misery," Harriet continued, "it is that she is headed toward Fortu-
ney. They've been married over two years, and he couldn't, I suppose, keep her across the Channel any longer. So he has simply deflected her course, and we are the pretext."

"Certainly," Westfield admitted, as he looked up from his pruning, "one feels something not altogether comfortable with them, but why should it be Fortu-
ney any more than a hundred other things? There are opportunities enough for people who wish to play at cross-purposes."

"Ah! But Fortu-
ney," sighed his wife, "Fortu-
ney's the summing up of all his past. It's Eleanor herself. How could he, Robert, take this poor girl there? It would be cruelty. The figure she'd cut in a place of such distinction!"

"I should think that if he could marry her, he could take her to Fortu-
ney," Westfield main-
tained bluntly.

"Oh, as to his marrying her! But I suppose we are all to blame for that — all his and Eleanor's old friends. We certainly failed him. We fled at the poor fellow's approach. We simply couldn't face the extent of his bereavement. He seemed a mere fragment of a man dragged out from under the wreckage. They had so grown together that when she died there was nothing in him left whole. We dreaded him, and were glad enough to get him off to India. I even hoped he would marry out there. When the news came that he had, I supposed that would end it; that he would become merely a chapter in natural history. But, you see, he hasn't; he's more widowed than before. He can't do anything well without her. You see, he couldn't even do this."

"This?" repeated Westfield, quitting his gardening abruptly. "Am I to understand that she would have been of assistance in selecting another wife for him?"

Harriet preferred to ignore that his tone implied an enormity. "She would certainly have kept him from getting into such a box as he's in now. She could at least have found him some one who wouldn't lacerate him by her every movement. Oh, that poor, limp, tactless, terrified girl! Have you noticed the exasperating way in which she walks, even? It's as if she were treading pain, forbearing and forgiving, when she but steps to the tea-table. There was never a person so haunted by the notion of her own untidy picturesqueness. It wears her thin and consumes her, like her unhappy passion. I know how he feels; he hates the way she likes what she likes, and he hates the way she dislikes what she doesn't like. And, mark my words, she is bent upon Fortune. That, at least, Robert, he certainly can't permit. At Fortune, Eleanor is living still. The place is so intensely, so rarely personal. The girl has fixed her eye, made up her mind. It's symbolic to her, too, and she's circling about it; she can't endure to be kept out. Yesterday, when I went to see her, she couldn't wait to begin explaining her husband to me. She seemed to be afraid I might think she hadn't poked into everything."

While his wife grew more and more vehement, Westfield lay back in a garden-chair, half succumbing to the drowsy warmth of the afternoon.

"It seems to me," he remarked, with a discreet yawn, "that the poor child is only putting up a good fight against the tormenting suspicion that she hasn't got into anything. She may be just decently trying to conceal her uncertainty."

Harriet looked at him intently for a moment, watching the shadows of the sycamore-leaves

play across his face, and then laughed indulgently. "The idea of her decently trying to conceal anything amuses me. So that's how much you know of her!" she sighed. "She's taken you in just as she took him. He doubtless thought she wouldn't poke; that she would go on keeping the door of the chamber, breathing faint benedictions and smiling her moonbeam smile as he came and went. But, under all her meekness and air of poetically foregoing, she has a forthcomingness and an outputtingness which all the brutality he's driven to can't discourage. I've known her kind before! You may clip their tendrils every day of your life, only to find them renewed and sweetly taking hold the next morning. She'd find the crevices in polished alabaster. Can't you see what she wants?" Mrs. Westfield sat up with flashing eyes. "She wants to be to him what Eleanor was; she sees no reason why she shouldn't be!"

Westfield rubbed the stiff blond hair above his ear in perplexity. "Well, why, in Heaven's name, shouldn't she be? He married her. What less can she expect?"

"Oh, Robert!" cried Harriet, as if he had uttered something impious. "But then, you never knew them. Why, Eleanor made him. He is the work of her hands. She saved him from being something terrible."

Westfield smiled ironically.

"Was he, then, in his natural state, so — so very much worse?"

"Oh, he was better than he is now, even then. But he was somehow terribly off the key. He was the most immature thing ever born into the world. Youth was a disease with him; he almost died of it. He was so absorbed in his own waking up, and he so overestimated its importance. He made such a clamor about it and so thrust it upon one that I used to wonder whether he would ever get past the stage of opening packages under the Christmas tree and shouting. I suppose he did know that his experiences were not unique, but I'm sure he felt that the degree of them was peculiarly his."

"When he met Eleanor he lost himself, and that was what he needed. She happened to be born tempered and poised. There never was a time when she wasn't discriminating. She could enjoy all kinds of things and people, but she was never, never mistaken in the kind. The beauty of it was that her distinctions had nothing to do with reason; they were purely shades of feeling."

"Well, you can conjecture what followed. She gave him the one thing which made everything else he had pertinent and dignified. He simply had better fiber than any of us realized, and she saw it. She was infallible in detecting quality."

"Two years after their marriage, I spent six weeks with them at Fortuney, and even then I saw their possibilities, what they would do for each other. And they went on and on. They had all there is—except children. I suppose they were selfish. As Eleanor once said to me, they needed only eternity and each other. But, whatever it was, it was Olympian."

II

Harriet was walking one morning on the green hill that rises, topped by its sprawling feudal ruin, behind Arques-la-Bataille. The sunlight still had the magical golden hue of early day, and the dew shone on the smooth, grassy folds and clefts that mark the outlines of the old fortifications. Below lay the delicately colored town,—seen through a grove of glistening white birches,—the shining, sinuous curves of the little river, and the green, open stretches of the pleasant Norman country.

As she skirted the base of one of the thick towers on the inner edge of the moat, her sunshade over her shoulder and her white shoes gray with dew, she all but stepped upon a man who lay in a shaded corner within the elbow of the wall and the tower, his straw hat tilted over his eyes.

"Why, Harold Forscythe!" she exclaimed breathlessly.

He sprang to his feet, baring his head in the sun.

"Sit down, do," he urged. "It's quite dry there—the masonry crops out—and the view's delightful."

"You didn't seem to be doing much with the view as I came up." Harriet put down her sunshade and stood looking at him, taking in his careless morning dress, his gray, unshaven face and heavy eyes. "But I shall sit down," she affectionately assured him, "to look at you, since I have so few opportunities. Why haven't you been to see me?"

Forscythe gazed attentively at her canvas shoes, hesitating and thrusting out his lower lip, an impetuous mannerism she had liked in him as a boy. "Perhaps—perhaps I haven't quite dared," he suggested.

"Which means," commented Harriet reproachfully, "that you accredit me with a very disagreeable kind of stupidity."

"You? Oh, dear, no! I didn't—I don't. How could you suppose it?" He helped her to her seat on the slant of gray rock, moving about her solicitously, but avoiding her eyes.

"Then why do you stand there, hesitating?"

"I was just thinking"—he shot her a nervous glance from under a frown—"whether I ought

not to cut away now, on your account. I'm in the devil of a way in the early morning sometimes."

Mrs. Westfield looked at him compassionately as he stood poking the turf with his stick. She wondered how he could have reached eight-and-thirty without growing at all older than he had been in his twenties. And yet, that was just what their happiness had done for them. If it had kept them young, gloriously and resplendently young, it had also kept them from arriving anywhere. It had prolonged his flowering time, but it hadn't mellowed him. Growing older would have meant making concessions. He had never made any; had not even learned how, and was still striking back like a boy.

Harriet pointed to the turf beside her, and he dropped down suddenly.

"I'm really not fit to see any one this morning. These first hours—" He shrugged his shoulders and began to pull the grass-blades swiftly, one at a time.

"Are hard for you?"

He nodded.

"Because they used to be your happiest?" Harriet continued, feeling her way.

"It's queer," he said quietly, "but in the morning I often feel such an absurd certainty of finding her. I suppose one has more vitality at this time of day, a keener sense of things."

"My poor boy! Is it still as hard as that?"

"Did you for a moment suppose that it would ever be any—easier?" he asked, with a short laugh.

"I hoped so. Oh, I hoped so!"

Forscythe shook his head. "You know why I haven't been to see you," he brought out abruptly.

Harriet touched his arm. "You ought not to be afraid with me. If I didn't love her as much as you did, at least I never loved anything else so well."

"I know. That's one reason I came here. You were always together when I first knew her, and it's easy to see her beside you. Sometimes I think the image of her—coming down the stairs, crossing the garden, holding out her hand—is growing dimmer, and that terrifies me. Some people and some places give me the feeling of her." He stopped with a jerk, and threw a pebble across the moat, where the sloping bank, softened and made shallower by the slow centuries, was yellow with buttercups.

"But that feeling, Harold, must be more in you than anywhere. There's where she willed it and breathed it and stored it for years."

Harold was looking fixedly at the bare spot under his hand and pulling the grass-blades out delicately. When he spoke, his voice fairly

startled her with its sound of water working underground.

"It was like that once, but now I lose it sometimes — for weeks together. It's like trying to hold some delicate scent in your nostrils, and heavier odors come in and blur it."

"My poor boy, what can I say to you?" Harriet's eyes were so dim that she could only put out a hand to be sure that he was there. He pressed it and held it a moment.

"You don't have to say anything. Your thinking reaches me. It's extraordinary how we can be trained down, how little we can do with. If she could only have written to me — if there could have been a sign, a shadow on the grass or in the sky, to show that she went on with me, it would have been enough. And now — I wouldn't ask anything but to be left alone with my hurt. It's all that's left me. It's the most precious thing in the world."

"Oh, but that, my dear Harold, is too terrible! She couldn't have endured your doing it," murmured Harriet, overcome.

"Yes, she could. She'd have done it. She'd have kept me alive in her anguish, in her incompleteness."

Mrs. Westfield put out her hand entreatingly to stop him. He had lain beside her on the grass so often in the days of his courtship, of his first tempestuous happiness. It was incredible that he should have changed so little. He hadn't grown older, or wiser, or, in himself, better. He had simply grown more and more to be Eleanor. The misery of his entanglement touched her afresh, and she put her hands to her eyes and murmured, "Oh, that *poor* little Ethel! How could you do it?"

She heard him bound up, and when she lifted her face he was half the length of the wall away. She called to him, but he waved his hat meaninglessly, and she watched him hurry across the smooth green swell of the hill. Harriet leaned back into the warm angle of masonry and tried to settle into the deep peace of the place, where so many follies and passions had spent themselves and ebbed back into the stillness of the grass. But a sense of pain kept throbbing about her. It seemed to come from the spot where poor Forsythe had lain, and to rise like a miasma between her and the farms and orchards and the gray-green windings of the river. When at last she rose with a sigh, she murmured to herself, "Oh, my poor Eleanor! If you know, I pity you. Wherever you are, I pity you."

III

The silence once broken, Forsythe came often to Mrs. Westfield's garden. He spent whole

mornings there, watching her embroider, or walked with her about the ruins on the hill-top, or along the streams that wound through the fertile farm country. Though he said little himself, he made it supremely easy for her to talk. He followed her about in grateful silence while she told him, freely and almost lightly, of her girlhood with Eleanor Sanford; of their life at a convent-school in Paris; of the copy of "*Manon Lescault*" which they kept sewed up in the little pine pillow they had brought from Schenectady; of the adroit machinations by which, on her fête-day, under the guardianship of an innocent aunt from Albany, Eleanor had managed to convey all her birthday roses out to Père-la-Chaise and arrange them under de Musset's willow.

Harriet even found a quiet happiness in being with him. She felt that he was making amends; that she could trust him not to renew the terrible experience which had crushed her at their first meeting on the hill. When he spoke of Eleanor at all, it was only to recall the beauty of their companionship, a thing she loved to reflect upon. For if they had been selfish, at least their selfishness had never taken the form of comfortable indolence. They had kept the edge of their zest for action; their affection had never grown stocky and middle-aged. How, Harriet often asked herself, could two people have crowded so much into ten circumscribed mortal years? And, of course, the best of it was that all the things they did and the places they went to and the people they knew didn't in the least matter, were only the incidental music of their drama.

The end, when it came, had, by the mercy of Heaven, come suddenly. An illness of three days at Fortune, their own place on the Oise, and it was over. He was flung out into space to find his way alone; to keep fighting about in his circle, forever yearning toward the center.

One morning, when Harold asked her to go for a long walk into the country, Harriet felt from the moment they left the town behind them that he had something serious to say to her. They were having their déjeuner in the garden of a little auberge, sitting at a table beside a yellow clay wall overgrown with wall-peaches, when he told her that he was going away.

"I don't know for just how long: Perhaps a week; perhaps two. I'd hate to have you misunderstand. I don't want you to underestimate the good you've done me these last weeks. But, you see, this is a sort of — a sort of tryst," he explained, smiling faintly. "We got stranded once in an absurd little town down on the Mediterranean, not far from Hyères. We liked it and stayed for days, and when we left,

Eleanor said we'd go back every year when the grapes were ripe. We never did go back, for that was the last year. But I've been there that same week every autumn. The people there all remember her. It's a little bit of a place."

Harriet looked at him, holding her breath. The black kitten came up and brushed against him, tapping his arm with its paw and mewing to be fed.

"Is that why you go away so much? Ethel has told me. She said there was some business, but I doubted that."

"I'm sorry it has to be so. Of course, I feel despicable — do all the time, for that matter." He wiped his face and hands miserably with his napkin and pushed back his chair. "You see," he went on, beginning to make geometrical figures in the sand with his walking-stick, "you see, I can't settle down to anything, and I'm so driven. There are times when places pull me — places where things happened, you know. Not big things, but just our own things." He stopped, and then added thoughtfully, "Going to miss her is almost what going to meet her used to be. I get in such a state of impatience."

Harriet couldn't, she simply couldn't, altogether despise him, and it was because, as he said, she did know. They sat in the quiet, sunny little garden, full of dahlias and sunflowers and the hum of bees, and she remembered what Eleanor had told her about this fishing-village where they had lived on figs and goat's milk and watched the meager vintage being gathered; how, when they had to leave it, got into their compartment and flashed away along the panoramic Mediterranean shore, she had cried — she who never wept for pain or weariness, Harriet put in fondly. It was not the blue bay and the lavender and the pine hills they were leaving, but some peculiar shade of being together. Yet they were always leaving that. Every day brought colors in the sky, on the sea, in the heart, which could not possibly come just so again. That to-morrow's would be just as beautiful never quite satisfied them. They wanted it all. Yes, whatever they were, those two, they were Olympian.

As they were nearing home in the late afternoon, Forscythe turned suddenly to Harriet. "I shall have to count on you for something while I am away, you know."

"About the business? Oh, yes, I'll understand."

"And you'll do what you can for her, won't you?" he asked shakily. "It's such a hellish existence for her. I'd do anything if I could undo what I've done — anything."

Harriet paused a moment. "It simply can't, you know, go on like this."

"Yes, yes, I know that," he replied abstractedly. "But that's not the worst of it. The worst is that sometimes I feel as if Eleanor wants me to give her up; that she can't stand it any longer and is begging me to let her rest."

Harriet tried to look at him, but he had turned away his face.

IV

Forscythe's absence stretched beyond a fortnight, and no one seemed very definitely informed as to when he might return. Meanwhile, Mrs. Westfield had his wife considerably upon her hands. She could not, indeed, account for the degree to which she seemed responsible. It was always there, groping for her and pulling at her, as she told Westfield. The garden wall was not high enough to shut out entirely the other side: the girl pacing the gravel paths with the meek, bent step which poor Harriet found so exasperating, her wistful eyes peering from under her garden-hat, her preposterous skirts trailing behind her like the brier-torn gown of some wandering Griselda.

During the long, dull hours in which they had their tea together, Harriet realized more and more the justice of the girl's position — of her claim, since she apparently had no position that one could well define. The reasonableness of it was all the more trying since Harriet felt so compelled to deny it. They read and walked and talked, and the subject to which they never alluded was always in the air. It was in the girl's long, silent, entreating looks; in her thin hands, nervously clasping and unclasping; in her ceaseless pacing about. Harriet distinctly felt that she was working herself up to something, and she declared to Westfield every morning that, whatever it was, she wouldn't be a party to it.

"I can understand perfectly," she insisted to her husband, "how he did it. He married her to talk to her about Eleanor. Eleanor had been the theme of their courtship. The rest of the world went on attending to its own business and shaking him off, and she stopped and sympathized and let him pour himself out. He didn't see, I suppose, why he shouldn't have just a wife like other men, for it didn't occur to him that he couldn't be just a husband. He thought she'd be content to console; he never dreamed she'd try to heal."

As for Ethel, Harriet had to admit that she, too, could be perfectly accounted for. She had gone into it, doubtless, in the spirit of self-sacrifice, a mood she was romantically fond of permitting herself and humanly unable to live up to. She had married him in one stage of

feeling, and had inevitably arrived at another — had come, indeed, to the place where she must be just one thing to him. What she was, or was not, hung on the throw of the dice in a way that savored of trembling captives and barbarous manners, and Harriet had to acknowledge that almost anything might be expected of a woman who had let herself go to such lengths and had yet got nowhere worth mentioning.

"She is certainly going to do something," Harriet declared. "But whatever can she hope to do now? What weapon has she left? How is she, after she's poured herself out so, ever to gather herself up again? *What* she'll do is the horror. It's sure to be ineffectual, and it's equally sure to have distinctly dramatic aspects."

Harriet was not, however, quite prepared for the issue which confronted her one morning. She sat down shaken and aghast when Ethel, pale and wraith-like, glided somnambulant into her garden and asked whether Mrs. Westfield would accompany her to Fortuney on the following day.

"But, my dear girl, ought you to go there alone?"

"Without Harold, you mean?" the other inaudibly suggested. "Yes, I think I ought. He has such a dread of going back there, and yet I feel that he'll never be satisfied until he gets among his own things. He would be happier if he took the shock and had done with it. And my going there first might make it easier for him."

Harriet stared. "Don't you think he should be left to decide that for himself?" she reasoned mildly. "He may wish to forget the place in so far as he can."

"He doesn't forget," Ethel replied simply. "He thinks about it all the time. He ought to live there; it's his home. He ought not," she brought out, with a fierce little burst, "to be kept away."

"I don't know that he or any one else can do much in regard to that," commented Harriet dryly.

"He ought to live there," Ethel repeated automatically; "and it might make it easier for him if I went first."

"How?" gasped Mrs. Westfield.

"It might," she insisted childishly, twisting her handkerchief around her fingers. "We can take an early train and get there in the afternoon. It's but a short drive from the station. I'm sure" — she looked pleadingly at Harriet — "I'm sure he'd like it better if you went with me."

Harriet made a clutch at herself and looked

pointedly at the ground. "I really don't see how I could, Ethel. It doesn't seem to me a proper thing to do."

Ethel sat straight and still. Her liquid eyes brimmed over and the tears rolled mildly down her cheeks. "I'm sorry it seems wrong to you. Of course you can't go if it does. I shall go alone, then, to-morrow." She rose and stood poised in uncertainty, her hand on the back of the chair.

Harriet moved quickly toward her. The girl's infatuate obstinacy carried a power with it.

"But why, dear child, do you wish me to go with you? What good could that possibly do?"

There was a long silence, trembling and gentle tears. At last Ethel murmured: "I thought, because you were her friend, that would make it better. If you were with me, it couldn't seem quite so — indelicate." Her shoulders shook with a sudden wrench of feeling and she pressed her hands over her face. "You see," she faltered, "I'm so at a loss. I haven't — any one."

Harriet put an arm firmly about her drooping slenderness. "Well, for this venture, at least, you shall have me. I can't see it, but I'm willing to go; more willing than I am that you should go alone. I must tell Robert and ask him to look up the trains for us."

The girl drew gently away from her and stood in an attitude of deep dejection. "It's difficult for you, too, our being here. We ought never to have come. And I must not take advantage of you. Before letting you go with me, I must tell you the real reason why I am going to Fortuney."

"The real reason?" echoed Harriet.

"Yes. I think he's there now."

"Harold? At Fortuney?"

"Yes. I haven't heard from him for five days. Then it was only a telegram, dated from Pontoise. That's very near Fortuney. Since then I haven't had a word."

"You poor child, how dreadful! Come here and tell me about it," Harriet drew her to a chair, into which she sank limply.

"There's nothing to tell, except what one fears. I've lost sleep until I imagine all sorts of horrible things. If he has been alone there for days, shut up with all those memories, who knows what may have happened to him? I shouldn't, you know, feel like this if he were with — any one. But this — oh, you are all against me! You none of you understand. You think I am trying to make him — inconstant" (for the first time her voice broke into passionate scorn). "But there's no other way to save him. It's simply killing him. He's been frightfully ill twice, once in London and once before we left India. The London doctors

told me that unless he was got out of this state he might do almost anything. They even wanted me to leave him. So, you see, I must do something."

Harriet sat down on the stool beside her and took her hand.

"Why don't you, then, my dear, do it — leave him?"

The girl looked wildly toward the garden wall. "I can't — not now. I might have once, perhaps. Oh!" with a burst of trembling, "don't, please don't talk about it. Just help me to save him if you can."

"Had you rather, Ethel, that I went to Fortune?" Harriet suggested hopefully.

The girl shook her head. "No; he'd know I sent you, and he'd think I was afraid. I am, of course, but not in the way he thinks. I've never crossed him in anything, but we can't go on like this any longer. I'll go, and he'll just have to — choose."

Having seen Ethel safely to her own door, Harriet went to her husband, who was at work in the library, and told him to what she had committed herself. Westfield received the intelligence with marked discouragement. He disliked her being drawn more and more into the Forscythes' affairs, which he found very depressing and disconcerting, and he flatly declared that he wanted nothing so much as to get away from all that hysteria next door and finish the summer in Switzerland.

"It's an obsession with her to get to Fortune," Harriet explained. "To her it somehow means getting into everything she's out of. I really can't have her thinking I'm against her in that definite, petty sort of way. So I've promised to go. Besides, if she is going down there, where all Eleanor's things are —"

"Ah, so it's to keep her out, and not to help her in, that you're going," Westfield deduced.

"I declare to you, I don't know which it is. I'm going for both of them — for her and for Eleanor."

V

Fortune stood in its cluster of cool green, half-way up the hillside and overlooking the green loop of the river. Harriet remembered, as she approached it, how Eleanor used to say that, after the south, it was good to come back and rest her eyes there. Nowhere were skies so gray, streams so clear, or fields so pleasantly interspersed with woodland. The hill on which the house stood overlooked an island where the haymakers were busy cutting a second crop, swinging their bright scythes in the long grass and stopping to hail the heavy lumber-barges as they passed slowly up the glassy river.

Ethel insisted upon leaving the carriage by the roadside, so the two women alighted and walked up the long driveway that wound under the linden-trees. An old man who was clipping the hedge looked curiously at them as they passed. Except for the snipping of his big shears and occasional halloos from the island, a pale, sunny quiet lay over the place, and their approach, Harriet reflected, certainly savored all too much of a reluctance to break it. She looked at Ethel with all the exasperation of fatigue, and felt that there was something positively stealthy about her soft, driven tread.

The front door was open, but, as they approached, a bent old woman ran out from the garden behind the house, her apron full of gourds, calling to them as she ran. Ethel addressed her without embarrassment: "I am Madame Forscythe. Monsieur is awaiting me. Yes, I know that he is ill. You need not announce me."

The old woman tried to detain her by salutations and questions, tried to explain that she would immediately get rooms ready for Madame and her friend. Why had she not been told?

But Ethel brushed past her, seeming to float over the threshold and up the staircase, while Harriet followed her, protesting. They went through the salon, the library, into Harold's study, straight toward the room which had been Eleanor's.

"Let us wait for him here in his study, please, Ethel," Harriet whispered. "We've no right to steal upon any one like this."

But Ethel seemed drawn like the victim of mesmerism. The door opening from the study into Eleanor's room was hung with a heavy curtain. She lifted it, and there they paused, noiselessly. It was just as Harriet remembered it: the tapestries, the prie-dieu, the Louis-Seize furniture — absolutely unchanged, except that her own portrait, by Constant, hung where Harold's used to be. Across the foot of the bed, in a tennis-shirt and trousers, lay Harold himself, asleep. He was lying on his side, his face turned toward the door and one arm thrown over his head. The habit of being on his guard must have sharpened his senses, for as they looked at him he awoke and sprang up, flushed and disordered.

"Ethel, what on earth —?" he cried hotly.

She was frightened enough now. She trembled from head to foot and pressed her hands tightly over her breast. "You never told me not to come," she panted. "You only said," with a wild burst of reproach, "that you couldn't."

Harold gripped the foot of the bed with both hands and his voice shook with anger. "Please

go down-stairs and wait in the reception-room, while I ask Mrs. Westfield to enlighten me."

Something leaped into Ethel's eyes as she took another step forward into the room and let the curtain fall behind her. "I won't go, Harold, until you go with me," she cried. Drawing up her frail shoulders, she glanced desperately about her—at the room, at her husband, at Harriet, and finally at her, the handsome, disdainful face which glowed out of the canvas. "You have no right to come here secretly," she broke out. "It's shameful to her as well as to me. I'm not afraid of her. She couldn't but loathe you for what you do to me. She couldn't have been so contemptible as you all make her—so jealous!"

Forsythe swung round on his heel, his clenched hands hanging at his side, and, throwing back his head, faced the picture.

"Jealous? Of whom—my God!"

"Harold!" cried Mrs. Westfield entreatingly.

But she was too late. The girl had slipped to the floor as if she had been cut down.

VI

One rainy night, four weeks after her visit to Fortune, Forsythe stood at Mrs. Westfield's door, his hat in his hand, bidding her good night. Harriet looked worn and troubled, but Forsythe himself was calm.

"I'm so glad you gave me a chance at Fortune, Harold. I couldn't bear to see it go to strangers. I'll keep it just as it is—as it was; you may be sure of that, and if ever you wish to come back——"

Forsythe spoke up quickly: "I don't think I shall be coming back again, Mrs. Westfield. And please don't hesitate to make any changes. As I've tried to tell you, I don't feel the need of it any longer. She has come back to me as much as she ever can."

"In another person?"

Harold smiled a little and shook his head. "In another way. She lived and died, dear Harriet, and I'm all there is to show for it. That's pitiful enough, but I must do what I can. I shall die very far short of the mark—but she was always generous."

He held out his hand to Mrs. Westfield and took hers resolutely, though she hesitated as if to detain him.

"Tell Ethel I shall go over to see her in the morning before you leave, and thank her for her message," Harriet murmured.

"Please come. She has been seeing to the packing in spite of me, and is quite worn out. She'll be herself again, once I get her back to Surrey, and she's very keen about going to

America. Good night, dear lady," he called after him as he crossed the veranda.

Harriet heard him splash down the gravel walk to the gate and then closed the door. She went slowly through the hall and into her husband's study, where she sat quietly down by the wood fire.

Westfield rose from his work and looked at her with concern.

"Why didn't you send that madman home long ago, Harriet? It's past midnight, and you're completely done out. You look like a ghost." He opened a cabinet and poured her a glass of wine.

"I feel like one, dear. I'm beginning to feel my age. I've no spirit to hold it off any longer. I'm going to buy Fortune and give up to it. It will be pleasant to grow old there in that atmosphere of lovely things past and forgotten."

Westfield sat down on the arm of her chair and drew her head to him. "He is really going to sell it, then? He has come round sure enough, hasn't he?"

"Oh, he melts the heart in me, Robert. He makes me feel so old and lonely; that he and I are left over from another age—a lovely time that's gone. He's giving up everything. He's going to take her home to America after her child is born."

"Her child?"

"Yes. He didn't know until after that dreadful day at Fortune. She had never told any one. He says he's so glad—that it will make up to her for everything. Oh, Robert! if only Eleanor had left him children all this wouldn't have been."

"Do you think," Westfield asked after a long silence, "that he is glad?"

"I know it. He's been so gentle and comprehending with her." Harriet stopped to dry the tears on her cheek, and put her head down on her husband's shoulder. "And oh, Robert, I never would have believed that he could be so splendid about it. It's as if he had come up to his possibilities for the first time, through this silly, infatuated girl, while Eleanor, who gave him kingdoms——"

She cried softly on his shoulder for a long while, and then he felt that she was thinking. When at last she looked up, she smiled gratefully into his eyes.

"Well, we'll have Fortune, dearest. We'll have all that's left of them. He'll never turn back; I feel such a strength in him now. He'll go on doing it and being finer and finer. And do you know, Robert," her lips trembled again, but she still smiled from her misty eyes, "if Eleanor knows, I believe she'll be glad; for—oh, my Eleanor!—she loved him beyond anything, beyond even his love."

THE FIVE SENSES



A SERIES OF DRAWINGS BY
JESSIE WILLCOX
SMITH



JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

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HEARING



TOUCHING

WINNING THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL BALLOON RACE

THE STORY OF HOW AN AMERICAN OFFICER, ALMOST A NOVICE,
DEFEATED THE MOST EXPERIENCED AÉRONAUTS OF
EUROPE AND BROUGHT THE GORDON BENNETT
CUP TO THIS COUNTRY

BY

CLEVELAND MOFFETT

AUTHOR OF "THE WONDERS OF RADIUM," ETC.



PROBABLY the greatest sporting event the world has ever known—certainly the greatest the modern world has known—was the long-distance balloon race for the Gordon Bennett annual challenge cup, which started in Paris on Sunday afternoon, September 30, 1906, and finished in England some twenty-four hours later. The contest stands out surpassingly, for several reasons, among all boat races, horse races, prize-fights, bull-fights, and the like. It was a struggle for victory in a noble and spectacular sport; it required skill and courage; it involved the risk of several lives; and it was widely international, the sixteen competing balloons, with their respective champions, being sent by seven great countries: England, three balloons, France three, Germany three, Spain three, America two, Italy one, and Belgium one.

Never, I suppose, in any city, has so vast a crowd assembled for mere pleasure as on this day packed the Place de la Concorde, the Champs-Élysées, and all the neighboring region. All Paris was in the streets and on the house-tops. Some thousands paid half a franc or two francs or five francs for a privileged view, while two hundred thousand got what view they could, and paid nothing. This is one feature of a balloon race—that any one who likes may see the beginning of it.

Filling the Balloons with a Million Cubic Feet of Gas

Four o'clock was the time set for the departure of the first balloon; but already, early in

the morning, a great concourse had assembled to follow the details of preparation. With tireless interest, thousands watched the process of inflation as, one after another, the huge spheres filled out their widths of fifty or sixty feet and rose proudly above tree-tops and house-tops, sixteen great struggling creatures heaving at their bonds. Twelve of them were practically of the maximum size allowed under the rules, that is, they held 79,700 cubic feet of gas or a little less; but Santos-Dumont's "Two Americas" was somewhat smaller, with 76,000 cubic feet, and Lieutenant Lahm's "United States" (it was the old "Eros" fixed over) contained 73,500 cubic feet, while Vonwiller, the Italian, had a silk balloon (the others were cotton) with 65,350 cubic feet, and the German, Scherle, had the smallest balloon in the race, with only 53,000 cubic feet. It may be noted that the larger a balloon is, the more ballast it can carry and the longer flight it ought to make; also, that no hydrogen was used in this race, all the balloons being filled with ordinary illuminating gas, brought to the grounds by special pipes. Of this gas more than a million cubic feet were required.

Despite the enormous interest in this contest, there was virtually no betting on it—partly because of the newness and strangeness of the event and its evident uncertainties, partly because the crowd, being French, was overwhelmingly in sympathy with the French pilots. Nor was this entirely a matter of national pride. France was the mother-country of ballooning, and at this time French aeronauts undoubtedly led the world in experience and skill. Count Henry de La Vaulx, one of the three French

contestants, was holder of the world's long-distance record, twelve hundred miles into Russia, and of the world's duration record, forty-one hours in the air without descending. The second French contestant, Count Castillon de Saint-Victor, had sailed the skies from Paris to Sweden and won prizes — four of them first prizes — in ten balloon races. The third, Jacques Balsan, had made a long-distance flight of over eight hundred miles, and held the French record for altitude, some twenty-eight thousand feet, or over five miles. Here, certainly, was a trio to be feared, and unbiased opinion looked among them for the winner, de La Vaulx being the general favorite.

Santos-Dumont's Dirigible Balloon

There was much curiosity touching a strange contrivance fitted up under Santos-Dumont's balloon, a six-horse-power motor arranged to drive two horizontal propellers, the idea being that these would enable the aeronaut to manoeuvre his balloon without loss of ballast. This was the only approach to a steerable balloon in the race, the others being simply intended to sail with the wind. I should explain that Santos-Dumont, although a Brazilian, had entered for the Aéro Club of America, owing to the fact that Brazil had no Aéro Club of its own, and that only one contestant (instead of the possible three) had entered for the United States. That one was Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm of the Sixth U. S. Cavalry, a new-comer in ballooning, with only fourteen ascents to his credit, eight of which had been crowded into a few weeks of hurried preparation. No one knew much about Lahm, or took him very seriously; yet he was the only representative of the United States, and that, as we shall presently see, by the merest accident.

As the hours advanced, anxious eyes studied the clouds, and there was an ominous shaking of heads, for the wind was straight to the west, which meant the open sea. Every few minutes trial balloons were sent up, fantastic figures of animals and men to amuse the people; but they all drifted west, where the danger lay, and many prophesied that it would be a poor race, as the pilots would certainly descend when they reached the edge of the Atlantic.

During the last hours bands played vigorously, and thousands of pigeons were set loose and went fluttering away, while the crowd applauded. One pigeon alighted on Santos-Dumont's balloon, and the Brazilian, taking this as a good omen, got a photographer to snap the picture.

The Start

At four o'clock the first cry of "*Lâchez tout!*" ("Let everything go!") was heard, and sharp on the minute, by a marvel of good management, Vonwiller's beautiful silk balloon, the "*Elfe*," rose slowly from its moorings near the little pond, while a great shout from the multitude drowned the crash of music. The Italian bowed and smiled over the side of the basket, and then turned to his stathoscope as the car, rising higher, took the breeze and moved swiftly over the Place de la Concorde, sailing away to the west.

Five minutes later another balloon started, a heavy-looking sphere with a bright yellow covering of smooth, velvety finish, quite different from the more delicate French balloons. It was the "*Düsseldorf*," piloted by Captain Hugo von Abercron, one of the German champions, who had nearly seventy air trips to his credit.

Again after five minutes came a roar of cheers and applause, a tremendous ovation, as de La Vaulx's "*Walhalla*" swept upward majestically, the French champion, confident and happy, waving his thanks to a frantic multitude of his fellow-countrymen.

Next rose Lieutenant Herrera, the hero of Spain, amid shouts of "*Ay! Ay! Ay!*" — a daredevil pilot, it was said, who had swept over the Mediterranean from Barcelona to Salces, and had all the desperate courage of his lamented comrade, Fernandez Duro, hero of the sensational flight over the Pyrenees.

Then came Rolls, the Englishman, with the "*Britannia*," an old-fashioned pear-shaped balloon, the kind you see in story-books; and after him the intrepid Santos-Dumont, amid continued cheering and a great whirring of his queer "descensional" propellers; and so on, at exact five-minute intervals, until all the balloons had gone.

The twelfth was the "*United States*," carrying Lieutenant Lahm, a quiet-mannered, clean-shaven young American with a businesslike air and a keen, observant eye; and somehow, as one watched him, one felt that he had gone into this race to stay. He swept away to the sound of friendly shouting, and, as he floated past the Eiffel Tower and on over the Long-champs race-course, hundreds of loyal Americans looked after him and wished him luck.

The last balloon to leave (the starting positions were determined by lot) was the "*Zephyr*," piloted by Professor Huntington of the chair of meteorology in King's College, London. The sun sank as he disappeared in the direction of St.-Cloud, and, almost immediately, a full



THE TUILERIES GARDEN, LOOKING TOWARD THE RUE DE RIVOLI
(VON ABERCRON IN THE CENTRAL FOREGROUND ABOUT TO START OFF)

moon rose and spread its gentle radiance over a mild and beautiful night.

Lahm's Predicament

Each of the sixteen pilots had an assistant with him, so that there were two men in each basket, the sixteen aids being amateurs, for the most part, although several were professionals or semi-professionals. In Lahm's case this matter of an assistant very nearly caused serious trouble, for at the last moment a Frenchman who was to have accompanied him withdrew, leaving the American in grave embarrassment. Most fortunately, Major Henry B. Hersey of the Rough Riders, an associate of Walter Wellman, and just back from their first arctic balloon expedition, happened to be on the grounds. Learning of Lahm's predicament, he volunteered on the spot to fill the emergency. Major Hersey

was not only an American with the best kind of grit in him, but he was an expert in all matters pertaining to wind-currents, having for years been connected with the meteorological service in Washington. If Lieutenant Lahm had searched Europe over, he could not have found a better man.

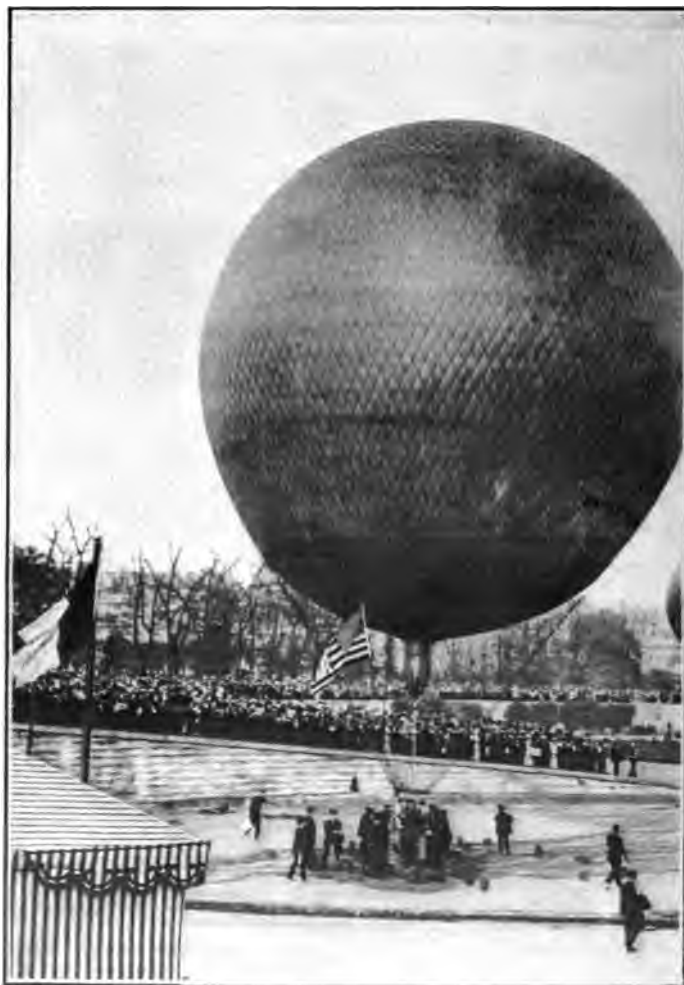
"Will you really go with me?" asked the lieutenant, scarcely believing his good fortune.

"Sure I'll go," answered Hersey, "if you'll let me run across to the Continental Hotel and get my overcoat."

And, with so much preparation, he stepped into the basket and calmly started on the greatest balloon race the world has thus far known.

And now, as the balloons drift away in their long flights, let us go back a moment and note the singular chance that brought into the contest this young army officer, the only American

Lieutenant Lahm and Major Hersey in the "United States" waiting for their turn to start off



in the race, upon whose efforts so much depended. Who was Lahm? What was he doing away from his regiment? How came he to know anything about ballooning?

Chance Entry of the "United States"

Frank P. Lahm, a young man of twenty-eight, was an *aéronaut* by inheritance. It was his father, Frank S. Lahm, who had taken him on his first ascension and taught him most of what he knew. Indeed, it was the elder Lahm who, being a resident of Paris and a veteran balloonist,

famous cavalry school at Saumur. His duties there were not to begin until early in October, at least a week after the race. It seemed providential. Here was a strong young fellow able to take his father's place and try for the cup. What he lacked in experience could be made up, it was hoped, by his father's teaching. There were two months still for preparation, and they must make the most of them — the very most.

Lahm Begins Training

They did. It is doubtful if so much of prac-



A section of the crowd in the Place de la Concorde (in front of the Tuileries Garden) while the balloons were starting

with far more skill and experience than the son possessed, had originally entered for this race. Unfortunately, Mr. Lahm was in poor health, and had only entered so that *some one* might represent the United States. As a matter of fact, at that time he and his son were the only two Americans who could enter, under the rules of the *Aéro Federation*; that is, they were the only two who had made enough ascensions to qualify as balloon pilots. This, then, was the situation a few weeks before the race — the elder Lahm not equal to the strain of a long balloon journey, the son unable to leave his regiment in America, and nobody else available.

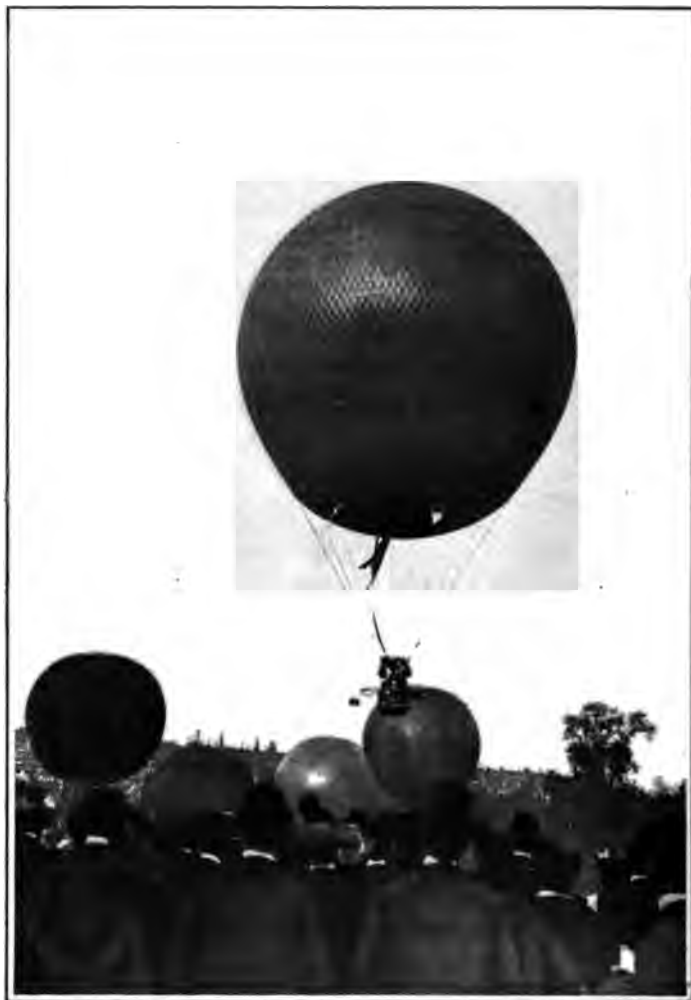
Then, suddenly, in July, 1906, the lieutenant was ordered to France for a year's work in the

tical *aéronautics* was ever crowded into so short a time. For weeks, in Paris, this father and son talked ballooning, dreamed ballooning, lived ballooning. Not only did young Lahm make eight preparatory balloon journeys, but he made them in the light of his father's shrewd instruction, going over the details of each attempt point by point, studying his barometric charts, learning many difficult tricks of ballast-handling, profiting always by mistakes, and in each ascension coming nearer to the great art of keeping a balloon in equilibrium, not too high, not too low, so that its flight may be in a straight line, with the least possible number of wasteful up and down zigzags. That skill *must* be possessed by the pilot who expects to win

racers, and the result proved that the elder Lahm was wise to dwell upon it.

Some men, it appears, are born aeronauts. They have no agitating nerves; they keep cool in trying emergencies; and they seem to possess

utter blackness. At one o'clock the next morning they were nearly two miles above the earth, soaked to the skin, and utterly out of their bearings. The elder Lahm admits that this was one of the rare occasions when he was "badly



When it came the turn of Santos-Dumont, he set his descensional propellers whirring, to the crowd's roar of "Santos hugs the earth!"

a delicate sense of balance by which they know intuitively how much sand to throw over to hold a balloon steady — whether a small handful or a large one, or two handfuls, or a whole scoopful, or even two scoopfuls. This instinct of balance in the air is one of the most precious qualifications of a pilot, and it soon developed that young Lahm possessed it in a high degree.

As to his coolness, the father had proof of it the very first time he took his son up in a balloon — which was some years earlier. They had left Paris about half-past nine one night, and soon rose into a drenching rain-storm and

rattled"; but the son, beginner that he was, remained perfectly calm, quite indifferent, apparently, to danger and discomfort. Furthermore, Lahm had the physical endurance that a man *must* get who spends hours every day in the saddle with break-neck jumps over fences and ditches as part of his regular routine.

A Race to an Unknown Country

Such was Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm, pilot of the "United States," one of the youngest contestants in the race; by now eagerly studying the map of northwestern France with a

electric lamp, and from time to time ng down at the moving panorama of Norway as the west wind drove them toward the tic. The race was fairly on. Sixteen ns, a mile or two apart, were speeding the Seine valley, and the hearts of thirty-rave fellows aboard were full of hopes and is purposes. This, indeed, was a struggle making. There was glory in it, for the f the world were on them; there was the n Bennett cup — valued at twenty-five ed dollars — to be won; there was also aulois cup for the most successful French aut and the Gould cup for the most successful British contestant; there was a money of twenty-five hundred dollars offered by ennnett to the winner; and there was a in the Tuileries gate receipts. All this e pilot who should drive his balloon over reatest distance from the starting-point. here, straight ahead, was the beating sea! it is the great trouble with a balloon race: ay know the date months in advance, and great preparations, without any idea in direction the wind will take him. Thus vere thirty-two men starting on a long and rous journey, and not knowing, up to the our of departure, whether it would end in in-kissed vineyards of Italy or the frozen of Russia, in the forests of Norway or the seas of Albion. Lahm, for instance, d a heavy overcoat which he never used, erman money that he could not spend.

Gambling on the Wind

they flew along, the lieutenant kept ever d his father's caution to hold the balloon nd straight; he tried for this with all his eing aided, of course, by the night; for it sun that chiefly disturbs a balloon's equili-. Night, however, means darkness, and ess means that a balloonist may lose his ings; but here, again, the lieutenant's low on was an advantage, for as they passed he lights of town or village, their hundred-guide-rope sometimes sweeping the house- they were within easy hailing distance, ould shout down questions through a ing-trumpet: What town? What de- ent? and then listen for the answers. nly difficulty was that France abounds in with names that sound very much alike, ally to a hurrying aeronaut!

two or three hours after the start, the icians sailed on with four other balloons near them, the "Britannia" easily recog- e by the shape, and the one of German by its color; but as the night advanced companion air-ships dropped from view,

one by one, and shortly after nine they found themselves alone. Four hours from Paris — two hours from the sea! All well with the "United States," and the wind straight to the west.

Lahm and Hersey had their own theory about this wind which apparently was sweeping them to destruction: they believed that it would change. The last weather telegrams received before the start had reported a low-pressure area over Ireland. Such areas usually move from west to east, and the wind usually blows toward such an area. In other words, the present wind would *probably* turn to the north as soon as this low-pressure area had reached England. It was a matter of hours. There was some uncertainty, but it was a good gamble that if they let this wind carry them freely out over the sea, it would presently, at the météorological or aeronautical moment, veer to the north and take them safely to the shores of England.

But if this did not happen? If probabilities were at fault and the wind did not behave in its accustomed manner? Then what? Would they perish in the Atlantic? That was a possibility they did not discuss; they had decided to take the chance, and they proposed to race this undersized, second-hand balloon for all she was worth. But there was one precaution that Lahm took: as fast as a bag of ballast was emptied, he tied in its mouth a wooden hoop brought along for the purpose, and so made a number of cone-anchors, to be dragged in the sea, if the worst should come, and perhaps retard their progress until a vessel could rescue them. He had these cone-anchors ready, but he hoped not to use them; he was confident the wind would change.

But would it change? No one who has not traveled in a balloon can realize the difficulty experienced by an aeronaut in determining the direction of the wind that carries him. From the very fact that he goes with it, he feels no wind at all, and can discover which way he is moving only by noting his line of progress over points on the earth and then tracing this line on the map. And if the earth is shut off by fog or darkness, then he has no means of knowing anything about the wind; he is literally lost in the skies.

In the present case, however there was no such uncertainty. The night was clear and a full moon was shining; Lahm and Hersey knew that the wind was blowing them west or (this was later) a little north of west, and they knew exactly where they were — rapidly nearing the Atlantic Ocean, rapidly nearing the practical demonstration of their pretty wind-turning



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TOUCHING



Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm, winner of the Gordon Bennett cup. Lieutenant Lahm is in the center of the picture—the one holding the paper

and dropped within a few yards of the water. No other balloon took the sea as low as this, and several took it hundreds of yards higher; in fact, the records show that the French champion, de La Vaulx, crossed at the height of half a mile or more.

Lahm's Brilliant Manoeuvre

This question of the height at crossing had a vital bearing on the winning of the race, for, as careful observations showed, the wind was already changing, veering from north of west to west of north, following the low-pressure area that now lay over England to the northwest of them, that would soon be to the north of them, and then to the northeast. In a flash of inspiration Hersey, as a meteorologist, saw that their difficulty might come, not from being carried too far west, but from not being able to get far enough west. He knew, and the lieutenant knew, that, in any event, this change in the wind's direction would come first in the upper currents and last in the lower currents of the air, so that a balloon close to the sea, like Lahm's, might be sailing northwest, while another half a mile up, where the turning movement was farther advanced, might be

sailing north, and a third a mile up might be sailing northeast. Consequently, Lahm's low course to the west, so far from being an act of folly or bravado, turned out now to have been the cleverest possible manoeuvre in practical aeronautics. By means of it the Americans had gained a position of unquestionable advantage; they were flying close to the sea at the extreme west of the line; they were curving more and more to the north, and would presently strike England full in the middle of her southern coast, and be swept straight on over the land, while their opponents, battling vainly with higher currents, would be carried to the east and halted by the sea.

All this added to the general cheerfulness aboard the "United States," and presently Lahm and his companion settled themselves as best they could on bags of ballast, and turned their attention to sandwiches, chicken, eggs, fruit, and coffee that had been brought along. Ah, that midnight supper in the skies! Did anything ever taste so good? Except for the lack of cigars, which are contraband articles in balloons, they were perfectly comfortable and free from anxiety. The night was deliciously mild; they did not even need light overcoats.

And there beneath them was a placid sea with the full moon shining on it. Once a little vessel slipped past far down on the waters and disappeared in the shadows. That was all they saw on the way across — that little phantom vessel, and the sea, and the moon!

So hours passed, and there was nothing to do but glance over the side now and then to see that the guide-rope swung clear of the water, and, if they settled too much, to sprinkle out sand. From time to time they studied the ripples on the sea and got their direction from the compass; and each observation showed that the anticipated turning movement (like that of the hands of a clock) was going on satisfactorily. Already the wind was blowing nearly north, so that, whatever happened, they at least were coming safe to land.

Four Left in the Contest

Which, in due course, they did, the sudden gleam of a revolving light far ahead flashing them England's welcome. They caught sight of this at about half-past two in the morning, and, as they drew nearer, saw that it came from a light-ship. So the Channel was safely passed! They had crossed a hundred miles or more of open sea, and, within an hour, were sailing above the islands of Great Britain, looking down on the lights of a city lying to the left, quite a large city, apparently, which they finally identified as Chichester in the county of Sussex. No other balloon of the seven reached England as far to the west as this, although three of the rival pilots, Vonwiller, Kindelan, and Balsan, did nearly as well. But de La Vaulx, sailing hundreds of yards higher than Lahm, crossed to Hastings, some seventy miles east of Chichester, and the two Englishmen, Rolls and Huntington, did about the same. This left these three practically no chance of victory against a wind now blowing directly to the northeast, as Hersey had foreseen; the North Sea would surely bar their advance.

So, when England was reached, only four of the sixteen contestants were really in the race: a Frenchman, a Spaniard, an Italian, and an American. And almost immediately the Spaniard, Kindelan, dropped out, descending near Chichester as day was breaking. A few miles farther on, the Frenchman, Balsan, descended, under the mistaken impression that he was being carried back to the sea. This left Lahm and Vonwiller to fight for first place, and, as they flew along, Lahm had the position of advantage. He was somewhat nearer the ground and considerably to the west. The Italian, on the other hand, had a silk balloon. At this time, of course, they were miles apart, and

neither had the slightest idea what had befallen the other balloons since the previous evening.

Imaginary Oceans

For hours after they reached land the Americans saw virtually nothing of England, by reason of mist and fog. The sun itself was hidden, and of the earth they had only occasional glimpses, their guide-rope disappearing, for the most part, into a sea of clouds which more than once had the semblance of a real sea. No wonder the Frenchman was deceived into descending.

But Lahm was fortified against the terrors of imaginary oceans; he had faced them in one of his preparatory flights, and he sailed on now, serenely confident that they were over dry land. From time to time tall trees lifted black branches through the clouds to reassure him; and presently the mist parted, and they learned from astonished farmers down below (by the handy speaking-trumpet method) that they were sailing over the fertile fields of Berkshire. Through the fog they had crossed the counties of Sussex and Hampshire, making swift progress.

Eight o'clock in the morning, and the "United States" was still flying bravely to the north, three hundred miles from Paris. No sleep aboard yet, but everybody happy! So they sailed on through the morning hours until the sun came out and warmed the gas, so that it expanded and made them rise. Not the most cunning aëronaut can resist this call of the sun, and presently, from the height of three thousand feet, they looked down upon Warwick Castle and Stratford-on-Avon. Then on to the north they went, passing west of Rugby and Birmingham, and, again yielding to the sun, sailed on at the height of a mile or more toward Manchester and Leeds. They were making a great triumphal survey of King Edward's realm, sweeping it from south to north.

And Scotland? Why not Scotland, too? But that was not to be, for after midday the sun became so hot that they were lifted nearly two miles, and at that height suffered the fate of de La Vaulx and Huntington; that is, they were caught in northeasterly currents that hurried them toward the North Sea. In vain they tried to get back to the more favorable lower wind. It was too late. Already the blue sea lay before them, flashing dangerous beyond the barren moors. There was no time to lose. They had done their best, and now they must descend. Quick with the valve-cord! Down, down, thousands of feet in a minute, until the guide-rope trails the ground. Out with the anchor! It strikes a stone wall and slips off. Then it



Map showing the ground covered by the sixteen contestants in the race of September 30, 1906 (reconstructed from log-books). The numbers at the landing-points refer to the list of names in the upper right-hand corner and also indicate the order of departure from Paris. (They show that Lahm and Vonwiller, classed first and second, did not trace very much the same course by merely drifting together in the same winds—Vonwiller starting first and Lahm starting twelfth. Eleven champions intervened between them, and went off in quite different arcs.)

strikes again and holds. The basket sags to earth. A pull on the "rip-cord," then a harder pull, and a great gap opens in the top of the balloon and its life goes out. The "United States" sinks heaving to the ground. Her race is run.

The "United States" Wins by Thirty-three Miles

But the "United States" had done enough, and she and her pilot could rest on their laurels, for they were thirty-three good miles beyond the point where Vonwiller had descended. They were easy winners of the race, with four hundred and ten miles to their credit and over twenty-two hours in the air. Vonwiller, it appears,

the second prize-winner, came down as he approached the wide mouth of the Humber, which he mistook for the open sea. Had he crossed this, as he might easily have done, and continued his flight until really stopped by the North Sea, he would have come near to Lahm's record, but could probably not have equaled it, owing to the unfavorable slant of the coast-line.

It is of interest to note the distances covered by the seven who crossed the Channel and the points of their descent. Lahm landed at Fyling Dales, fifteen miles north of Scarborough—four hundred and ten miles; Vonwiller at New Holland—three hundred and sixty-eight miles; Rolls at Shernbourne, Norfolk—two hundred and eighty-seven miles; de La Vaulx at Great

Walsingham. Norfolk — two hundred and eighty-six miles; Balsan at Singleton — one hundred and ninety-nine miles; Kindelan at Rumboldswyke — one hundred and ninety-six miles; Huntington at Milton, Kent — one hundred and ninety miles. These distances are all estimated in straight lines from Paris; but obviously the balloons really covered longer distances, since they moved in curved lines.

I pass over the exciting scenes in London and Paris that followed this brilliant first winning of the Gordon Bennett cup, and add a word about the winner. I have had some interesting talks with him these last weeks, and with his father,


first at their home in Paris, and then at Saint-Germain, where the elder Lahm had gone with his son.

We discussed *aéronautics* in a great historic garden with moated walls and cool avenues of *tilleuls*, and I had from Lieutenant Lahm many of the facts set down in this narrative.

"Did you think he would win the cup?" I asked the father.

"If any one had asked me before the race," he said, "whether Frank had a chance to win, I should have answered, 'How *can* he win against such men?' but — away down in my heart I knew he had a chance."

THE COMING RACE AT ST. LOUIS

 THE great spectacle of a year ago at Paris will be repeated this year in America. On October 21st the second annual contest for the Gordon Bennett international *aéronautic* cup will start from St. Louis. It will be the first balloon race in America, and the comparative unfamiliarity of the sport in this country will make it of even more striking interest here than in France.

Naturally, St. Louis was available as the starting-point of the American race, because of its central location on the continent; and the middle of October was fixed upon because at that season there is a greater chance of steady, carrying winds than at any other, and because there will be a full moon at that time.

The winds of continental Europe are far steadier than those of America. It was because of them that de La Vaulx could make his great journey in 1900. There is no likelihood that this record will be approached here — although, of course, it would not be physically impossible. It is, however, hoped that Lieutenant Lahm's record of a year ago will be outdone. St. Louis is more than 600 miles from the Atlantic at its nearest point; the prevailing winds in the Mississippi Valley in October are south and southwest; and there is, of course, ample room on the continent to accomplish more than 1,200 miles from St. Louis with these winds, provided only that they are steady and strong.

There will be, probably, eleven balloons in this strange contest, representing five nations, although Spain may be barred because of a technical failure to conform to rules in posting its entrance money. Sixteen balloons were

entered, but, owing to the expense of conveying them across the Atlantic, a full quota can hardly be expected.

The coming event of St. Louis may be merely a strange and wonderful spectacle: it may be remembered as marking the opening of a new era. There is a growing belief that the age of practical *aërial* navigation is upon us — so close, as many believe, that it is now a matter of months rather than years before it will arrive. This exhibition in October will not be confined alone to the huge drifting balloons, but, in addition, there will quite certainly be a display of dirigible air-ships, and, if possible, of *aéroplan*. Recent developments have stimulated the belief that by the time of this event the *aéroplane* may be established as a practical human achievement. If it should be, this striking demonstration of air-ships would direct the nation's attention to aerial navigation at a psychological moment.

However this may be, the race at St. Louis will be a sight which has never yet been equaled in America. At three o'clock, on the afternoon of October 21st, the great round balloons will rise from their moorings in the city's fine Forest Park. The contestants — or some, at least — will pass one night in the air. There is a good chance of fine weather at this season; there should be a full moon that night, to light the travelers on their unusual journey. That night and the next day, if the expected winds prevail, the most thickly settled section of the United States, where many eyes will watch, will be swept over by strange vehicles — the first of the strange fleets which are to populate the skies of coming generations of men.

MR. WEEKS

BY

IOLA ROSEBORO' AND W. CARR MORROW

ILLUSTRATION BY JAY HAMBIDGE

THE law-student had been a private soldier in the Philippines, and this is the way he told me about Mr. Weeks:

"Mr. Weeks — that's what everybody called him, everybody all the time.

Now, did you ever hear the like of that about a soldiered man?

Now you didn't, nor any one else on this side who hasn't run against Mr. Weeks. He was the sergeant-major, it seems, that that was his name, and that's how the sergeant-major called him off to us when he was assigned to our company.

Mr. Weeks' lantern-jaw set with a kind of unprotesting patience when his title came out that time, but not another sign did he ever make about it; so it soon stopped being a special joke, came down to being simply the general jest Mr. Weeks was bound to make as long as he wore a uniform.

But yet, I can tell you, a better soldier he was; which goes to show that military uniforms don't cut so much ice in the game, I think. Mr. Weeks sure didn't have any. He was about as tall as Abraham Lincoln, and had about such a figure. Come to think of it, he looked as if he came from the very same mold. He had a lantern-jawed, leather-colored, r-beaten face, too, only it was always so kind and serious, for there was no Lincoln in Mr. Weeks, and he looked at you out of the bluest eyes that ever wished you well. His good will didn't warm us up to him.

Raw as we all were, we felt that his face was a blot on our scutcheon. He worked harder than any other ten men, but the manual labor would always throw him, every time; when it came to marching — you wouldn't think any created being could have so little marching rhythm. Up to the last, if you'd stood half a mile away and seen thirty regiments on the march, you could have picked

out Company G by the bob, bob, bob of Mr. Weeks' head through the thrumpty, thrumpty swing of the rest.

"The first hit he made with us was on the transport going to Manila; and that's where Sam comes in, too. Sam's the Mr. Johnson of this minstrel show, who makes openings for Mr. Weeks right along.

"Say, it almost looks to me as if there ought to be a real story, the kind I could write down and get gold for, in this thing, or it would if I hadn't studied composition at college. Gee! it must take a bold man to break a trail and ink it, where dangers lurk so thick as they do in the English language!

"Say, that was a rough start for a lot of civilians. We nearly starved to death after we left Honolulu; that is, till Mr. Weeks butted into the commissary game. About all we had to eat was slumgullion, and I'll never tell you what that was made of. I don't know. One man found — no, I guess I better stop. The packing-house revelations broadened the scope of general conversation, I know, but I don't believe you're in training yet to hear details about that slumgullion, and I know it wouldn't be polite to put the accurate word to the smell of it. But I can tell you what Mr. Weeks said all right, all right. Mr. Weeks said it not only lacked odoriferous attraction, but was, indeed, painfully repellent even to an abnormal appetite.

"I tell you, there is no society so refined that you couldn't turn loose in its midst, quoting Mr. Weeks on any subject he was ever known to tackle. He had the finest flow of genteel language you ever heard outside a book. And the curious thing was, it came natural to him. He'd been a country school-teacher (must have been a mighty good one, too; I bet the country owes him something for the Johnsonese instruction that shaped up the youngsters of Podunk or Carthage Crossroads, or wherever it was); I take it that before he set in the mold,

and while he was pegging away at self-improvement, he gave prayerful attention to the dictionary. It didn't go unrewarded. When he did set, as stiff as a church, all those words were inside him to stay, like the pebbles in a pudding-stone; and, what's more, he never learned any others, not of our kind. His vocabulary went through the Philippine war unspotted from the army.

"Sam Barton was the chap that told him he ought to go to General Marlowe and tell him how we were up against it, trying to keep alive on that slumgullion. Sam was the company kid—he'd lied about his age to get to the war, and what he'd done about his minus size, I can't say. He was the first man to discover the mine of wholesome and instructive entertainment we had in Mr. Weeks. Sam usually was the first to discover and coin any silver linings tucked away in our troubles.

"We'd been out from Honolulu a week, got over our seasickness, and were mighty near starving. We'd hoped when the commissary and the cooks got their sea-legs on and everything ship-shape, that our diet would improve. But, I tell you, its lack of odoriferous attraction waxed till it was liable to strike home at ten feet.

"This day, squatting around on the deck, one man after another gave it up and emptied his tin basin over the side to feed fishes that might a darn sight better have been feeding him—our appetites were a long way more than normal by this time.

"'Evidently we suffer from some lamentable miscarriage of intentions,' said Mr. Weeks, in his gentle monotone, while the men did their poor best to relieve their feelings with a livid theological vocabulary.

"'The government,' said Mr. Weeks, 'never contemplated depleting us to the point of seriously impairing, if not destroying, our military effectiveness.'

"We didn't suppose it did, but, nevertheless, as we were seven hundred men in a ship built for four hundred, we had fears, quite as personal as patriotic, that the government was going to do that very thing. We told him so. Mr. Weeks said that General Marlowe should be made acquainted with the seriousness of the situation.

"'Why don't you put him wise?' said Sam, and when Mr. Weeks' countenance bespoke a certain interest in the idea, why, Sam sailed in to paint his duty plain before him. We found it poor fooling, and didn't wake up till, by Heaven, Mr. Weeks, unfolding himself like a pocket-ruler, got up with his basin in his hand and said he recognized the necessity of immediate action, and that he would, without further

injuriously delay, present the intolerable situation to the attention of the General.

"We brightened up; we forgot we were empty; we couldn't believe in such luck. If we couldn't eat, ourselves, we'd see the General eat—eat Mr. Weeks alive. The General was a regular-army man, and we had a regular-army sergeant who had drilled it into us that volunteers, do the best they could, had to be forgiven for living.

"Mr. Weeks strode away with his slum in one hand and a piece of hardtack in the other. The news flew, and by the time I'd gotten to the lower deck, the place was full of men crowding to see the slaughter.

"Mr. Weeks was before General Marlowe's state-room door, an outraged aide in front of him and a sentry at port arms by his side. It was so mortal still that I heard Mr. Weeks say, firm and respectful, 'I am here, sir, to approach the Commander of this expedition.' The door opened, and there was the little man-eater face to face with that locoed volunteer. He, the General, drove those search-light eyes of his into the secret places of Mr. Weeks' soul for about thirty long seconds. Mr. Weeks didn't shrivel, he waited as one who knew his cause was just. And then, if that old martinet didn't roar as gently as a sucking dove: 'What do you want, my man?' says he.

"We were so taken aback and knocked out and stirred up with that, that we shuffled and breathed so hard under the stress of emotion that I didn't hear the rest of this immortal dialogue myself; but we all saw the never-to-be-forgotten salute Mr. Weeks painstakingly executed with the hardtack hand. Old Tommy heard him out with the countenance of a graven image; he didn't turn a hair even when the slum was brought closer for his inspection, and you don't know how much self-control that showed.

"Then he said, so Mr. Weeks told us two minutes later, 'Very well, my man, this matter will be attended to.'

"I tell you, after that, that old boy commanded us by right of something stronger than the articles of war. He was from the old army, but he understood volunteers, and in the tough times to come he didn't miss anything that the devotion of his men could give him.

"For, you see, he was as good as his word, and we got something to eat after that. And as for Mr. Weeks, he not only had victuals, he was the belle of the ball. We were grateful, and we told him so. He said that the inception of the idea was to be accredited to Sam, and he turned over all the bouquets to that Indian till it fairly shamed even his brass. He couldn't give up having fun with Mr. Weeks,

ok to tricks that were 'kinder' flatter-
ie ex-schoolmaster. He'd come to
instance, when there were plenty of
nd to get the good of it, and say his
: was worrying him about the Fili-
was going to kill; it wasn't murder,
all, why wasn't it? And say, then
r a flow of language to make William
Bryan jealous. And Mr. Weeks just
: as if he'd been swearing in one

was sure fond of Mr. Weeks, but I
y the time the women nurses came to
s gratitude for grub on the transport
used up in holding him back from all
; he hadn't done to that easy mark.
as the time Mr. Weeks had the cards
n him, in a game that was heating up
army of the Philippines. It was over
n nurses.

ng I tell you will ever make you be-
vay it was about that bunch of skirts
e the first American women we'd
ice we sailed from God's country, and
ith, I can't believe it now myself, the
lt and acted about 'em. The surgeon-
as down on 'em, and blocked their
a while, and I tell you the hospital's
was the army's opportunity. We
ear that if, while they had nothing in
to do, they'd just go on existing in
nd let us see 'em do it, they'd fulfil
mission. When I say we, I speak as a
qual volunteer, meaning officers and
ie red ardor blent.

iat the officers would have given the
ow if they could have helped it. They
he ladies' rooms every night, and hung
around them every time they stepped
an in on 'em in squads on fool errands
ll all we could do was to climb up on
nd see them go by. That's no time
st I'm handing out to you. I swear
it. But those ladies didn't come
land of Washington and Lincoln for
They set apart two evenings a week
listed men, and you never saw such
as went on those nights — dress pa-
nothing to it. We crowded into their
n details of thirty, that were allowed
ur each. We behaved like gentlemen,
out all fights for place outside, but it
time of heart-burnings. Those ladies
of them very young, nor were any of
tiful enough to make Broadway sit up,
were nice American women in clean
is, and you just can't get an idea of
as to see them. When we got inside
e, that was about all we could do.

We'd just mill around and look, and then look
some more. They were a kind-hearted, sensible
lot, and handed out laughs and how-de-ye-do's
at a rapid-fire rate, and as even as they could.
Yet they didn't give you away, either, if they
caught you repeating. I guess they were hav-
ing a pretty good time themselves, what d'you
think? Well, when they'd been there about a
week, luck hit Mr. Weeks.

"But first, I've got to tell you a little, mighty
little compared to what I could tell, about Isidro.
Isidro was our twelve-year-old *muchacho*, and
the star gambler of his class. All the *mucha-
chos* gambled their heads off, and Isidro's pre-
eminence lay in his luck. We shone in the
reflected glory of Isidro's phenomenal good
fortune. Come Sunday night, and he had
usually pocketed the wages of a dozen *mucha-
chos*, but, of course, the time came when he got
cleaned out, and the worst of it was that, with
the madness of the loser, he'd staked and lost
the share of his earnings that his mother came
down on him for every Saturday night.

"I suppose if you were to make a real cash-
basis story for an editor out of this, you'd have
to leave Isidro out, and just tell that a carriage
driven at a rapid rate caused the catastrophe,
but, as long as the rules of construction haven't
yet paralyzed the speech of my mouth, I
wouldn't be so mean as to deny you the details.
But Isidro's mother comes before the carriage,
and comes with a big stick, too. When she
found that her income was cut off, she pursued
her son and caught him and fell to work. She
was small, if the stick was big, and though he
yelled as if his end were upon him, we noticed
that the biggest noise each time came just be-
fore the blow struck. That seemed a homely,
familiar detail to find in a yellow Filipino family,
one of those touches of nature, etc., so that we
were more pleased and sentimental about it
than anything else, and had no idea how Isidro
felt about losing his face before his fellows, till
he took his remarkable measures to get it back
again.

"And here's where the carriage and the nurse
and Sam and Mr. Weeks all come in ~~at~~ once.
Seems to me as if I'd got the scattered threads
drawn together, something like Walter Scott,
after all.

"Miss Mary Dalton was one of the nurses;
she was about forty-five, I suppose, and her
weight was doubtless suitable to her years, but
it was not calculated to help her when there
came a sudden occasion for quick side-stepping.
Miss Dalton was coming down the street when
that carriage you're waiting for bore down upon
her. She looked up and was paralyzed all too
literally. There, in the smartest victoria and

with the smartest driver to be found on the Luneta, all alone in his glory, arms folded *à la* Napoleon, face set and impenetrable, sat Isidro, Isidro in his usual draperies of rags and dirt. Isidro was coming home with his winnings, and this was his scheme for wiping out the past.

"He came mighty near wiping out Miss Dalton, but some one gave her a jerk just in the nick of time that landed her out of danger and on her knees at the side of the road. I don't mean she fell to her devotions; the jerk, no gratitude, was responsible for her position. I was Mr. Weeks who did the job, and he was so overcome by his own thoroughness, and so awed at the heavenly possibility of laying hands on her again, that Sam Barton, who was with him, as usual now, dove in and snatched his golden opportunity from him. Sam got her on her feet and fell to brushing and jollying her, just as if he were her savior, instead of just an unscrupulous butter-in. I've got to turn out here a minute to tell you that Isidro never batted an eye, just whirled on like the real thing in Napoleons, and when he got out at our door, flicked fifty cents, double fare, to the cabman, with a demeanor that finished the job. And now, I'm sorry to say, that's the last of Isidro for this trip. But if you'll just set apart another evening — all right; there was Sam, then, that son of Belial, brushing the lady's dress and picking up her belongings and asking about her bruises — brazen little cuss, he was. And he topped off his perfidy by falling to the most damaging apologies for Mr. Weeks, poor Mr. Weeks, standing there red and dazed with the caprices of fortune. 'Not quite himself, you see,' said Sam; 'best fellow in the world when he's all there, but —'

" 'But he did keep me from being run over,' said Miss Dalton, dazed a little herself, and half ready to cry, Sam said, though she was a stout nurse of forty-five.

" 'Sure,' said Sam, 'and he never would have thrown you down like that if he'd been all right. Never in the world; just a little too much aboard to measure his own strength right.'

"All this was *sotto voce*, but it was meant to reach Mr. Weeks, and it did, and he getting redder and queerer with every word. Miss Dalton, before she let Sam lead her off, would come and shake hands with him, and thank him, and Mr. Weeks was so mad he couldn't say a word, just looked the part he was cast for to the life.

"Yes, Mr. Weeks was angry that time — the only time known to history. I believe Sam was sore on himself about it afterwards, when Mr. Weeks drew off from him. The deepness of the

wound came out that night, when he didn't go to the ladies' reception for enlisted men.

"Sam had told a lot of us all about it right before Mr. Weeks, slapping his victim on the back, and trying to make him believe he was a sharer in the fun. That play fell down when Mr. Weeks took him up by his coat collar and, lifting him out of his own road, strode silently away. The next day, if you'll believe it, Sam made a second try by telling Mr. Weeks confidentially that he was the victim of a tender passion for the lady, reminding him that all was fair in love and war, and arguing that it was more than flesh and blood could stand to see another step in and get a strangle hold like that without raising a kick.

"Sam said that Mr. Weeks answered thus: 'The theory that all is fair under the conditions you mention is equally repugnant to all the finer feelings both of patriotism and of affection.' He wouldn't make up; not beyond the technical Christian point of saying he forgave him; which was mighty unlike Mr. Weeks' usual brand of Christianity.

"Sam made his yarn about his amorous sentiments kill two birds with one stone, for he made it an excuse for ringing himself in on Miss Mary Dalton every time he could stalk her on the street. The men wouldn't stand for any specialties much beyond that, and he knew some one would turn in and spank him if he tried to get ahead of the game at the receptions. If it had been anybody but Sam, he'd never have been allowed the rope he had. As it was, he worked his little pull with that kind-hearted lady till he was the most distinguished private in Manila, for every sign from one of those good women was noted by the whole army. The cheeky little beggar liked it a lot. Repentance, if he ever had any, disappeared in the glory reaped from his nefarious conduct, even if Mr. Weeks did go around looking as if he felt the iron entering his soul.

"Sam's harvest season did not last long; in a couple of weeks we hiked out to work up the business of killing and getting killed. We got what was coming to us good and plenty, but for a whole year nothing happened that seems to work in here, nothing except that Mr. Weeks continued his Christian forgiveness course, so that, naturally, he and Sam met as strangers now. Sam was a good fellow, and he'd gone wrong, but no one can stand too much Christian forgiveness, though I will say for Mr. Weeks that his was a comparatively inoffensive brand; there was no rubbing it in; and outside this business with Sam, still the wonder grew that Mr. Weeks could hit so well with all the men he knew.



MR. WEEKS

Say, that's impromptu, honest! Mr. Weeks was all right. He couldn't keep time, but he could keep going, and often I've seen him do it till when we stacked arms he'd drop in his tracks and lie where he fell, too done up to waggle for an hour. He wasn't husky, but he had sand enough to mortar a house. And those fine-spun eight-syllabled arguments of his as to the justifiability of war sure did the job of convincing himself, for he could and did shoot mighty straight. And never a kick out of him. He was that choked up with cheerfulness and obedience that you'd have hated him for it, only he was just the same about that as he was about the difference between his lingo and ours, and about other things. He didn't grumble,

himself, but he didn't try to cut off any other man's privileges in that line. I will say that Mr. Weeks was the best-bred gentleman I ever had the luck to run against, in the way he held to his standards himself, and never measured other people by the same. Not that he wouldn't give any piker of us all the finest advice that ever came out of a copy-book, if the way was opened up for it; and I've got the best information in the world that some of those jaw-breaking, soul-saving disquisitions of his, drawn out of him just to make a Roman holiday, stayed by the sinner till they got into his system and took effect — more or less.

"I used to wonder what in the kingdom Mr. Weeks said to himself about us all — his ways

and ours; but, do you know, I don't believe he said anything; all that would be required to set forth the deep, dark doctrine that the publicans and sinners don't need to be kicked downstairs someway went without saying with Mr. Weeks.

"I say,—he gave me some new ideas about how maybe things worked out back there in Palestine—you know. Seems as if you're in danger of being profane—I mean I am—if I cock an eye in that direction, but I tell you those saloon-keepers and shady ladies that He liked to train with so much better than with those grafting priests and religious high-brows—they must have had a good deal of leeway allowed them. I know their kind, and a steady diet of moral patronage don't go down in those circles. But doubtless these be things too high for me. I've got to get around to a certain day.

"As I said, it was a year after we'd rushed the nurses, and they had long since got to work and dropped all interest in well men, and so far as we were concerned were lost in the shuffle. It was about four in the morning when we marched down into Maraguina Valley. There was an old moon, and you know how witchy an old moon looks at such an ungodly hour; it threw the shadows of the ragged banana-leaves across our path, shadows not like any shadows in God's country. I've seen lots of such times and places, and I remember a lot of them, too. Everything seems part of the enemy's forces in a foreign country, and perhaps that's one reason nothing over there gets by you when you're out for a fight.

"It turned out a fearfully hot, damp, breathless day, and we'd been steaming in our own sweat for hours, when, about eleven o'clock, we got our chance, a chance for the same old game that for six months had been wearing us down to the bone: a scattering fire and a running fight through swamp and bamboo jungle, and then a reforming of columns and an unremunerative pursuit of retreating insurgents through the foot-hills. It was fighting on the instalment plan, and it was four in the afternoon before we made our second payment. I guess I want to talk too much about the fighting, when you're waiting to get back to Mr. Weeks. It's tough for us young veterans the way nobody wants to hear about our little two-for-nickel scraps. But, by the great god Mars, fighting is fighting for the enlisted man, whether it's Mukden or a little unnamed shindy like this. There's not a Victoria cross worn to-day for any better play nor by any braver man than made the combination right there with us that day. I scorn to harrow you with

suspense, so I'll reveal right now that this man was Mr. Weeks.

"The enemy had picked a fine situation on top of some wooded hills, and the little plain we had to cross to get at 'em sloped up right under them and was mighty near bare. Our company was sent up there a ways to draw their fire and cover the advance of the flanking battalions that were painfully climbing the hills. We got to our position, with the dust spurting around our feet, and the bullets singing like wasps in our ears. From behind my scrap of bush—I declare those were the thinnest little, meanest little bushes I ever saw in my life—I saw three of our men lying on the open slope behind us, and there already was Bradley of the Hospital Corps, with his two Chinese litter-bearers, coming cut from the bamboo fringe of the little stream below to hold down his job. The Chinks were naked but for a sort of breech-clout, and they glistened with sweat like new bronze. They pitched in, smart and swift, like as if they were paid by the piece. The three ran up the slope to the first doubled-up knot of blue and khaki, and Bradley throwing himself on the ground on one side, the Chinos on the other, they rolled that something (maybe it was a man, maybe not) on the litter, and were off through the swarming wasps.

"Twice they turned that trick, and then the Orientals had used up their stock of courage, and it was a pretty good stock, too, I can tell you. The third time, half-way to the third man, the Chinos faltered, stopped, and then, with a unanimity as neat as if they'd been drilled to it, they threw themselves on the ground. And that third man was Sam Barton.

"Bradley ran back to them, and what a man of his size, with the best club that came handy, could do, he did. He was enthusiastic about getting his bearers back to business, but you could have skinned those fellows alive before they'd have wriggled a finger.

"Bradley seemed determined on an equal constancy with his club, until a bullet in that industrious right arm of his diverted him; the club fell, he grabbed the arm with his other hand, and at last remembering to crouch, ran for cover, a stream of curses rolling out behind him like the wake of a steamer.

"Naturally, now, you know what came next, but we weren't so smart; and when we saw Mr. Weeks rise up like a flagpole from the line, and when he ran down that hill in great jerky bounds, something got hold of us where we lived. I'll bet not a watching man drew a full breath, and we'd learned by that time to mostly get our breath pretty regular as long as we could get it at all.

"'I'm coming for you, Sam; don't attempt movement,' Mr. Weeks' voice rang high above the din, his vocabulary shattered, but not wholly wrecked, you see, even in this crisis.

"He stumbled and went down, only to spring forward again instantly, and, running to the boy, he just gathered him up in those long arms like he was a child, and slowly picked his way down the hill. We could see a stream of red running down one brown legging.

"When he staggered with Sam into the bamboos, maybe we didn't cheer!

"Golly, I'll bet there wasn't an ounce of lung-power left in a man in sight. We'd thought Bradley was all right, and he was, too: a man standing up to his duty in the face of death like a man; but Mr. Weeks—*it wasn't his duty* he was after, out there all by his lonesome, with a bullet in his leg; it was his friend, his friend who had played him false, and shamed the life out of him, and I tell you a case like that, when it's exploding right before you, gets a kind of double hitch on your inner works that's fit to bust you!

"The next I saw of Mr. Weeks was the next I saw of Sam, too. There they were, side by side, in the hospital at Manila, and I looked right around to see if Miss Dalton wasn't going to turn up to do something—I didn't know what, but something to help finish the story, round it up like it ought to be. But she wasn't on the stage, and I didn't hear anything about what had become of her or any of her crowd. You don't follow things up when more are happening all the time, and our case of woman-worship by platoons had already faded into history.

"I don't hope to ever write anything beyond briefs, but if things happened right, jammed up together the way they ought to be, I swear I'd take a whack at it. But I never could monkey with the facts, and the facts never seem to fit in with the points in the game that were pounded into me at college.

"Now there is an ending to this yarn that seemed bully when a bunch of us heard it in Bradley's butter-and-egg shop out in Seattle, and like a book all right, too. But there it is! As if this little seven-by-nine anecdote wasn't strung out over time and the geography of the earth enough already, here this after-clap comes tumbling in eighteen months late, from no place nearer than China.

"When the rest of us sailed for home, what does Mr. Weeks do but strike out for Canton to be a missionary; said he was harkening to the cry of the Macedonians, I remember,—new sect to me, but I reckon the length of the name suited Mr. Weeks.

"Well, being a missionary to Chink in their own bailiwick ought to be a man's job, when you come to think of it, which we'd never done before; but now we concluded that it was just Mr. Weeks' size, that he'd be the real thing, and that there was a fine outlet for him, whether he ever bagged any heathen or not—and more chance of that, too, than for any other missionary on the map.

"As you see, I've tried to break it to you easy that Bradley, from being a hero on gory fields, had come to weighing out butter and counting eggs in his shirt-sleeves with straw cuffs on. I liked to see him at it. It gave me a kind of feeling that the country was booked for salvation after all, with butter-and-eggs men like Bradley scattered about. I liked to happen in there, and so did other veterans.

"This day, here came Sam with a letter from Mr. Weeks. Now, because you know this is a true tale, you'd never guess what had happened. Yes, ma'am! There was Miss Dalton out there doing the missionary act, too, and this was to tell Sam, to break it to him, that they were neither more nor less than engaged to be married in a month.

"The joke of it was that he said he owed his happiness to Sam; he said the lady was laboring in the hospital division of the vineyard, and was also geographically and by sectarian divergence separated from his field, but—well, the English of it is, she had spotted him in the vineyard by some fluke, and just because she thought he was a brand snatched from the burning, she had made a special business of chasing him up to give him the glad hand.

"Therefore they are now living happy ever after.

"There is only one bead more on this string, but I don't want you to miss that. Nothing, you observe, had shaken Mr. Weeks out of his pipe-dream about Sam's young affections. He was fine about that. He hoped the ameliorations of time were—were—anyhow, that they were ameliorating all right; and he said Mrs. Weeks would always be his friend.

"But look here! Do you get on to the curves of Mrs. Weeks? She wasn't giving a thing away, and whether or not she believed Sam had been in love with her when she was told so, or whether she was just saving Mr. Weeks' feelings by not letting him know how he'd been buncoed,—any way you take it, I get a hunch that Mrs. Weeks is a real female woman, missionary or no missionary, and that's good news to me, for I wouldn't want to be married to a neuter-gender religious crank that was always telling the whole truth, myself, and I sure do wish Mr. Weeks mighty well."



A ROMAN GARDEN

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

DRAWINGS BY ISRAEL DOSKOW

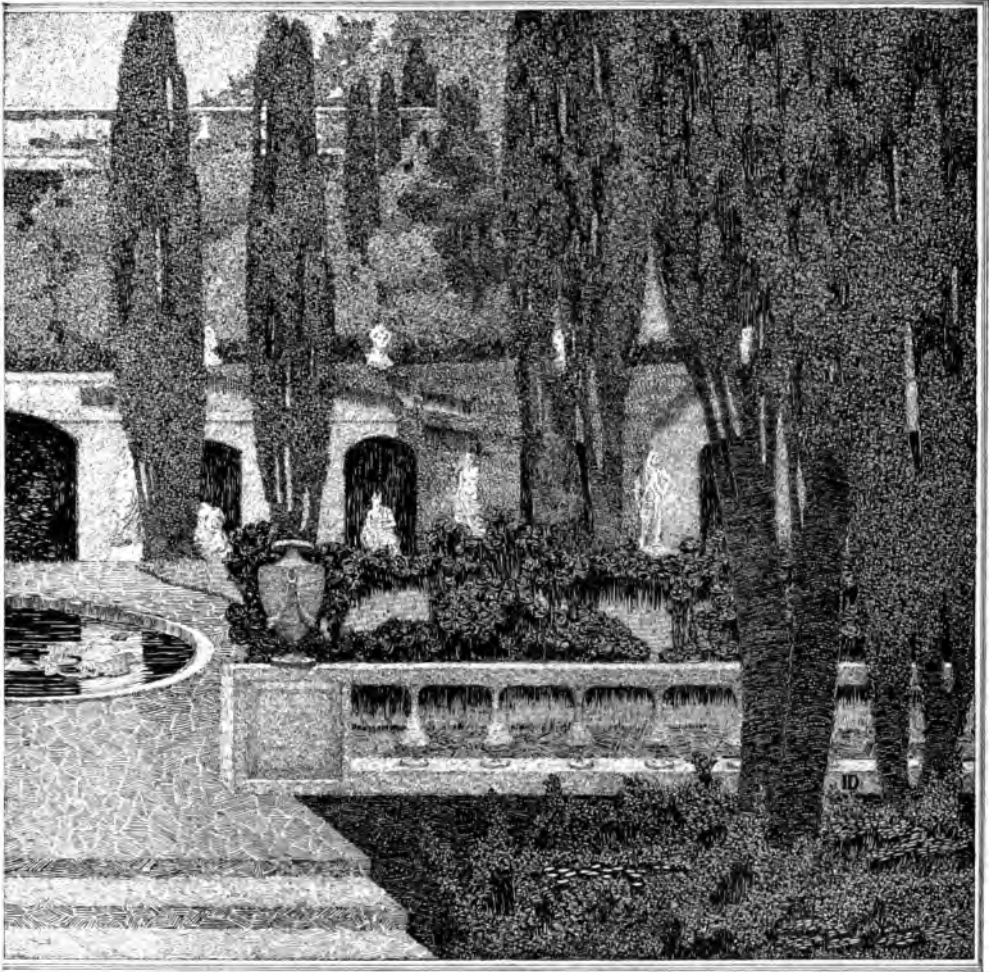


ALL night above that garden the
 rose-flushed moon will sail,
 Making the darkness deeper where
 hides the nightingale.
 Below the Sabine mountain,
 The tossed and slender fountain
 Will curve its lily pale.
 And where the plumèd pine soars tallest,
 'Tis there, O nightingale, thou callest;
 Where the loud water leaps the highest,

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'Tis there, O nightingale, thou criest.
 In the dripping, luscious dark,
 Hark, oh hark!
 Wonderful, delirious,
 Soul of joy mysterious.

A garden full of fragrances,
 Of pauses and of cadences,
 Whence come they all?—
 Of cypresses and ilex-trees,



Flumes and dark candles like to these
 Were long ago Proserpine's.
 All night within that garden
 The glimmering gods of stone,
 The satyrs and the naiads
 Will laugh to be alone
 In starless courts of shadows
 By silence overgrown,
 Save for the nightingale's
 Wild lyric thither blown.
 In the dripping, luscious dark,
 Hark, oh hark!
 Wonderful, delirious,
 Soul of joy mysterious.

By pools and dusky cloes
 Dim shapes will move about,
 Twirled wands and masks and faces,
 Dancers and wreaths of roses—
 The moonlight's trick, no doubt.
 A naked nymph upon the stair,


A sculptured vine that clasps the air—
 And then one Bacchic bird somewhere
 Will pour his passion out.
 In the dripping, luscious dark,
 Hark, oh hark!
 Wonderful, delirious,
 Soul of joy mysterious.

Down yonder velvet alley
 Floats Daphne like a feather,
 A finger bidding silence,
 The Dark and she together.
 Look, where the secret fount is misting,
 Apollo, thou shalt have thy trysting;
 For where a ruined sphinx lay smiling
 The wood-girl waits thee, white, beguiling.
 All night above that garden the rose-flushed
 moon will sail,
 Making the darkness deeper where hides the
 nightingale.

THE CONFESSION AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HARRY ORCHARD*

THE following instalment of Orchard's story — covering the period from July, 1904, to August, 1905 — deals almost exclusively with his attempts to kill prominent officials and men of affairs in Colorado and California with dynamite. The high explosive is becoming the chief modern instrument of assassination in class warfare, but Orchard's method of using it was a new departure. In European murders of this kind, the assassin throws the bomb himself, and is sacrificed with his victim, or is captured immediately afterward. The story of this American assassin shows the development of a most ingenious type of man-trap, in which the victim kills himself, and the assassin is able to escape. This new device proved, in itself, the most baffling feature of the tragedies in which Orchard was engaged to the authorities investigating them, and was never fully understood until his confession. A part of Orchard's narrative, dealing with his trip into Wyoming after the Independence depot explosion, is omitted at the opening of this instalment, but will be given when the story is published in book form.

HOW I WENT TO SAN FRANCISCO AND BLEW UP FRED BRADLEY

FTER I had been gone about six weeks from Denver after the Independence depot explosion, I went back there, and met Haywood and Pettibone at the latter's residence. I told them of my trip through Wyoming. I did not tell them I had lost my money gambling, but said that I had invested it in some real estate at Cody, Wyoming, and that I needed some more money, because Johnnie Neville and I were going into the saloon business there. I got some money from Pettibone then. But we decided that it would not be safe for me to go back to Cody, as Haywood and Pettibone said there was no doubt about the authorities at Cripple Creek being after me.

They told me they had Art Baston working on Governor Peabody, but that he seemed to be slow, and Haywood told me that he was married, and that they did not seem to work so good after they were married. They told me about Andy Mayberry, superintendent of the Highland Boy mine at Bingham, Utah, discharging one hundred and fifty union men because they laid off to take part in some labor demonstration, and Haywood said he wanted me to see Art Baston, and thought he would like to send us up there and put Mayberry out of the way, as he said they could not allow a man to do that kind of thing with the union men, or the union men there would think they had no protection from the union.

Pettibone made an appointment with Baston, and I met him at Pettibone's store one evening.

He said he had been around Governor Peabody's place some, but that Adams had told him about us being there close to his carriage with the shot-guns, and the women seeing us, and Baston said he was a little leary about hanging around there, for fear Peabody had guards.

Steve Adams Sent after Ex-Governor Steunenberg

Right after that — sometime in August, 1904 — I met Haywood and Pettibone on a Sunday afternoon, and we had a long talk in Pettibone's back yard. They told me that Adams had gone up to Wardner, Idaho, to help Jack Simpkins get rid of some claim-jumpers that had jumped his and some other claims, and that after that Steve was going down to Caldwell, Idaho, and get ex-Governor Steunenberg of Idaho. They asked me if I knew where Gordon Post-Office was up there, as they wanted to send Jack some money there to give to Steve, to come down to Caldwell on when he got through with this job for Simpkins. I told them I did not know where Gordon Post-Office was, but if Jack told them to send it there, likely it was all right. But they said they would send it to Ed Boyce at Wallace, and he would give it to Jack.

A Mission to the Hole-in-the-Wall Gang

They also said Adams was going to stop at Granger, Wyoming, on the way up to Idaho, and Haywood said that he had given Adams instructions to look up where the gang of train-robbers and bank-robbers and hold-ups called



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1, CHIEF JUSTICE WILLIAM H. GABBERT 2, JUSTICE LUTHER M. GODDARD,
3, JOHN NEVILLE 4, FRANK HEARNE 5, MERRITT W. WALLEY



The Bradley Bomb



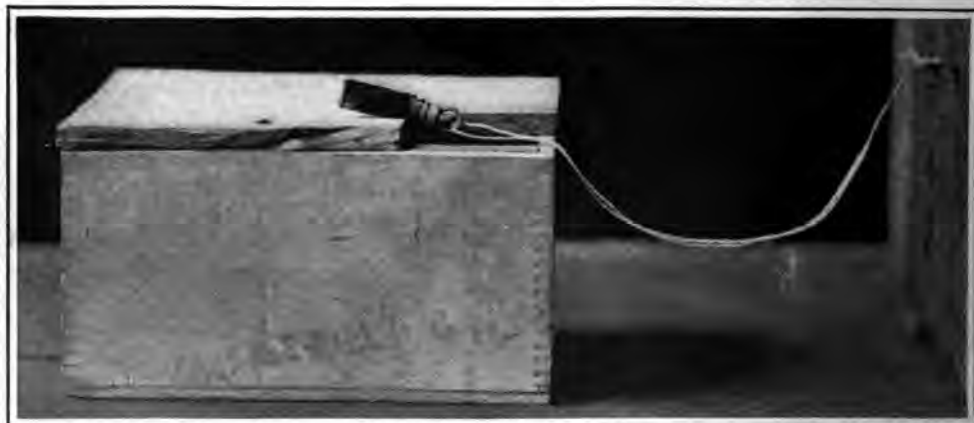
The Big Peabody Clock Bomb



The First Gabbert Bomb



The Bomb which Killed Walley



The Goddard Bomb

THE ORCHARD INFERNAL MACHINE

The photograph of the Peabody bomb is taken from the lead case of this shown in the State's Exhibit at the Haywood trial, equipped according to Orchard's directions; the pictures of the other four are from models made by Orchard. Explanations of the operation of these are given in the text of this instalment of his confession.

the Hole-in-the-Wall gang were. Haywood was going to get this gang to kidnap Charles MacNeill of Colorado Springs, manager of the United States Reduction and Refining Company, who was the chief man that fought the union in the Colorado City Mill and Smeltermen's union strike. Haywood said if he could get this gang in with him, and kidnap MacNeill and hold him for ransom, they would get as much money as the strike would cost them. This gang had headquarters in the Big Horn Mountains, where you could look out for miles over the level and see anybody coming. They said the only way you could get up where they were was through a very narrow box cañon, and they had that fixed so that a regiment of soldiers couldn't get through there without being killed off.

But the man they sent Adams to told him there was none of the gang there then; that they were all South; Adams wrote Pettibone a letter, and said "the birds had all flown South."

We talked over our going to Bingham, Utah, and I told Haywood I was well acquainted there, and was also acquainted with Andy Mayberry. He said if I was I had better not go there. He said they had some work in California, and thought I had better go down there, and he said they had some of this old work that they had wanted done a long time, and that this was the best time he knew of, as they had plenty of money, and could get it out easier now and it would not be noticed so much. They received more money the next month after the convention than any month during the trouble; I think they received between forty and fifty thousand dollars for the strike or eight-hour fund, as it was called.

"To Show Those Fellows We Never Forget"

We held this latter conversation one Sunday in Pettibone's back yard,—Haywood, he, and I,—and Haywood finally asked me if I would go to California alone and see if I could put Fred Bradley out of the way. Mr. Bradley was manager of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine at the time of the trouble in the Coeur d'Alenes, Idaho, in 1899, when they blew up their mill, and Haywood said he was at the head of the mine operators' association of California, and he said they were raising an immense fund to drive the Federation out of the State, or words to that effect. He said they wanted to show those fellows that they never forgot them. He also said he had sent Steve Adams and Ed Minster to California to get Bradley, but they did not accomplish it. I told them I would go down and try it.

The next day, I think, Haywood gave Pettibone one hundred and fifty dollars more, and he got me a ticket and a new grip, and I took the early train the next morning for San Francisco. Pettibone told me any time I wanted any money just to wire him and he would send it to me. I went by the name of John Dempsey. I arrived in San Francisco in a few days, and stopped at the Golden West Hotel. I looked around in the city directory and the telephone guide, and located Mr. Bradley's office and also his residence, and called up his office by phone, and they told me Mr. Bradley had gone on a trip to Alaska and would not be back for three months. I wrote a letter to Pettibone and told him this. We had a sort of a cipher to write by, so no one could tell anything about it if it fell into their hands. I also told him in this letter to send me a hundred dollars.

During the time I was waiting for an answer I noticed in the paper where Johnnie Neville had been arrested at Thermopolis and was being taken back to Cripple Creek, and that they also expected to arrest me soon and take me back there, too; so I thought I had better leave the hotel and get a private room, and not go around much in the daytime. But I had told Pettibone to address me at the Golden West Hotel, and had not received his letter yet, but had gotten a telegram from him stating, "Business bad, Johnnie on the way, wrote you to-day." I did not want to stay at the hotel any longer, but I wanted to get this letter, so I went and hunted the secretary of the bartenders' union, named Peter L. Hoff, and arranged with him to get the letter for me at the hotel. I told him I was a union miner from Colorado. I left the hotel then and got a private room a little way out. Hoff sent a man down to inquire for the letter, and he said as soon as he asked the clerk at the hotel if there was any mail for Dempsey he touched a button. He thought he did this to call an officer, and he said the mail-carrier also happened to be there, and he spoke up and asked where Dempsey was, and he became more suspicious then, and said I was a traveling man and had gone to Stockton, California. The mail-carrier asked him my address, and he told him Stockton, California, general delivery. There was nothing in these manoeuvres,—they just happened that way,—but this man thought it looked suspicious, and so it did. I would say that when you are on work of this kind you soon become suspicious of everybody and everything, and, in a word, of your own shadow.

So Hoff wrote to Stockton, and told them to forward the letter to him at 211 Taylor Street, San Francisco, and he got a card in a

day or so from the post-office on Mission Street, and there was a registered letter there for John Dempsey. I gave him an order to get it, but they would not let him have it. I did not want to trouble him any more, and he said he did not believe there was any one watching for me there, and that if I went down there he would identify me, so I went down with him later and got the letter without any trouble.

Pettibone told me to lay pretty low and not let them pick me up the first thing, and be careful, if I wrote to him, what I wrote, and to destroy his letters immediately. He also told me to go a little slow on money, as it was hard to dig up. I got the hundred dollars I sent for in this letter. I got the Denver papers there all the time, and knew pretty well what was going on in Colorado, and kept pretty quiet for a while, staying in most of the time during the day. But I got tired of this, and thought I would go out to some little summer resort and stay there a while, and I went up to Caliente Springs and stayed there about a month. I then came back to the city and got a room out near the Presidio. I noticed by the papers that they held Johnnie Neville in jail, and would not give him bail, and I noticed the names of several others I knew who were arrested. I used to send for a hundred dollars to Pettibone about once a month, and he wired it to me. He used to send this to Harry Green, in care of Peter L. Hoff. He sent this as coming from Pat Bone, or Bowen, and sometimes as from Wolff. I had some little trouble getting the first draft, as I was not sure what name he gave when he sent it, but I got it all right. Mr. Hoff was acquainted with them down at the Postal Telegraph office, and after the first time he identified me they used to give it to me without any fuss.

They held Johnnie Neville between two and three months, and then released him on his own recognizance, and also released all the others, only placing charges against two, and releasing these on bail. I felt more easy then and went around more, and Johnnie and his boy went back to Thermopolis and got the team and wagon, and drove back to Denver. I noticed these things in the papers.

Stalking the Mine Manager

I had bought ten pounds of dynamite to make a bomb with, and got a room only a few doors from Mr. Bradley's flat. This room was on Washington Street about a quarter of a block away, but on higher ground, and my windows were about on a level with the Bradley flat, and I could look right over into it. There was a little grocery-store and a saloon on the opposite corner from Mr. Bradley's residence,

and they used to buy their groceries there, or part of them. I used to loaf there in the saloon a good deal, and spent quite a bit of money with this man. He was an Italian or a Swiss. The girls that worked for Mr. Bradley used to be over at the store every day, and Guibinni, the proprietor, gave me an introduction to them. So I got to talk to them, and took one of them to the theater once, and found out from them when they expected Mr. Bradley home, etc. I stayed there until he did come home. I went by the name of Berry there.

After Mr. Bradley came home, sometime in October, I noticed his movements, and learned his habits pretty well. He used to leave his residence about eight o'clock in the morning. They lived on the corner of Leavenworth and Washington streets, in a big three-story residence flat that had six families living in it. There was a big archway at the entrance, and the flat was built out flush with the sidewalk. They all went in at this archway, but each family had a private entrance to their apartment. I had figured a good many ways how to get away with Mr. Bradley the easiest and not get caught. I had stood across the street in front of the entrance to his residence, with a shot-gun loaded with buck-shot, and tried to catch him coming home at night; but it was not light enough to tell him from the rest, as they all went into this archway. I was getting sick of staying there, and Pettibone had sent an answer to my last letter, asking him to send me five hundred dollars, to call it off, and did not send the money.

My money was getting low, and I was getting desperate, for I thought they just took advantage of me, not sending me money because they thought I dared not come back to Denver, and I made up my mind to go back and show them. I knew Haywood, Moyer, or Pettibone dare not refuse me money if I asked them personally.

The Strychnine in the Milk

The desperate and horrible means I conceived at this time to carry out my plan to kill Mr. Bradley I would gladly withhold and let die in my breast. But I feel that perhaps I owe some one a duty that may have been blamed for this, and wrongfully accused; and I feel it my duty to make this known, as I have promised God I will write the whole truth of my wicked and sinful life, and not try to favor myself. I have made this attempt several times, and it has required no small effort on my part to write some of these things.

I knew this place well, and there was an empty house with a flat roof just behind the apartment where Mr. Bradley lived, and there were

stairs up from the back way on the outside of the apartment. I went up these stairs and got on the roof of this vacant house,—for it was right close to the stairs,—and waited there until the milkman brought the Bradleys' milk, which was a little before daylight. I knew he left this milk there in bottles, as I had watched him before. I had a little powder of strychnine made for each bottle, and raised the paper cover and emptied one of these in each bottle of the milk and cream, and stirred it up a little, and pressed the paper cover back again, and left and went back to my room. I figured the girls would serve Mr. and Mrs. Bradley's breakfast first, and they would get the poison first. I could see their kitchen plainly from the window of my room, but I could not see anything unusual there that morning.

I did not get up until ten and sometimes later, and then I usually went down to the little saloon bar at Guibinni's and got a drink, and sat there and read the morning paper. This morning I did the same, and I noticed a bottle of milk standing on the back bar, and asked Guibinni if he was selling milk, or drew his attention to the bottle in some way like that. He began to tell me about this milk, and wanted me to taste of it. He said he tasted of it, and could feel it in his throat yet. He told me the girls over at Mr. Bradley's had brought that bottle over, and wanted him to take it down and have it analyzed, as they believed there was poison in it. He said it was bitter as gall. Now I never knew before that strychnine was bitter, but it seems the cook had tasted of some of this, found it was bitter, and told Mrs. Bradley, and then they came over to Guibinni's place to get some more milk and cream for breakfast.

The Bomb at Manager Bradley's Door

After this failed, I got a bomb ready. I bought a piece of five-inch lead pipe about a foot long at a plumber's, and put wooden ends in it. Then I hammered one side of it flat, so it would lie straight without turning over, and I cut a piece out of the other side, and turned back the flap, and fastened a little vial on this, so that when you filled it with sulphuric acid, and you pulled out the cork, the acid would run out into the hole in the pipe. Then I filled up the lead pipe with about five or six pounds of No. 1 gelatin, and put some caps and sugar and potash on top of this and opposite the hole in the lead pipe, so the acid would fall on them. Then I planned to hitch a little string to the cork of the bottle, and fasten the other end of the string in a screw-eye in a door, so when you opened the door it would pull out the cork and set off the bomb.

I practised with this while I was making it in my room, so as to see if the cork would come out of the bottle instead of moving the bomb. I had the dynamite in, but not the caps or acid, and I tried it by fastening a screw-eye and string on my closet door, and it worked all right. But one day I left the screw-eye and the string and the cork on my door, and went down-town, and forgot about it; and when I got home I thought that was a nice trick to leave that thing there, for I thought the woman that kept the house must have seen it when she cleaned up my room. But she never gave any sign she noticed it.

After that I watched what time Mr. Bradley usually came down-stairs in the morning, and how soon after he ate his breakfast. As I was on a level, or about so, with their dining-room in my room, I could look out of the window and see them when they were at their meals. I noticed Mr. Bradley came down-stairs soon after he had finished breakfast, and I had to guess that he would be the first one down-stairs, so as not to catch any one else. In order to be sure he would be at home, I called him up one night on a phone at his residence, and told him I was from Goldfield, Nevada, and had some good mining property up there, and wanted to raise some money, or get some one with money interested, so I could develop it; and that I had been recommended to him, and would like to make an appointment to meet him. He said he would be pleased to meet me and talk the matter over at least, and could meet me the next morning at his office. I asked him if he could as well make it the morning after that, and he said he could,—at nine o'clock, I think,—and I told him all right. I did not want to try the bomb the next morning, as I was not ready.

The next night I went and fastened a little screw-eye in the door of his residence, where it opened out of the stairway into the archway, and the morning after I watched him from my room when he went in to breakfast, and waited until I thought he was about half through. Then I took the bomb that I had all ready, walked up to his door in the archway, laid it down, and hooked a little cord over the screw-eye I had screwed in the door, and laid the mat over the bomb. This looked like a small parcel, as I had it done up in a paper.

An Interruption by the Sheriff

I had told the lady where I was rooming, the night before, that I was going away for a while, and I had also taken my grip down-town the night before and left it at a saloon. After I left this bomb, I took a car and went down-town, and got another room down on Taylor

Street. After I rented this, I thought I would lie down and sleep awhile, as I had not slept much during the night. A little while afterwards I was awakened by some one rapping at my door, and, on asking what they wanted, was told to open the door and I would see. I told them they had better get away from there, and a little while after they came back. I asked them who they were and what they wanted, and was told it was the sheriff and to open the door. I told them to wait until I dressed. I thought I had been seen putting the bomb at Mr. Bradley's door and had been followed. I dressed and took my gun in my hand and opened the door, intending to shoot if they wanted to arrest me. But the landlady was there when I opened the door, and explained to me that the sheriff had seized her furniture and was removing it. This was such a happy surprise to me that I left the house, and never said a word about the room-rent I had paid her, nor the annoyance they caused me. This always seemed a little peculiar to me, that I should happen in a place of this kind at such a time.

The News of the Explosion

I think it was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I left there. I bought the *Evening Bulletin* to see if there was any account of anything about the bomb, and there was not a thing. I felt pretty uneasy, as I knew if it had not been exploded it would be sure to be discovered, and I thought I might have been seen there, and leaving that neighborhood that same morning I would be apt to be suspected. I thought, too, that when they found the way that bomb was set, the lady where I boarded would be sure to remember the screw-eye and string that I had left fastened to my closet door.

I took a walk over on the west side, a little out of the busy part of the city. I did not have money enough to leave the city, and felt pretty miserable, and the world looked more desolate to me than it ever had before. I could not see much for me to live for, and I thought everything was working against me. I could not settle my mind on anything or do anything. I was strong and able to work, but could not set myself about it, as my mind was in such a state, and I came nearer ending all then than I ever had before.

I went into a restaurant to get something to eat, as I had not eaten anything all that day. I picked up another evening newspaper, the *Evening Post*, and there was the picture of the explosion and a full account of it. This paper stated that Mr. Bradley would probably die,

or at least lose his hearing and eyesight. They gave as the cause of the explosion leaking gas pipes and fixtures, and said the gas had escaped and filled the hall and the stairway entrance to Mr. Bradley's apartment, and as he lit his cigar coming down the stairway the gas exploded. When Mr. Bradley opened the door, practically the whole stairway and entrance into the archway was blown out, and Mr. Bradley was thrown out onto the sidewalk with the debris, and the flat was more or less shattered from one end to the other, and the glass was broken across the street and for some distance away. It seems now to me a horrible thing to say, but I felt better after reading this, for I knew I could now get a good piece of money without any trouble, as Haywood and Pettibone would be so well pleased.

I sent Pettibone a copy of this paper and told him to wire me some money at once, and he did so in a few days. After about a week I went up and looked at Mr. Bradley's place, and saw Mr. Guibinni, the grocer and saloon-man. He told me they thought Mr. Bradley would lose his eyesight. He said he did not believe that gas caused the explosion, himself—he thought it was a bomb; but he said Mrs. Bradley would not hear to such a thing, and said she had smelled gas escaping for some time. The owners of the property sued the gas company, and were awarded ten thousand dollars damages, and when this was carried to the Supreme Court, they affirmed the lower court.

In Disguise to Denver

I stayed in San Francisco two or three weeks after the explosion, and thought I would take a trip back to Denver. I went and got a suit of soldier's uniform, and wore that to Denver as a disguise. I set off the bomb at Mr. Bradley's house November 17th, and I got back to Denver about the first part of December, 1904. I went to a rooming-house, and got a room a little way from Pettibone's store, and then telephoned him to come over, and a few minutes after he and Steve Adams came. We talked a little while there, and I told them if Mr. Bradley did not die, he was at least maimed for life, and would be deaf and blind. Pettibone was well pleased with this news, but said it was hard luck that it did not kill him. Really, Mr. Bradley got well after a while, and is neither deaf nor blind; but I thought then he was very badly hurt.

Neville and the "Inner Circle"

Adams had come back in September, and he and his wife were keeping house in Denver then, and Steve asked me to go home with him.

I went with him, and Billy Aikman was stopping with them, and Billy Easterly had been there some. I asked Pettibone why he did not send me the money when I asked for it, and what he meant by saying to call it off. He then told me the time they had had with Johnnie Neville after he had been released from jail in Cripple Creek. He came to Denver and told them he knew all about their work, and especially the Independence depot, and that I had told him they hired me to do it, and if they did not give him twelve hundred dollars he was going to expose them. Pettibone said for a while he had them all up a tree, and they had it all planned to kill him if he kept on. He said that Moyer was especially excited over it. But finally they scared Neville off by springing on him how he set fire to his saloon, and saying they would tell the police, and then he quit and left the country and went to Goldfield, Nevada.

II

OUR FIRST BOMB FOR GOVERNOR PEABODY, AND OTHER BOMBS FOR STREET WORK



KEPT pretty close for a time after arriving in Denver. I lived with Adams for a while, and I did not go out much except at night. I went over to Haywood's residence at night, and talked to him once in a while. He said he was better pleased to have Mr. Bradley maimed the way he was than to have him killed outright, for he was a living example, and he said Bradley knew himself where this came from all right. I think he said he would write and tell him sometime how it happened. I got money any time I wanted it; Haywood gave it to Pettibone, and he gave it to me, and they wanted us to work on Judge Gabbert and see if we could not bump him off, as they were very bitter against him — especially Moyer. Judge Gabbert was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and had decided against Moyer when they brought him to Denver from Telluride on a writ of habeas corpus, when he was in the hands of the militia.

So Adams and I strolled around Judge Gabbert's residence some at night. They kept the blinds of the windows pretty close, and we could never see him at night, but would often see him in the morning or at noon while he was going or coming from the State Capitol, as he usually walked back and forth. The weather was cold and stormy part of the time, and we did not make any great effort to get him. We had plenty of money and lived good, and had plenty of beer to drink, and took things easy.

Haywood also wanted us to watch Mr. Hearne, manager of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. He said they had sent him out there from Pennsylvania to fix the legislature, as he had done there, and that he was a bitter enemy to organized labor. Adams and I strolled around his residence some, but did not make much of an effort to do anything to him. If we had seen him at night when we were around there, we would have shot him, no doubt, if it had looked favorable for us to get away.

The Wrangle over the Governorship

This was the winter they had such a wrangle over the governorship, and there was some doubt about them seating Adams, the Democratic candidate, who was elected by twelve thousand majority for Governor over Peabody, but the Republicans were crying fraud. Haywood told us then to keep quiet and not pull off anything until we got Adams seated as Governor, for if we bumped Judge Gabbert off then, it might hurt his chances for being seated. But when it looked almost sure that Peabody would be seated again, he wanted us to try and get him then. But they seated Adams, and then Peabody began proceedings to oust him, charging fraud in his election, and it came to a legislature investigation. When it looked like the legislature was going to seat Peabody and throw Adams out, Pettibone came to us, and wanted us to go after Peabody again and try hard to get him, so we would not have him for Governor again.

We started in to watch Peabody nights, and carried our shot-guns part of the time, but we imagined he had guards around his residence at night, and once or twice we were followed, and we concluded we would not try it at night at his residence. We thought of lying up the street and waiting for his carriage, but it was too cold to lay around and wait long, and then, we had to be sure he was in it; sometimes there were only women in it. But Peabody always walked up to the Capitol in the morning while he was Governor.

Setting the Big Street Bomb

There came about six inches of snow one night, and it drifted up against the curbstone in some places, and was deeper there than in the streets. We made a big bomb and put about twenty-five pounds of dynamite in it, and we stretched a wire from Grant Avenue to Logan on Thirteenth Avenue. This bomb was shaped a good deal like the one I made for Bradley in San Francisco, only it was a good deal bigger, and made in a lead case that Steve Adams got fixed at a plumber's, instead of a

lead pipe. Mr. Peabody usually walked up Grant Avenue to the Capitol between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, and we laid this wire in the evening before the streets were empty, and covered it up with snow, and then came back a little before daybreak, and looked again to see if we had it covered up well. There was a little space between the curbstone and street for the water to run through at the crossings, and we dug the snow out of this enough to lay the bomb in.

We had Billy Aikman get a horse and buggy and drive Adams and me over there about eight o'clock in the morning. I got out a block or so away from the place, and walked over there, and when there were no people in sight I motioned to them, and they drove up close as though they were talking to me, and they handed me the bomb, which we had done up in a cloth. There was a bottle of acid on top of it, with a cork that had a wire through it, with a hook on the end; so all I had to do was to loop the other wire we had laid in the night over this hook, and kick a little snow over it. This only took a minute or so, and then Billy drove on and waited two or three blocks away with the rig. We had two rifles and a shot-gun in the rig, and plenty of ammunition, and intended to fight it out as long as we lasted, if we got cornered; for, of course, there is more danger in your "get-away" with a bomb like this than there is with one that sets itself off like the one I had used with Bradley. Adams and I stayed on the street where we could see the Governor and his body-guard when they came along. We had seen them so often, we could tell them more than a block away.

Governor Peabody Escapes Again

When we saw them coming, we went to the other end of the wire and waited until they were just stepping over the bomb, and then we intended to jerk this wire, and that would jerk the cork out of the little bottle of acid, when the bomb would explode instantly. There was an alley in the middle of the block, and while we were at the end of the wire, a large coal-wagon came out of this and drove up toward us. This wagon was nearly opposite us when another came out, and there seemed to be about a dozen people coming along right close, and I think the last wagon was close behind the first, when the Governor came over the bomb. So we did not dare to pull the wire until he was too far beyond it to be sure of getting him. We took the bomb up and carried it over to the rig, and drove back and got hold of one end of the wire, and pulled it in the buggy and coiled it up. We thought we would try it

again another morning, but it got warm and melted the snow, and what was left was hard, so that we could not cover up our wire. We then tried digging into the sidewalk near his house, or at the edge of the walk; but the ground was frozen too hard. One night we thought a watchman was after us, and I threw away the spade I was carrying wrapped up in a paper, and went home.

A little while after we made this attempt with the bomb, Mr. Peabody moved his offices down in the Jackson Block, and did not walk up Grant Avenue as usual. Haywood said then that he thought we might set a bomb in under his desk, so that when he opened the desk it would explode it. He asked me what I thought about it. I told him we could if we knew for sure his desk, and that no one would open it but him; and he said he thought perhaps Peabody had a private desk, and that he would find out. He said the Federation wanted to move their offices, and he could easily go up in the Jackson Block looking for a location, and find out where Peabody's office was. But he never did, and we never made any further attempt on Mr. Peabody's life in Denver.

As the legislature investigation proceeded, it was thought until the very last that Adams would hold his seat; but they made a compromise to seat Peabody, with the understanding he was to resign in twenty-four hours, and the committee had his resignation before they voted to seat him. Then the office went to Jesse McDonald, the Republican Lieutenant-Governor, and Haywood said we need not bother with Peabody for the present; that we could go down to Cañon City and get him any time.

The Bombs in the Rubber Balls

Then they wanted us to get some of the Supreme Court justices. Judge Goddard had been appointed to the Supreme Court by Governor Peabody before he retired. They were very bitter against Judge Goddard, as they said he had written up most of the opinion in the Moyer habeas corpus case, and had been instrumental in declaring unconstitutional the eight-hour law that had been passed by the legislature a few years previous, when he was on the Supreme bench before; and that he and Frank Hearne, the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company manager, had influenced the Supreme Court in their decisions after he had got out. Haywood wanted us to see if we could not make a bomb that we could throw or drop out of a window. He thought we could make one and cover it with a big rubber ball. He said that Mr. David Moffat stopped at the Denver Club a good deal, and walked between his bank and there, and

Haywood thought if we had a bomb we could drop or throw out of a window, that we could get a room along the street, and when Mr. Moffat came along, we could drop it out of a window close to him, and get away.

We had moved over near Globeville in January, 1905, close to Max Malich, and Max wanted us to blow up the Globeville smelter boarding-house. Malich was a leader among the Austrian workmen at the smelter. He kept a grocery-store and a saloon, and they called him the King of Globeville. He had been Mayor of the town, and he was strong in politics because 'most all the Austrians would do what he wanted them to—though after that they got on to him, and he couldn't handle them so well. He belonged to the smelter-men's union, and they met in his hall, and, though he wasn't an officer, the Austrians and others in the union did about what he said at that time.

There had been a strike at this Globeville smelter for nearly two years then, and their union was affiliated with the Western Federation of Miners. The smelters were working all non-union men, and I think two or three hundred stopped in this boarding-house. Max said there was not much trouble to get in the cellar or up in the hall, as things had been quiet for some time, and they did not guard it very close. He had a man there that had boarded there before the strike, and knew the place well, and he said he would help us. We wanted some No. 1 powder, anyway, to make some bombs, or to experiment with making them. So we found out where the magazines were, and concluded to go out there and get what dynamite we wanted.

Adams and I started a little before dark one Saturday, and walked out to the magazines. There were a number of magazines out there on the prairie, and as soon as it was dark, we pried off a lock from one of them, and carried six hundred pounds of powder out a little way from the magazine. Then we pried the lock off another little magazine, and got about fifteen boxes of giant-caps. Then Joe Mehalich came with the rig, and we loaded it all into the wagon, and brought it to where we lived, near Globeville, and buried it in the cellar.

When we told Haywood and Moyer that Max wanted us to blow up this boarding-house, they said not to do it, and we thought no more about it. But we now had powder to practise making bombs to throw. We made these bombs by taking plaster-Paris and making a little ball. We stuck this full of giant-caps, and let it get hard, and then stuck a wire nail in each of these caps, point inwards; and shived the nail up with slivers of wood, so as not to let

the nail press upon the powder in the caps. But a little jar, like throwing it against anything, would drive the nail into the powder, which is in the bottom of the giant-cap, and set it off. After we made this frame with the plaster-Paris, giant-caps, and nails, we took a large rubber ball, cut it open, and slipped it around the outside of the nails. Then we filled it with dynamite, and sewed up the rubber. We tried two or three of these throwing-bombs, and they exploded instantly when they were thrown and hit anything hard. Adams and I took one of them out near Riverside Cemetery, and Steve threw it up against a big cottonwood-tree that was there, and it exploded and tore out a big hole in the trunk. Steve was back of another tree when he threw it, but it shook him up badly when it went off, and the nails and caps flew everywhere. This one must have weighed four or five pounds.

We told Haywood and Pettibone then that we could make these work all right, but they did not want us to use them just then, but to see if we could not shoot Judge Goddard through the window of his residence, as he lived pretty well out, and they said the police were not often around there. We had long overcoats, and each carried a sawed-off pump shot-gun hung at our sides under our arms by a shoulder-strap. We worked awhile, but never saw him but once, and then we thought we would wait until it was a little later, as it was Sunday night, and there were quite a number of people on the street; but we could never see him again; we could see some of the rest of the family, as they hardly ever pulled the blinds clear down, and the house was built up flush with the sidewalk on one side, and only a few feet back on the other, for it was on the corner of the street. Mrs. Adams went with Steve and me sometimes for a bluff, as we thought the police were watching sometimes. There had been a drug-store held up about this time not far from there, and there were extra police around, but we thought they wouldn't be so likely to suspect us with a woman along.

Steve Adams Gets Through

Sometime the last of January, Adams had gone down-town and got drunk, and was put in jail for stealing a bicycle. We did not know where he was for a week or more, and looked all over for him, and thought some one had killed him, for he had had a fight with a man just before that. After he got out and came home, we gave him a good lecture, but it did not do much good, as he got drunk again some little time after, and had to be helped home. Haywood and Pettibone did not like the looks

of this, and we didn't know but we had better get rid of Adams, as he knew too much to be around drunk that way.

I left Adams' house about the last of March, and got a room only two blocks from Judge Goddard's residence, so I could watch him. We could always see him leave on the car in the morning and go down, but could never see him at night. Soon after I quit living with Adams, he had some dispute with Haywood and Pettibone, and told me they would not give him money enough, or only a few dollars at a time, and he was angry at me and blamed me, too. I told him there must be some mistake about it, and that he had no reason to blame me, and I told him I was going away, and that he and Joe Mehalich could work together after that, as they chummed together, and the women visited back and forth. I told him I was going down to Cañon City or Colorado Springs to get MacNeill or Peabody. He said all right, he would go with me; but I didn't encourage this, as I wanted to get rid of him.

Steve went down to get some money, and Pettibone gave me a few dollars, and said that was all he had left out of the last Haywood gave him. Adams sent Pettibone down to Haywood's office to get some more, and Haywood would not give it to him. He told Pettibone he had given Mrs. Adams, I think, forty dollars the day before, and that ought to be enough for a while. Adams went down and saw Haywood, and they had some words, and Haywood did not give him any money, and when I saw Adams he would hardly speak to me. I told him we were the last ones that ought to have any trouble, and that he had no reason to feel hard at me. He said they had used him dirty mean, and that he was through with them. I told him it was his fault—that he had no business getting drunk so much, and that was the reason I quit him, and that they were afraid to give him much money at a time for fear he would be drunk. He said they would use me the same when they got through with me. I told him they wouldn't, for I wouldn't stand for it—not if I was where I could get to them.

I would say that Haywood was always very close and stingy with the money for this work, and would always be putting you off and saying he would pay you next week, and we had to look to Pettibone to get it for us. But we could always get it from Pettibone all right, as he would go down and tell Haywood he had got to have it, and Haywood would give it to him. But, of course, with Steve getting drunk the way he did, none of us wanted to do any business with him, and, in fact, wanted to get him out of the country.

Adams and Joe Mehalich got ready to go away then, and I went over to Globeville to see them the day they left, as I did not want them to leave feeling hard toward me, if I could help it. I did not ask them where they were going, as they did not tell me, but I called Adams to one side and had a little talk with him, and told him I was not to blame, and he had not ought to have any hard feelings toward me. He said he felt sore at everybody, and that perhaps he had no reason to feel hard toward me, but that he had thought I had run him down to Haywood. I told him that Haywood knew about him getting drunk without my telling him.

Adams said they were going to beat their way, as they had no money to pay their fare. I only had a little money with me, but I borrowed twenty dollars from Max Malich and gave it to him, and I told Max to give the women what they wanted to live on from his grocery-store, and send the bill to Haywood and make him pay it. It was sometime in April, 1905, I think, that they went away. I found out later they went to Park City, Utah, and afterwards went to eastern Oregon on a land claim. But that was the last time I saw Steve until they arrested him in Oregon in February, 1906, and brought him to Boise, Idaho. I paid Max Malich the twenty dollars back the next day.

III

OUR FURTHER PLANS FOR GOVERNOR PEABODY AND HOW I SET BOMBS FOR JUDGES GODDARD AND GABBERT



WAS down in Pettibone's store a few days after this, and a man came in that had worked for him a good deal, and said he had a better graft now—that he had been out writing life-insurance, and had made about eight hundred dollars in a month. Pettibone wanted me to go and get a contract, and that would be a good bluff if I wanted to go to any small place. As they wanted me to go to Cañon City and get Peabody, I thought the insurance scheme would be good, and then I thought I could make good at it, too. So I went down to the Mutual Life office and had a talk with John L. Stearns, the manager for Colorado.

He wanted me to give him some references, and I gave him Pettibone, Horace Hawkins, of the law firm of Richardson & Hawkins, James J. Sullivan and Henry Cohen, the law firm, and John Sullivan, president of the State Federation of Labor. I knew Horace Hawkins pretty well, as he was the attorney that defended the boys at Cripple Creek. I went and

saw him, and told him I wanted to get a contract with the Mutual Life-Insurance Company to write insurance, but did not want to give them my own name. I told him my name was Thomas Hogan, and I said I had given him as reference, and would like him to give me a send-off, and he said he would. I saw John Sullivan and told him, and Pettibone saw James J. Sullivan and Henry Cohen. I was only slightly acquainted with the latter two, and that through Pettibone, as they were great friends of his. Mr. Stearns wrote to these in regard to me, and in a couple of days after he wrote me to come down to his office. I went down, and he said my references could not be better, and he would make a contract with me, and he fixed it up right there and advanced me twenty-five dollars then, and a little later twenty-five more. I told him I would go to the southern part of the State, and would start in at Cañon City and Florence.

A few days later I went to Cañon City, and did start in to talk life-insurance, and canvassed some. But I could no more get my mind on insurance than I could fly. I had located Mr. Peabody's residence, and noticed he had no guard around it at night, but went around the same as any private citizen, and I discovered he usually sat near a window on one side of his house next to an open lot at night, and did not pull the blind clear down. At first I stopped at the hotel, but later I got a room only about a block away from Mr. Peabody's residence, on the same street, so I could watch him. Then I figured out a plan to make a big bomb, and fix it to go off with an alarm-clock. I thought I could lay this on the window-sill where he sat, and set the alarm-clock to go off in a few minutes, and I could have time to go to a saloon, and be there when the bomb exploded, and take a chance of Mr. Peabody moving away from the window in the meantime.

The Clock Bomb for Peabody

I think I stayed there about a week, and on Saturday I told the old lady where I roomed that I was going to Denver to stay over Sunday, but would keep my room and would be back the first of the week. I took the train and went to Denver, and told them what I was going to do, and I went over to Max Malich, and got fifty pounds of No. 1 powder and a box of giant-caps. This was the powder we took from the magazine, and Adams and Mehalich sold it or gave it to Max, and he had it buried in his drive-shed. I put this in a suit-case and brought it over to Pettibone's store. I went to a plumbing-shop in Denver, and told

them I wanted a lead bucket made about eight or nine inches across by fourteen inches high. I told the plumber I wanted it for a cactus-plant, so I could bore holes in it to let the flowers come through.

He made this for me, and put a bottom in one end of it, and I hammered it flat on one side, so it would lay on a window-sill, and packed this as full of powder as I could, and fitted a wooden end on the top, and hammered the lead over it, so it would not come out. I cut a hole in the top side of it and took out a little powder, and filled this space full of giant-caps, and wired an alarm-clock on the end of the bomb, and took off the alarm-bell. Then I had a little bottle of acid, so I could wire it over the giant-caps, and set the alarm, and had a fine wire so it would wind up around the key which wound up the alarm, so that when the alarm went off, and this key started turning, it would pull the cork out of the bottle and let the acid run on the giant-caps. I fixed this up later, after I went back to Cañon City. Except for the clock, it wasn't fixed much different from the bomb I used when I was after Bradley in San Francisco, only it was a great deal bigger, and was made in this lead case instead of a pipe. There was about twenty-five pounds of dynamite in this, and if it had gone off, I suppose it would have blown that side of the house all to pieces, as Pettibone and I figured we ought not to take any chances of missing Peabody when I set this off.

Writing Insurance as a Blind

When I was in Denver this time, I stopped at the Belmont Hotel. I was well acquainted there, and they wanted to know what I was doing, etc. I told them I was writing life-insurance. Some of them wanted to know how I was making it, and I told them I was making all kinds of money; and a man that I had met there a great deal, and a great friend of Pettibone's, said he thought he would try that, too, as he had written insurance before. His name was William J. Vaughan. He went right down and saw Mr. Stearns, and got a contract in a day or two. I left in the meantime, and took my bomb and went back to Cañon City. I told Vaughan he could come down there, if he liked; that there was room enough for both of us.

After I got back to Cañon City, Mr. Peabody started to repair his house, and I could not see him at the window; and Vaughan came there in the meantime, and I thought if he did room with me that would make it all the better for me, for, if I could see Mr. Peabody at this window, I could make an excuse to go out, and not be gone over five minutes, and

Vaughan would not notice it. I used to keep the little alarm-clock running, and he asked me one day where that clock was ticking. I told him it was a bomb I had in my grip, and he half believed it. Mr. Peabody had his house all torn up, and I could not see him, and Vaughan did not write any insurance, and also knew that I did not either, and he felt pretty well discouraged and his money got short. I gave him some money and told him to brace up. He wanted me to go down in the Arkansas Valley with him, and probably we would do better down there amongst the farmers, and I thought that would be a good way to get rid of him and I could come back again. We got ready, and I left my suit-case with the old lady, and set it away under a table where she said she would have no occasion to move it. I told her I had it full of insurance papers for advertising. I thought I would be gone only a few days, and it was so heavy I did not take it with me. It must have weighed close to fifty pounds.

Vaughan and I left and went to Rockyford, about a hundred miles or so away in Arkansas Valley, and got a rig and started out to canvass insurance. We had only been out a day or so before we met a man writing hail-insurance—that is, insuring a farmer's crop against hail. A man named Peterson, who was general agent of the company, was in Rockyford, and offered us a good thing to go to work for him, and we took him up. We went down to Las Animas, which is about thirty miles from Rockyford, and we worked there about a week and did a fine business. I got quite interested in this, I guess because it was crooked. We made from about twenty to thirty dollars a day at the start, and later made as high as a hundred, but the latter only a couple of times.

I had promised Max Malich to be in Denver on a certain day to help him on a job he had, and so I went up to Denver one Saturday afternoon the last part of May to do this. But Max Malich said he was not ready to have this job done. I saw Pettibone, and he said they wanted something pulled off before the Western Federation convention met at Salt Lake.

Haywood had told me this before; he said it would look bad for the executive board if we didn't do something, as we had used so much money during the winter, and not a thing to show for it. He said after he and Moyer left for Salt Lake he did not care what we blew up, so long as we made some showing.

Planting Dynamite for Judge Gabbert

Haywood and Moyer had been gone to Salt Lake some little time now to get ready

for the convention, and Pettibone said he was going to the convention, too, but he wanted to pull off something first. I told him I did not like to do anything with Peabody just then; that Vaughan mistrusted something, and that I might not be able to do it in a hurry.

He said he would rather get Judge Gabbert than any one else. We had watched Judge Gabbert, and, as I have before stated, he usually walked back and forth to the Capitol, and when he went down in the morning, he walked down Emerson Street to Colfax Avenue. There is a vacant lot in one corner on Emerson Street and Colfax Avenue, and a foot-path across the same, and Mr. Gabbert usually took this cut-off. We made a bomb and buried it in this path. We had it fixed with a little windlass, with a fine wire wound around this with a loop on the end of it. We left this loop just enough above the ground so we could see it, and had a stiff wire run through the little windlass, so it would not turn over until we took this out, and we fixed this wire so we could just see it above the ground. We made this in a two-quart tin molasses-can, so the little windlass and the acid in the giant-caps were all protected from the dirt, and we made little holes to run the wires through. We put this a little to the edge of the path, and were careful in digging so it would not be noticed by any one walking across there, but we knew just where to find it.

The next morning Pettibone was going to watch, and I was going to walk around on this corner, or sit down there and pretend to be reading, and when Judge Gabbert came out of his house, which was only a block away, Pettibone was going to give me the signal, and I was to walk along this path and hitch a lady's hand-satchel or large pocket-book to the wire on the bomb. We had a hook all ready fixed in this pocket-book, and all we had to do was to hitch it in the little wire that was wound around the windlass, and pull out the other wire which held the windlass upright. We tried this the next morning, but some one cut in between Judge Gabbert and us, and he was too close for me to fix the pocket-book after they passed. I think we watched two or three mornings, and I was afraid to touch the bomb after it had stood that long, for the little windlass swung very easily, and if anything had touched the wire at all before we came there, the least touch might turn it over. Pettibone had to go to this convention at Salt Lake then, and he wanted me to work on this job until I caught a morning when there was no one coming on the sidewalk but the judge. I could tell

him as soon as he came out of his house from this corner.

The Death of Walley

As I was afraid to touch this old bomb, I made another one. I went to Pettibone's store, and in the basement he had some old eight-day clocks. I took the spring of one of these, and practised with it to see if I could get it so it would break those little vials that I had with sulphuric acid in for the bombs. I had tried a few vials with it, and it broke them every time. Then I made this new bomb in a wooden box, and fixed it with this spring. I fastened the spring along the under side of the cover, and bent the spring back, and held it there with a piece of stiff wire that went down through the box. I had a little eye in the top of the wire to hook the pocket-book on, and left this so I could see it. When this wire was pulled out, it let the spring hit a couple of half-dram vials that were filled with acid, and broke them, and the giant-caps were right under these. This wire pulled out very easily, and I knew the spring was sure to break the bottles.

I buried this second bomb as close to the first as I dared, and not touch it. The next morning I found the sidewalk clear when the judge was coming, and had Pettibone's bicycle, and rode along, and stopped at the bomb and hooked on the pocket-book, and rode away. I listened, and knew that something had happened to it, or else he did not see it, for I did not hear it go, and I did not have time to get more than a block away by the time he would be there. However, I was afraid to go back there for fear some one had been watching me, or for fear something might have happened that it did not go, and they had discovered the bomb. Anyway, I was too big a coward to go back, and made up my mind I would let it go. I did not think the judge would walk over it and not notice the pocket-book.

I went on down-town, and about an hour afterwards I heard the bomb go off; but it was not the judge that got it, but another poor unfortunate man by the name of Merritt W. Walley. There were about ten pounds of dynamite in each of these bombs, and they both went off. It blew this poor fellow to pieces and broke the glass in the windows for many blocks around. There were many theories advanced in regard to the cause of this explosion, but not any of them came anywhere near the truth. Some thought that a yeggman had buried nitroglycerin there and Walley stubbed against it. I have been told since that Judge Gabbert saw a friend on the corner and followed the walk around instead of going across the

vacant lot that morning. I thought when this failed I was out of luck sure, and that there would not be any chance to work there any more, as I did not suppose Judge Gabbert would go across there for the present. So I gave up trying to do him any harm for the present at least, but I thought I would make one more attempt, nearly on the same line, with Judge Goddard.

The Box at Judge Goddard's Gate

I made a little square wooden box that would hold about ten pounds of dynamite, and fixed this out with a little bottle and a cork which would pull out and spill the acid on the giant-caps, like the one did on the bomb I made for Bradley. I told Max Malich about this, and took it over to his place in Globeville, and stayed there all night. And just a little before daybreak the next morning, he sent his rig with a man to drive me over there. As I have told you, Max had a lot of these Austrians around him that would do anything he said, and this man did not ask me any questions, but drove where I told him. So we drove over to Judge Goddard's place just before it was light, and I got out and dug a square hole with a sharp spade I had for the purpose, and was careful to take the sod off so I could replace it again, and it would not be noticed. I made this hole right up against the gate-post, but on the outside. The gate opened both ways, but it looked as though they usually opened it on the inside. I put a little screw-eye in the bottom of the gate, and spread it enough so I could slip a loop of a small cord in the eye. I buried this bomb, and fixed the sod back carefully, and pulled some green grass over it, and had the cord long enough so I could hook it in the little screw-eye later. This cord was attached to the cork in the little bottle at the other end. This cord was a greenish color like the grass, and I scattered a little grass over the loose end of it. Then I went back to Malich's place and got breakfast.

After breakfast I came back on the street-car from Globeville, and about half-past eight I walked along in front of Judge Goddard's place, dropped a newspaper carelessly, and stooped down to pick it up, and hooked this cord with the loop into the screw-eye in the gate. I took a car and went down-town, and I expected to hear this go before I got down-town, as I waited within about fifteen minutes of the usual time that the judge came out and took the car to go down-town. I did this so there would not be so much danger of some one else opening the gate first. But I never heard anything from it, and did not know what had become of it. I thought perhaps they had

noticed me when I hooked in the cord, although I was only a moment and the gate is right close to the sidewalk, so I did not go along there for a good while afterward; but when I did I noticed the grass was dead over this bomb, and then I figured out what had happened.

I had fastened the cord to the bottle by a pin which I put through the cork, and made into a hook on the outside. I had put this pin in two or three days before, and left the bottle full of acid, and evidently the head of the pin on the inside had been eaten off, and allowed the pin to pull through the cork, and so none of the acid had come out, as the rubber cork would close up after it. Then afterward, as they were watering the lawn all the time, the water had soaked through and spoiled the giant-caps, for these are no good when they are wet. And after this the acid would have no effect on the caps if it did eat the cork out, and so could not set the bomb off. This was the only reason I can give for its not going off.

Well, I thought at the time that I was clear out of luck and everything was against me, and I left Denver and went down to the San Luis Valley, where Vaughan was writing hail-insurance, and went to work again with him. We worked there about two weeks and made good money. They all came back from the Federation convention at Salt Lake about the 1st of July, 1905, Haywood and Moyer both being elected again, and I told Haywood the hard luck I had had, and he thought I had better lay off for a while. Haywood and Moyer left right away again for Chicago, where they went to form a new organization which they called the Industrial Workers of the World.

General Bell and the Little Dogs

I did not do anything for a time — not until Haywood came back from Chicago in July. I left this grip down at Cañon City with the bomb in it so long that I was afraid to go after it, for fear they had found out what was in it and might arrest me; but we had concluded to let Peabody alone for the time being, and

do some work in Denver, so I went down to Cañon City one day and got the grip all right; and the old lady said it had never been moved. I told the old lady some yarn about leaving the grip there so long, and came away and brought the bomb to Pettibone's house, and put it in his cellar, but a little later took it out and buried it.

Pettibone and I told Haywood if we had a good horse and buggy we would do some work in Denver. Pettibone wanted to get Judge Gabbert, Judge Goddard, or Sherman Bell, and Haywood sent up to Cripple Creek and had them bring a team and wagon down from those the Federation had at their stores there, and we tried these horses, but they were all used up and were no good for drivers. He sent them back again, and then bought a horse and buggy from a colored man. I had a barn rented about a block and a half from Pettibone's residence, and Pettibone and I took the rig there and started in to assassinate Sherman Bell. This was in August, 1905.

We drove around there nights, and I would go by his place in the daytime and see if I could see him. He lived right on the edge of Congress Park, and the shrubbery came right close up to his back yard, and I was going to crawl up as close as I could and see if I could not see him through the window. I tried this several times, but they had some little dogs that used to bark when they heard a noise, and I never got any closer than the back-yard fence. I was trying to get between his house and the one next to it; the house next to his was empty, and they did not pull the blinds down at the windows on this side of Bell's house. I was working to get in between these houses, but these dogs always made a racket. Some one would come out, but I could not tell in the dark who it was. I had a pump shot-gun loaded with buck-shot, and could have shot this man; but I was not sure whether it was Sherman Bell or not, as I had seen another man there. Pettibone kept the rig and waited for me out in Congress Park, a little way behind the house.

[The next instalment of Orchard's confession will tell of his assassination of **Ex-Governor Frank Steunenberg** of Idaho; and of his arrest, confession, and experiences in prison.]



THE MEAGRE LIFE

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

AUTHOR OF "VROUW GROBELAAR AND HER LEADING CASES," "THE WEAVER'S SON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. HATHERELL, R. I.



IT WAS already late afternoon, and the pavements of Bishopsgate Street were thronged with homeward-bound City men. Watson, his portfolio gripped between his elbow and his ribs, was like a snag in their current. As he stood back on the kerb to read again a firm's name in white letters on a broad window, they jostled by him importunately, till, with a sigh, he entered the door in search of a new rebuff.

A hurried clerk, his hat already on his head, looked up from a sheaf of papers as the canvasser came forward. Watson was always deferential, inviting the brusque brutality of busy men, and he stammered forth a request to see the manager. The smart clerk looked him up and down callously, sniffing at the flimsiness of the little man's person, the pathetic neat shabbiness of his clothing, and his vague, unresentful, deprecating manner.

"Sit there," he said, "and I'll see."

Watson sat, his hat on his knee. He always took off his hat early and handled it clumsily. The clerk continued with his work, shuffling his papers impatiently, and paid him no further attention for five minutes. Watson began to hope that he would miss the manager after all, though to do so would mean to have earned nothing the whole day. Still, he had no expectation that he would be able, at this stage, to overcome the normal manager's aversion to the canvasser of advertisements for a tenth-rate directory. He was sore with the fiasco of his day's work already, utterly unenthusiastic, and only saved from being despondent and miserable by a certain quality of mental passivity which went far to account for him.

A bell rang somewhere, and the clerk jerked a thumb in the direction of a polished door. "In you go," he said, and Watson grasped his portfolio and went in.

Had he been a coherent soul, he could have described that transaction beforehand. It was absolutely normal. At a spacious desk sat the manager, a big, heavy-browed, baggy-jowled man, clumsy with fat, with the hard, wide mouth of the financier and the bold, immobile eyes of the tyrant. He had letters before him, and bestowed but the one glance, arrogant and hostile, on Watson. Then he bent to his letters again and grunted. Watson apologised breathlessly for troubling him so late — he always began with an apology.

"I should like," he went on, opening his portfolio, "to draw your attention to —"

"Directory?" bellowed the manager.

Watson made noises of assent. "On an entirely new principle," he qualified dejectedly.

He would have gone on; he had quite a stock of barren little phrases intended to be inviting and stimulating to the hesitating advertiser in posse. But the manager was better armed; he simply lifted his hand and struck an insistent bell. He did not even look up as he did it, nor speak a single word. There was no need, for Watson understood and had already reassembled his papers when the keen office-boy entered to bring him forth. He went slowly out to the street again, as unresentful as ever, and only a little bleak in the spirits as he realised how utterly profitless the day had been. He was paid by results, strictly, and they were never more than meagre; but even days like this were not novel to him.

He walked past Liverpool Street to Bishopsgate Street Without, going slowly, for he was very tired. He bought an evening paper and carried it with him to a little cook-shop in a quarter of tall warehouses. It was a shabby little place used largely by carmen, but on a raw evening its very closeness was cosy, and its yellow walls radiated the gas-light with a cheerful brilliance. Watson came thither on his way to his home in Hackney nearly every evening.

The lonely little man was glad to establish relations of familiarity with anything, and this cook-shop was a landmark in his life. He ordered his tea and its accessories from the big, plump waitress, and was comforted by her brisk friendliness. He never guessed it, but his thin, gentle face had its admirers. She gossiped with him trivially as he commenced his meal, and furtively envied his slender hands; and when she went to give attention to another customer, he took up his paper for his daily dose of information.

The shop closed at nine, and he was turned adrift again. It was time for him to get back to the room in Hackney which he knew as home and hated unconsciously for its bare and narrow ugliness. He strolled awhile, gazing at the shop-windows, and then caught a tram, to alight, close upon eleven o'clock, at the corner of the mean street in which he lived. There is nothing in the world grimmer or bitterer to the eye than the brick and mortar of the back streets of London. Salem Road was its name; it was a cañon of tall, lean houses, wedged together ungracefully to resemble a long wall pierced at intervals with doors and windows. All, without exception, were given over to the business of lodging-house; in Salem Road one could get a room with a bed as low as half-a-crown a week. Watson loathed the place by instinct, but, in such a life as his, to loathe a thing is not necessarily to avoid it. That is adjusted by other considerations, seldom by choice.

He came to the door-step of his abode listlessly, and was fumbling for his key, when he started back with an ejaculation. Some one had been sitting on the steps who at his approach rose quickly. In the dimness he saw that it was a woman.

"Please excuse me," she said. "I forgot my key."

"Do you lodge here?" asked Watson inanely.

She nodded. As his eyes acclimatised themselves to the darkness, he saw her better—girl of perhaps twenty-two or -three years, whose clothes ran in clear lines from neck to skirt-hem, trim and smart. Her face was but a blur of pallor under her hat, but she held her head high and well.

"It's a pig of a place," she observed. "I did my best to pull the bell out, but nobody stirred. They can't have been asleep all the time."

"They don't answer the door after nine, ever," explained Watson, pausing with his key in the lock. "Didn't they tell you that when you took your room?"

"Oh, they told me," she admitted scornfully. "But did they think I should stop out all night

if I happened to forget my key? It's bad enough to live in such a place at all, without this nonsense."

The door was open now, and the narrow passage within gaped at them gloomily. One low gas-jet at the turn of the stairs was the pilot to the upper regions, and a warm, sickly smell of cooking and cheap oil-cloth characterised the place. But Watson held back from the entry, clinging to the diversion of this chance-met acquaintance. Further, his interest was engaged; curiosity is the most tenacious of human qualities; and in the girl's voice, in its high, impatient quality and its faint suggestion of culture, there was a novelty that attracted him.

"You haven't been here long?" he suggested.

"Long!" Her voice was indicative of restraint worn thin. "Long? I've been here two weeks to-day. Two weeks, and I've been sicker of it every day."

He made an acquiescent gesture to share in her disgust. "I've lived here for nine months, myself," he said.

It was becoming easier to see her face, and he shifted aside so that what there was of light from the gas-bracket might illumine it. She was looking at him in wonder, he thought.

"Some men have been here for years," he added.

"Are you out of work, then?" she demanded.

He even laughed. "Thank God, no," he replied. "I shouldn't be able to stay a week if I couldn't pay to the day. I've got a job, all right—such as it is."

"What is it?" she asked quickly.

"I'm a canvasser, just now," he answered.

"And what is that, please?"

He stared at her. "Don't you know what a canvasser is?" he asked in surprise. "Well—" As he sought for a phrase, some realisation came over him; suddenly, as never before, he saw what a "canvasser" was. "A canvasser," he went on, in a gush of words, "is a dog, doing a dog's work. He's the scavenger of business; he's a man who must crawl where everybody else walks upright. His work and his place are in the gutter. Every deal he makes is a gift to him—just charity. He begs, and gets the treatment of a beggar. Oh, trust me, I know the business to the core."

He stopped, panting, a little embarrassed with his vehemence, and looked at her defiantly.

"You haven't quite told me all," the girl said, "for I still don't know what a canvasser is. But do they employ women for the work, as well as men?"

"Yes," he said. "They'll take anybody."

She gave a sort of little sigh. "I want to hear some more about it," she said, "but I suppose we can't stand here and talk. The people that run this pigsty of a house are probably particular. That old woman who collects my rent looks as if propriety were her last and only rag of virtue."

"Yes," he agreed. "Mrs. Godam is very respectable in her notions."

She uttered a brief bubble of laughter. "Exactly," she said. "So, if we want to talk, we must conspire. Look here, I—I always have some tea when I come in. It would be nice of you to tiptoe to my room and join me. Then you could tell me what I want to know, and I'll tell you why I want so awfully to hear it. Will you?"

"Your room?" he repeated, but drew himself together as he caught her faint click of impatience.

"Unless," she was saying coldly—"unless you also are too respectable in your notions."

"Which is your room?" he asked. She told him, and he became fertile in devices. It was his weakness to shrink from opposition as some shrink from physical pain. All temptations were seductions to him, and this one was clothed, in his eyes, with brazen allurements. But he could not withstand her air of condoning an expedient.

"I'll go straight up to my room," he planned, "and then we'll give them five minutes to settle down, and I'll come to you. There'd be no sense in getting caught. We'd be put outside of the place inside of a minute."

It was done as he arranged. His room was tucked under the roof, a forlorn little cave with one draughty window overlooking a grotesque chimney-scape. Hers was on the floor below. He came down in slippers, desperately cautious, but more than a little elated by the tremendousness of his departure from rule. Her door was ajar, and showed itself in a thin frame of light. He pushed it open, his face clenched with the effort to be noiseless, and entered, for the first time in all his slattern life, upon a feminine privacy.

The girl turned from the small mirror as he came in. She was making some adjustment of her hair, and smiled at him with her arms raised and her fingers still deft in its coils. He saw now what he had not been able to see before—the keen breeding of her small face, the brown gleam of her hair, the trig and ready smartness of the whole of her. This was no common denizen of the world he knew and to which he acknowledged himself to belong; no "real lady" or "girl," but a lady, *tout simple*,

There was approval in her mind, too, as he carried his thin, melancholy face and general flimsy slenderness, nowise ungraceful, into the light.

"Close the door," she bade in a whisper, "and sit down."

He took a seat in a wooden rocking-chair and looked round the chamber. It had an unfamiliar note. The narrow bed, the shoddy wash-stand and chest of drawers, the patch-work rug, and the green paper in the cold grate he knew: they were native to the place. But these were flavoured and almost nullified by the scarlet scarf that draped the mirror, the cool cream of the bed-covering, the one picture that leaned on the small mantel-shelf, and such-like clamant trifles. The picture assaulted his attention at once: a low, darkling sunset ran across it in an angry streak, and swart against its lowering fire a great figure of a man, with head bowed as in an agony of weariness, walked out towards him.

"You like it?" asked the girl. She sat down and began to loosen her boots. "My father painted it, and I stole it from the house when things were for sale. It's the only one I have. Pass me those slippers, please. He called it 'To Mecca,' but I know he wasn't satisfied with the name."

He nodded absently, and fell to watching her as she brought forth the tea-things and a tiny spirit-lamp, intrigued and dreamily content with her quick, easy indoor fashion of movement. There was a boyish swing in all she did, a suggestion of young limbs and warm blood that was the very essence of sparkling vivacity; yet with it all there was a grace, an assured delicacy of posture, which were appealingly feminine. The swish of her skirts, the slender silk ankle that lay on the rug when she sat down to tend the spirit-lamp that fizzed in the fender, the soft curve from the ear to the neck-band—these stirred him.

"I don't know your name," she reminded him, looking round over her shoulder.

"Watson," he said shortly, "John Watson. And yours?"

"Lyll—Mary Lyll," she answered. "And thus we are introduced in full form. That should satisfy the most respectable notions, shouldn't it?"

He smiled in response to her smile, and she sat back with her hands clasped about her knees for better comfort in talk.

"I really want you to tell me something about what a canvasser is and does," she said seriously. "You know, I'm out of work,—desperately out of it,—and if I could find something of the kind to do——"

He sat up sharply and shook his head. His face was alight with a passion of protest.

"It wouldn't do," he said emphatically. "Good Lord, it would break you, it would simply kill you! It kills men, I tell you. I've known a man cut his throat rather than go on with it."

"Men are so final," she objected. "I shouldn't cut my throat in any case. And, really, I think I could bear it, if I knew what it was."

He shook his head again, but began with a description of his trade. He told her of the directory he worked for, of its shrewd, remorseless publisher, and of the army of poor men and hopeless women who made themselves daily into butts for bad temper and bad manners to win a bare living from it. He grew graphic as he went on, and described some of the managers and head clerks he had to deal with.

"Men like me are a godsend to them," he said bitterly. "They daren't treat any one else as they treat us. We're their meat."

"But they have to give advertisements to somebody?" she asked, and he admitted it.

She busied herself with the tea, and now he watched her with an eager loathing for the prospect of her abasement as a canvasser. While she leaned over the cups, prettily busy, he seethed with wrath at the pictures that grew in his mind of the coarse gallantry of clerks, of the more than coarse familiarity of puffy potentates in inner offices.

"Two lumps?" she asked.

"One, damn it," he snarled, and then diffused himself in apologies. She heard him smilingly, passed him his cup, and let him talk himself to a standstill. But he finished with a question.

"Isn't there anything but this between you and starvation?" he urged.

"Oh, dear me, yes," she answered airily. "I have relations, platoons of them, and benevolent at that."

"But you won't be dependent on them?"

She laughed gaily. "I'm not a heroine," she replied. "I'm willing enough to be dependent on them if I can't manage to be independent. My father was an artist; he went bankrupt and died without a word, but I shall cry out long before I'm actually hurt. But," she went on, considering him gravely as she spoke, "I'd rather not. They bore me terribly. There are people among them that suffocate me. They're all as kind as possible, and they like me. But if I can manage to keep myself, I'd much rather run the gauntlet of the terrible managers than live soberly in one of their big houses and be admired and flattered and all that. Please don't trouble to make excuses for me; think me as silly as you like; but do try to understand that I must have work, if there is any work to be

had. Do you think your publisher would employ me?"

"He would, of course," answered Watson. "He'll employ anybody. He only pays for the advertisements you get — one third of the minimum price and ten per cent on anything you get over that. But —"

"You're not drinking your tea," she interrupted. "How does one approach him? By letter?"

"Goodness, no." He regarded her with a foreboding eye. "Go along and ask for a job. You — you might come up with me in the morning, and I'll put you in the way of seeing him. But you'll be sorry for it."

"Oh, thank you," she cried. "You are awfully kind to me."

He put his cup down. "Not so kind as you think," he said indistinctly.

"Let me judge," she begged. "At any rate, you will not be to blame if harm were to come of it. You have warned me, and I thank you."

He rose and stretched out his hand to bid her good night. She remained where she was, sitting before the empty chair, and took it in her own.

"Tell me, how long have you been a canvasser?" she asked gently.

He met her eyes without flushing. "Three years," he answered. "Longer than I deserve, I think. But I was only a clerk before that, and I couldn't pass the doctor when I tried to enlist."

"You did try?" They were in a very intimate proximity, and it warmed him.

"Oh, I tried," he said, and then he left her and went up to his own room.

II

They met in the morning, according to their agreement. Watson was down first, and waited in the narrow hall for the girl, all his nerves a-quiver with the expectation of seeing her again. From the gloomy fastnesses beyond the stairs, the landlady viewed him curiously, emerging at last to have speech. Mrs. Godam was a woman who preserved, on the threshold of age, the juices of youth; the placidity of mature years had not availed to temper the ill nature of harsh experience. She advanced now, dragging her feet over the oil-cloth and shaking her head dolefully.

"You was pretty late in last night," she said.

"Yes," he answered. "Yes, Mrs. Godam; I was a bit late."

"Ah." The woman groaned. Her cold, colourless eye was searching him. "It wasn't you that was ringin' and knockin' 'arf the night, then? Such a time as I had — never a wink! It wasn't you?"



"WATSON APOLOGISED BREATHLESSLY FOR TROUBLING HIM SO LATE—HE ALWAYS
BEGAN WITH AN APOLOGY"

"No, Mrs. Godam." For some reason, Watson saw fit to be wary. But Mrs. Godam had kept house for the just and the unjust before he was born.

"I'm glad o' that," she said. "I said to myself it wouldn't be you. And glad I was to 'ear the door open and you goin' up-stairs. 'Ad she forgot her key?"

"Yes, Mrs. Godam." He knew he was trapped directly he had said it. A dull spark burned in the woman's eye. "You see, she wasn't so well acquainted with your rules as we are."

"Ah." Mrs. Godam groaned again. A heavy distress seemed to settle on her, a sense of wrong and shame to prey upon her vitals. "Ah. I've kept a respectable 'ouse 'ere for thirty years, Mr. Watson, an' now it comes to this. I ain't deaf, even if I do go to bed at nine, and a watch kep' on them that —"

Watson interrupted with a vague, inarticulate noise. Mary Lyall was coming down the stairs, and he was resolved she should not be pounced upon by Mrs. Godam. Obviously, their talk in the girl's room had been heard and he was not equal to facing the whole possibility of the results. To his mind, not expulsion alone but real and proper disgrace must follow.

"Good morning, good morning," he flustered. "We've no time, Miss Lyall. We must be getting along at once."

The girl smiled at him, overlooking the brooding but observant Mrs. Godam.

"I'm quite ready," she said brightly. "Which way do we go?"

Mrs. Godam, standing apart, groaned fervently. Mary Lyall turned to look at her.

"Oh, good morning," she said. "I didn't see you."

Mrs. Godam shook her head, and was preparing for speech, when Watson struck in.

"I can't wait," he said feverishly. "Good morning, Mrs. Godam." A groan. "Come on, please," to the girl. He walked to the open door. "If we're late," he said, with surprising sharpness for him, "it'll mean trouble. Now" — with a sudden tone of real authority — "now, come."

She came. He hurried her down the steps and along the pavement, walking with every evidence of businesslike haste till they had turned the corner at the end of the street.

"Was there anything wrong with that old woman?" asked Mary, as he slackened speed.

"M' — well, yes," he answered hesitatingly. "She had something to say about you ringing the bell last night."

Mary laughed. "I hope it bothered her," she remarked. "But why say it to you?"

"That's just it." He spoke forebodingly. "I rather think she overheard us talking last night."

"Well?"

"In your room," he added, flushing.

She thought awhile. "Horrid old beast!" she said suddenly. "Isn't it a vile place, where the most simple surrender to what is convenient sets people sniffing and groaning? I suppose I ought to have guessed it, though. People who live as she does must take colour from their surroundings. Probably she likes Salem Road. But will she turn me out, do you think?"

"She might," he admitted. "If she felt sure, she'd turn us both out."

"Both?" Mary Lyall turned to him with a pink face of laughter. "If she does that, I sha'n't mind a bit — if you don't. We'll find some new place, kept by a wicked woman with a clean mind, and be ever so much more comfortable."

Embarrassment, like a sinewy hand, choked Watson, so that he could only cluck and gurgle.

"Would you mind so much?" insisted the girl. "Have you ever been turned out for such a reason before — thrown into the street with a defenceless gyurl? Wouldn't you enjoy it? I am always grateful when the least little bit of staginess comes to spice my affairs."

She spoke in whole-hearted fun, but with a moving tone of earnestness under it all. There was something besides the zest of the situation in the glance she gave him — fellowship, sympathy, pity — what not? Watson beat down some nameless emotion that threatened to unman him; he felt the prick of tears on his eyes.

"I'm with you," he said hoarsely. "I'll go where you go, now."

She looked at him sharply and met his eyes; then looked away again. A constraint came between them, and in its spell of silence they boarded their tram and fared in to the fringe of the City. None but formal talk passed as they mounted the slope of Fleet Street and turned into the building in which the publisher's offices were housed.

On the stairs he paused for a word of counsel, and saw that she was a little pale and bright-eyed.

"Nervous?" he asked in a whisper.

She nodded and shaped her lips to a smile. "A little," she said.

"It'll be all right," he said reassuringly. "Now listen: speak short and straight to everybody — everybody. To the boss say you want work as a canvasser, and then answer his questions if he asks any. He'll take you on fast enough. It'll soon be over."

He led her into a long room, furnished with a bare table and some cane-bottomed chairs, in which half a dozen listless men sat talking idly. They were greeted with stares. Watson gave her a seat while he went to see about her interview with the publisher, and she took stock of her companions while he was gone. Knowing Watson, it was easy for her to conclude that these, too, were canvassers; she recognised in all of them the same resigned humility, the patience, the still and careless fortitude. In one or two it was masked with a specious heartiness—that loud assurance which is to the canvasser what a good bedside manner is to a doctor. They stared at her brazenly, and she stared back, losing her nervousness as her sense of humour came to reinforce her observation; and presently Watson returned with an elderly clerk who bade her come to the presence.

The door was barely closed behind her when the men commenced to demand particulars from Watson. He told them shortly that she was an applicant for work.

One of them laughed. "She'll get it," he said. "Old Skeesicks"—by this name was the publisher known to his subordinates—"will just cherish her. So would I, in his place. Where did you pick her up, Watson?"

Watson glowered at him across the table. He was something of a butt in that room, but there was no consciousness of it in the scowl he directed at his questioner.

"You wouldn't know the place," he said slowly, his eyes fixed on the other.

The other man, whose name was Bates, laughed again.

"See Watson blush," he said.

The men laughed, but the gibe fell flat. Ordinarily it would have made Watson uncomfortable, and even voluble in denial, but now he turned no hair. He watched their mirth with an unruffled composure—watched till laughter became foolish and they buffoons.

The girl returned at last, her face rather graver than of wont.

"Mr. Slade has taken me on the staff," she said to Watson. "I am to wait here for my list of streets. He said you would explain my work to me and"—she looked round timidly at the others—"and introduce me to my colleagues."

Mr. Bates smiled brilliantly. "Charmed," he said.

Watson named them all round, and to each the girl gave her hand and a smile. Bates was last.

"This," said Watson slowly, "is Mr. Bates, who probably knows more about getting advertisements than all the rest of us put together."

Bates looked puzzled but pleased. "Any little hint I can give you," he said, "I shall be most pleased. You've never done anything of this kind before, miss?"

"No," she replied pleasantly; "it's all before me."

Bates was a large, stout man, and he easily contrived to look fatherly. He sat down opposite the girl and surveyed her.

"Well," he said, and fingered his chin judicially, "it's a business like any other. Money's been made in it, though I never met a man who had made it, myself."

He swelled to his rôle of philosopher and guide in the sun of the girl's interest.

"There's two kinds of canvassers," he went on with authority. "One asks for an ad, and the other gets it. One pulls off his hat at the office door and humbly begs the favour of a few words with the manager; very civil to everybody; begs the office-boy's pardon for breathing the same air; gets hoofed out in ninety seconds by the clock. And then there's the other kind—stamps in with his hat on, spits in the waste-paper basket, swears at the boy, bustles the boss, and dances out, before they've finished gasping, with a full page at full prices. The last kind is what I aim to be, miss. It may not be gentlemanly, but it's engaging."

"Surely," agreed the girl. "I wonder if I could manage to do it. It's absolutely necessary to swear at the boy?"

Bates smiled encouragingly. "You know what I mean," he said. "Snappy, cute, and smart—that's the kind. You might do very well; there's no saying. If a manager cottoned to your style, you could bleed him to suit yourself. I don't know that I wouldn't recommend you, with your looks and your style, to see the head of the firm. Those big men are awful fools, as often as not."

The elderly clerk entered just then with the lists, one of which was handed to each canvasser. This determined his "pitch" for the day, the streets in which he was to sue for advertisements. Further, each received a cardboard portfolio with specimen pages of the directory and the like literature.

Bates examined the girl's list.

"Ah, they've sent you south of the water," he observed. "Well, sometimes those little places are the best. Mind, now: snappy, cute, and smart, and don't be above taking a compliment in the spirit in which it's offered. Good luck to you, miss."

The men were going about their business, and Bates waved a dogskin glove and walked off. Mary turned to Watson.



“IN THE DIMNESS HE SAW THAT IT WAS A WOMAN”

"I'm in the City again," he said.

She looked her disappointment. "I had hoped we should be somewhere near each other."

"But I can come with you, if you like," he said eagerly. "I can manage to attend to my list to-morrow."

But she shook her head. "This is serious work," she replied. "At least, we must try and make it so. And you earned nothing yesterday—you told me so. No; let's go to our work and do our best, and meet afterwards. Where shall we meet?"

It was agreed they should meet at the office, not later than six o'clock, and Watson saw her go off, very serious and resolute, but with somewhat of a tendency to stop and think things over. Then he turned to his own work.

He had plenty to occupy his mind now besides the fears that were wont to enthrall him at every threshold he crossed in the way of business. The memory of Mrs. Godam's suspicions and his worry as to their possible consequences sat on him heavily. But for once he was not acquiescent to his trouble; there was rebellion in his thoughts.

"She'll throw us out, will she?" he reflected. The "us" was quite unconscious. "Well, then, let her. We'll find a better place."

And on the heels of this came the determination to earn something at once; it was really the outcast's instinct to have a weapon in his hand. His first place of call was the establishment of a maker of artificial flowers. He entered without hesitation.

To the first clerk he saw he addressed his enquiry for the proprietor. Perhaps it was because he was abstracted, dwelling elsewhere in thought, that he spoke without cringing, saying briefly and simply what he wanted. In the same fashion he dealt with the proprietor; the whole thing was almost automatic. He got an advertisement almost without noticing what he was doing. From one office to another and in and out of shops he walked distraught, intent upon the one vision—that of himself and Mary faring forth from Salem Road in search of shelter together. The pictures he conjured were a little conventional in detail: he held the girl by the hand always, and behind them Mrs. Godam had a comminatory attitude. It was not till the lunch-hour in the City forced an interval of idleness upon him that he came to himself, and then he entered a bun-shop for food and to take stock of his morning's work.

The results of the latter process staggered him. The counterfoils of his order-book were not to be questioned, for each had to be filled in and signed by the advertiser himself. Already

he had gained a normal week's wage, and he sustained something like a shock of fear as he examined the proofs. "How the deuce did I do that?" he was asking himself. And with the question came a feeling so long absent from Watson's experience that it was new again—the feeling of hope, a wonder whether he might not, after all, achieve something to make him a person of consideration and bodily comfort, like a manager. He felt brazen and capable, and strutted a little as he walked forth from the shop.

Slade, the publisher, was sometimes a crude fool, for the next place on Watson's list was a huge shop of many departments, an attempt at the American department-store, which should never have been left to an ordinary canvasser to deal with in the course of a day's work. In his new mood, Watson walked in at its main entrance and down a long aisle of counters to where a brass and bright-wood office was screened off. He found a pigeonhole window labelled "ORDERS," and here faced a spruce person with a worried air.

"I've come about the advertising," said Watson succinctly.

"Where from? What advertising?" demanded the clerk.

"From Slade's," replied Watson. "Your advertising, of course."

"Well, you'll have to see the secretary about it, I suppose," sighed the clerk. "There's no more system in this concern than there are feathers on a frog. First floor—room on the right."

The secretary proved to be a straw-coloured young man with spectacles.

"I confess I don't understand this advertising business, myself," he said sadly. "Do you know who it was sent for you?"

"No," replied Watson, with a crazy hope making his heart leap.

"Well, here's the detail of the advertising appropriation," said the melancholy secretary, passing over some type-written sheets. "There doesn't seem to be a man in the place who knows how to go about it. Can you make head or tail of it?"

Watson glanced over it. "It seems to be all in order," he answered. "It wants knowing, of course; advertising is a big business nowadays. We'd better take the whole thing off your hands. Who signs the contracts here?"

"I do," said the secretary. "But I don't know that we altogether want a contract. Oughtn't we to have an advertising man of our own?"

"It's for you to judge," said Watson. "Our agency will do the whole work for you on

commission. An advertising man would cost you five hundred a year, or thereabouts."

The secretary sighed and pondered. "They always have one in America," he murmured. "I'm sure I don't know." He looked at Watson hopefully. "I suppose you wouldn't be willing to give a man your honest advice, would you?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," answered Watson, quite briskly. "I'll send you up a form of contract, and you can figure out for yourself which will suit you best. Then you can drop me a line, and I'll come up and talk to you again. How will that do for you?"

"Have a cigar," begged the secretary. "Fill your case, won't you? You've taken a load off my mind. I don't mind telling you that this advertising business has given me a pain. I'm not used to it; I've got a weak heart. For God's sake, don't forget to leave your address."

This achievement warranted Watson in returning to the office and seeking an interview with Mr. Slade. The publisher was benevolent and his manner affectionate.

"A little more of this kind of thing, Mr. Watson," he said, "and I shall have to promote you." His fine, full eye wandered a little. "It would be a pity to risk losing this contract now," he went on. "It wants a sure hand, Mr. Watson. Genius — like yours — for the early stages, but an old, wise hand to clinch things. So — er — I'll just send Mr. Bates up with that contract." The publisher nodded. "The work is now merely mechanical," he said. "The credit is yours, my boy. I shall not fail to remember it. This," proudly, "is no sweat-shop."

So Watson went into the long room to sit at the bare table, count up his earnings, and wait for Mary.

III

Soon after six she came, flushed and tired, but buoyed with the sense of achievement. The swish of her skirts was strange in that room.

"I got two," she announced triumphantly, before she greeted him. "I've been into about a hundred places, I should think. Such a day! I never knew what the world was peopled with before. But I got two, at any rate."

"Aren't you sick of it?" asked Watson.

"Not a bit," she laughed. She was sitting on a corner of the table, patting her hair to rights, with one dusty foot swinging free of the floor. "Not a bit. It's simply crammed with interest. In one place — a laundry — they asked me to stop and have tea. I did, and I got one of my advertisements there. The man

told me the whole story of his life. The two advertisements together cost seven pounds, so I've made two pounds six and eightpence already."

Watson took up her order-book and glanced at it, shaking his head.

"Isn't that right?" she demanded.

"Not quite," he answered gently. "Two one-third pages are one pound at minimum rates, which gives you six and eight. Ten per cent of the surplus is twelve shillings — eighteen and eightpence all together. That is capital, anyhow, but —"

"But what?"

"Well, you see, one of the ads is for a shop. That means you won't get paid for it till the advertiser pays up. These small shops are sometimes willing enough to advertise, but you have to cut the money out of them with a knife."

Her face fell expressively. For a moment he thought she was going to cry.

"Still," he hastened to say, "you've made over ten shillings. You'll look back on this as one of your good days, later on. Hand in your stuff and let's be getting along."

Remorse stabbed him as he saw how the buoyancy had left her as she gathered up her papers and went in to leave them with the clerk. His own success and his own disappointment lost their savour by it. She came forth again with her pallor of weariness unrelieved by vivacity. His protective instinct welled up at the sight of it.

"It's a curious trade," was all she said.

They were going down the stairs at the moment, and he ventured to lay hold of her arm as he replied.

"It's a trade for disappointed people," he answered, "not for you. It's only for those who have come to nothing, like crime, or drink, or the workhouse."

"Then it's not for you, either," she answered, with spirit.

"Thank you," he said, after a pause.

Night was settling on the streets, and they went together along the brisk pavements and over the seething crossings. It was the hour of London's mood of relaxation, when those upon the streets have other ends than labour, and the lights make war on the despondent shadows. At this hour one knows the charm of being in the midst of one's fellow-men; there is a sympathy in the air to reconcile even canvassers with life. It was a tonic to both to be abroad in it, as they fared in search of a bun-shop for their evening meal; the rapids of Fleet Street broke upon them, as they breasted its rise, with an invigorating effect; they arrived at the



“‘YOU WAS PRETTY LATE IN LAST NIGHT,’ SHE SAID”



"THEY STARED AT HER BRAZENLY, AND SHE STARED BACK, LOSING HER NER-
VOUSNESS AS HER SENSE OF HUMOUR CAME TO REINFORCE HER OBSERVATION"

Aërated Bread-Shop in Chancery Lane, freshened as though with a plunge in sweet waters.

"You smoke, don't you?" asked the girl, and, when Watson had admitted it, she insisted they should feed in the smoking-room. He demurred, of course, but she overbore him.

"Don't be so ladylike," she said, as they chose their place. "If you try to coddle me, I'll slap you or something. Would you like to hear a horrible secret? Well, I smoke, myself. If this room grows decently empty while we eat, I'm going to have a cigarette. There."

"I shall shout for help if you do," declared Watson.

Mary's briskness was returning to her rapidly. She was of that happy species to whom cheerfulness is a normal state. She chattered continuously while they ate, absolving him altogether from the duty of small talk. As to Watson, he was well satisfied to sit back and watch her, and rejoice in the return of the flush to her face, and in the renewed playfulness of her talk. He was conscious of a mental uplifting in her society. To be with Mary, to share the hours with her, to cap her jests and furnish platitudes for her to sparkle upon, was promotion. And yet he could not quite rid himself of the sense that it was also dissipation. But, as far as he introspected, he found only enjoyment and relish, to prolong to the utmost. The days which should be bare of her were not to be thought upon.

They lingered over their meal, and at its conclusion Mary made a business of the threatened cigarette. Virtuous waitresses sniffed sonorously, but in vain. A mild man in a far corner, who stared in patent astonishment, was glared into confusion by Watson. Mary tried to stir him to nervousness by volubly anticipating ignominious ejection from the place. She simulated terror at each passing employee.

"You're tremendously brave," she remarked, as she extinguished the last of the cigarette in her saucer.

"I know I am," he replied. "Nothing frightens me but Mrs. Godam. Braver men than I have quailed before her."

She turned sharply towards him. "Why do you mention Mrs. Godam?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders uneasily. "I've had her in my mind all day," he answered. "She's a pretty unpleasant kind, you know, and I'm sure she suspects something about last night."

"Well, and if she does?"

"If she does? Only this: she'll do her level best to subject us to the beastliest inconvenience she can. I remember once there was a young girl in the house who — was careless; and Mrs.

Godam turned her out by force in the middle of the night."

Mary's face was hard and hot.

"I don't *quite* see," she said slowly, "why you persist in putting this matter to me."

"Don't you?" asked Watson sharply.

She flushed. "No, I don't," she answered. "You seem to harp on the vileness of Mrs. Godam in a rather significant manner. I don't know what her doubts may be, and I won't be told; but do you want me to think that you share them?"

Watson was red to the roots of his hair when she finished, but he spoke without distress.

"You know very well why I spoke about Mrs. Godam," he said earnestly. "You can't make me think you are stupid. And as to her opinions, I'd rather" — he choked, but spoke on — "I'd rather cut off my hand than have you think they were mine."

"Well, then," she began, but he stopped her.

"I don't want you to be in trouble," he said. "Never mind why, but I hate to think of it. I could easily enough be glad of a chance to help you, but I don't want you to be bothered just to give me that satisfaction. That's why I spoke, and I think you might be decent enough to admit that you know it."

She bent her head and played with the tea-things on the table. He watched her intently, they two isolated in the long room amid the little tables.

"I do know it," she said at last, very quietly. "You have done me one service, at any rate, and I am sorry I was ungrateful."

He protested almost passionately. "There is no service for you to be grateful about," he said. "You mustn't make that mistake. I don't want you to be grateful. You grateful to a weed like me — it's absurd! It is I that am grateful, indeed, and as long as I live I shall always think of you with thanksgiving."

She would not turn to look at him, but, "Why?" she asked in a low tone.

"I don't think you could ever understand," he said, "what it has meant to know you even for one evening and a day. You see, there has been plenty in your life; you come to this flatness from a time when you have been occupied with friendships and interests. You lose so much in the descent that you can hardly see how much I gain by meeting you and being friends with you. You make me feel as though something wild and riotous had happened. I hated things as they were; what I hadn't given in to, I hated. You change everything; there is nothing to hate now, and as to giving in — well, I'm wondering at this minute if it isn't

somebody else's turn to give in. But you could never understand it."

He ceased, and she looked up, her face serene and unsmiling, but with the light of laughter in her eyes.

"How wrong you are," she said. "How wrong! I understand it altogether. I shouldn't be a woman if I didn't."

He was staring blankly, and she smiled on him. "It's you that don't understand," she said. "But you will. I'm so glad you told me. Let's go now. We can talk in the streets."

As they walked towards Holborn to gain their tram, she passed her hand through his arm.

"Do one thing for me," she begged, in a whisper.

"Yes," he said.

She glanced appreciatively at his profile. His unquestioning acquiescence touched her.

"Just now, when you were speaking of yourself, you said 'a weed like me.' I want you not to think so meanly of yourself."

He did not answer. But the next man who brushed against Watson did not prevail, but ricocheted into the roadway. He was doing what Mary had asked.

They walked awhile in Holborn, looking in at the shop-windows to kill time, and then boarded their homeward tram. On an outer seat, with the wind in their faces, they sat, and saw lesser London slide past, to the iron rumble of the wheels. They spoke little, for both were yet somewhat dazed by the spate of their emotions; but they sat in a confidential closeness, elbow to elbow.

In sad Salem Road the girl turned to Watson.

"Are you coming for some tea to-night?" she asked.

"It isn't wise," he said; "we're bound to be found out sooner or later."

"But are you?" she persisted.

"It's downright dangerous," he urged weakly.

She laughed. "Do come," she said.

"Of course I will," he answered, and managed an answering laugh.

With elaborate care the door was opened and they tiptoed up, creeping over the narrow landings, where every board under the worn oil-cloth had a tongue to protest. Mary shook a fist at the door behind which Mrs. Godam had presumably swamped her "notions" in sleep, and Watson sniggered. He had quite abandoned his scruples by this time. As before, he went first to his own quarters to deposit hat and overcoat and wash his hands, and then down he came to Mary, full of anticipation of an hour of her company.

Though he had been there but the one time before, the room had for him the welcome of familiarity. He liked its aspect without knowing why, or without detaching it from the charm of the girl's personality. And, moreover, the whole proceeding had its midnight glamour, its spice of the unconventional, to tickle the palate of his soul. Mary met him with a smile, looking up from her business with the spirit-lamp, and he sat himself down in the rocking-chair, facing the picture on the mantel-shelf. Its straining, bowed, indomitable man, a scar of effort athwart the ribbon of sunset, loomed out at him; and some hint of association puzzled him for the moment.

"Still looking at the piccy?" asked Mary, glancing up.

"It's wonderful," he said.

She rose to her feet and looked at it. "Yes," she said, "it is wonderful. That is how an idle man, a splendid trifler, who never resisted an impulse or fought a temptation, saw himself. My father was sweet; if he had been strong and persistent, we could not have loved him as we did. But he was fluid, a woman in will. And yet—he painted that. It makes me wonder sometimes if —"

She paused, staring at the picture.

"Yes?" said Watson.

"—if we really knew him," she went on. "See how he could visualise effort, as though it were familiar to him." She pointed to the canvas. "It was the only thing of the kind that he did, and he said it was suggested to him by seeing a child carrying a parcel too heavy for it. That's how he saw men and women in their lives—overburdened children. There are things to think about in it, aren't there?"

"Yes," he replied thoughtfully.

"But he called it 'To Mecca,'" she mused.

"I wish I knew why."

This time Watson made no answer. He was sitting bolt upright, in an attitude of listening.

"What is it?" asked Mary, startled.

He hushed her with his hand, and she fell to listening, too. The staircase was creaking beneath a careful step: some one was approaching.

"I'll bolt," whispered Watson, rising in panic.

"It's Mrs. Godam."

"Sit down," commanded Mary. "Perhaps it isn't, and, even if it is, we mustn't put ourselves in the wrong. Sit down."

At that moment Mrs. Godam, in a black dress-gown, pushed the door open and glided in, with the sour face of doom.

Watson never admired Mary so much as in that moment. Mrs. Godam was groaning hollowly; she drooped where she stood, as though

overcome in the face of a tragedy; and he himself shrank before the respectable woman's sense of outrage. But Mary fronted her serenely, with an eye now and again to the little spitting kettle.

"Did you knock?" she demanded of Mrs. Godam.

Mrs. Godam groaned. "Knock?" she repeated, in stricken accents. "Knock!"

"I can't have you walking into my room in this manner," pursued Mary sharply. "You ought to know better. What do you want?"

Mrs. Godam, surprised from her posture of grief, surveyed her bitterly. Her cold eye travelled deliberately from the girl's face to her feet, then up and down again. In Godam circles, this is the manner of giving battle. Then she turned to Watson and addressed him.

"No doubt you was led on," she said commiseratingly. "No doubt you was led on. Not that that's any excuse. A respectable 'ouse I keep, and will keep, and such goings on belongs outside of 'ere."

"Mrs. Godam," said Mary, "I asked you what you wanted."

"Oh, did you, ma'am?" replied Mrs. Godam. She warmed to the affair like a torpid snake thawing into life. "You did, did you? You was so good as to ask me that, eh? Well, ma'am, I'll go so far as to tell you that I want you and the likes of you out of my 'ouse. That's what I want. You think I don't know your sort, but, thank 'eavens, my eyes are open. You're the sort —"

Watson galvanised himself to speech and struck in.

"That will do," he said, in a voice of decision that surprised himself. "You are making a very serious mistake, Mrs. Godam. Miss Lyall and I work in the same office, and came in together. We were going to have a cup of tea and that's all."

Mary laughed. "All? Why, what else should there be?"

"Ah!" Mrs. Godam groaned. "Excuses is easy to you slippery ones. I've 'ad to do with such before now, so you needn't think to come over me with your cups of tea."

Mary turned to Watson. "Can you understand her?"

"Ah, can you!" retorted Mrs. Godam. "It won't take you long to get your 'at on, I take

it. Your rent is nine shilling to now. You'll settle before you go, or your box don't leave this room. Your rent" — she turned to Watson — "is six and six."

"I'll pay when I fetch my things," said Watson gloomily.

"Really," cried Mary, "this is too silly! You seem to think I'm going to walk out into the streets just to oblige you, Mrs. Godam."

"Yes," said Mrs. Godam, "that's what I think."

"There's no choice," said Watson. "She'll raise the whole house and half the street. She'll stop at nothing. She's done it before."

"That I have," corroborated Mrs. Godam, almost cordially.

Mary looked from one to the other with a pucker between her brows.

"So we really must go?" she asked. "Well, we'll have our tea, and we'll go. Look at her, Mr. Watson. She's old, and yet she can do this. She may die to-night. How funny that would be!"

"Would it?" For the moment Mrs. Godam was almost vivacious. "Would it, indeed? Don't you think it, ma'am."

"Sit down, Mr. Watson," said Mary. "The tea won't be a minute. Fancy that old woman dying, with this done — all alone and hated." She busied herself with the cups and saucers, bestowing no look on the uneasy Mrs. Godam. "You know," said Watson skillfully, "she's had a stroke already."

"That's what it is, then," remarked Mary. "I noticed something in her face. How funny!"

Mrs. Godam, upright by the door, choked.

"One more word," she said, "one more word from you, me lady, and I call the 'ouse."

Mary handed Watson his cup. "She's getting excited," she observed calmly. "Did you hear her gulp? Perhaps it's coming on. I hope she won't die in here until we've finished our tea."

With a smothered ejaculation, Mrs. Godam left the room. She was not feeling at all well. Ten minutes later, when she closed the street door behind Watson and Mary Lyall, she felt a little better.

The two stood on the pavement of Salem Road, houseless, and laughed at each other.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY

GEORGINE MILMINE

IX

LITERARY ACTIVITIES

ILLUSTRATION FROM A PHOTOGRAPH



WHEN Mrs. Eddy reopened the Massachusetts Metaphysical College after her husband's death in 1882 and, with half a dozen of her students, settled down to her old routine of teaching, she soon began to plan for a monthly publication which should be devoted to the interests of Christian Science. Quite as willing to contribute to the Boston dailies as she had been to enliven with prose and verse the columns of the more modest weeklies of Lynn, Mrs. Eddy wrote a great many press notices regarding her church and college, and it was Arthur Buswell's business to take these about to the various newspaper offices and attempt to place them. Editors, however, were often prejudiced by Mrs. Eddy's involved style and extravagant claims, and their unwillingness to print many of her contributions suggested to Mr. Buswell and Mrs. Eddy that they have a periodical of their own.

On April 14, 1883, the *Journal of Christian Science*, a small eight-page monthly, made its appearance, bearing the name of Mary B. Glover Eddy as editor. The new magazine opened with a prospectus which began as follows: "The ancient Greek looked longingly for the Olympiad. The Chaldee watched for the appearing of a star; to him, no higher destiny dawned upon the dome of being than that foreshadowed by the signs in the heavens." Whether Mrs. Eddy meant to imply that just so the modern world waited for Christian Science, the reader must conjecture; she certainly does not say so, nor does she say anything at all about the purpose or policy of her journal. The only

sentence in the prospectus which could be construed as having anything to do with her magazine is the following, which would seem to indicate her intended policy as editor, though this is not very clear:

"While we entertain decided views as to the best method for elevating the race, physically, morally, and spiritually, and shall express these views as duty demands, we shall claim no especial gifts from our divine origin, or any supernatural power," etc.

The founding of the *Journal* was perhaps the most important step Mrs. Eddy had taken since she came to Boston, as it afterward proved one of the most effective means of extending her influence and widening the boundaries of Christian Science. In the beginning the magazine had but a handful of subscribers, and the cost of printing it was not more than thirty or forty dollars an issue. This sum was raised by voluntary subscription, nearly all the Christian Scientists contributing money except Mrs. Eddy.

Influence of the "Journal"

Although her subscription-list was small, Mrs. Eddy knew what to do with her *Journal*. Copies found their way to remote villages in Missouri and Arkansas, to lonely places in Nebraska and Colorado, where people had much time for reflection, little excitement, and a great need to believe in miracles. The metaphor of the bread cast upon the waters is no adequate suggestion of the result. Mrs. Eddy and Christian Science began to be talked of far away in the mountains and in the prairie villages. Lonely and discouraged people brooded

over these editorials which promised happiness to sorrow and success to failure. The desperately ill had no quarrel with the artificial rhetoric of these testimonials in which people declared that they had been snatched from the brink of the grave.

Soon after the *Journal* was started, Mrs. Emma Hopkins, an intelligent and sincere young woman, came to Boston to assume the assistant editorship of the magazine. Mrs. Hopkins had first met Mrs. Eddy at the house of one of her friends, where Mrs. Eddy had been engaged to give a parlor lecture on Christian Science. The young woman became deeply interested in this new doctrine, and, although after her first meeting with Mrs. Eddy she carried away an unfavorable impression, she soon fell completely under the spell of that remarkable personality; thought her handsome, stimulating, inspiring, and very different from any woman she had ever known. She entered one of Mrs. Eddy's classes and went through the same experience that sensitive students of an earlier date describe: during the lectures she felt uplifted and carried beyond herself; and in describing the effect of Mrs. Eddy's words upon her hearers Mrs. Hopkins uses the same figure that we have heard before in Lynn — that of the wind stirring the wheat-field. When Mrs. Hopkins became assistant editor of the *Journal*, she went to live in Mrs. Eddy's house on Columbus Avenue, where the editorial work was done. She remained there for two years, until, worn out by Mrs. Eddy's tyranny and selfishness, and saddened by her own disillusionment, Mrs. Hopkins left the house and never communicated with Mrs. Eddy again. Mrs. Eddy afterward attacked her savagely in the *Journal*, and applied to her the old terms of opprobrium.

In the fall of 1885 Mrs. Sarah H. Crosse succeeded Mrs. Hopkins as assistant editor of the *Journal*, and she, in turn, was succeeded by Frank Mason, who became both editor and publisher about the end of 1888.

Mrs. Eddy Playing Editor

In its early years the *Journal of Christian Science* was almost as much Mrs. Eddy as was the Massachusetts Metaphysical College. At sixty-two Mrs. Eddy fell to playing editor with the same zest with which she had entered upon the activities of her church and college. She wrote much of the *Journal* herself, and what she did not originate she selected and largely rewrote, keeping a sharp eye on the articles and editorials written by her assistants and revising them very thoroughly. She was

especially solicitous about the articles which dealt with herself, and she was almost equally anxious that the articles should deal with little else. The *Journal of Christian Science* was then scarcely more than the monthly gazette of Mrs. Eddy's doings — the diary which chronicled her thoughts and activities, and which minutely recorded the tributes of her courtiers. She no longer had to get out a new edition of "Science and Health" to give vent to her feelings about a newly discovered mesmerist. Once a month she audited her accounts, and the *Journal* was her clearing-house. Through its columns the new favorite was exalted and the old relegated to his place among the mesmerized. In one column we find, in large type, a card of thanks for a 21-pound turkey which some one had sent for Mrs. Eddy's New Year's dinner; in another a tirade upon animal magnetism; and in still another the following acknowledgment of Christmas gifts:

"From Bradford Sherman, C. S., and his wife Mrs. Mattie Sherman, C. S., of Chicago, — Wild Flowers of Colorado, a large elegantly bound and embellished book, containing twenty-two paintings of the gorgeous flowers of the Occident.

"From Mrs. Hannah A. Larminie, C. S., of Chicago, — a book with a sweet, illustrated poem, and a very elegant pocket-handkerchief.

"From Mrs. Mattie Williams, C. S., — a large, fine photograph of her beautiful home in Columbus, Wisconsin. On the piazza are herself and husband; on the grounds in front, her children with their bicycles.

"MARY B. G. EDDY."*

This annual acknowledgment of Mrs. Eddy's Christmas gifts in the *Journal* grew more formidable as the years went by. In 1889 Mrs. Eddy listed her presents as follows:

"LIST OF INDIVIDUAL OFFERINGS

"Eider-down pillow, white satin with gold embroidery. Eider-down pillow, blue silk, hand-painted, and fringed with lace. Pastel painting of Minnehaha Falls, with silvered easel. Silver nut-pick set. Painted Sevres China tea-set. Book, Beautiful Story, 576 pages, with steel engravings and lithographs. The Doré Bible Gallery, embellished. Brussels-lace tie. Silken sofa-scarf, inwrought with gold. Pansy bed, in water-colors, with bronze frame. Stand for lemonade-set. Silver combination-set. Silk and lace mat. Embroidered linen handkerchief, in silken sachet-holder. Chinese jar. Silk-embroidered plush table-scarf. Connected

* *Christian Science Journal*, January, 1886.

reclining-pillows. Work of art, White and Franconia Mountains. Transparent painting of Jacqueminots. Satin and lace pin-cushion. Barometer. Cabinet photograph-holder. Perfumery. Large variety of books and poems. Face of the Madonna, framed in oak and ivory. Moon-mirror, with silver setting, and 'the Man in the Moon.' Hand-painted blotter. Embroidered linen handkerchiefs. Blue silk-embroidered shawl. Plush portemonnaie. Openwork linen handkerchief. Charm slumber-robe. Bible Pearls of Promise. Large white silk banner with silver fringe. Sachet bags. Two velvet table mats. Silver holder for stereoscopic views. Two fat Kentucky turkeys. Hosts of bouquets and Christmas cards."

The following year, 1890, her publisher, Mr. William G. Nixon, tried to persuade Mrs. Eddy to omit a detailed list of her Christmas offerings, and she wrote him:

"I requested you through Mr. Frye to reinstate my notice of my Christmas gifts, for the reasons I herein name.

"Students are constantly telling me how they felt the *mental* impression this year to make me *no* presents, and when they overcame it were strengthened and blessed. For this reason — viz., to discourage mental malpractice and to encourage those who beat it — I want that notice published."

Many of Mrs. Eddy's contributions to the *Journal* have been collected and reprinted in the volume known as "Miscellaneous Writings." While even in the very latest edition of "Science and Health" the flavor of Mrs. Eddy lingers on every page, like a dominating strain of blood that cannot be bred out, the book has been rearranged and retouched by so many hands that the personal element has been greatly moderated. In the old files of the *Journal*, however, we seem to get Mrs. Eddy with singular directness and to come into very intimate contact with her. When she is angry one can fairly hear the voice behind the type, and when she bestows royal favors one can see the smile at the other end of the copy. These contributions were usually written in precipitate haste, and reached the despairing printer at the last possible moment, almost unintelligible, full of inaccuracies and errors, and, except for an occasional period, innocent of all punctuation. The copy-reader or assistant editor did what he could at editing it as he fed it to the compositors—and the point is that he did not do too much. In the columns of the *Journal* one gets Mrs. Eddy's pages hot from her hand, as if they had not been touched since the copy-boy dashed with them out of the door of 571

Columbus Avenue. In her editorial function she is more at ease than in her more strictly sacerdotal one, and in her contributions to her paper she sounds all the stops of her instrument. As she says, she "commands and countermands" and "thunders to the sinner," but for happier occasions she has a lighter tone, and she is by turns peppery and playful. A student in Chicago offends, and Mrs. Eddy calls her a "suckling" and a "petty western editress." Her students send her a watch at Christmas-tide, and she thanks them for their "timely" gift. They give her a fish-pond, and she asks them to pond-er.

A Strictly Personal Organ

During the early years Mrs. Eddy opened each number of the *Journal* with a crashing editorial, and, in addition to this, she conducted, under her own name, a "Questions and Answers" column, in which she met and settled queries like the following:

"Has Mrs. Eddy lost her power to heal?

"Has the sun forgotten to shine and the planets to revolve around it? Who was it discovered, demonstrated and teaches Christian Science?" etc.

Mrs. Eddy did not hesitate to answer personal criticism and to reply to gossip in the columns of her paper. On one occasion she replies to the old story, which was forever cropping up in Lynn, that she was addicted to the use of morphine. She says that when a mesmerist was attempting to poison her, she did take large doses of morphine to see whether she were still susceptible to poison. "Years ago, when the mental malpractice of poison was undertaken by a mesmerist, to thwart that design, I experimented by taking some large doses of morphine to watch the effect, and I say it with tearful thanks, the drug had no effect upon me whatever,—the hour had struck, 'if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them.'"*

Several years later the *Journal* takes up some petty criticism which had been made regarding Mrs. Eddy's dress:

"Such views of Christian Science are well illustrated in a little incident that happened to the author of SCIENCE AND HEALTH a year or two ago, when she was the active pastor of the Scientist church in Boston. She had a custom of answering from the platform, questions that were passed up in writing. On one occasion she found this inquiry, 'How can a Christian Scientist afford to wear diamonds and be clad in purple velvet?' She stepped forward and

* *Christian Science Journal*, April, 1885.



REV. JAMES HENRY WIGGIN

The Unitarian minister who was for four years Mrs. Eddy's literary adviser and who helped her to rewrite "Science and Health"

answered, "This ring that I wear was given me several years ago as a thank-offering from one I had brought from death back to life; for a long time I could not wear it, but my husband induced me to accustom myself by putting it on in the night, and finally I came to see it only as a sign of recognition and gratitude of my master, and to love it as such; this purple velvet is "purple," but it is velveteen that I paid

one dollar and fifty cents for, and I have worn it for several years, but it seems to be perpetually renewed, like the widow's cruse."*"

But the discussion of Mrs. Eddy and her affairs by no means ends with her signed contributions. During the first five years of the magazine's existence Mrs. Eddy was the theme of almost every article, testimonial, and letter.

* *Christian Science Journal*, February, 1889.

There are poems to the "bold innovator in the realms of thought," and scattered here and there are miscellaneous extracts of which the following, signed "Lily of Israel," will illustrate the drift and character:

"PROPHECY

"She existed from the beginning before all ages, and will not cease to exist throughout all ages; it is she who shall create in Heaven a light which shall never be extinguished; she shall rise in the midst of her people, and she shall be blessed over all those who are blessed by God, for she shall open the doors of the East, and the Desired of Nations shall appear."*

The "Healing Department"

The "Healing Department" of the *Journal*, which held a prominent place and was perhaps the strongest element in its success, reports at length the alleged cures made by the practising healers and, in many instances, by the mere reading of "Science and Health." While this department was of great value in giving publicity to the claims of Christian Science, its recital of the details of illness and suffering make painful reading and seem rather too intimately personal for quotation. A few of the headings will illustrate the character of these communications: "Liver Complaint of Long Standing Cured by Half an Hour's Talk"; "Cancer on the Face, Badly Broken Out, Cured in One Week"; "Heart Trouble and Dropsy, with Great Swelling of the Limbs, of Thirty Years' Standing, Cured in Two Treatments"; "Bright's Disease and also Scrofulous Bunches on the Neck Cured in Three Weeks"; "Woman Had Twenty-nine Surgical Operations"; "Had Seventeen Physicians"; "Cancer and Lockjaw"; "Cured of Both Paralysis and Mormonism."

One amusing report states that "a girl nineteen years old who was dumb and had never spoken commenced talking after her third treatment as if she was thinking aloud and has talked ever since." In another, an Englishman, the Rev. I. G. W. Bishop, of Herts, writes to Mrs. Eddy that reading "Science and Health" has saved his life, and tells her that he would come to thank her in person if he were not afraid of dysentery and the heat of the American summer. Among these notes on healing, the following, from the *Journal* of October, 1887, deserves mention:

"DOG AND RATTLESNAKE

"DEAR JOURNAL: Our dog was bitten by a rattlesnake on the tongue a short time ago, and

the verdict, as is usual in such cases, was death; but through the understanding of God's promise that we shall handle serpents and not be harmed, if we but believe, I was able to demonstrate over the belief in four days. The dog is now as well as ever.

"MRS. M. E. DARNELL."

In the *Journal* of April, 1885, occurs an interesting paragraph regarding General Grant (then in his last illness), which asserts that his physicians "are hastening him toward the manifestations of the death symptoms they hold so definitely in mind, with all the formulating speed they are capable of."

From 1883 to 1887 the *Journal* devotes considerable space to mesmerism, although some of Mrs. Eddy's students besought her to place less emphasis upon this doctrine. In the *Journal* of October, 1885, she rebukes such conservative followers sharply:

"In my public works I lay bare the capacity, in belief, of animal magnetism, to break the Decalogue, to murder, steal, commit adultery, etc.

"Those who deny my right or wisdom to expose its crimes, are either participants in this evil, afraid of its supposed power, or ignorant of it. Those accusing me of covering this iniquity, are zealots, who, like Peter, sleep when the Teacher bids them watch; and when the hour of trial comes would cut off somebody's ears."

Fruits of the Doctrine of "Mesmerism"

In 1887 a department devoted to Malicious Animal Magnetism becomes one of the regular features of the *Journal*, and continues for some years. At the head of this department regularly occurs the following quotation from Nehemiah: "Also they have dominion over our bodies, and over our cattle, at their pleasure, and we are in great distress." In this department persons who believe that they have been injured in their business or tormented in body and soul by mesmerists recount their symptoms and struggles. One woman is tortured by a hatred and distrust of Mrs. Eddy (it was by producing a distrust of Mrs. Eddy that the mesmerists most frequently harried their victims), and she suffers under this "belief" until she is treated for it and cured by a fellow-Scientist. Another is tormented by a desire to write, and the tempter whispers to her that she "can write as good a book as Mrs. Eddy's." Mrs. Carrie Snider, a prominent worker in the New York church, writes at a length of five pages to describe how malicious mesmerism killed her

* *Christian Science Journal*, May, 1885.

husband, Fremont Snider. He was, she says, under the treatment of two healers whose minds were not in accord, and the thought from one confused the thought from the other, leaving him to die in the cross-fire. She was confident that if he had left the treatment of his case with her, he would have recovered. Even after a physician had pronounced him dead and had sent for the coroner, Mrs. Snider treated her husband, with some success, she says, adding that if she had had help she could even then have saved him.*

The history of the growth of the belief in malicious mesmerism, as one may follow it in the early files of the *Journal*, is interesting and illuminating. Here one sees how this doctrine, which was so singularly a temperamental product, born of a personal hatred and developed to meet personal needs and to explain personal caprices, begins to control the conduct and affections of people whose natures and obligations were very different from Mrs. Eddy's. So long as the belief in demonology was a mere personal vagary of Mrs. Eddy's, explaining her quarrels, affecting her spoons and pillows and telegrams, it was certainly as harmless as it was amusing. But as one reads the letters from persons who ascribe the estrangement of friends and even the death of children to the ill will of their neighbors and fellow-townsmen, one begins to feel that there is a serious side to this doctrine. The reader must possess very great hardihood indeed if he can follow without sympathy one letter from Pierre, Dakota, which recounts the story of the death of two young children under the treatment of their zealous mother.

The mother was the wife of a banker in Pierre, a woman of unusual force of character, who had been liberally educated in Germany. Her husband was a young man of energy and promise, and they were both extravagantly fond of their children. The wife took a course of lessons under a Christian Science practitioner in Des Moines, Iowa, and returned to her home in Dakota a devout convert. One of her children, a little boy four years old, fell ill; she treated him without the aid of a physician, and he died. Some months later a second child, a baby eleven months old, began to pine. She believed that he was the victim of malicious animal magnetism, exercised by the members of the Methodist church which she had left after becoming a Christian Scientist. She even believed that the Methodists were praying for the child's death, and fled to Des Moines with the baby, where he

grew better; but when she returned home he became worse again. The father was then in New York on business, and the mother, on her own responsibility, undertook the case, telegraphing to E. J. Foster Eddy, Mrs. Eddy's adopted son, for absent treatment for the child. For ten days the misguided woman watched over her baby and treated him against malicious mesmerism, which she believed brought on the spasms and convulsions. She did not notify her husband that the baby was dangerously ill until she telegraphed word of its death, nine hours after death occurred; and for those nine hours after the child had ceased to breathe she treated and prayed over him, not permitting herself to shed a tear or to "entertain the thought of death," confidently expecting that his eyes would open again. This experience and the subsequent indignation of the townspeople seem to have been too much for a friend and fellow-citizen who was there visiting at the house, and who assisted in treating the child, for she writes Mrs. Eddy an imploring letter, asking, "Why this termination?" and declaring: "We recognized no disease, and as first symptoms would appear—beliefs of paralysis, spasms, fever, etc.—we would realize the allness of God, and they would disappear." But the letter itself must be given in full. Its account of the sufferings of the baby and the terrible fortitude of the mother sound like a passage from the earlier and harsher chapters of religious history, which so often make us wonder whether there is anything else in the world that can be quite so cruel as the service of an ideal.

"Pierre, Dakota, Jan. 31, 1889.

"Last September Mrs. N—* took a course of lectures in Science in Des Moines, and returned to her home here, and was the instrument of great good. Many were healed physically who sought also the spiritual benefits.

"Instead of working for the church, of which she had been a consistent and active member, she gave all her time to Science. This stirred up the error in the minds of the brothers and sisters,—and caused the fiery darts to be mentally hurled at her and they seemingly penetrated her weakest point, her darling baby, eleven months old, who seemed in December to be sinking under the blows. As Herod was seeking the young child's life they thought it best to flee for a time from this mental atmosphere, and went to Des Moines where he grew

* The editor of McClure's Magazine here withholds the name, in consideration for the family most intimately concerned in this case. The interested reader, however, may refer to the files of the *Christian Science Journal*, March, 1889, pages 637-639, where this letter was originally printed and where the full name is used.

* Fremont D. Snider died of heart-disease, December 17, 1888.

better. Mr. N—— being obliged to go to New York, and Mrs. N—— hearing that mortal mind had got hold of some of her patients—determined to return to Pierre to look after their spiritual welfare.

"I returned with her, and almost all our time has been spent in reading the Bible and 'Science and Health' to those who were interested. Ministers called upon us and denounced Science in the strongest terms; and one Sunday every minister in the place preached against it, not knowing they could 'do nothing against the Truth.' We continued working quietly and speaking only to those who came to see us.

"Finally little Edward seemingly succumbed to an attack, while we were holding a meeting in the parlor. To all appearance he was gone, but we knew it was animal magnetism, and treating him for it he revived. We wrestled till daybreak and though there was little seeming improvement, we realized that 'God's will is done' and felt that the baby was healed.

"During the ten days that followed, the wiles of the evil one appeared, but they were overcome. Mrs. N—— telegraphed Dr. Foster Eddy for help, and felt that help came. The telegraph operator here, not knowing the influence of mortal mind, divulged the telegram, and this made the battle harder. Again we telegraphed for help and again the cry went out 'They've sent for help.' At least six times little Edward seemed to have passed. We recognized it as another temptation, took up animal magnetism and each time he rallied. Finally about 5:30 A.M. of Friday, Jan. 25th, he passed on. I took him on my lap. Mrs. N—— and I realized it must be the last temptation, hence the greatest. We had no fear and did not admit he had passed on for several hours. We kept reading the promises 'according to thy faith,' etc., and did not call an undertaker until evening. When Mrs. N——'s little Philip passed on a few months ago her faith alone should have raised him. But this time her faith was coupled with understanding and did not waver for a moment. Why this termination? I wish we could have some light on the subject.

"We recognized no disease, and as first symptoms would appear—beliefs of paralysis, spasms, fever, etc.—we would realize the allness of God, and they would disappear. It was a clear case of ignorant and malicious magnetism. Why was it not mastered?

"We are told that some church members have been praying that 'God would take the child' in order that the parents might see the error of their way, and return—not to God, but—to

the M. E. followers. Now comes an unprecedented history. Saturday morning a great tumult arose. The M. E. minister gathered a crowd around him on the street and denounced this pernicious doctrine, till the people were infuriated, and threatened mob law. A meeting was called at the public hall. The conservative element succeeded, notwithstanding the excitement, in getting a respectful committee appointed, and an order was served on myself and another Scientist to meet this committee at the Court House at 4 P.M. Mrs. N—— accompanied us and on the way we met the coroner, sheriff, jury and two 'Medicine men' who came to demand an inquest. All returned with us to the house. The questions and the manner of the M.D.'s were insulting in the extreme. Our answers were mostly from the Bible.

"All admitted the unblemished reputation of Mr. and Mrs. N——, that Mrs. N—— was a faithful, loving mother; but they could not tolerate such a religious conviction. Then we all went to the Court House and a committee told us that the sentiment of the community was (as in Acts xiii. 50) that we leave town.

"I said to the committee that I came to visit Mrs. N—— and not professionally; that she was in trouble and there was no power to drive me out."

In the same number of the *Journal* is printed an extract from a letter written by the mother herself, in which she maintains that the baby's illness was not of a bodily nature, but was clearly the effect of animal magnetism working directly upon the brain:

"Little Edward slept and ate well as a rule. He had no bowel affection, as the papers have stated. All the attacks were in belief, in form of brain trouble, and plainly from animal magnetism; the prayers of church members and the whole thought of the place being expressed in the hope that 'God would remove the N——'s child, so that they might come back into the church.' At two o'clock on the day that he passed, I sent for Mr. N—— [the father], and in the evening of the same day I called the undertaker. We buried the little boy ourselves, quietly, without any minister present, being accompanied by a number who believe in Christian Science because it has healed them.

"Our trials have been severe, but we work to stand fast. We are determined to demonstrate the nothingness of this seeming power."

This case is chosen for illustration exactly for the reason that the parents of these children were not ignorant or colorless people; they were

not mystics or dreamers or in any way "different." They were young, ambitious, warm-hearted, and affectionate; they loved each other and their children, and their home was full of cordiality and kindness. Their children were fine children; one, now grown, has become a young scholar of promise. The woman was not a religious fanatic, but a young mother. She could combat "the last temptation" over her dead baby simply because she believed with all her heart and soul that it lay with her, as a test of her faith, whether her child lived or died. Logically there was nothing extravagant about her conduct. The martyrdoms of a thousand years have proved what men and women can do and endure under the tyranny of an idea.

Whoever studies the old files of the *Journal* from 1883 to 1887 must note the rapid growth of Mrs. Eddy's sect during those years. In the first number of the *Journal*, April, 1883, appear the professional cards of fourteen authorized healers; in April, 1885, forty-three professional healers advertise in this way; and in the *Journal* of April, 1887, are the cards of one hundred and ten Christian Science practitioners. In 1887 nineteen Christian Science "institutes" and "academies" are advertised. The graduates of these schools usually went at once into practice, although sometimes they first went to Boston to take the normal course in Mrs. Eddy's college. These preparatory schools are located in various cities in California, Nebraska, Colorado, Wisconsin, Ohio, Massachusetts, and New York. In 1886 was formed the National Christian Scientists' Association, with representatives from almost every State in the Union, which will be discussed in a later chapter.

How Mr. Wiggin Rewrote "Science and Health"

In the *Journal* of 1887 and 1888 one notices certain articles and editorials signed J. H. W., or Phare Pleigh, the initials and pen-name of the Rev. James Henry Wiggin, who in 1885 became Mrs. Eddy's literary adviser. Mr. Wiggin was graduated from the Meadville Theological Seminary in 1861, and became a Unitarian minister. In 1875 he retired from the active ministry and devoted himself to writing and editing. An old friend of John Wilson, of the University Press, Mr. Wiggin found plenty to do in proof-reading, revising, and editing manuscripts, in annotating and making indices to theological and scholarly works.

One day in August, 1885, Calvin Frye called at Mr. Wiggin's office in the old Boston Music Hall, and introduced himself as the secretary of a lady who had written a book, the manuscript of

which she wished Mr. Wiggin to revise, adding that she also wished him to prepare an index for her work. A few days later Mrs. Eddy herself came to see Mr. Wiggin,* bringing with her a bulky package of manuscript which proved to be a fresh version of that much-written book, "Science and Health," which she had just rewritten from the fourth edition, 1884. She gave Mr. Wiggin to understand that, while the manuscript was practically ready for the printer, it needed the touch of a literary man. She agreed to his terms and withdrew. Mr. Wiggin, who was just about to start away on his summer vacation, put the package into his bag and took it up to the mountains with him. When he examined the manuscript later, he found that a revision of it was no holiday task. The faulty spelling and punctuation could have been corrected readily enough, as well as the incorrect historical references and the misuse of words; but the whole work was so involved, formless, and contradictory that Mr. Wiggin put the manuscript away and thought no more about it until he returned to Boston. Then he saw Mrs. Eddy and told her that he could do nothing by merely correcting her manuscript; that to improve it he would have largely to rewrite it. To his surprise, she willingly consented to this. During the autumn of 1885 Mr. Wiggin occupied himself with this task, which Mrs. Eddy carefully supervised to see that he did not in the least modify her views and that her favorite phrases were allowed to stand.

Examples of Mr. Wiggin's Changes

Beginning with the first edition of the book (1875), and going through the successive editions up to 1886, one sees that what Mr. Wiggin did for "Science and Health" was simply to write it; that is, to put into intelligible English the ideas which Mrs. Eddy had so befogged in the stating of them. Any one who reads a chapter, a page, or even a single paragraph of the 1884 edition, and compares it with the same portion in the edition of 1886, will see in a moment the more obvious part of Mr. Wiggin's work. Take, for example, the following paragraph (1884 edition):

"What is man? Brains, heart, blood, or the entire human structure? If he is one or all of the component parts of the body, when you amputate a limb, you have taken away a portion of man, and the surgeon destroys manhood, and worms are the annihilators of man. But

*For a graphic account of this first interview between Mrs. Eddy and Mr. Wiggin, the reader is referred to a pamphlet, "How Reverend Wiggin Rewrote Mrs. Eddy's Book," by Livingston Wright.

losing a limb, or injuring structure, is sometimes the quickener of manliness; and the unfortunate cripple presents more nobility than the statuesque outline, whereby we find 'a man's a man, for a' that.' "

Mr. Wiggin's revision of this passage reads: "What is man? Brains, heart, blood, the material structure? If he is but a material body, when you amputate a limb, you must take away a portion of the man; the surgeon can destroy manhood, and the worms annihilate it. But the loss of a limb or injury to a tissue, is sometimes the quickener of manliness, and the unfortunate cripple may present more of it than the statuesque athlete,—teaching us, by his very deprivations, that 'a man's a man, for a' that.' "

In the above example Mr. Wiggin's changes are purely with regard to composition, such as any theme-reader might suggest in the work of an untrained student. But in many instances he was able to be of even greater assistance to Mrs. Eddy by helping her to give some sort of clearness and consistency to her theology. In her chapter on the Atonement (1884) Mrs. Eddy says:

"The glorious spiritual signification of the life and not death of our Master—for he never died—was laying down all of earth to instruct his enemies the way to Heaven, showing in the most sublime and unequivocal sense how Heaven is obtained. The blood of Jesus was not as much offered on the cross as before those closing scenes of his earth mission. The spiritual meaning of blood is offering sacrifice, and the efficacy of his life offering was greater than that of his blood spilled upon the cross. It was the consecration of his whole being upon the altar of Love, a deathless offering to Spirit. O, highest sense of human affections and higher spiritual conceptions of our Infinite Father and Mother, show us what *is Love!* "

Mr. Wiggin's revision of this passage reads:

"The material blood of Jesus was no more efficacious to cleanse from sin, when it was shed upon the 'accursed tree,' than when it was flowing in his veins as he went daily about his Father's business. His spiritual flesh and blood were his Life; and they truly eat his flesh and drink his blood, who partake of that Life. The spiritual meaning of blood is sacrifice. The efficacy of Jesus' spirit-offering was infinitely greater than can be expressed by our mortal sense of human life. His mission was fulfilled. It reunited God and man by his career. His offering was Love's deathless sacrifice; for in Jesus' experience the human element was gloriously expanded and absorbed into the divine."

Editing Mrs. Eddy

Besides granting subjects to participles, antecedents to pronouns, introducing the subjunctive mode in conditions contrary to fact, and giving consistency to the tenses of the verbs, Mr. Wiggin largely rearranged the matter in each chapter and gave the book its first comprehensible paragraphing. Out of his wide reading he introduced many illustrative quotations into the text (not always to its advantage), and used many more as chapter-headings. He prevailed upon Mrs. Eddy to omit, a very libelous chapter on "mesmerists," and here and there throughout the book expurgated some amusing absurdities. Where Mrs. Eddy represents Huxley, Tyndall, and Agassiz as Goliath, and Woman as David going forth to do battle with them, Mr. Wiggin permits Woman to go on with her sling, but suppresses the worthy professors, leaving her to encounter Goliath in the shape of Materialism. It must be remembered that Mr. Wiggin's edition was not made directly from the 1884 edition, but from a manuscript revision of it made by Mrs. Eddy herself. However, when one recalls that the 1884 edition was the result of at least a fourth rewriting, it seems improbable that Mrs. Eddy could have made much headway as to English in her fifth rewriting, the manuscript from which Mr. Wiggin worked.

This collaboration with Mr. Wiggin has sometimes been referred to as discreditable to Mrs. Eddy—chiefly from the fact, doubtless, that, even in her business letters to her publishers, she has persistently referred to "Science and Health" as "God's book." There could have been no wish on Mrs. Eddy's part to avoid labor, for she has worked at the book almost continuously for half a lifetime. Barring the chapter called "Wayside Hints," which he wrote, Mr. Wiggin would have been the last man in the world to claim any part in the real authorship of "Science and Health." The book has been rewritten again and again since Mr. Wiggin's work upon it stopped, and the editions which bear his revisions have been considerably improved upon, especially in the arrangement of the subject-matter. But the successive editions never began to improve at all over the first one—indeed, it may be said that they grew worse rather than better—until Mr. Wiggin took hold of the book, and many passages of the work to-day remain practically in the form into which he put them.

The Rev. James Henry Wiggin

For four years Mr. Wiggin was employed in the capacity of literary aid to Mrs. Eddy, doing

editorial work upon the *Journal*, and assisting her in the composition and proof-reading of three successive editions of "Science and Health." Mrs. Eddy paid him well, and, in addition to his salary, he got a deal of entertainment out of his connection with Christian Science. He even wrote an amusing pamphlet* defending the new sect upon Biblical grounds. For Mr. Wiggin combined the qualities of a humorist and a theologian. He was a man of enormous bulk and stature and immense geniality. A slight hesitation in his gait, resulting from near-sightedness, sometimes caused his friends to liken him to Dr. Johnson. Extremely courtly and polished in manner, Mr. Wiggin was not only a scholar, but a man of fine tastes and of very considerable critical ability. He was a musical critic of no mean order, an indefatigable concert-goer, and united a love of theology and theological disputations with a seemingly incongruous passion for the theater. But, as it never occurred to Mr. Wiggin that there was anything unusual in delightedly pursuing the study of the drama and church history at the same time, so it seldom perplexed his friends or his fellow-clergymen.

For years after he had given up active pastorate duties, he often supplied the pulpit of some other minister, and occasionally went back to one of his old parishes to preach, lecture, or deliver a funeral sermon. His friendships with many of his old parishioners continued until his death, and the most cordial relations always existed between him and the members of the Unitarian Association. He usually attended the Monday Ministers' meeting at the Unitarian headquarters on Beacon Hill, and would often go out with one or two fellow-preachers and sit down to a lunch and a lengthy theological argument. Perhaps the same evening he would gather up several young newspaper men and go to an opening night at the theater, pouring forth between the acts such a stream of anecdote, discriminating criticism, and reminiscence, that the young critics felt the morning's "notice" of the performance growing beneath their hands. After the last curtain Mr. Wiggin frequently went back to the dressing-rooms to exchange stories and recollections with the older performers and to give encouragement and suggestions to the younger ones. Mr. Wiggin's love of the theater came about very naturally: his uncle had been from boyhood a friend of Charlotte Cushman's, whom the nephew himself knew and concerning whom he once wrote a delightful paper for *The Coming Age*.

* "Christian Science and the Bible," by Phare Pleigh.

Mr. Wiggin, with Edward Everett Hale, Professor William J. Rolfe, and a score more, was one of the organizers of the Playgoers' Club of Boston, before which he used often to lecture upon the old days of the Boston Museum and the remarkable stock work done there. Horace Lewis, William Warren, Mrs. John Drew, Adelaide Phillips, and Sol Smith Russell were among his many warm professional friends, and esteemed his suggestions and criticisms. He was becomingly fond of the comforts of the table, and delighted to gather a party of young writers and actors about him at supper and entertain them with stories of the great artists whom he had heard in his youth. His conversation was rich in anecdote and humor, and he belonged to the day when literary quotations were introduced unblushingly into friendly talk. Indeed, Mr. Wiggin had his Shakspeare so well upon his tongue that he could illuminate almost any question with a Shaksperian quotation. He once wrote an account of how he heard Liszt, then a newly made abbé, play at a sacred concert in Rome, and managed—quite unconsciously, it would seem—to describe pretty much the whole affair in language from *Macbeth*. An extraordinary man, certainly, to be concerned in the shaping of "Science and Health." Mr. Wiggin himself never got over the humor of it.

"Wayside Hints"

But it must not be supposed that he took his task lightly enough to slight it. He was accustomed to do his hack work well, and it became with him a genuine concern, as he often said, "to keep Mrs. Eddy from making herself ridiculous." He was glad to talk theology to any one, and he doubtless enjoyed teaching a little to Mrs. Eddy. He used to tell, with enormous glee, how Mrs. Eddy would sometimes receive his suggestions by slyly remarking, "Mr. Wiggin, do you know, I sometimes believe God speaks to me through you." It was when his venerable patroness laughed that he liked her best, and with him she sometimes enjoyed a joke in a pleasant and human fashion. Among other services which he rendered her, Mr. Wiggin once drew up for Mrs. Eddy the outline of a sermon upon the "city that lieth foursquare," described in Revelation. She delivered the sermon before her congregation January 24, 1886, with great success, though the *Journal*, in reporting the occasion, says that the Rev. Mrs. Eddy labored under some disadvantage, as she had left her manuscript at home. Mr. Wiggin was present in the audience, and after the service the huge man made his way up to the rostrum, where

Mrs. Eddy was surrounded by a crowd of delighted women. When Mrs. Eddy saw him, her eyes began to twinkle, and, putting her hand to her lips, she shot him a stage whisper: "How did it go?"

When Mr. Wiggin persuaded her to omit the libelous portion of the chapter on Mesmerism from the 1886 edition of "Science and Health" after the plates for the edition had been made. Mrs. Eddy cut this sermon to the required length and, by inserting it, was able to send the book to press without renumbering the remaining pages. She called this chapter "Wayside Hints," and put her seal upon it by forcibly inserting, under the subject of "squareness," a tribute to her deceased husband: "We need good square men everywhere. Such a man was my late husband, Dr. Asa G. Eddy."

By the year 1890 Mrs. Eddy had begun to lose patience with Mr. Wiggin and to charge him with not taking his work seriously enough. In a letter to her publisher, Mr. William G. Nixon, she complains that Mr. Wiggin's proof corrections have a "most shocking flippancy," and the exasperation of her letter seems to indicate that the worthy gentleman had grown tired of assisting revelation:

"62 N. State St., Concord, N. H.,
"Aug. 28, 1890.

"MY DEAR STUDENT:

"The proofs which I received Aug. 27th, and returned to printer Aug. 28th, are somewhere. I had not changed the marginal references in the copy because I had before written to Mr. Wiggin to make fewer notations and more appropriate ones. When he returned the first proofs a *belief** (*but don't name this to any one*) prevented my examining them as I should otherwise have done, and, to prevent delay, the proof was sent to the printer.

"The second proofs have the most shocking flippancy in notations. I have corrected them, also made fewer of them, which will involve another delay caused by Mr. Wiggin. He has before changed his own marginal references which delayed the printing. Also he took back the word 'cannot' throughout the entire proofs which he had before insisted upon using thereby causing another delay. I write this to let you know how things stand.

"Yours truly,

"MARY B. G. EDDY."

In a letter dated three months later Mrs. Eddy again complains that Mr. Wiggin is slow about getting in his proofs, and says: "This

* An illness.

is M. A. M. [Malicious Animal Magnetism] and it governs Wiggin as it has done once before to prevent the publishing of my work. . . . I will take the proof-reading out of Wiggin's hands." Mrs. Eddy never got tired of rewriting "Science and Health," and it did not occur to her that any one else could.

On the whole, she seems to have got along amicably with Mr. Wiggin. She liked him, greatly respected his scholarship, and was pleased to make use of his versatile talents. He, on the other hand, assisted her with all good nature, advised her kindly, and defended her with a sort of playful gallantry that went with his generous make of mind and body. He was often aghast at her makeshifts and amused by her persistence, while he delighted in her ingenuity and admired her shrewdness. He could find lines in his favorite "Macbeth" applicable even to Mrs. Eddy, and he seems always heartily to have wished her well. In a letter to an old college friend, dated December 14, 1883, Mr. Wiggin made an interesting criticism of Christian Science and gave probably the most trenchant and suggestive sketch of Mrs. Eddy that will ever be written. We have no other picture of her done by so capable a hand, for no one else among those closely associated with her ever studied her with such an unprejudiced and tempered mind, or judged her from a long and rich experience of books and men, enlightened by a humor as irrepressible as it was kindly.

Mr. Wiggin's Criticism of Christian Science

"Christian Science, on its theological side, is an ignorant revival of one form of ancient gnosticism, that Jesus is to be distinguished from the Christ, and that his earthly appearance was phantasmal, not real and fleshly.

"On its moral side, it involves what must follow from the doctrine that reality is a dream, and that if a thing is right in thought, why right it is, and that sin is non-existent, because God can behold no evil. Not that Christian Science believers generally see this, or practice evil, but the virus is within.

"Religiously, Christian Science is a revolt from orthodoxy, but unphilosophically conducted, endeavoring to ride two horses.

"Physically, it leads people to trust all to nature, the great healer, and so does some good. Great virtue in imagination! . . . Where there is disease which time will not reach, Christian Science is useless.

"As for the High Priestess of it, . . . she is — well I could tell you, but not write. An awfully (I use the word advisedly) smart

woman, acute, shrewd, but not well read, nor in any way learned. What she has, as documents clearly show, she got from P. P. Quimby of Portland, Maine, whom she eulogized after death as the great leader and her special teacher.

. . . She tried to answer the charge of the adoption of Quimby's ideas, and called me in to counsel her about it; but her only answer (in print!) was that if she said such things twenty years ago, she must have been under the influence of *animal magnetism*, which is *her* devil. No church can long get on without a devil, you know. Much more I could say if you were here. . . .

"People beset with this delusion are thoroughly irrational. Take an instance. Dr. R— of Roxbury is not a believer. His wife *is*. One evening I met her at a friendly house. Knowing her belief, I ventured only a mild and wary dissent, saying that I saw too much of it to feel satisfied, etc. In fact, the Doctor said the same and told me more in private. Yet, later, I learned that this slight discussion made her *ill*, nervous, and had a bad effect.

"One of Mrs. Eddy's followers went so far as to say that if she *saw* Mrs. Eddy commit a crime she should believe her own sight at fault, *not* Mrs. Eddy's conduct. An intelligent man told me in reference to lies he *knew* about, that the wrong was in *us*. 'Was not Jesus accused of wrong-doing, yet guiltless?'

"Only experience can teach these fanatics, *i. e.*, the real believers, not the charlatans who go into it for money. . . . As for the book, if you have any edition since December, 1885, it had my supervision. Though now she is getting out an entirely new edition, with which I had nothing to do, and occasionally she has made changes whereof I did not know. The chapter B— told you of is rather fanciful, though, to use Mrs. Eddy's language in her last note, her 'friends think it a gem.' It is the one called 'Wayside Hints,' and was added after the work was not only in type, but cast, because she wished to take out some twenty pages of diatribe on her dissenters. . . . I do not think it will greatly edify you, the chapter. As for clearness, many Christian Science people thought her early editions much better, because they sounded more *like* Mrs. Eddy. The truth is, she does not care to have her paragraphs clear, and delights in so expressing herself that her words may have various readings and meanings. Really, that is one of the tricks of the trade. You know sibyls have

always been thus oracular, to 'keep the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the hope.'

"There is nothing really to understand in 'Science and Health' except that *God is all*, and yet there is no God in matter! What they fail to explain is, the origin of the *idea* of matter, or sin. They say it comes from *mortal mind*, and that mortal mind is not divinely created, in fact, has no existence; in fact, that nothing comes of nothing, and that matter and disease are like dreams, having no existence. Quimby had definite ideas, but Mrs. Eddy has not understood them.

"When I first knew Christian Science, I wrote a defensive pamphlet called 'Christian Science and the Bible,' (though I did not believe the doctrine). . . . I found fair game in the assaults of orthodoxy upon Mrs. Eddy, and support in the supernaturalism of the Bible; but I did not pretend to give an exposition of Christian Science, and I did not know the old lady as well as I do now.

"No, Swedenborg, and all other such writers, are sealed books to her. She cannot understand such utterances, and never could, but dollars and cents she understands thoroughly.

"Her influence is wonderful. Mrs. R—'s husband is anxious *not* to have her undeceived, though her tenth cancer is forming, lest she sink under the change of faith, and I can quite see that the loss of such a faith, like loss of faith in a physician, might be injurious. . . .

In the summer of 1888, some thirty of her best people left Mrs. Eddy, including her *leading* people, too, her association and church officers.

. . . They still believe nominally in Christian Science, yet several of them . . . are studying medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Boston; and she gave consent for at least *one* of them to study at this allopathic school. These students I often see, and *they* say the professors are coming over to *their* way of belief, which means simply that they hear the trustworthiness of the laws of nature proclaimed. As in her book, and in her class (which I went through), she says, 'Call a surgeon in surgical cases.'

"'What if I find a breech presentation in childbirth?' asked a pupil.

"'You will *not*, if you are in Christian Science,' replied Mrs. Eddy.

"'But if I *do*?'

"'Then send for the nearest regular practitioner!'

"You see, Mrs. Eddy is nobody's fool."

SLATERVILLE'S APOSTATE

A STUDY IN COURAGE

BY

CASPER DAY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. BENDA



JOHANNES MARKOWICZ finished the patch on Alaburda's coat before he stopped to read the letter with the Austrian postmark. It was two o'clock when he took off his thimble, curled his legs more comfortably under him, and cut the envelop with his great shears.

It was five o'clock when he finished; five o'clock of an August day, with flies buzzing on the dirty pane, the afternoon glare beating down into the torrid valley. Men from underground were lounging wearily home from the shafts; children pattered in and out of sawdust-sprinkled bar-rooms with pitchers and tin pails. Five o'clock, with earth drought-stricken, the sky a tarnished brass: one hour from Sabbath.

Johannes Markowicz rose from his bench, stretching his knees. His face was pale, sallow, wooden. He tore the letter, cover and all, into a thousand tiny fragments. Stepping to the door, he cast them upward into the hot heaven. He raised his arms and spoke in English to his fathers' God:

"There, take that. I'm done with you."

The tailor was an Austrian Jew. Besides him, there were thirty-seven of the orthodox in Slaterville's hideous frame houses. The Rabbi made a thirty-ninth. Jews of the lesser sort, German, Russian, Servian, Italian, American, numbered some sixscore families—"plenty of renegades," as the Rabbi liked to term them.

Isidor Minkenheim's establishment stood farther along the street. Johannes folded Alaburda's coat over his arm, pocketed what money he had in the shop, locked the door, and went down to visit his rival.

"How is peezness, Zhew?" he inquired, leaning in the doorway.

Minkenheim looked up. The sneer upon the other's face, the exaggerated accent, astounded him.

"What is it, Johannes?"

"You don't talk no Jewish to me—see? I've quit it. Say, what if you gimme forty dollars to buy my business whole, Issie? I've quit it. I quit tailor, too; I go on strike with myself. Take it or leave it. What you think about it? Four 'andsome pieces, new cloths, and two other half-pieces from the winter. Very cheap, Issie."

The discussion was a long one. Isidor jabbered and gesticulated. An hour passed. The little tailor sewed as he talked, and Markowicz, glancing at the clock, saw with the secret joy of the orthodox that Isidor was working on the Sabbath. So much for a renegade out of Hamburg! But the bargain was concluded at length. Papers were signed, and the purchaser counted out twenty dollars in bills. It was seven o'clock.

Johannes Markowicz pocketed the money. He stood with hands on his hips, bow-legs wide apart, chin well raised, eying his compatriot with scorn. Some wild and alien strain stirred in his blood, a fighting spirit, stout with the pride of races who oppress and are not ashamed. He struck out with open palm and smote Isidor upon the left ear and the right. The little tailor fell to his knees, cringing, mouthing an inarticulate fear.

The younger man stood over him and laughed.

He kicked the frightened creature once and sprang past him to the threshold.

"You need not speak to me after to-night, Isidor. From this on I am nevermore a Jew." With the words he was gone.

"Niemals—" echoed the other. "Oh, God of Israel, be the words not unavenged! He kicked me, too—and on the Sabbath! Nevermore a Jew! I should say not so, indeed; he is more like a wild uhlán, or a Cossack such as my grandfather used to see in his youth."

Markowicz delivered the coat which he had mended. Alaburda was a Lithuanian,



"Finished the patch on Alaburda's coat"

prosperous and speaking English fluently; he paid the tailor the small price agreed upon and commended the work. Johannes nodded indifferently.

"I'm goin' to take a rest now," he said. "Too much work; too hot this weather. Come on up with me an' have a drink. Won't you?"

The miner, a big blond man, stared. The ex-tailor motioned toward a saloon opposite, where a foaming glass advised the thirsty to visit George Jurokus.

"I want whisky, myself. You maybe will get beer or something? It's on me, you know."

"I thought you was a Jew," said Alaburda bluntly.

Johannes shrugged. "I've quit it," he replied. "I ain't no more a Jew."

"I thought you was," repeated the Lithuanian. Suspicion mingled with his surprise; the pupils of his eyes contracted till his look was hard and sharp as a drill-point. "Ol' Whiskers, the Jew priest down here,—that 'ere chicken-killer,—was your boardin' boss, wasn't he? I think I seen you go in his stairs some days?"

"I struck on bein' Jew," explained Markowicz. "I guess I can find me places to live besides rabbis' houses. Jews is no good. I donno; maybe I might go Christian if I took a notion."

The big Lithuanian stared a moment longer; then he broke into laughter.

"Who you laughin' at?" demanded the ex-tailor.

"A Jew."

"I tell you I ain't no Jew!" Thereat Johannes proved his regeneration by a blow at the burly fellow's waist.

Alaburda swore good Christian oaths in English and in his mother-tongue. To be struck by a Jew took the Lithuanian's breath away. One thick arm shot out. He snatched at the little man's collar, caught him by the neck, and swung him back and forth, struggling, choking, impotent.

"Jew yourself!" spluttered Johannes, unconquered.

The captor, at that, released his hold. He leaned against the house, gripping his sides.

"You're drunk, ain't you, Johnny?"



SLATERVILLE'S APOSTATE

"No, but I'm goin' to be." Hot as the day was, Markowicz pulled his coat down and buttoned it with quick, professional gestures.

"Good luck to ye. I'd like to watch it."

"Well, come on." He was bland and friendly again upon the instant, quite without resentment against his late foe. Morally, he was incapable of feeling anger any more. For three hours that day his soul had lain molten as in the white heat of a furnace; now that the flame of fury had gone down, his nature was altered, fused to a new shape and texture; a sort of fearless malice yet abode in him, but wrath was no longer in his power. "Come on. I as't you, didn't I?"

Slaterville is as democratic a community as this free country can boast; moreover, Slaterville might teach its betters something from the civility, honest though rough, which its code holds inviolate. An invitation has a certain sacredness, the would-be host a claim in honor, whether one accepts or declines. Moreover, all men are equal when they stand upon the sawdust and nod to each other over the thick glasses.

Alaburda hesitated. The Lithuanians are the aristocracy of Slaterville; the Jews rank a little lower than the despised Italian. To drink in a public room as the Jew's guest was a course almost too impossible to be considered; yet he feared to hurt the feelings of the peppery little tailor.

"Thanks, I got to get dressed," he said finally. "I promised my wife I'd go down to a corpse-house to-night on the trolley."

Markowicz was no whit rebuffed. "All right," he assented cheerfully. "I go myself alone, then. To-morrow I guess I get me a job in the mines, too."

He crossed the road, and Dominik Alaburda stared after him till the wooden shutters swung together. This was a Jew such as nobody had ever seen before.

From the saloon Markowicz presently betook himself to his former lodgings. He climbed the grimy outside stair to the rooms where the Rabbi's family lived. Dirt and unlovely poverty abode through all, though both were too familiar to deserve notice. The place was hot, unbearably, suffocatingly hot; the sun was not yet below the horizon, and the low tin roof retained its midday glow. The Rabbi's wife had taken off her wig; her shaven head glistened yellow and hideous, spotted like the poppy-seed loaf beside her on the table. It was the supper-hour. The holy Sabbath calm lay through the house.

Johannes stopped in the doorway.

"I thought I would tell you," he said in Polish, "that I am leaving. I have paid you what

I owe to the third day from this. In ten minutes I shall be gone. I am no longer a Jew."

The Rabbi's wife turned her wrinkled face and looked at him. The Rabbi made no sign that he had heard. The pair sat rigid, unyielding, unprotesting.

Johannes stuffed his few belongings into the canvas valise in which he had brought them to the Rabbi's house three years before. Certain garments, however, he did not pack. Those he rolled into a loose bundle and carried under his arm. His savings pass-book he thrust inside his shirt.

The liquor which he had had was beginning to affect him; the floor swam from beneath his feet, and his head ached in the stifling warmth. He remembered that he was fasting. The Rabbi's wife had fried a fish for supper, and the smell, strong as it was, impelled him to seek food. He went out and down the stair to the street.

MacKinnon's Railroad Hotel stood at a little distance across the main road. Markowicz went in. A short conversation with the astonished bartender and a still briefer talk with MacKinnon himself led to a bargain: provided the other boarders made no objections, Johannes should be accommodated.

Johannes invited every man in the house to drink with him, and paid with a free hand. Then he threw down a dollar bill upon MacKinnon's desk.

"I guess it wouldn't be too late for supper, would it? I been drinkin' a good deal; I'm hungry. I want a dollar's worth from ham an' eggs."

MacKinnon laughed. "You are doin' your best, ain't you, Johnny? Regular spree for you, ain't it? Well, all right; I'll see what the cook says."

Accordingly, in the angry light of a red sunset, Slaterville saw a marvelous apparition. Markowicz' room in the hotel opened on a narrow railed balcony overlooking Main Street; and here came Markowicz with knife, fork, a water-pitcher, and a great platter unmistakable in its pungency. Passers-by stopped to gaze, persons at a distance ran up to see better. A crowd gathered.

"What is it?" called the newest comers to those who were first on the ground.

"It is a Jew. He eats ham and eggs. Two dollars' worth of ham, so I heard. He wants all the other Jews to see him."

The answer was in Polish; Johannes heard it, smiled down on the crowd, and leaned over the balcony to answer:

"Good evening. No, I am not a Jew; I have stopped being that. I have no more use for

the Jews than you have any longer. I want to work in the mines, drink my beer, and live a gay life like the rest of you."

The crowd murmured; one or two laughed.

"What are those clothes he has on?" said another. "That sheet-like thing, and the bands about his forehead?"

"They are his priest-clothes, friend; say nothing about them, or he may go mad altogether. It may be the heat. He was not a bad little fellow for a Jew, the tailor; but he never was like this."

Polish is the court language of Slaterville, the tongue in which the mixed races of the village are most likely to understand each other. Russian, Ruthenian, Lithuanian, Magyar, Slovak, Jew, and Czech found it most nearly a common medium. Johannes, whose hearing was at all times acute, listened to the talk of the crowd and gleaned much of it.

"Where are the other Jews? Does he want them to see him?"

"Certainly he does," Markowicz put in from above. "They—" He paused to nibble a rind, licked his fingers, and threw the accursed fragment flippantly outward in the face of the crimson sunset. "It means—well, they are in their houses, peeping at curtains and cracks of doors. This is their Jewish Sabbath, a first-class holy time for them. They want to see me if they dared—me, eating Gentile food like a Christian."

"Eating meat on a Friday," growled a Russian who stood in the thick of the press. "A pretty thing for a Christian! Who but a Jew would fling insults at us like this? Chuck the Jew in the pond, I say, before he brings us any bad luck."

A few scowled and drew away. The major part, however, saw the conceit at a humorous angle; the little Jew's progress in Christianity was to them rather a joke than an insult.

Johannes leaned down again. A smile of most engaging malice flickered for a moment across his thin features. A keen and saturnine gaiety took possession of him.

"There is the old story, you know, of the king, the cat, the lass, and the Jew. I am like that, I suppose; you know it was only the cat who had made no mistakes by morning." He ran through the tale in a dozen rapid sentences, embroidering its coarseness with a wicked wit, a leaping fantasy.

Polite Europe has changed its standards of propriety with the changing centuries; yet there remain close to the soil the millions whose taste continues as robust as Richard Plantagenet's, relishing unashamed the jests that rocked the silken tents of Ascalon. The

audience beneath the balcony of MacKinnon's Hotel roared with whole-hearted mirth. The telegram to the Jew's wife was such a cunning touch, a master's inspiration!

There followed other histories. Johannes smiled mildly. White-clad, fantastic and unmodern, he sat upon his balcony and held the crowd.

Darkness, the late summer gloom of drought and airless velvet skies, shut down at length. Markowicz was very weary all at once. His voice sank; his mind ceased to work. Staggering to his feet, he tore the drapery from his shoulders, the phylacteries from his head. The robe he rent into strips, throwing the streamers one by one over the railing to the crowd below. Then, with some hazy idea of going to bed, he fell in a limp heap and slumbered on the balcony.

"Well, there is one thing certain," proclaimed a voice stridently. "He says he is no longer a Jew, and it may be so. You never saw a Jew like that. He is a merry man; and they are sad, thin, dry people, wrinkled and solemn and without gaiety, concerning themselves only for money. Yes, he has the body of a Jew; he has that still. But the mind inside, it is Polish! I tell you, he has changed souls with somebody. Watch and see if he is a coward any more: that is the test."

Johannes slept late the next morning. Even after he had wakened, he lay still, meditating idly upon his future. Regrets, traditions, he had none; the years that lay behind were as impersonal as if another man had lived them.

Nothing could be done in the way of seeking employment till the men came out from the mines toward evening. Markowicz dawdled through the summer day, sitting for the most part in a wooden chair tilted back against the wall of MacKinnon's Hotel on the shady side. Once he loafed down to the house where Nicolo Sutaro kept a candy and peanut shop in the front bedroom. As he returned with his quart of nuts, the Polish bartender, lounging in the doorway of the hotel, smiled at him.

"How do you feel, Jan? Your head aches?"

The Polish form of his name, used instead of the German which had stood on his sign these two years past, touched the Jew's pride. His immobile face relaxed as he went up the steps to offer the paper bag. Yet with inbred caution he dissembled his pleasure and gave his answer in English:

"Oh, pretty good. I ain't used to it yet. I ain't been drinkin' much in four years. Have some peanuts?"

"Thanks," assented the bartender, driving a red hand deep down. He continued in his own tongue: "Have you a job yet?"

"No. This evening I guess I see the men to ask for it. How much is a keg of beer?"

Zygmunt answered with professional calm, adding only thirty cents to the current price, out of respect to the blood with which he had to deal. It was almost a shock to him, therefore, when Markowicz counted out the sum without debate and handed over the money.

"Keep that for me," he said in Polish. "I will give the keg to the man that will give me a job in the mines. You can tell the men that to-night. You can tell them it is ordered and paid for."

"Do you want a receipt? MacKinnon is out, but I know how to write."

Johannes waved the suggestion aside with graceful merriment.

"No, no, no! Your memory is good. Anyway, I hope you will not have to remember it very long; it is time I got to work and began to make some muscle—a man of my age ought to be able to show more strength. But speaking of receipts makes me think of a story—"

He branched off into another anecdote, sharp, ludicrous, profane. The delighted Zygmunt rocked on his heels in the doorway, straining the buttons of his apron.

"Stay down-stairs to-night and tell that over again to the boys, that and a few more. You shall drink your beer free for one night if you will. It will be worth the cost to me. Besides, it will bring custom. Yes, it will be well worth it. What do you say?"

But the Jew of the changed soul only shook his head.

"I thought I would go up into Boganatoff's to-night," he said reflectively. "I have never been in there."

"No Jew ever went in Boganatoff's place," returned the Pole bluntly.

"But I am not a Jew. I said so yesterday."

"As sure as you go, there will be fighting."

"Lend me your knife, will you? The one that clasps."

The bartender considered the narrow-chested

figure, the sallowness, the quick, slender hands. "No, it is true," he muttered. "Your father and mother were Jews, and they gave you the Jew shape to live in; but somehow you are not a Jew. I never heard of witches in this country, either. Still, something has happened to you. To go stirring up fights just for the excitement of it! Christ forget me if I would refuse my knife to a Jew-body like that!"

Accordingly after another handful of peanuts

had been offered and accepted, Johannes retreated to his chair with the borrowed knife in his pocket, a Polish weekly newspaper to read, and the compliments of Zygmunt yet sounding in his ears. He braced his chair-legs in the hard-packed dirt and whittled through the afternoon of Sabbath, singing a music-hall song. The white splinters fell around his knees. The Rabbi's windows commanded his position.

Supper was a jovial affair that night. Afterward, in the gathering dusk, Markowicz put on shoes, coat, and hat, and turned up the long hill to Boganatoff's place. It was late when he returned. He told no stories, but he bore no marks of combat. As he gave over the bartender's knife, Zygmunt



"I thought you was a Jew!"

met him with good news.

"Three men are willing to give you jobs," he reported. "You begin Monday morning."

Johannes took a strange pleasure in the new life which the following seven months accorded him. Right and wrong, love, hatred, and sorrow, were the illusions of other men's minds, having no reality for him. Loneliness was not his, nor longing. Instead, a pride of work performed, a zest in the rough labor which his teachers most despised, stiffened his shoulders for each day's homeward journey. The habit of physical exercise was a luxury, not a disgrace. He had a subtle pleasure in matching field-bred brawn against his tireless will and scraggy arms. Sometimes he walked with Danger, and saw

sturdy fellows, men bred to the mines, go doggedly about their tasks with beaded foreheads; while to him, savoring this Gentile life with eager palate, the day's work grew in interest with the risk. And after such a day, when bosses snapped out orders and drivers beat their mules to a gallop in and out, when timbermen strained at props till the breath groaned in their throats,—when a blanket or two carried helpless cripples to the shaft,—the Jew of the strange spirit came home to supper and to bed, resting in full-bodied content.

Bolish Shimanski, the miner who employed him, came to regard Johannes with something that was nearly pride.

"He is no more afraid of being hurt than a ghost is," he would say to his intimates over a pipe. "He takes risks, too, but he is never caught. And I have had only good luck since I took him, this Jew. He is no stronger than a boy of our people, and work does not harden him at all; he coughs, too, and grows thin. Still, he loads the cars as fast as anybody, and he is always ready to make you laugh. A gay fellow. Yet you can see that he cares for nobody—unless, perhaps, it is the lead-boy, Alaburda's youngster. That little one seems to be friends with him. They eat together lately. They talk in English, and my Jew tells him stories—not the kind he tells us."

The winter drew on, and Markowicz kept to the mine. Slaterville, cosmopolitan and down-right, had long since accepted him in his Gentile rôle. MacKinnon and Zygmunt, the prime minister, were his firm champions in every company. Letters came sometimes, letters with local postmarks and letters with an Austrian stamp; but Zygmunt, to his secret awe and satisfaction, saw them fall unopened into the bar-room stove. His boarder, he was able to assure all comers, abjured things Jewish. Moreover, Johannes lived as other men were wont to do, departing from the traditions of MacKinnon's lodging-house only by meeting his bills to the day.

On the afternoon of the 13th of February a singular accident happened in the checker vein of Carbury mine. A driver left his place for a moment. Three mules, strung out tandem-fashion as the custom is, ran away with the trip of empty cars. At the narrowest part of the gangway, where a switch led off to certain easterly chambers, a trip of loaded cars was jolting over the latches; this had the right of way, and its mules and forward car were already taking the main track.

The runaway drove upon the working mules with a rush, taking them in the flank. The driver heard the crashing menace from the darkness at *his right*, and yelled a warning. He sprang aside,

slipped, fell, just grazed the wheels, and rolled uninjured in the ditch. The little lad who held the lead-rope jumped for safety, too, but could not make the distance. He fell, screaming, and his light went out.

The passage at this point was set with double rows of timbers, narrowing it to a bare seven feet. Of that battle of fierce, cunning beasts in the dark there were no witnesses to testify. Trampling, biting, screaming, fighting with heels and trace-chains, they pushed to crowd each other against the rock and timbered ribs. Before lights came, four of the six combatants were down and mortally hurt; eight great props were driven from their places and lay crisscross on the empty cars, with roof-timbers dangling above—the whole a heap of giant jack-straws. The driver, stupid from his fall, had crawled to a safer place. The boy who led one team was nowhere in sight; nor was he missed at first.

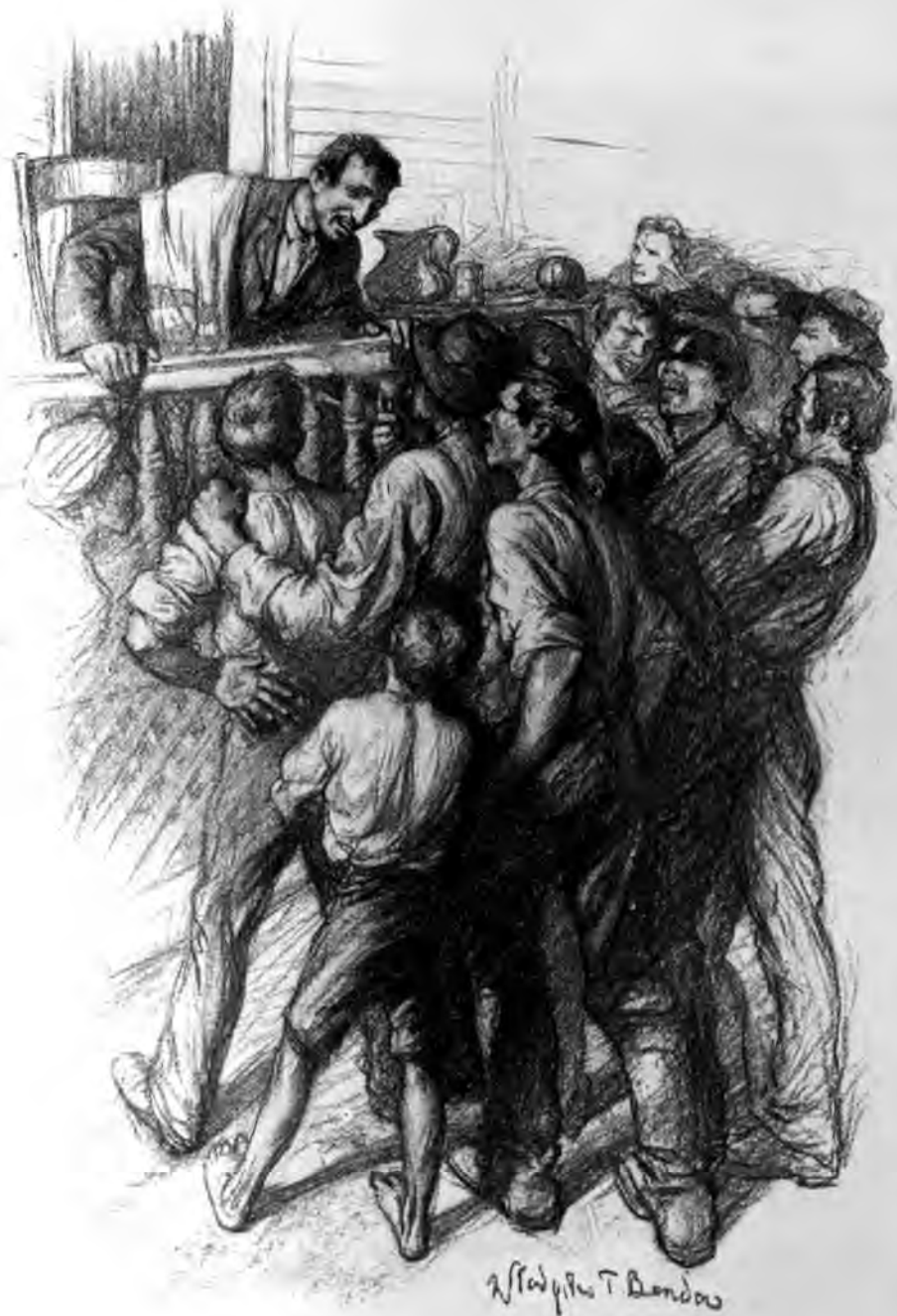
The roof at this point, frail and dangerous at best, felt the difference that the eight ribs made. With a preliminary crackle or two, great slabs flaked off and fell.

Two mules remained afoot, the second and third of the working team. They were mine-wise, young and strong; moreover, the new peril lent them strength. Still in harness, they sprang forward, dragging the body of the leading beast beside them, and hauling the loaded train across the switch and three yards down the track.

Again and again the rock fell, great jagged leaves of slate and sandstone, leaning from left and right so as partially to sustain each other. Not once in a thousand cases would the roof break in such wise; yet, in this one instance, the fall lay so as to make a peaked gable above the loaded cars. The mules were anchored to the spot perforce. They stood shaking, heads low, teeth bared, while the first comer cut their harness.

The battle and the caving roof brought men from all sides. A boss was on the ground with incredible promptitude. Fresh mule-teams, more props and timbermen, rushed to the place at his orders.

"The coal can go out by the manway an' the old slope for to-day, till we get this here cleaned up," directed Gilligan, the boss. "Larry was lucky to get out o' the mix-up so easy. Take 'im up to the air till he feels better. He can go home; the barn boss was sayin' to me this noon that there wasn't a mule left in the barn, for once. These here two won't be good for nothin' till they've had a rest. I'll take Larry on again soon's we get him a team; to-morrow, say, or next day. You comp'ny hands get a move on you an' clean up this tra-



"THE AUDIENCE BENEATH THE BALCONY OF MACKINNON'S HOTEL
BOARED WITH WHOLE-HEARTED MIRTH"



...IF YOU DO THAT ON ME ANOTHER TIME, I'LL KILL YOU, TOO!"

ain't fond of mule smell. An' mind you timber every twelve inches of it as you go, too. If it caves again, it might come with the surface."

The chamber of Bolish Shimanski was nearest to the scene of the accident; he had gone home early, and his two laborers took half an hour from their work to look on. Markowicz especially felt an interest in the timbering, the more dangerous part of the work. As it became evident that the clearing of the passage would take till midnight, most of the spectators dropped away and returned to their own work. Johannes was among the few who lingered.

One of the mules in the mass was not dead; he snorted, screamed twice horribly, and beat with a hoof in the rubbish of the roadway. Nothing could be done. The workers would not come at him for hours.

Another sound came out of the rock-fall. The men in front looked at each other, not believing, but they heard a second time. It was a child's voice moaning: "Mother, Mother." The word was in the Lithuanian tongue; the voice was Poulie Alaburda's. "'Tis the boy!" said Gilligan. "My God, he was leadin' the team an' it caught him! How far in is he I don't know!" He lifted his voice in a shout.

No answer came back. Markowicz stepped out and caught the boss by the arm. "Let me," he ordered. Then he cried sharply to the rock and the blackness: "It's me, Poulie—it's Johnny Markowicz. Where are you? Poulie! Poulie! Höller out, so's I can find you."

Again and again he called, but without answer. At last a wail came back: "My leg!" and then, in the language of his babyhood, the cry for "Mother—Mother."

"He's 'way in—the middle, anyway," spoke Gilligan. "One o' you scoot round an' tell 'em to work lively on the other side. Tell 'em—Kearney, get back there! Three more ribs on that there side, afore you take a bar to one damn rock more! You hear me tellin' you? The hell of a lot o' good you'd do, bringin' eight ton down on yer own nut for us to shovel off ye! Yes, ye will, too, or I'll knock yer skull off!"

"Wait," said Johannes, catching the boss by the elbow. "I got a way. Lemme go in an' try it. I might get in. Under them cars there."

He pointed to the space under the foremost loaded car, between the low body and the track. The road-bed was irregular, but the space might average eight inches of vertical measurement.

"I can do it if the cars ain't smashed in. I c'n go on my belly an' not get stuck." He removed coat and cap and blew out his lamp.

"How'd you get out, though?"

"I donno—oh, say, ain't there no ropes around nowhere? Tie one to my two legs, each one. Sure!"

"It's worth tryin'," Gilligan assented. "Joe, there's a lot o' soft rope in a box up by the mule-barn. You get it. Only you can't make it, Johnny; ye'll get stuck under the first car. The kid himself couldn't hardly squirm through there."

The ropes were brought. Johannes began to make one fast to an ankle.

"It ain't none o' his business to go," complained a young fellow with a pick. "He's a miner's laborer."

Johannes looked up. "You ain't none o' you thin, an' I am." He finished the second knot, stretched himself along the track, and wriggled under the first car.

"Give 'er three good kicks if you want us to haul back," called the boss. Markowicz assented by a grunt.

The picks stopped work for fear of jarring down another fall. The men stood about in silence. They heard the drip of water, the tinkling fall of a tiny bit of slate, the hoarse breathing of the crippled mule, the scrambling of Johannes in his tunnel, and now and then the drag of the ropes over the rubbish on the track. The lamps smoked, making the air unwholesome. No man cared to meet another's eye.

The mule, catching the sound of the rescuer's advance, began a violent kicking. Thereafter, for a long time, the ropes ceased to drag inward. Gilligan took out his watch.

"If he ain't moved by fifteen minutes past, we got to haul 'im back," he declared. "Some-thin's the matter."

Fifteen minutes—eighteen minutes past three—and still no motion. The hands grasping the ropes outside were wet with the cold sweat of waiting.

"Pull in, boys. Slow. He might stick on something."

The ropes drew outward. Furious kicking assured the force outside that the little Jew was still alive. They drew him out bodily, furious, gasping.

"What'd you do that for? What'd you do that for? I was a-restin'. That there mule hit out at me—knocked my wind." He wiped a dark froth from his lips. "I was jus' a-restin'. Now I got the whole thing to do again, yet! Blame you for a flock o' lobsters, anyhow! If you do that on me another time, I'll kill you, too!"

"You can't make it, Johnny," said a workman. "Leave it go. Or somebody else could try it your way. You're used up."

"Shut up!" snapped Johannes. "I ain't. I'm bound I'll get him. I mailed him a valentine this mornin' comin' to work. He wanted one. The post-office closes at —"

He rolled over and squirmed a second time into the opening. A dreadful half-hour followed. This time the mule was quieted, either through weakness or by death. Johannes wormed his way onward, inch by inch. At length he gave the signal—three sharp kicks on one rope, then the other.

The little man was drawn out, this time not resisting. His arms were extended. His hands clutched tightly on the boy's shirt.

"Good God, he's got him!" exclaimed a watcher. Gentle hands lifted the pair.

"He's just fainted," said the boss, after a hasty glance. "The boy's got a broken leg—see the way it hangs? No, don't put no water on his face; get 'im up to the shaft first, so's he won't feel the jolting. It won't do him no harm; kids comes to easy enough. An' somebody get word down to Jones in the bottom vein to send Dominik out, if he ain't gone home. I wouldn't wonder if he'd carry the kid."

At six o'clock Alaburda's house was the center of a great crowd. All Gentile Slaterville was there before the February twilight turned to night. The boy was doing well: everybody knew that. But in the down-stairs bedroom the Jew of the strange soul lay dying.

MacKinnon and Zygmunt were with him from the first, the hotel-keeper voluble in his disgust that Alaburda had captured the boy's rescuer. Zygmunt was hoarsely inarticulate.

Now and again he fixed his eyes upon the scratched face and bloodstains flecking sheets and pillow, and tears stood upon his cheeks. The sallow neck and head of the sick man had been hastily cleansed with a towel, though sooty streaks lay along his hair and brows; one last and final washing was all that awaited Johannes after this day's work.

Two doctors were in the room, and big Alaburda himself. Father Daley sat beside the bed, wiping dark bubbles from the Jew's lips, and sometimes raising the weak head. These were not his people, of course; but the Lithuanian clergy lived far away, and the call of trouble was a language never strange or foreign to the old priest's heart.

"I can't do anything," one of the physicians said, in answer to a last plea from Dominik. "He's bled for hours; he couldn't stand the chloroform alone. Three ribs were driven downwards. If he was kicked again there may be other lesions. He can't last much longer now."

"He's coughed a lot lately; that ain't no

sign, Doctor," argued MacKinnon, obstinately hopeful.

But the men of medicine were not convinced. "He would not have lasted very long, in any case. His lungs were in bad shape; various things may have helped the disease along: the accident only hurries the end."

Markowicz's eyes opened. A clear intelligence was behind them, despite his weakness. His gaze fastened upon the priest. He whispered:

"Poulie?"

"He's sleeping. There's not much wrong with him. You just about gave your life for him, though. A fine thing—a fine thing. It's a grand feeling to lie down with, that you've saved a child!"

The restless eyes disavowed such satisfaction. Johannes summoned all his strength and spoke:

"Paper. Whisky. I want to write."

The liquor was forthcoming upon the instant, but Johannes could not drink it, after all.

Then, with the priest supporting him in bed, the wounded man hardened his will, controlled his hand, and wrote. It was a short testament in English, and clear with that aptitude in business forms which is a racial heritage. He added the date and his name.

"Sign," he whispered, tapping the paper with one finger. He sank back on the pillows, closing his eyes, but he spoke in Polish to Zygmunt with some strength:

"Sign. Keep the paper, or else Poulie cannot draw the money out of the bank. The book is in the mattress up in my room. You get it for him. Good-by, friend."

There followed a struggle for breath lasting several minutes. When the patient relaxed somewhat, exhausted, but breathing more freely, the priest bent over him.

"Will there be anything I could do for you, boy? You're no Catholic—I know that; but would you want to say a bit of a prayer for yourself, or let me? Your own people are not with you, and it's a long, dark road you're going now. Is there a thing I could do to help you, if you're afraid?"

"Thanks," said Johannes, "I—I guess not." He looked up into the kind face of the old man, and a faint smile stirred his features. "You see, I was—a Jew, one time. They ain't always—not mostly very brave—folks. Lots of things—scares them. I used to be—myself—scared—often. But not dyin'. When things gets—to that—why, Jews ain't—scared of dyin'."

He spoke no more thereafter; and within a brief time the wailing and loud outcry from Alaburda's house told all the neighborhood that the strange Jew was dead.

TIFFANY & Co.

Fifth Avenue and 37th Street, New York

A Basis for Comparison of Prices

Tiffany & Co. always welcome a comparison of prices. While this applies to their rich as well as inexpensive jewelry, silverware, clocks, bronzes and other objects, it is possible for their patrons more easily to make comparisons on certain articles of silverware than on some of the more individual pieces from their stock. To this end the method of marking prices on Tiffany & Co.'s copyrighted patterns of

Sterling Silver Forks and Spoons

At \$1.00 per ounce

furnishes exact information as to weights and values. These patterns are not sold through the trade or other dealers and each piece is of English sterling quality 925/1000 fine. Upon this basis prices per dozen range as follows:

Tea Spoons	-	-	-	-	dozen	\$11	upward
Dessert Spoons	-	-	-	-	"	18	"
Soup or Table Spoons	-	-	-	-	"	25	"
Breakfast, Entrée or Dessert Forks	-	-	-	-	"	17	"
Dinner or Table Forks	-	-	-	-	"	23	"

Cuts of patterns sent upon request, also estimates for special sets to suit individual requirements

Fifth Avenue New York

Tiffany & Co. 1907 Blue Book—a compact catalogue without illustrations; 621 pages of concise descriptions with range of prices of jewelry, silverware, clocks, bronzes, pottery, glassware and other objects suitable for wedding presents or other gifts—Blue Book sent upon request

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for



The advertisement features a central illustration of a young girl dressed as a chef, wearing a tall white hat with "Swift's Little Cook" written on it. She is holding a large, circular seal that reads "U.S. INSPECTED AND PASSED UNDER THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF JUNE 30. 1906 ESTABLISHMENT No 3". To her left are two packages of Swift's Premium Bacon and Ham, each with a circular logo. The background is dark with stylized corn stalks. The main title "Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon" is prominently displayed in the center. Below the title, there is a paragraph of text describing the quality of the meat, followed by another paragraph about the curing process. At the bottom, the company name "Swift & Company, U. S. A." is written in a stylized font.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Made from the carefully selected meat of *corn-fed* Porkers. On account of this special feeding of the animals and the great care and thoroughness with which

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

are cured, smoked and packed they are unsurpassed.

Every piece of ham and bacon is Inspected and Passed by U. S. Government Inspectors.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

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FOR NOVEMBER 1907 CRIMINAL GOVERNMENT AND THE PRIVATE CITIZEN

ANOTHER OF GEORGE KENNAN'S
STUDIES OF SAN FRANCISCO

THE second of Mr. Kennan's articles on San Francisco will appear in the November number. In it he shows just how a corrupt municipal government, organized for the purpose of promoting vice, affects the private citizen in his home and in business. In a peculiarly forceful way he brings out the human and personal side of the great question of civic dishonesty. It is an article which illuminates to an exceptional degree a great national problem.



GEORGE KENNAN

THE CLOSE OF THE WAR. BY CARL SCHURZ

THE November number of the Reminiscences of Carl Schurz is one of the important and significant chapters of this remarkable autobiography. In it Mr. Schurz describes the great dramatic events which marked the close of the Civil War—Sherman's March to the Sea, the surrender of the Southern armies, Lincoln's assassination, and the unforgettable scenes which preceded the disbandment of the troops. The instalment is a masterpiece of historical writing and a memorable account of a great period in our national history.

OTHER FEATURES

BESIDES these four striking contributions, the number also contains the concluding chapters of "The Confession and Autobiography of Harry Orchard"; the second and concluding chapter of Perceval Gibbon's novelette, "The Meagre Life," and "The Brute," by Joseph Conrad, with color illustrations by Blumenschein, are particularly noteworthy. No less interesting, however, are the other stories—"A Bit of Calico" by James Hopper, "Ezekiel in Exile" by Lucy Pratt, "A Holiday" by Ada Melvin, author of "Carl," with illustrations by Keller, and "The Father," a remarkable contribution from a new writer, H. M. Lyon.



DRAWING BY BLUMENSCHN

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE



MARY STEWART CUTTING



THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH
IN BOSTON

NOTABLE FEATURES

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BY MARY STEWART CUTTING

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Announcement

On September 12th the firm name of McClure, Phillips & Co. was discontinued. The Book Department of the McClure organization will henceforth be known as

The McClure Company

PUBLISHERS OF BOOKS

S. S. McCLURE, *President*
Harold Roberts, *Treasurer*

J. W. CORRIGAN, *Vice-President*
O. W. Brady, *Secretary*

The McClure Company

Successors to
McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO.

McClure's Library of

"THE CRIMSON CLASSICS"

Kate Douglas Wiggin and



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EDITED BY

Nora Archibald Smith

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THIS famous series of "Crimson Classics" contains the best literature in the world for children of all ages, carefully selected by two eminent editors from the works of the great masters and arranged in distinct volumes for the children of the nursery and kindergarten and the boy or girl in school or high-school. They excel for supplementary reading, and their presence in the home will be influential in developing a real love of literature in the young people.

Mechanically these books are delightful; printed from clean-cut, very readable type and handsomely and durably bound in red cloth.

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A book of verse for children from the ages of 12 to 17. A series of interpretative interludes by Mrs. Wiggin adds immensely to its value. With an Introduction. *Postpaid*, \$2.17; *net*, \$2.09.

THE POSEY RING

A book of verse for children from the ages of 7 to 12, containing only short poems, easy in language, taken from Stevenson, Rossetti, Riley, Eugene Field, etc., etc. *Postpaid*, \$1.37; *net*, \$1.25.

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A book of nursery rhymes for the very littlest folk. All the old favorites from Mother Goose are here, with many a veritable little masterpiece of nursery lore, in a form at once compact and comprehensive. *Postpaid*, \$1.50.

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Sixty-five fairy stories, representative and inclusive of the very best that has ever been written in all languages. Those over-popular fairy stories which may be found in a myriad other fairy books are not included in this volume. *Postpaid*, \$1.50.

MAGIC CASEMENTS

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THE McCLURE COMPANY, - 44 EAST 23d STREET, NEW YORK

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FALL

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BOOKS

☞ A whirl of adventure and romance—The Williamsons' best story

The Car of Destiny

By

C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON

Authors of "The Princess Virginia," "Lady Betty," etc.



☞ Critics in England are unanimous in declaring **THE CAR OF DESTINY** to be the best of all the Williamson romances. It is a most delightful and exciting dual love-story, teeming with incidents encountered on an exhilarating motor chase across Spain. The scenes are contemporary with the recent Royal marriage, and King Alphonso is

one of the characters. Young Lady Monica, in the Princess Ena's suite, a Spanish girl of rank, a Marquis and a young American are the chief actors. A magnificent description of the coronation bull-fight, with an unexpected and highly dramatic climax, fittingly culminates this sparkling story.

Now ready. With several beautiful illustrations in colors. \$1.50

☞ Written after the manner of her "Biography of a Prairie Girl"

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[By the author of "The Plow - Woman," etc.]

By ELEANOR GATES

☞ A wholesome, boisterous, breezy love-story of the plains which takes the cowboy hero all the way from the ranch to New York after the runaway heroine. The culmination is reached in a Central Park round-up which takes away the breath of the local police.

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FALL | **The McClure Company** | **BOOKS**
Successors to McClure, Phillips & Co.

☞ Rattling yarns of cowboy and Western life

Arizona Nights

By

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "The Silent Places," etc.



☞ Stewart Edward White knows his far Western country better than any living American writer. His new book is made up of a series of red-blooded, vigorous yarns spun by a group of men of widely different types who gather nightly in democratic fashion around an Arizona camp-fire. Welded together, these tales, which have appeared in *McClure's*, make a single clean-cut picture of life in the Southwest. The gripping short serial, "The Rawhide," rounds out the book.

Ready shortly. With picture cover and illustrations in colors by N. C. Wyeth. \$1.50

☞ A new book of stories by O. Henry

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By **O. HENRY**

☞ Several of the funniest and best stories by O. Henry appear in this new book, which is made up of about twenty-five of his inimitable tales of Western life and types which have appeared at intervals in the magazines. These stories are the best of their kind since Bret Harte.

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☞ A story of Indian life by a full-blooded Sioux

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[By the author of "Indian Boyhood"]

By **DR. CHARLES A. EASTMAN**

☞ A delightful new volume of descriptive and narrative sketches of Indian life, supplementing the author's now famous "Indian Boyhood," whose beauty and poetic charm have impressed thousands of readers. The new book is certain of a wide and appreciative audience.

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FALL

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BOOKS

¶ A graceful, polished romantic comedy—Anthony Hope at his best

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[By the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," etc.]

By ANTHONY HOPE

¶ A deliciously fanciful comedy that compares evenly with the author's famous "Dolly Dialogues" in prettiness and bright wit. Lord Lynborough is denied by the young and beautiful Marchesa Helena the use of a path across her estates leading to a bathing beach. The path thus becomes a bone of bitter contention. The developments which ensue are handled with exquisite *finesse* and charm by this master of the spirit of high comedy and romance.

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[By the author of "Little Citizens"]

By MYRA KELLY



¶ Miss Kelly's new stories of the school life of the "Little Citizens" of the East Side, in which she introduces again the characters which made the first book famous, are as captivatingly fresh and original, as laughable and

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¶ "A more humorous, more delicious, more piquant set of small folk is not to be found in modern fiction." *Louisville Post*.

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¶ By the author of "Emmy Lou: Her Book and Heart"

Letitia: Nursery Corps, U. S. A.

By GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

¶ To "Emmy Lou" Mrs. Martin now adds another fascinating study of child life in her "Letitia." The daughter of an army officer and his wife, little Letitia grows up in an environment of camp and army post. Letitia is as sweet and altogether adorable as Emmy Lou was, and her artlessness and naturalness in these surroundings are both delightful and pathetic.

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BOOKS

¶ The year's greatest biography

Reminiscences of Carl Schurz

Two volumes ready shortly, fully illustrated with portraits, contemporary engravings and original drawings

¶ There is no need to say anything here of the importance of this work as a contribution to American history and biography. Not in years have there appeared the reminiscences of a notable figure in American affairs more fascinating and of greater vital interest to Americans than these of Carl Schurz. Their publication in *McClure's* has been attracting more attention than any magazine serial of recent times.

¶ No American since Lincoln shines with so bright a light upon the pages of our history as this splendid figure. Every good cause and great movement of reform knew the weight of his gifts of leadership and eloquence. His friends included most of his great American contemporaries—presidents, statesmen, soldiers. Future generations will find in his memoirs the very pattern and example of a manhood moulded in accordance with the ideals of democracy.

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¶ A brilliant social history of the home of our Presidents

The White House

By ESTHER SINGLETON



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The various southern timber tracts are equally distant from Cincinnati, making it the collecting and distributing centre for the South's great lumber districts. Cincinnati is credited with being the *largest hardwood lumber market* in America.

Cincinnati connects directly with the great iron producing regions of the South, and is its principal distributor. Fully 20% of the pig-iron produced in the United States is sold by Cincinnati firms, making Cincinnati a *cheap pig-iron market*. Therefore, Cincinnati is the ideal location for factories requiring wood, iron, or steel as raw materials.

Cincinnati is nearer the great cotton producing regions of the South than any other northern city, and more accessible to all cotton producing sections than any southern city. Therefore, Cincinnati is the logical location for factories manufacturing *cotton goods*. Cincinnati also is the centre of a great *wool-producing section*. Cincinnati is one of the greatest markets for *leather* used in the manufacture of boots, shoes, harness, and saddlery. Cincinnati is the cheapest *paper market* in the United States; hence, the immensity of its printing, lithographing, and publishing business. Cincinnati is favored with other raw materials less generally used.

Cincinnati possesses 8,000 manufacturing plants, representing 235 different lines of industry. Hence, needed supplies of any character are purchased at home at lowest prices.

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Cincinnati is one of the principal distributing points for the coal production of Western Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee. The Ohio River carries coal to Cincinnati for $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mill per ton per mile—the cheapest transportation known to man. On and

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Transportation

Cincinnati has 25 separate and distinct railroad lines, including six trunk lines to the East and four to the South. The influence of the Ohio River on transportation is quite beneficial. Already recognized as the *leading inland export city*, Cincinnati, with the improvement of the Ohio River and completion of the Panama Canal, will have direct water connection with every seaport in the world.

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Cincinnati is freer from labor disturbance than any other city on the continent. Her labor is largely German-American, contented, thrifty, and home-loving. Because of the economies of living, wages are reasonable.

Commercial Centre

More than three-fourths of the consuming population of the United States live within a radius of 600 miles from Cincinnati, reachable by less than 20 hours' railroad ride. Cincinnati's commercial importance is further enhanced by its commanding position with relation to the South—the territory destined to be developed, in the next quarter century, more rapidly than any other section of the country.

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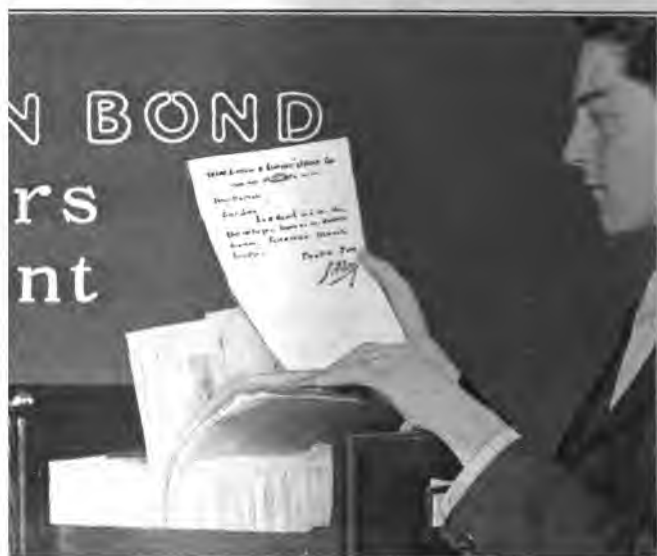
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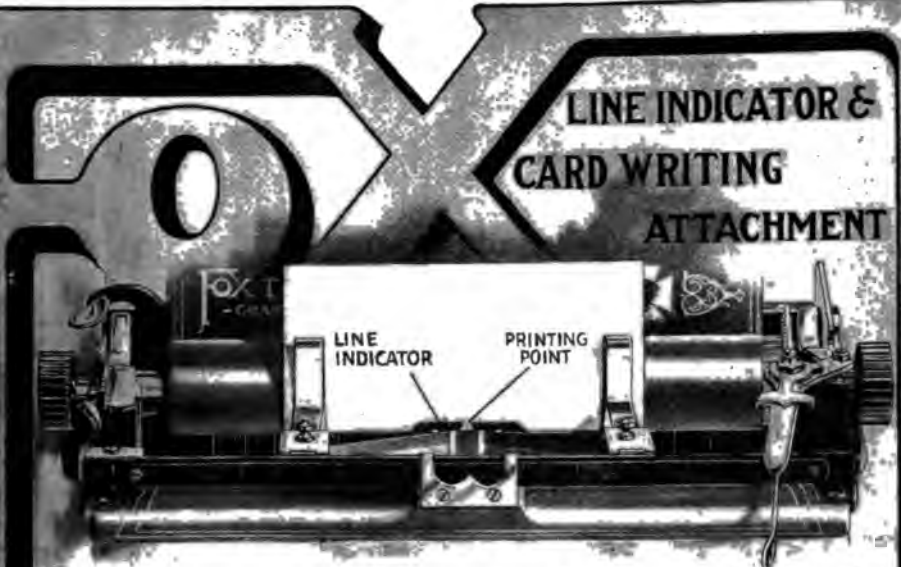
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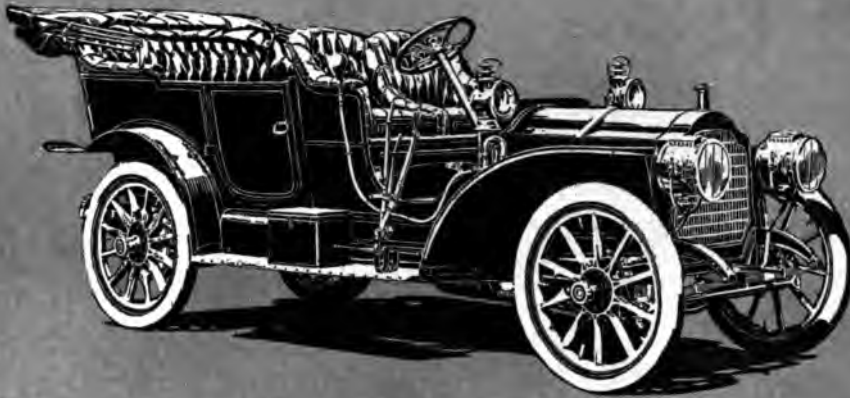
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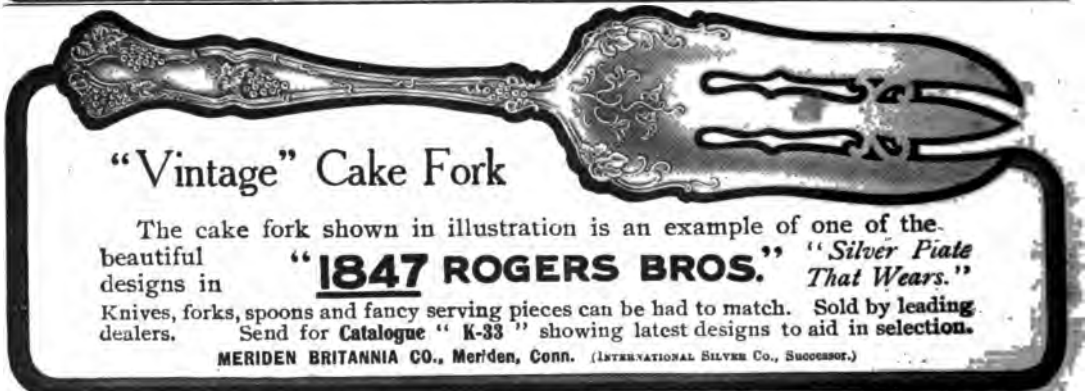
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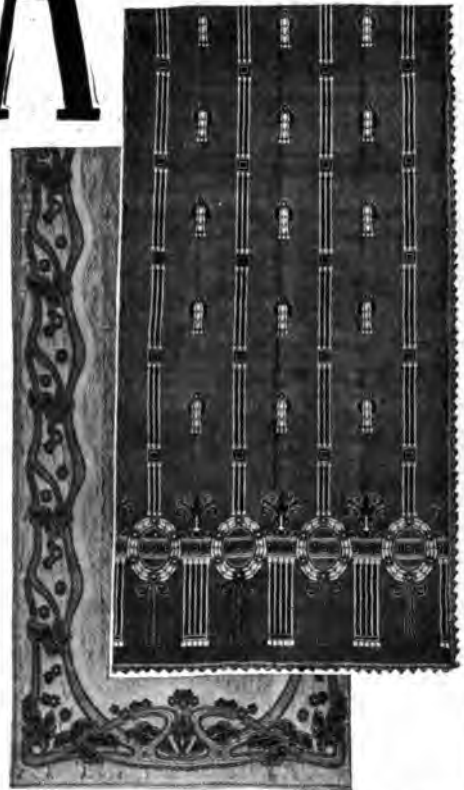
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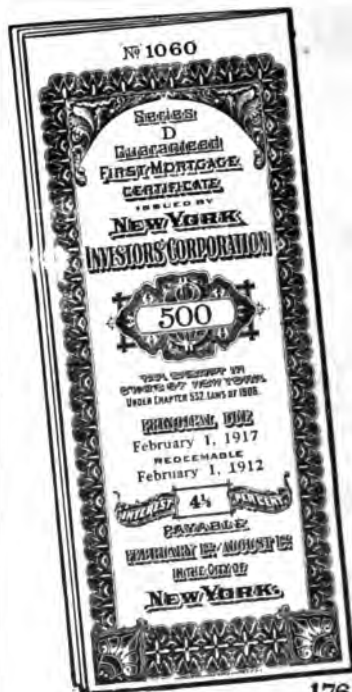
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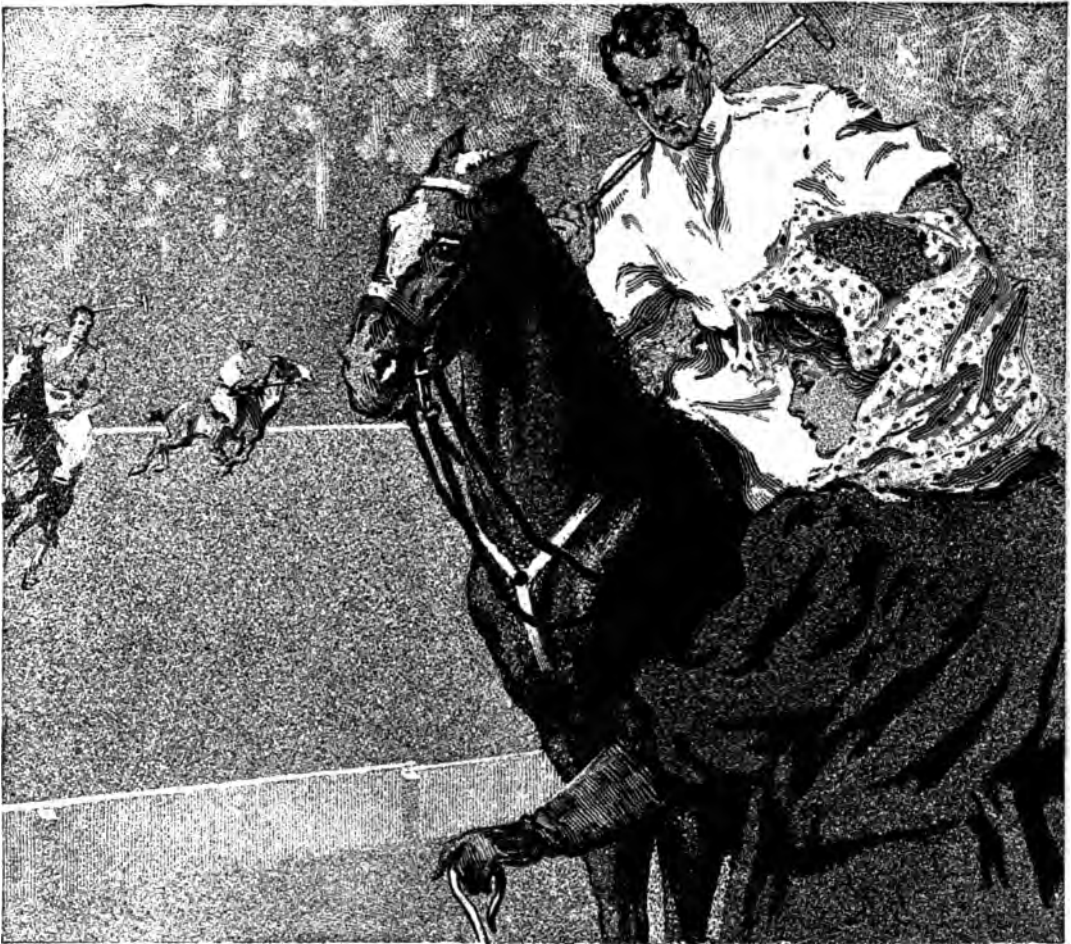
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Hundreds of people are today wearing artificial legs and suffering great discomfort. They believe there is no limb on the market better than the one they have and that every wearer of a limb must suffer more or less. This is unnecessary.

The "**Erickson Leg**" with its improved slip socket has relieved the suffering of thousands of people in all parts of the world, many of whom had tried several makes, none of which were a success. Some of these customers live near you. Write and I'll give you their addresses and tell you of my own experience in wearing a leg.

The "**Erickson Leg**" with patented slip socket and ankle joint allows the wearer to walk with comfort and without a limp. It does not chafe, overheat or draw the end of the stump. It is exceedingly light in weight, and guaranteed as to durability. Perfect fit can be given from measurements taken right at the home.

Send today for our large beautifully illustrated catalog.

E. H. ERICKSON, 99 Washington Ave. No., Minneapolis, Minn., U. A.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for





Holland Shade
Taken from window of well-known club. Shows how Holland wrinkles and fails to give real privacy. Shades like this will be seen wherever Holland is used.



Opaque Shade
In use only a few months and already spoiled by the familiar, unsightly "cracks."



Brenlin Shade
Won't wrinkle; won't "crack;" does shade.

Brenlin

the new window shade material

Won't Wrinkle! Won't "Crack!" Really Shades!

THE three window shades in this picture show what a wonderful improvement BRENLIN is.

Holland shades wrinkle; don't give complete privacy and they don't shade because they haven't body enough.

Opaque shades "crack" because they are made of muslin filled with chalk to make them opaque and hang straight. As the shades are handled this chalk breaks. BRENLIN won't wrinkle; won't "crack;" won't fade. It has a natural body that makes it hang straight and smooth and is made without filling of any kind.

BRENLIN is made in all colors. Leading dealers have it. Any dealer can easily get it for you.

Every yard has the name "BRENLIN" perforated in

letters BRENLIN like this in the edge of the material. You can only see it by taking the shade in your hands and examining it closely—but be sure that it is there when your shades are delivered. It is your protection against shades that look like BRENLIN but "crack."

If your dealer hasn't BRENLIN write us and we will refer you to one who has, or supply you direct.

Write for samples and "The Treatment of Windows," showing how best lighting effects are secured. Postage paid.

Chas. W. Breneman & Co.
2048-2058 Reading Road Cincinnati

PLAN YOUR WINTER TRIPS NOW

The HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE offers an attractive list of cruises for the Winter Season. Comprehensive itineraries, including the most interesting places in

The Orient,	The West Indies,	Egypt and the
The Mediterranean,	Bermuda,	Holy Land.
The Adriatic,	to the Panama Canal,	

Efficient Management.

20 Years' Experience.

Rates with or without shore excursions.

Duration from 13 to 79 days.

Cost from \$75 to \$300 and upward.

Twin Screw Steamers.

All comforts and conveniences.

Tourist Department Facilities.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

35 37 Broadway, New York.

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901 Olive St., St. Louis.

1334 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

908 Market St., San Francisco.

90 State St., Boston.



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A MAN TALKED

This Is His Talk

“For fifteen years I've had all the magazines in my house. I read them all at first, then I only read some, then I read none. I just looked at the pictures and let it go at that. I began reading EVERYBODY'S by accident. I read more and was convinced

(I Like It)

“It stimulates my brain, makes me feel fresher. I read it every month. I don't always agree with it—sometimes it aggravates me; but it always makes me think and I like the sensation.

“I get up from a session with EVERYBODY'S feeling tense, animated, vital; there's no sameness to it. I like it because

It's Mighty Human.”

Two things in the October Number you mustn't miss: OWEN WISTER'S “Keystone Crime,” and a story the Editors say is the best of the year. See if you can pick it out.

*Get a copy and try it. If it convinces you--subscribe.
\$1.50 a year. 8 months for a dollar. 15 cents on all news-stands.*

Address, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, NEW YORK, N. Y., Dept. B.



Are Your Sox Insured?

The **Holeproof** Bears the Guarantee that Counts

Holeproof Sox wear!—Six months without a hole—Six months without attention from the darning needle. That's what we offer in Holeproof Hosiery.

"We guarantee to any purchaser of Holeproof Sox or Holeproof Stockings that they will need no darning for 6 months. If they should, we agree to replace them with new ones, provided they are returned to us within 6 months from date of sale to wearer."

Holeproof are the original guaranteed sox that wear Six Months Without Holes

Holeproof Sox and Holeproof Stockings are handsome in appearance, elastic, and easy to the feet in every way. By using a certain combination of the highest grades of long-fibred yarns, where the hardest usage comes, we are able to knit sox and stockings which will outwear ordinary hosiery **Six to One**. Don't take our say-so, but read what wearers say:

Holeproof Hosiery Co.

Gentlemen—Enclosed herewith find \$2.00 in payment of one box of Women's Holeproof Stockings, as per ad herewith enclosed. Stockings to be entire black No. 9. I know what the Holeproof Sox are and so thought would try some of the stockings for myself as it seems so nice not to have to darn my husband's socks. He got a box of you last September, and they are fine. I notice in this ad that you pay all transportation charges. Yours truly, Mrs. Ralph Cunningham.

Newton, Iowa, May 30, 1906.

Holeproof Hosiery Co.

Gentlemen—Please find enclosed money order for \$2.00 for which I wish you would send me a half dozen, all black cotton, men's socks, No. 11. A year ago last February, I bought a half dozen of these socks from you and I am wearing them today. I have never been able before to secure a sock that would last a month without wearing holes in them. I can honestly say that the goods you put out have no equal. Respectfully yours, Royal P. Jarvis.

Pullman, Wash., May 15, 1906.

Holeproof Hosiery

Men's Holeproof Sox

Fast Colors—Black, Tan (light or dark), Pearl and Navy Blue. Sizes 9 to 12.

Egyptian Cotton, (medium or light weight) sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size—assorted colors if desired—six months' guarantee with each pair. Per box of six pairs..... **\$2.00**

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CAUTION! In buying, be *absolutely positive* that you get the original Holeproof goods. *Insist* upon it to protect yourself. Dishonest manufacturers and dealers are attempting to profit by our success, and are offering *worthless imitations* under names and in packages as near like Holeproof as they dare. In some instances, dealers even claim that such goods are *made by the Holeproof Hosiery Company of Milwaukee*. We wish to emphasize most strongly that Holeproof is the only brand we manufacture, and each and every pair of Holeproof Sox or Holeproof Stockings bears our trade mark (registered) plainly stamped thereon.

If your dealer doesn't sell the Holeproof line we will supply you direct upon receipt of price and prepay all shipping charges. Let us know the size you wear, the color you prefer, and remit by money order or draft, or any other convenient way.

Write today for our Free Booklet It's full of interesting convincing facts about Holeproof Hosiery. We will also give you the name of the local dealer in your city.

Holeproof Hosiery Company

43 Fourth Street

Milwaukee, Wisconsin



Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for



All of the surfaces in the world requiring paint, varnish or stain are owned by somebody. It is these owners—millions of them—who have made it possible for us to become the largest paint and varnish makers in the world.

Whether they buy, influence the buying or hire the painter who buys, they pay for the treatment and judge the results.

Every drop of Sherwin-Williams Paints or Varnishes has, for the past forty years, been sold as the right quality—the best for the particular surface to be treated. The fact that we have become the largest makers of paints and varnishes in the world on this basis and with millions of surface owners as judges of our claims, is the best answer to the question, “Who Makes the Best Paints and Varnishes?” Write for free booklet bearing that title.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

LARGEST (BECAUSE BEST) PAINT & VARNISH MAKERS IN THE WORLD
FACTORIES: CLEVELAND, CHICAGO, NEWARK, MONTREAL, LONDON, ENG.

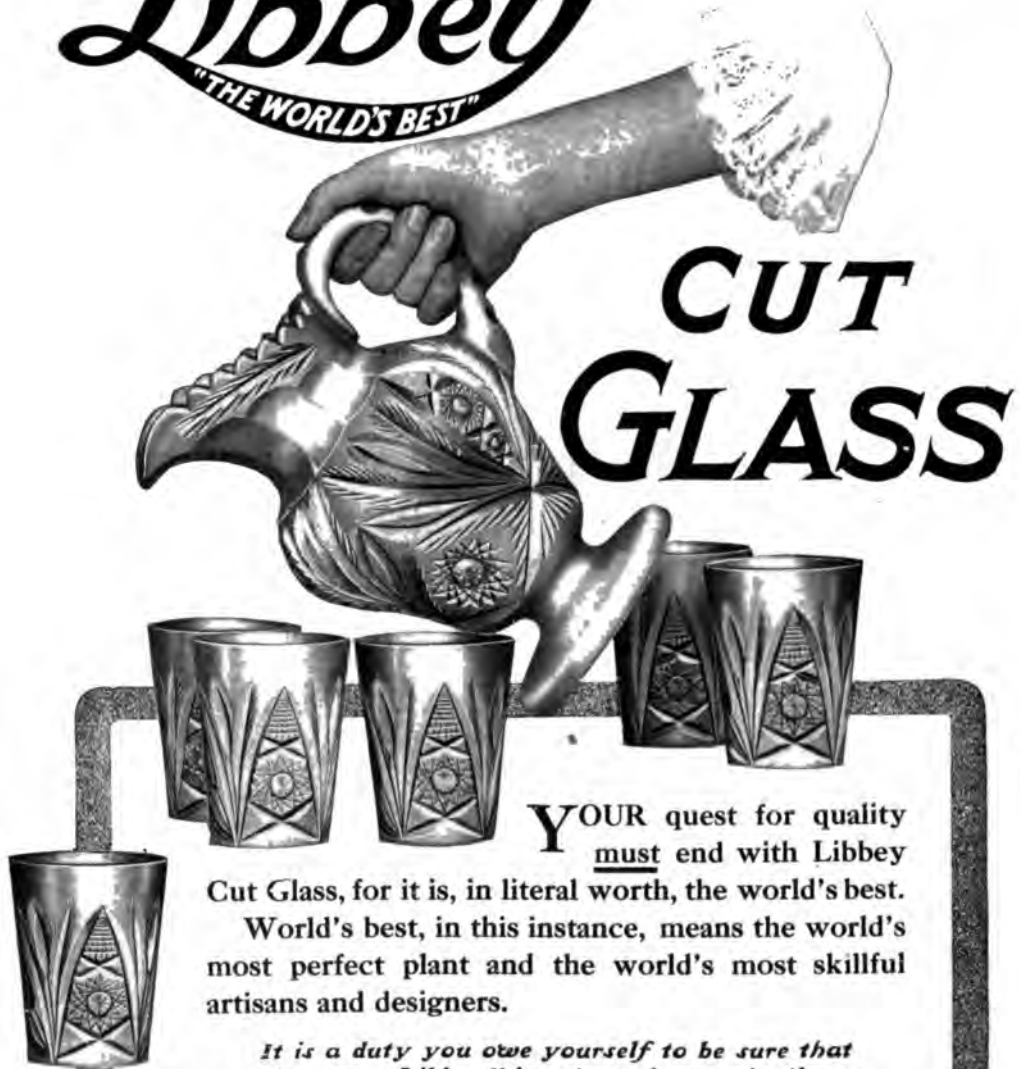
SALES OFFICES AND WAREHOUSES IN 23 PRINCIPAL CITIES

Address all inquiries to 603 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada to 639 Centre St., Montreal
London Address: 7 Well Court, Queen's St., E.C.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for

The Very Name Is Conclusive

Libbey
"THE WORLD'S BEST"



**CUT
GLASS**

YOUR quest for quality
must end with Libbey
Cut Glass, for it is, in literal worth, the world's best.

World's best, in this instance, means the world's
most perfect plant and the world's most skillful
artisans and designers.

*It is a duty you owe yourself to be sure that
the name "Libbey" is engraved upon the glass.*

THE LIBBEY GLASS COMPANY, Toledo, O.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for

WRITING PAPERS: CORRECT & EXCELLENT

We offer to discriminating women correspondence papers not only correct in style and high in quality, but of such variety as to permit a wide range in selection. Your personal preference may be gratified with the assurance that each paper is both correct in style and easy to write upon. The Eaton-Hurlbut line represents the largest stationery manufacturing plant in the world. Its papers are the result of skill, long experience, and the authoritative knowledge necessary to the creation of fashion.

EATON'S HOT-PRESSED VELLUM

This is that fine paper which was made famous by the prize-letter-writing contest and which was so highly praised by so many people. It is made in every correct size and comes in white only. Those who prefer a less smooth finish will find it in Eaton's Cold-Pressed Linen.

HIGHLAND LINEN

This is the most popular writing paper ever produced and more has been sold of it than of any other kind. It is a fabric-finished paper and can be had in all correct sizes and in the following colors: White, Swiss Blue, Pearl Gray, Imperial Violet, and Scotch Granite.



BERKSHIRE LINEN FABRIC

This paper is one of the best papers we make. Any one selecting a permanent style of writing paper will find that it wears well. The larger sizes are excellent for a man's personal stationery. It is made in all the correct sizes in White, Blue, and Gray.

FRENCH PERCALE

This paper, which has that attractive fabric finish which is so fancied by some and which has been so popular and fashionable this year, is a medium and light weight paper, excellent for foreign correspondence. It is made in white only, but can be had in all correct sizes.

The new styles in envelopes — Blenheim, Premier, Whitley, Winthrop — can be had in any of these papers. They are sold by all good stationers.

We are proud of our product and especially of these papers. No other house has so large a stationery business as this. No other has had so much experience; no other has produced so many new papers which have met with such wide favor.

THE EATON-HURLBUT PAPER COMPANY, PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Founded in 1822

Any one who has not yet read the prize letters written about and upon Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum will do well to send four cents in stamps for "Eaton's" for June and read them.



"Solid Silver Where it Wears"

HOLMES & EDWARDS STERLING SILVER INLAID

Send for booklet K-133
HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO.
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., SUCCESSOR. BRIDGEPORT, Conn.
PATENTED

THIS TRADE MARK E HOLMES & EDWARDS HE ON EVERY PIECE

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Ward Safety Razor



The WARD appeals to economy, comfort and common sense and i

Natural Sliding Stroke

is the direct result of its simple construction, which eliminates th
pull of the hoe-shaped safety razor.

150 to 250 Shaves for 60 Cents

Each double edged inflexible WARD BLADE, cos
ing but five cents, will give ten to twenty clean, smooth
refreshing shaves, and they require no honing or stropping

Only 2 Parts—Handle and Blade

No complicated screws to annoy, or
numerous parts to lose.

You press back the plunger, releasing
the blade, and it is cleaned and read-
justed for use in an instant.

For sale by leading jewelry, drug, hardware,
and cutlery dealers. If your dealer does
not handle THE WARD, write direct
for our thirty day "free trial" offer.



Triple
silver plated
handle and 12
double edged
blades in a handsome
case \$4.00
Extra blades, per
dozen60

No blades exchanged or re-sharpened.

The Ward Safety Razor Company, 727 Star Building, Chicago

THE FASHIONABLE COLLAR OF THE SEASON



ARROW COLLAR

"ADDISON"

A distinctly smart style for Fall and Winter wear. Made in
Clupeco Shrink Quarter Sizes. It is at your Outfitters', if not we
will fill your order. 15 cents each, 2 for 25 cents.

Send for Proper Dress, a man's book.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., 449 River Street, Troy, New York.
Makers of Cluett Shirts.

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IN GLOVES
 a good fit means not only good looks, but good wear. The glove that fits your hand lasts longer than the glove that is too tight in some places, too loose in others. It is easy to get a good fit in

FOWNES GLOVES

They are correctly made by a firm that has been making good gloves for one hundred and thirty years.

Whether for men, women or children, if it's a FOWNES, that's all you need to know about a glove.

Sold by good stores everywhere—never under any other name than Fownes.




**PROF. I. HUBERT'S
MALVINA
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"The one Reliable Beautifier"

Positively removes Freckles, Sun-burn, and all imperfections of the skin, and prevents wrinkles, does not merely cover up but eradicates them. Malvina Lotion and Ichthylol Soap should be used in connection with Malvina Cream. At all drugists, or sent on receipt of order. Cream, 50c; Lotion, 25c; Soap, 10c, all postpaid.

Send for testimonials.

PROF. I. HUBERT, Toledo, Ohio.

CLASS PINS AND BADGES

For SOCIETY or LODGE—COLLEGE or SCHOOL

Factory to you. Made to order in any style or material. Read this offer. Either of the two styles here illustrated, enameled in one or two colors and showing any letters or numerals, but not more than shown in illustration.

Silver Plate \$1 doz. Sample 10c. Sterling Silver \$2.40 doz. Sample 25c.

FREE our new and handsomely illustrated catalog—shows new styles in gold and silver. Satisfaction guaranteed. Celluloid Buttons and Ribbon Badges at right prices. Special designs and estimates free.

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TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

All the Standard Machines **SOLD or RENTED ANYWHERE** at **LOWEST PRICES**, allowing **RENTAL TO APPLY ON PRICE**. Shipped with privilege of examination. **197** Write for Illustrated Catalog.

TYPEWRITER REPORIUM, 800 Fifth Ave., CHICAGO



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Thoroughbred Fall Styles

Regals have that thoroughbred appearance always found in correct footwear.

The "St. Clair," pictured here, is a strong favorite this season among men who follow the dictates of each season's new fashions.

Every line and curve of this handsome model is distinctive. Its narrow, "high-slope" toe is an exclusive feature; the military heel and correct custom extension of the sole give the "St. Clair" the perfect balance of a faultless design.

The new Regal models are placed on sale each season only after they have received the approval of New York men and women whose taste in dress is unquestioned. There is a certain satisfaction in knowing in advance that the style you select is correct.

Regals are made in quarter-sizes to insure accuracy of fitting.

ST. CLAIR, \$4.00

Delivered, prepaid, \$4.25

Style 2 FB 1—As illustrated. High shoe, blucher cut. Made of Patent Calf.

Style 2 FB 2—Same, except plain lace style. Made of Imported Enamel.

One
of 45
equally
correct
styles
for this
season



FALL STYLE BOOK:—Illustrates the correct models for both men and women. It's an acknowledged authority on styles. Magazine size. Handsome cover in colors. Postpaid on request.

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and agencies
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San Francisco, Cal., Cor. Van Ness Ave. and Bush

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London, Eng., E. C., 97 Cheapside, cor. Lawrence Lane.

REGAL SHOES

\$3.50-\$4.00-\$5.00

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

\$3.50-\$4.00-\$5.00

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Stains

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sy to apply, and guaranteed fast colors; and they are made
ervative known."

Build Warm Houses

It costs less than trying to heat cold ones.
For a few dollars you can make your house
wind and frost proof, by lining it with

Cabot's Sheathing "Quilt"

a "comforter that warms the whole family."
It is six times as warm as the best building
paper, and is warmer, more permanent, and
one-half cheaper than back-plastering.

"In circulars and name of nearest agent, sent free on request."

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ENTS AT ALL CENTRAL POINTS

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Bear the script name of Stewart
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Get "Improved," no tacks required.

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MAZOO
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7 buying stoves and ranges direct
satisfactory prices. Quality guar-
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300 Styles and Sizes

For the home, parlor,
kitchen, bedroom. For
churches, schools, lodge
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Ranges for restaurants,
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heating and cooking.



ne Varnish

lasts longest

• Murphy Varnish Company.

stitutes; insist on getting what you ask for



Are Your Sox Insured?

The **Holeproof** Bears the Guarantee that Counts

Holeproof Sox wear!—Six months without a hole—Six months without attention from the darning needle. That's what we offer in Holeproof Hosiery.

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Holeproof are the original guaranteed sox that wear

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Write today for our Free Booklet

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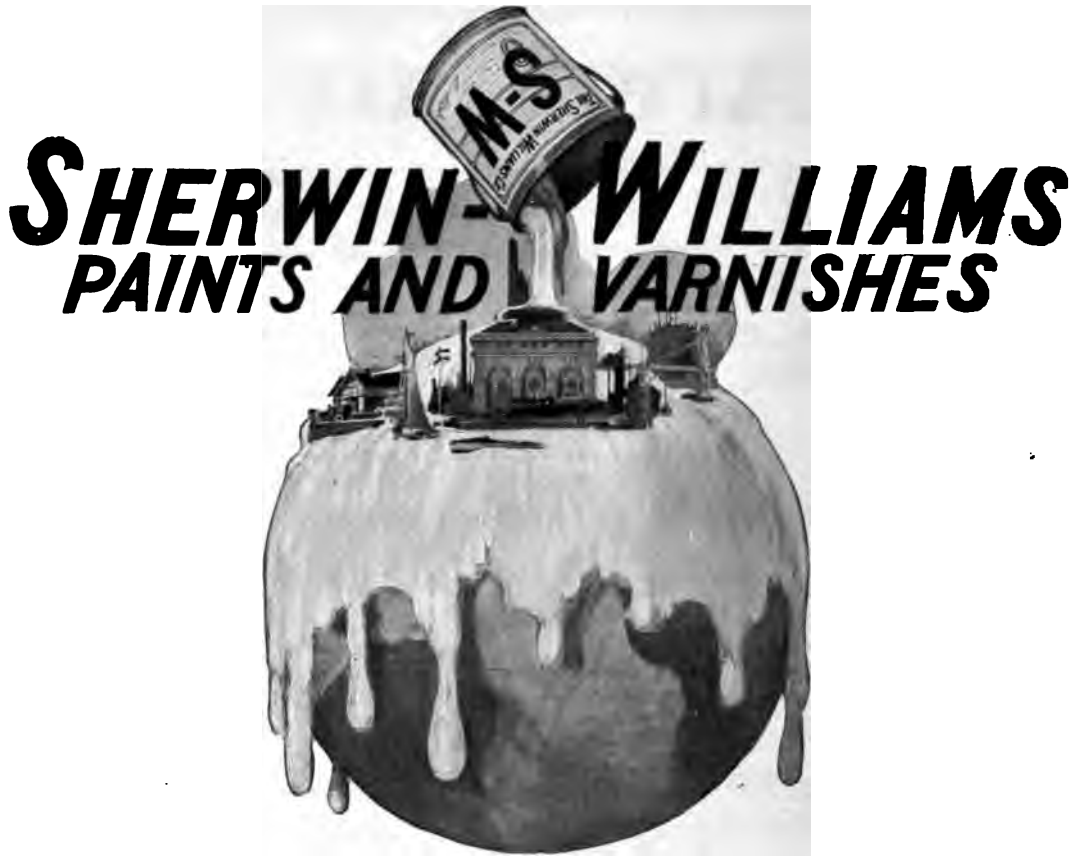
Holeproof Hosiery Company

43 Fourth Street

Milwaukee, Wisconsin



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We are proud of our product and especially of these papers. No other house has so large a stationery business as this. No other has had so much experience; no other has produced so many new papers which have met with such wide favor.

THE EATON-HURLBUT PAPER COMPANY, PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Founded in 1822

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"Solid Silver Where it Wears"

HOLMES & EDWARDS

Send for booklet K-133

STERLING SILVER INLAID

HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., SUCCESSOR. BRIDGEPORT, Conn.

PATENTED

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Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for

Ward Safety Razor



The WARD appeals to economy, comfort and common sense and its

Natural Sliding Stroke

is the direct result of its simple construction, which eliminates the pull of the hoe-shaped safety razor.

150 to 250 Shaves for 60 Cents

Each double edged inflexible WARD BLADE, costing but five cents, will give ten to twenty clean, smooth, refreshing shaves, and they require no honing or stropping.

Only 2 Parts—Handle and Blade

No complicated screws to annoy, or numerous parts to lose.

You press back the plunger, releasing the blade, and it is cleaned and readjusted for use in an instant.

For sale by leading jewelry, drug, hardware, and cutlery dealers. If your dealer does not handle THE WARD, write direct for our thirty day "free trial" offer.



Triple
silver plated
handle and 12
double edged
blades in a handsome
case\$4.00
Extra blades, per
dozen60

No blades exchanged or re-sharpened.

The Ward Safety Razor Company, 727 Star Building, Chicago

THE FASHIONABLE COLLAR OF THE SEASON



ARROW COLLARS

"ADDISON"

A distinctly smart style for Fall and Winter wear. Made in Clupeco Shrunk Quarter Sizes. It is at your Outfitters', if not we will fill your order. 15 cents each, 2 for 25 cents.

Send for Proper Dress, a man's book.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., 449 River Street, Troy, New York.
Makers of Cluett Shirts.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

2148—\$50.

4165—\$90.

2307—\$75.

4129—\$200.

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Down, 10% A Month.

all considerations in diamond buying, are always satisfactory to our 4-year reputation for reliability is your guarantee of quality. It assures that every sale we make should strengthen that reputation. Best in the market, because we eliminate every avoidable expense. We save the enormous duties imposed upon polished stones. We give you. This saves you middlemen's profits.

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(12 Packs)



Russell's "REGULARS," \$3.
Express Paid.

RUSSELL'S IDEAL PLAYING CARDS

"Long Distance Faces"

ALL GRADES
ALL STORES

Willis W. Russell
TRADE MARK
Willis W. Russell
Card Co., Milltown, N. J.



New Lamps for Old

should you have a Rochester that does not give satisfaction, return it to us, (if not injured) and we will give you a new one FREE.

The Rochester gives a soft, cheerful, mellow light of wonderful brilliancy, enabling weak eyes to read without straining. Made of brass throughout, any finish. Perfectly constructed, absolutely safe, guaranteed; millions in use. We manufacture, import and deal in all sondries pertaining to light and heat—oil, gas, alcohol, electricity.

Agents wanted, men and women; experience unnecessary; permanent home employment, salary or commission. Send stamp for salesman's instructions and Lamp Information, the knowledge acquired through years of experience.

Rochester Lamp Co., Dept. N, Rochester, N.Y.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.
Reduced rates on household goods to and from all points on the Pacific Coast. 349 Marquette Building, Chicago; 1005 Carleton Building, St. Louis; 851 Tremont Building, Boston; 101 Columbia Building, San Francisco; 109 Stinson Bldg., Los Angeles.

Thoroughbred Fall Styles

Regals have that thoroughbred appearance always found in correct footwear.

The "St. Clair," pictured here, is a strong favorite this season among men who follow the dictates of each season's new fashions.

Every line and curve of this handsome model is distinctive. Its narrow, "high-slope" toe is an exclusive feature; the military heel and correct custom extension of the sole give the "St. Clair" the perfect balance of a faultless design.

The new Regal models are placed on sale each season only after they have received the approval of New York men and women whose taste in dress is unquestioned. There is a certain satisfaction in knowing in advance that the style you select is correct.

Regals are made in quarter-sizes to insure accuracy of fitting.

ST. CLAIR, \$4.00

Delivered, prepaid, \$4.25

Style 2 FS 1—As illustrated. High shoe, blucher cut. Made of Patent Calf.

Style 2 FS 2—Same, except plain toe style. Made of Patent Calf.

One of 43 equally correct styles for this season



FALL STYLE BOOK—Illustrates the correct models for both men and women. It's an acknowledged authority on styles. Magazine size. Handsome cover in colors. Postpaid on request.

153 stores and agencies in all principal cities

REGAL SHOE COMPANY

Mail Order Department:

309 SUMMER STREET, Boston, Mass.

Mail Order Sub-Stations:

East Whitman, Mass. Box 903.

San Francisco, Cal., Cor. Van Ness Ave. and Bush St.—*New Store.*

London, Eng., E. C., 97 Cheapside, cor. Lawrence Lane.

REGAL SHOES

\$3.50-\$4.00-\$5.00

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

\$3.50-\$4.00-\$5.00

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every style in white or in
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PEABODY & CO.
St., Troy, N. Y.

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS
ARROW COLLARS.

MADE IN COAT,
OPEN FRONT OR
OPEN FRONT AND BACK



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NEW-SKIN
TRADE MARK
REGISTERED



LIQUID COURT PLASTER

immediately dries, forming a tough, transparent, waterproof coating. "New-Skin" heals Cuts, Abrasions, Hang-Nails, Chapped and Split Lips or Fingers, Burns, Blisters, etc. Instantly relieves Chilblains, Frosted Ears, Stings of Insects, Chafed or Blistered Feet, Callous Spots, etc., etc.

A coating on the sensitive parts will protect the feet from being chafed or blistered by new or heavy shoes. **MECHANICS, SPORTSMEN, BICYCLISTS, GOLFERS**, in fact all of us, are liable to bruise, scratch or scrape our skin. "NEW-SKIN" will heal these injuries, will not wash off, and after it is applied the injury is forgotten as "NEW-SKIN" makes a temporary new skin until the broken skin is healed under it.

"Paint it with 'New-Skin' and forget it" is literally true. **CAUTION: WE GUARANTEE** our claims for "NEW-SKIN". No one guarantees substitutes or imitations trading on our reputation, and the guarantee of an imitator would be worthless any way.

ALWAYS INSIST ON GETTING "NEW-SKIN".
Sample size, 10c. Family size (like illustration), 25c. Two ounce bottles (for surgeons and hospitals), 50c.

AT THE DRUGGISTS, or we will mail a package anywhere in the United States on receipt of price.

Douglas Mfg. Co. Dept. - 5 64-66 Poplar Street
Brooklyn, New York

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COMMUNITY SILVER

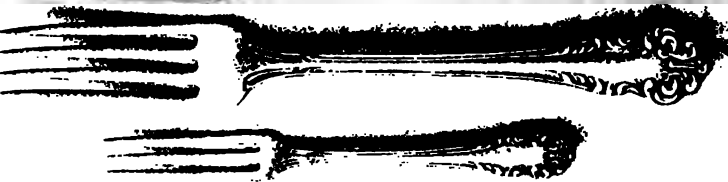
COMMUNITY SILVER

adds grace to any table. Its beauty delights, while its quality more than satisfies.

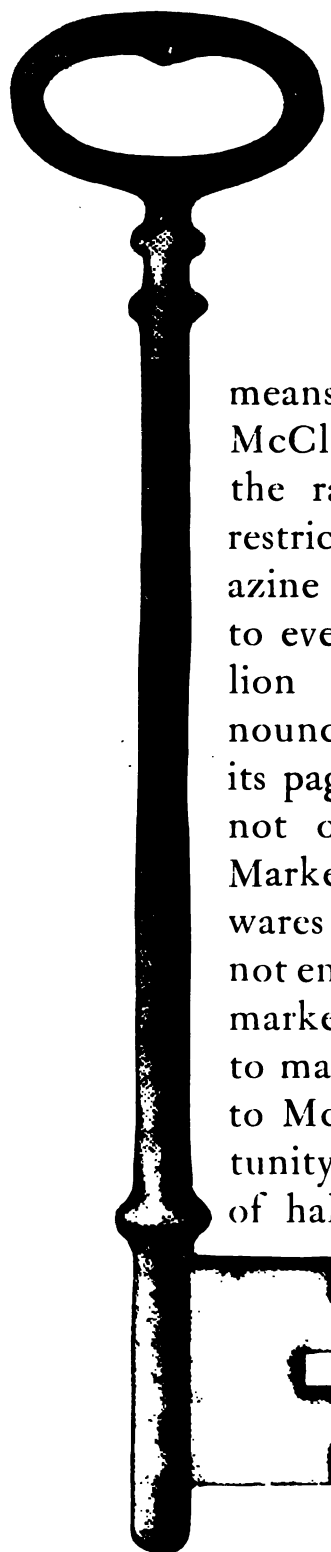
Community Silver is made only in one grade—a plate heavier than triple. It will wear a lifetime.

For sale by your dealer at about the price of ordinary plated ware.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.
ONEIDA, N.Y.



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“The Key *to the* Marketplace *of the* World”

means simply the privilege of advertising in McClure's. “The Key” is a knowledge of the rates coupled with a knowledge of the restrictions. McClure's Magazine is personally responsible to every one of its half a million buyers for every announcement that appears in its pages. Therefore, it does not offer the “Key to the Marketplace” to anyone whose wares or whose words it cannot endorse. No manufacturer can enter this marketplace without using the right Key, but to manufacturers whose goods ought to be sold to McClure readers is offered the best opportunity to display their goods before the buyers of half a million homes in a particularly attractive way. Ask for “The Key to the Marketplace.”



CURTIS P. BRADY, Advertising Manager
44 East 23d Street, New York

FREDERICK C. LITTLE (Western Representatives,
FREDERICK E. M. COLE (Marquette Bldg., Chicago
EGERTON CHICHESTER (New England Representative,
Penn. Mutual Bldg., Boston

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for

Cook's Linoleum

COOK'S Linoleum is easy to the tread. It makes a comfortable floor. Linoleum that is harsh and uncomfortable is brittle and unserviceable—chips and cracks. COOK'S is not only hygienic but sanitary: the inlaid is **molded** in one piece with pattern through to the back, and guaranteed not to split apart where the colors join. It has no seams or joints where dirt and germs can lodge; where scrub-water can soak through and rot the burlap backing. Quite different from inlaid made by the old method of piecing together separate color blocks to form the pattern. Cook's Printed Linoleum is smooth, pliable and *tough*; printed extra deep and extra well; wears extra long.

Write for "Linoleum Pattern Book S." Sent free. Shows the latest designs, with suggestions for various rooms. Also tells how to buy.

In buying either Inlaid or Printed linoleum, look for the name on the back—

Cook's Linoleum

If your dealer won't supply Cook's, write us for the name of a dealer who will.

Cook's Decora for your walls. The original washable water-proof wall covering. Hung like wall paper, but uncrackable. Numberless patterns and colorings. Write for leaflet describing Cook's Decora.



The old Inlaid—each color in the pattern a separate piece.



Cook's Inlaid—molded in one piece. Combined inseparably with the burlap backing under hydraulic pressure of 3000 lbs. to the square inch.

Cook's Decora on the wall



Cook's Linoleum on the floor

Trenton Oil Cloth & Linoleum Co.
Trenton, New Jersey

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An Innovation in Fashionable Trousers

"Nufangl" Trousers are built on smart lines and with an entirely new principle. Straps and buckles are dispensed with. The simple little vents in each side of the waistband of

Present "Nufangl" Trousers

enable you to adjust them at will to any variation in waist measurement.

These side vents fasten with snap clasps—two on each side—so that you can let them out or take them in without producing a wrinkle or a fold anywhere.

"Nufangl" Trousers are made in the prevailing style. Leading clothiers have them in all seasonable weights and fabrics from \$4 to \$8.

If not at your dealer's, we will refer you to our agent in your town, or supply you direct, by express prepaid. Only waist and length measurements necessary. Write for free samples. Address

PRESENT & CO., 596 Broadway, New York City.

CORN KNIFE

A safety corn knife of its kind in the world. A treat for the feet. Enough for one set for the family. The complete outfit of sanitary safety blade holder—sanitary handle and neat case—all for 50 cents. Blades changeable in every store in the universe will be selling them—if your dealer hasn't them—prepay yours upon receipt of 50 cents.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., Inc., 320 Broadway, N. Y.

50¢

COMPLETE

YOU PAY 1½¢ PER DAY

"Living Credential" (Inclosed in a handsome leather pocketbook) which will take cash money orders, checks, etc., at Banks and Hotels where you are carried with it a special policy in one of the strongest old line Accident Companies, paying \$2,000 in case of Death and \$15.00 weekly indemnity for Accident. Issued to men or women in all occupations between the ages of 16 and 65 years.

TOTAL COST ONLY \$5.00 PER YEAR.

Get, sample policy, etc. **Salesmen Wanted.** This is a high-grade money maker.

THE COMPANY OF AMERICA, 131 La Salle St., Chicago.

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easily obtained by using

STEEL TILING

—proof, water-proof and fire-proof, can be put up—without muss—by any unskilled laborer if desired. Free from all flammable earthenware tiles, paper, fabric

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CO., 50 Cherry St., New York City

No Cold Steel

THIS TRADE MARK IS YOUR GUIDE AND OUR GUARANTEE.




Copyright 1917 by Hart Schaffner & Marx


YOUNG men, or old, or between, like our silk-lined Chesterfield Overcoat.

The Style Book shows others; sent for six cents. When you buy clothes find our name for what it means to you.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Good Clothes Makers
Chicago Boston New York

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The Extra 20 Cents Buys Perfection

You pay 80 cents for the chocolates you believe best, but 20 cents a pound more buys

Chocolats au Guth

REALLY best because:

Ingredient's cost nearly twice the price of those in ANY 80 cent candy

Methods of making are the most scientific and hygienic known

No simple sugar and chocolate combinations—only the most exquisite blends of highest-priced nuts, fruits and fondants—**EVERY PIECE** the finest.

In trays, packed each piece in an individual case


Besides, I will pay \$1000 for the first box of any other candy as good, bought in the regular way in the open market.

These sweets may be had in the *Guth* stores in six cities or of a thousand agencies, but to convince YOU, I will prepay express anywhere in United States on receipt of \$1 note or money order for a pound, and will refund money if you are not entirely pleased. INTERESTING booklet on request.

322 North Charles Street
Baltimore

New York
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WHICH?

Dirt

Dust

Coal Gas

?



The question of heating the home is more important to the health than it is to the pocket-book.

When, however, you can enjoy economy in heating expense with all the benefits of modern sanitary science, you want the combination, don't you?

It is on this basis that we come to you with our thoroughly up-to-date methods of heating with

CAPITOL BOILERS. and RADIATORS

Hot water, or low-pressure steam—as being the highest example of efficiency, comfort, health and economy in heating the house.

It not only floods every room with warmth, but maintains a constant circulation of air—a changing atmosphere, always fresh and wholesome.

Contrast the disadvantages of hot air—the bulky furnaces; the large, dangerous pipes running up the walls and partitions; the unpleasant gases, inevitable dust; the thick atmosphere, one room too hot and another cold; the soiled walls and curtains; the incessant attention to keep going—or


The small, concise **Capitol Boiler**—the small, safe pipes, handsome radiators; ease and simplicity of operation (a child can keep it going); the cleanliness, wholesomeness, and the entire house filled with a summery atmosphere.

Don't you think you want your home heated our way with a **Capitol Boiler and Radiators**? Take up the question with us. Send for illustrated descriptive literature covering modern heating methods, with testimonials as to the great superiority of **Capitol Boilers and Radiators**.

And remember that **Capitol Boilers and Radiators** are equally desirable for schools, churches and office buildings.


Anyway, write for our literature—this matter of home and public heating is a personal one.

United States Heater Company.



Dept. E

DETROIT, MICH.



Branch offices and agencies in all principal cities.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for



How About Your Water Supply?

Are your water rates high?
Do you have to carry the water?
Does your water freeze in winter?
Do you have a supply of running water?

Is your drinking water always fresh and pure?
Do you enjoy the comforts of a modern bath room?
Does your water get warm and stagnant in summer?
Have you a dangerous and unsightly attic or elevated tank?
Could you fight a fire effectively with your present arrangement?

*If any of these questions fit your case, we
have something important to say to you.*

The Kewanee System of Water Supply

is a perfect system in every way, easily installed, can be operated successfully by the most inexperienced person, has no unsightly or dangerous elevated tank and provides an abundance of pure, aerated water at any part of your building or grounds. The pressure can be relied upon for perfect service and effective fire protection. Over 8000 Kewanee Systems in successful operation.

Let us tell you more about this successful and efficient water supply system. Send for our 64-page illustrated catalog which is the most complete book published on the subject of water supply for country and city residences, farms, villages, clubs, public institutions, hotels, etc. Our hydraulic engineers will plan your whole water supply system free of all charge. Our guarantee protects you.

Write us to-day. Ask for Catalog No. 33. It is free.

Kewanee Water Supply Company, Kewanee, Ill.

No. 32 Broadway, New York City. 820 Marquette
Building, Chicago. 404 Equitable Bldg., Baltimore.



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*Calm seas and Summer skies.
A one day's stop at beautiful Hawaii.
The maximum of speed and luxury.*

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From **SAN FRANCISCO** to **HAWAII, JAPAN, CHINA** and the **PHILIPPINES**

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BECKMANN PIANOS ON CREDIT

This celebrated Beckmann Piano, price

\$175.00

Terms: \$15 cash with order, \$8 monthly until paid. Send \$15 today and we will ship this piano at once on 30 days' free trial.



We will Ship a Beckmann Piano to Your Home on FREE TRIAL no matter where you live. A world-famous piano in every home on easy monthly payments without the dealer's profits.

Don't make a move in piano buying until you have read and analyzed this great offer and received a copy of our handsome free piano catalogue.

The excessive profits paid to piano dealers are an unjust taxation on the buying public and we have formulated a plan of selling the celebrated BECKMANN pianos at such a low price and on such easy terms that the piano situation in this country will be relieved and simplified to a vast degree. The beautiful tone qualities of the BECKMANN have of course given it unrivalled standing in musical circles everywhere, and in order to demonstrate and convince you of the vast superiority of the celebrated BECKMANN, we will ship you one of these pianos on free trial.

THE PRICE OF THE BECKMANN HERE ILLUSTRATED IS \$175.00 and the terms **\$15.00 cash with the order and \$8.00 monthly.**

Our price of \$175.00 bears no middleman's profit and the piano comes to you at the exact cost of manufacture with but our one small percentage of profit added. The piano here illustrated and which we offer for \$175.00 would cost you \$275.00 or more if sold to you by any dealer in America and we absolutely guarantee to save you at least \$100.00 on this piano. To convince you of this fact we will ship the instrument to you on receipt of the required first payment of \$15.00, and if you do not find it by all odds the most beautiful and richest appearing piano you have ever heard or seen, or if after using it for 30 days you are for any reason dissatisfied, simply ship it back to us at our expense and we will refund your first payment of \$15.00, together with all transportation charges which you have paid. This will end the transaction without the cost of a penny to you. If on the other hand, after using it for 30 full days and comparing it with any other pianos which may be offered to you, you like it and our claims have been justified in every detail, if it is all and more than we have led you to believe and expect, if it charms you in tone, appearance, finish, workmanship and durability, if it satisfies you more than any piano at twice its price, then keep it and send us the sum of \$8.00 per month until you have paid the total of \$175.00.

SEND FOR OUR FREE PIANO CATALOGUE TODAY. Our latest piano catalogue illustrates three other styles of BECKMANN pianos as well as our MYERHOFF piano which sells for \$145.00. If the style of the piano here illustrated is not exactly what you desire, or if you wish to learn more about the BECKMANN pianos, be sure and write for this free catalogue today. Simply drop us a postal saying, "Send me your free piano catalogue," and it will be sent to you at once. On the other hand you may order the piano here illustrated without assuming any obligation to keep it unless it is more than satisfactory in every respect. **Remember our catalogue is free** and we want every reader of this magazine to have it in their possession. **Do not under any circumstance make a move in piano buying until you have at least received a copy of our handsome free piano catalogue.**

THE SPIEGEL, MAY, STERN COMPANY, which is the house making this free trial offer, is the greatest institution of its kind in the world, and stands ready at any moment to guarantee the truth of every assertion it makes. We are the originators of the National Open Account Credit Plan and the house that has furnished homes in every section of this great country. Our combined capital is \$7,000,000 and we sell to the American people in every community on the very plan now proposed to you. We refer you to any bank or business house in the city of Chicago or in any of the 25 cities where our retail stores are located.

**Spiegel,
May, Stern**

727 So. Sangamon St., Chicago.

Send for our free catalogue of furniture, carpets and household goods. Send for our free catalogue of stoves and ranges. Send for our free catalogue of Columbia Graphophones and talking machines.

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Kenyon
RAIN-COATS
GIVE DOUBLE SERVICE

In these factories sickness does not exist. The Kenyon Label Guarantees against the dangers of wearing clothing made in sweat-shops amidst unclean, unhealthy surroundings.

KENREIGN RAINCOATS

FOR years we have been making the best raincoats in the market. This superiority has earned for us the greater portion of all the raincoat business.

BECAUSE of this great volume and our special facilities and trained organization, we always undersell the market. Naturally we show the largest line, and we invite comparisons for style, fit, finish, workmanship, fabrics and prices.

Equally well made are **KENYON OVERCOATS**.

Our Free Booklet, "How to Judge an Overcoat," will save you money every time you buy any kind of clothing. Style books and samples of novel fabrics for Fall are ready, for Kenreign Raincoats, Kenyon Light Overcoats, Kenyon Overcoats and Haugwell Trousers, also for Ladies' Silk Rubber Coats, Tourist Coats and other novel lines.

We have a handsome set of colored "Den Pictures," entitled "Revelries of a Bachelor," to send free on receipt of your clothier's name and address.

New York **C. KENYON CO.** Chicago
Address all correspondence to the factories, 705 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Wachusett
SHIRTS

Speak for themselves. Our words will not do them justice—they must be **worn** to be appreciated.

Wachusett Dress Shirts

conform in fit, style and fabric to the most exacting demands of Fashion. They are worn wherever faultless evening dress is required, and particular men pronounce them the finest made.

Ask your dealer for "Wachusett" make. Booklet free.

Wachusett Shirt Co.,
Factory 2,
Leominster, Mass.

Manufacturers of
White, Negligee, Fancy
Shirts and Night Robes.

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COUNTRY CLUB

Corliss Coon Collars 2 for 25c

Our "Country Club" Collar comes snugly together in front. The tie never spreads the opening, because the well rounded corners give ample tie space. You get the neat appearance of the close fitting standing style with all the comfort of the fold collar.

How to Test Them
For several year our advertising has continuously suggested the "Laundry Test" illustrated above. We could not openly subject our product to such a conclusive test of comparative wearing qualities, did we not see to it in the making that Corliss-Coon Collars give added wear compared with other makes.

Where to Get Them
Corliss Coon Collars are sold in the best men's shops. If not willingly supplied send us 25c for any two collars you would like to have. A booklet about our collars tells why they outwear others and shows our latest styles. Just ask for it on a postal.

Corliss, Coon & Co.
Dept. A Troy, N. Y.

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

Perfects the Complexion of its users. A dainty, pure, healthful toilet necessity, appreciated by women of refinement. **Lablache** is invisible. Tan, freckles, redness, roughness, sallowness and wrinkles as well as that oily, shiny appearance are obliterated by a touch of this great beautifier.

Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink, or Cream, 50c a box, of druggists or by mail. Send 10c. for sample.

BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfumers
Dept. 19, 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



Ithaca Guns

Price, \$223.75



NEW THREE BOLT MODEL.
Safety, strength, durability, superior shooting qualities, beautiful lines, fine finish, rich ornamentation adds to it in our New Model No. 7E, shown above. These Bolts are intended to hold gun tight—Coil Main Springs guarantee 1 lb. cover. Art Catalog free. 18 grades \$17.75 up.
Ithaca Gun Co.—Dept. "G"—Ithaca, N. Y.

Shur-On Eye-glasses

Good looking; good for the eyes; comfortable.

Look out for worthless imitations. Insist upon getting **Shur-Ons**, and be protected by our guarantee, backed by our 43 years' reputation.

Any broken part of **Mountings replaced free** within one year, by any optician.

Shur-On tag on every mounting. Be sure you get it.
Ask your optician. Shapes to fit any nose. Book free.

E. Kirstein Sons Co., Dept. C
Established 1864. Rochester, N. Y.



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Lord & Taylor

Wholesale Distributors

"Mérode" (Hand Finished)

Underwear

We write advertisements of Fall Underwear in August with the thermometer in the 90's; you read this in October when the cool nights hint of Underwear changes. Let your first thought be of

"MÉRODE" (Hand Finished) Underwear

unquestionably the most satisfactory, perfect fitting, and, most beautifully finished Underwear procurable.

Your dealer will supply the following qualities:

672. White, Winter weight merino, 75% wool.

673. Natural, Winter weight merino, 75% wool

	Vests Tights		Union Suits	
	Sizes	Extra Sizes	Sizes	Extra Sizes
Price East of the	3/6	40/44	3/6	40/44
Rocky Mountains	\$1.00	\$1.25	\$2.00	\$2.50

Union Suits for Children

No. 255 U. White, Medium weight finest combed cotton, 75c.

No. 270 U. White and natural, Winter weight merino, 60% wool. \$1.00.

Sold everywhere. Ask your dealer or write Dept. F. We will direct you to nearest Dealer or mail postpaid on receipt of price any number as above stated.

"Onyx" Hosiery

The manager of one of the most noted restaurants in New York says: "I need never ask a guest if his meal has been satisfactory, the empty plate tells its own story." So it is with "ONYX" Hosiery—it satisfies the most fastidious taste. A frequent comment is: "I have received the 'ONYX' Hosiery ordered and I consider them perfect."

Here are a few of our perfect numbers. "ONYX" Hosiery is sold by all leading dealers.

For Women

310/13. Women's "ONYX" Black Gause, Four Thread Lisle, superior quality, wear resisting, 50c. per pair.

109/K. Women's "ONYX" Black, Sea-Island Cotton, Medium weight, Double Sole, High Spliced Heel; easy and comfortable for tender feet; very elastic. Price 50c. per pair.

500/S. Women's "ONYX" Black Ingrain, Silk Lisle, Double Sole, High Spliced Heel, Elastic Top. Ingrain means, yarn dyed before knitting, therefore more wear, and elasticity, soft, lustrous, silky texture. Price 50c. per pair.

Out Size Silk Lisle Hose

Feels Like Silk—Looks Like Silk—Wears Better than Silk.

130/R. Women's "ONYX" Black Gause Silk Lisle, Double Sole, High Spliced Heel, soft, silky, extra wide and elastic. 75c. per pair.

For Men

E/310. Men's Black and Colored Lisle, six thread heel and toe; four thread all over; known to all men as "the best I ever wore." The only Lisle Hose that will not burn, and is not harsh to the feet. Price 50c. per pair.

Broadway New York

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"GEM" JUNIOR SAFETY RAZOR



EUREKA!!

Success crowning search! That pays. When a man who shaves himself discovers the "GEM" Junior Safety Razor, he says "Eureka!" Users of most makes of Safety Razors spend good money, and then waste good breath in execration or profanity.

A One Dollar bill pays for the "GEM" Junior Outfit, including silver nickel plated frame, holder and stropping handle; and 7 selected, first quality, keen-edged blades, in an attractive, plush-lined case. *Refuse substitutes offered in paper box.* Satisfaction is realized immediately, and, with ordinary care, the "GEM" Junior will last, and give equal satisfaction for a lifetime.

Strop for yourself and the 7 blades will give a hundred or more clean, close shaves. When dull, send them to us with 25c. and new ones will be mailed, post-paid—or *Ask your dealer.* Think of a perfect shave for less than a quarter of a cent—your time saved, and other people's skin troubles "cut out!"

Every "GEM" Junior blade is a "gem" which retains its edge to a remarkable degree, and strops well. One "GEM" Junior blade will outlast a dozen of the indifferent kind advertised for half the money. There is a reason.

They cost more to produce. Booklet free.

Send today for **Complete Outfit, \$1.00** Do Not Wait
"GEM" JUNIOR SPECIAL SET, with 12 blades, in extra fine case, \$1.50

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY
34 Reade Street New York, N. Y.
30 years in business—the original Safety Razor makers.

**NEVER A
DULL BLADE**

**NEW BLADES
FOR OLD**

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for

Experienced

Pipe smokers

don't like to change from one tobacco to another. There's one sure way to avoid this. Smoke

Spilman Mixture

once—always. The best pipe tobacco possible, and like everything else that's good it costs more than the mixtures that vary with each package.

Without a bite or a regret

Here's an offer to you. If your dealer hasn't it, send his name and a dollar (at our risk). We will send you a 75c. can of the tobacco and a 50c. kid, rubber-lined pouch. Try the tobacco. Smoke several pipefuls. If it doesn't suit your taste send the rest back and we will return your dollar.

3 1/3 oz. 75c. 1/2 lb. \$1.65. 1 lb. \$3.30. Prepaid.

Send for booklet, "How to Smoke a Pipe."

E. Hoffman Company

189 Madison Street

Chicago



"Just Right Temperature" a Certainty



If the "Just Right Temperature" in your case is 70, set this Jewell Controller for 70, and your room will remain 70 no matter what takes place out of doors. And if you like 60 degrees at night, set it at 60 upon retiring; also set the time clock attachment for the temperature you want in the morning—if 70 degrees at 7 a. m., set the time clock for 6:30. The room will remain at 60 all night, but by 7 a. m. the temperature has been automatically raised to 70 degrees without anyone rising or turning a finger in any way.

The Jewell Controller With Time Clock Attachment

is automatic, and can't go wrong. It not only firmly establishes the "just right temperature" in any room regardless of changing outside conditions, but in doing so saves uncomfortable overheating and costly coal bills, to say nothing of colds and other ills resulting from uneven heat.

The Jewell is the only controller of temperature that does not lose thermostatic control through the night. It regulates steam, hot water and hot air heat with the same un-failing accuracy.

Settle the "just right temperature" question once and for all—The Jewell Controller will do it. Write for booklet "The House Comfortable" and name of dealer nearest you where you can see the Jewell in operation. Address

JEWELL MFG. CO.
24 N. Green St. Auburn, N. Y.



He's four

—as millions of others have—The One Perfect Collar Button. Have you?

KREMENTZ COLLAR BUTTONS

made from one piece, cannot break by use.

INSURED: You get a new one if damaged from any cause.

SHAPED MADE RIGHT WEAR

The name "Krementz" and the quality—guaranteed—stamped on the back of every genuine button. Don't take substitutes. Krementz "plate" contain more gold than plated buttons of other make; outwear them many times.

All first-class jewelers and haberdashers sell them.

Booklet free on request.

KREMENTZ & CO.

51 1st St. Newark, N. J.



SIMPLY COMB IT

Comb Beauty Into Your Hair

Comb the grayness out of it, comb back its youthful color, gloss, and lustre. Or if the natural color of your hair displeases you, if it is streaked or faded, comb into it any desired color with the

IDEAL HAIR DYEING COMB

and give it a beauty it may never have had. You can do it in the privacy of your own room without help. Used like an ordinary comb. Guaranteed harmless. Thousands in use. Not sold in stores—write us.

FREE "The Book of the Hair." 32 pages of valuable hints on the care and dressing of the hair, also describing fully the uses of the Ideal Comb. Write today.

H. D. COMB CO., Dept. X, 35 W. 17th St., New York

TOOLS



Outfit No. 52 at \$10.00.

FINE POLISHED OAK CABINETS
and the same shape, size and quality of Tools that we have sold in our store to mechanics since 1848. Absolutely the best.

Outfit No. 47-21 Tools,	\$7.50
" " 52-24 "	10.00
" " 53-36 "	15.00
" " 54-40 "	20.00
" " 100-96 "	85.00

Further details in Catalogue No. 2317.
(Automobilists should send for Circular No. 2318 of the "TOURIST AUTOKIT.")

Hammacher, Schlemmer & Co.
Hardware, Tools and Supplies,
New York, Since 1848. 4th Ave. & 13th St.



Sent FREE to you

Buy Furs direct from our factory
Your money back if we do not please

We mail free our Elegant Annual Book No. 32, for Fall and Winter 1907-08, containing life photo illustrations of correct and exclusive Fashions in Fur Coats, Fur Caps, Fur Gloves, Mitts, Scarfs, Robes, Large Automobile Robes, Special Fur Coats for Motorists. Furs for Men, Furs for Women, Furs for everybody, at our lowest factory prices. You will

SAVE FROM 30 TO 50 PER CENT
(In many cases much more.)

And get Furs handsome and of sterling quality. Usually in buying Furs you pay the profits of importer, manufacturer, jobber and retailer. We save you all these profits. Costs nothing to try: money back if not suited.

We are the only firm finishing Furs by the Russian Method which insures longest wear; this is why we so strongly guarantee them. Send for this free book.

TUTTLE & CLARK
185 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

How To Have A Velvet Edged Razor



There is a *quality* in the smooth surface of a Torrey Strop which gives a wonderfully fine edge to a razor—our *free* catalogue tells you about it. Once you shave with a razor stropped on a "Torrey," you know what is meant by a "velvet edge" and you know how to get it.

TORREY STROPS

are best. To use one puts a razor in such fine trim that shaving is a luxury.

Torrey Stropps can be had for 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 in style and quality to correspond with the prices. Postpaid if your dealer doesn't have them, and a new strop or money back if not satisfied.

Ask for **TORREY STROPS** and **RAZORS**

Torrey's Oil-Edge Dressing will keep any strop soft and pliable. Price 15c at dealers or mailed on receipt of price. Catalogue containing valuable information free.

J. R. TORREY & CO., DEPT. C WORCESTER, MASS.

GENTLEMEN WHO DRESS FOR STYLE NEATNESS, AND COMFORT WEAR THE IMPROVED BOSTON GARTER



THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD

The Name is stamped on every loop—
The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP


LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.
Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

ALWAYS EASY

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for



JELL-O
The Dainty Dessert

A perfect substitute for Gelatine.

Can be prepared **instantly** by simply dissolving contents of one 10c. package in a pint of boiling water.
No soaking, sweetening, flavoring or fussing.

Give Jell-O a trial and you will never use old-fashioned Gelatine again.

SEVEN FLAVORS.
Sold by all good grocers, 10c. per package.

Illustrated Recipe Book Free.
Complies with all Pure Food Laws.
Highest awards Gold Medals at St. Louis and Portland Expositions.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y.
Visit Our Exhibit at Jamestown Exposition.

I Make a Special Trial Offer to Acquaint You With



4 lbs. \$1, Express Prepaid
Satisfaction Guaranteed

Where I have no local agent, I will send you 4 lbs. of my famous "Little Pig" Sausage, express prepaid, for \$1.00, and you may have your money back if you are not satisfied with it. Please note that this offer is good only east of Colorado and north of Alabama—outside this territory, add 40c. for additional express charges. Repeat orders at regular prices.

My sausage is real, old-fashioned farm sausage, made of the choicest cuts of little pig pork; it is perfectly pure, clean and delicious.

I send on request a booklet telling all about my Dairy Farm Products—Ham, Bacon, Lard, etc., as well as Sausages.

JONES DAIRY FARM
Box 604, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin
INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED

THE INTERNATIONAL DENTIFRICE

Strong's Arnica Tooth Soap

antiseptic, preserves while it beautifies—sweetens the breath—hardens the gums—whitens the teeth—
A leading dentifrice for a
THIRD OF A CENTURY

The metal package is most convenient for travel or the home. No liquid or powder to spill or waste.
25 Cents—At All Druggists
(Sent postpaid if yours hasn't it)

STRONG'S ARNICA JELLY
Ideal for sunburn, keeps the skin soft and smooth; nothing better for chaps, pimples, burns, bruises and all eruptions. The collapsible metal tube is convenient and unbreakable. If your dealer hasn't it, send to us. Sent postpaid for
25 Cents



ARNICA TOOTH SOAP

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906; Serial No. 1612.

C. H. STRONG & CO.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for

BRIDAL ROSE

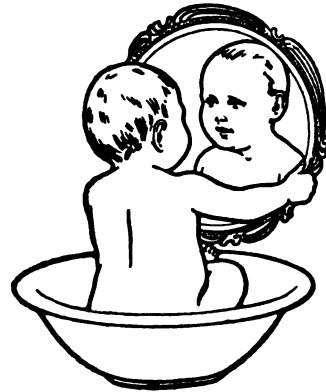


Sterling
Silver

A beautiful and exclusive design and expert workmanship characterize the Bridal Rose pattern shown above; a pattern most appropriate for Wedding and Wedding Anniversary Gifts. Your dealer can furnish it in all the articles required for the complete equipment of the table.

Send for pamphlet.

FIFTH AVE. AT 35th ST.
NEW YORK CITY



For Baby's Bath

¶ The perfect purity and gentle virtues of Pond's Extract Soap make it pre-eminently the best for use in the nursery. It soothes, heals and mildly stimulates while it cleanses; does much to *prevent*, and pleasantly *relieves* chafing and every form of irritation.

Pond's Extract Soap

The New Beauty Culture

is a pure, scientific combination of Pond's Extract—the standard of strength and purity—and the finest soap product of the Armour laboratories.

¶ Be on your guard against substitution. There are many so-called "witch-hazel" soaps, artificially colored green, offered as "just as good." Pond's Extract Soap is as pure as its cream-white color indicates. The name appears on cake and container. Ask your druggist.

¶ Any or all of these valuable books, "The Complexion," "The Bath," "Baby's Bath," "Handsome White Hands," by Grace Truman-Hoyt, the noted beauty-specialist, will be sent free on receipt of postage.

Armour & Company
Sole Licensees from Pond's Extract Co.
Chicago New York London Paris

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for

Van Camp's

**BAKED
WITH TOMATO
SAUCE**

**PORK
AND
BEANS**

**No
Mixed Beans—
All the Same**

There is lots of difference in beans.

Just the same as with potatoes or chestnuts.

The little ones don't get ripe or have that rich, appetizing, mouth-watering flavor. Van Camp's beans are ripe, full, round beans, of equal size—the best produced in the great bean belt of Michigan. They're **selected** from the finest of the crop every year.

It's the same with our Tomatoes. Van Camp's grow right here at our doors in Indiana, and are picked for us when just of the right ripeness to be luscious and juicy. Not too ripe but just rosy ripe enough. We take only perfect tomatoes for the sauce, to add zest to the flavor of the beans as they bake.

Then a cut of toothsome sweet pork—with a strip of lean and a strip of fat—goes in every can. And there you are.

Every can of Van Camp's pork and beans is sterilized at a high temperature and baked to the proper turn. Our chef knows.

Van Camp's are better cooked than the home-made kind—save the housewife's time—save fuel, as they are ready to serve hot in ten or fifteen minutes. They are always fresh and ready.

Ask for Van Camp's of your Grocer.

"Always keep a few cans in the house"

The Van Camp Packing Company
Indianapolis, Indiana



Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for



PETTICOATS

In Every Shade the Styles Demand

*"Women who formerly could afford only one
or two perishable silk skirts may now rejoice
in four or five dainty ones of Heatherbloom."*

—Mrs. Osborn.

Constantly higher in the scale of elegance climbs the rich, durable Heatherbloom petticoat. It reflects fully the wealth of Autumn shades in frocks and gowns.

The highest-priced silk petticoats, expensively embroidered or lace trimmed, are now duplicated in Heatherbloom, and because of their brilliance, their unusual durability, their enduring freshness, are in great demand by smartly gowned women.

We particularly invite your attention to these more elaborate designs. Though reflecting all the rich beauty and advance style of silk petticoats costing \$12 to \$18, the same dainty creations in Heatherbloom cost but \$5 to \$8. These, according to experience at our National Exhibit at Atlantic City, are the most popular with fashionable womankind—the first chosen everywhere. Three times the wear of silk.

Sold by dealers in all the latest shades, in every modish color.



Every Petticoat of genuine
Heatherbloom bears this label.



See this trademark on selvage
of every yard of piece goods.

By the Yard

Heatherbloom is obtainable in 150 shades at lining counters—36 inches wide; 40 cents the yard. The ideal material for drop skirts, petticoats, foundations, etc. The trademark Hydegrade on selvage protects you against imitations.

If not at dealer's, write
Send for booklet **The New
Idea in Linings**, free.



A. G. HYDE & SONS, New York—Chicago

Makers of Hydegrade Fabrics

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for



America's most noted authoress writes, from her home on the Hudson, that Barrington Hall is the only coffee she has been able to drink in many years:

"It is many years since I have been able to drink coffee while engaged in literary work, but I find to my great delight that I can drink as much Barrington Hall Coffee as I desire, and have done so—three large cup-fuls a day—without any ill effects at all."—Name given on request.



Barrington Hall

The Steel-Cut Coffee



Barrington Hall is pure, high grade coffee, prepared by our patented process—a common-sense method of treating the berry whereby the substances which contribute nothing to its flavor and healthfulness are removed, and the coffee flavor is preserved to a remarkable degree.

By our process all dust and the bitter cellulose skin, evidently placed by nature around the heart of the berry to protect it, are removed and thrown away; and when you buy a pound of Barrington Hall you get a pound of the best part of the coffee berry only. You can enjoy its delicious flavor without fear of ill effects. This is the experience of thousands who had given up coffee drinking, many of whom have written to tell us so.



"Steel-cut," means that the coffee is cut (not ground) into fine, even particles. This cutting does not crush the little oil cells as does grinding and the rich, aromatic oil (Food Product), which makes coffee flavor, is preserved. This explains why a pound of Barrington Hall will make 15 to 20 cups more of perfect full strength coffee than would the same coffee if ground in a coffee mill.

PRICE: 85c to 40c per pound, according to locality. If your grocer tries to sell you something "just as good" he has his own interest, not yours, in mind. Write us and we can tell you how and where to get Barrington Hall. If you accept an imitation, please do not judge our coffee by it.



Packed only
in sealed tins

TEST IT IN YOUR HOME AT OUR EXPENSE

----- CUT OFF OR COPY THIS COUPON AND SEND TO NEAREST POINT -----

BAKER & CO.
COFFEE IMPORTERS

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., 212 NO. 2ND STREET
OR NEW YORK CITY, 118 HUDSON STREET

Please send me free sample can of Barrington Hall Coffee and booklet "The Secret of Good Coffee." In consideration I give my grocer's name and name of magazine.

My Name and Address

Grocer's Name

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for

Does your food cost too much?

NO matter how much food you can buy for a dollar, it costs too much if it doesn't contain a hundred cents' worth of food value. **Quaker Oats** is greater in food value and costs less money than any food you can buy.

Read this Testimony from London

London, England, June 26, 1907.—At a gathering of great doctors under the presidency of the Lord Mayor of London, Sir James Crichton Browne, one of the greatest authorities on foods and health, said that right feeding is better than education and he insisted that "wage earners spend too much for food." He deplored the fact that there is not more oatmeal eaten, and asserted that "a small plate of oatmeal porridge is equal to two thick slices from a four pound loaf."

A package of **Quaker Oats** costs ten cents and will make thirty plates of porridge, or the equivalent in food value of sixty slices of bread. The best and cheapest food you can eat.

Quaker Wheat Berries The most attractive form of whole wheat. Entire grains—puffed and baked—brown and delicious.

Quaker Rice The most generally eaten cereal in the world, in its best form. Dainty and strengthening.

Ten cents a package

The Quaker Oats Company

CHICAGO

NOTE: The 10-cent price is not effective in the extreme south and the far west.



Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for



JELL-O
The Dainty Dessert

A perfect substitute for Gelatine.

Can be prepared **instantly** by simply dissolving contents of one 10c. package in a pint of boiling water.

No soaking, sweetening, flavoring or fussing.

Give Jell-O a trial and you will never use old-fashioned Gelatine again.

SEVEN FLAVORS.

Sold by all good grocers, 10c. per package.

Illustrated Recipe Book Free.

Complies with all Pure Food Laws.

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4 lbs. \$1, Express Prepaid

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Where I have no local agent, I will send you 4 lbs. of my famous "Little Pig" Sausage, express prepaid, for \$1.00, and you may have your money back if you are not satisfied with it. Please note that this offer is good only east of Colorado and north of Alabama—outside this territory, add 40c. for additional express charges. Repeat orders at regular prices.

My sausage is real, old-fashioned farm sausage, made of the choicest cuts of little pig pork; it is perfectly pure, clean and delicious.

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M. C. JONES.

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Box 604, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin

INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED

THE INTERNATIONAL DENTIFRICE

Strong's Arnica Tooth Soap

antiseptic, preserves while it beautifies—sweetens the breath—hardens the gums—whitens the teeth—
A leading dentifrice for a

THIRD OF A CENTURY

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C. H. STRONG & CO.

CHICAGO, U. S. A.



Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for

EDWARD H.
BESTMANN, Jr.,

Kirkville, Mo.
at 9½ Months

AFTER OTHER FOODS FAILED,

Eskay's Food

BROUGHT THIS BABY FROM SICKNESS TO HEALTH



The illness of most babies is due to digestive or intestinal disorders resulting from improper nourishment. Eskay's Food babies, being perfectly nourished, are rarely ill.

Nothing seemed to provide sufficient nourishment. Mother's milk did not agree with him, a prepared food was tried in vain, plain cow's milk failed—finally milk modified with Eskay's Food was used. From that day he gained strength and weight steadily—his picture shows the result.

His flesh is firm and solid and he enjoys perfect health.

Your baby would thrive on Eskay's Food. A generous sample (10 feedings) and our illustrated book, "How to Care for the Baby," sent free on request, will prove this.

SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO., 443 Arch St., Phila.



The Necco Seal on a box of confectionery is full assurance that the contents are good, wholesome, fresh and clean. These qualities are embodied to the highest degree in the five hundred and more different kinds of confectionery made and sold under the Necco Sweets Seal. That you may know how good Necco Sweets really are, try a box of

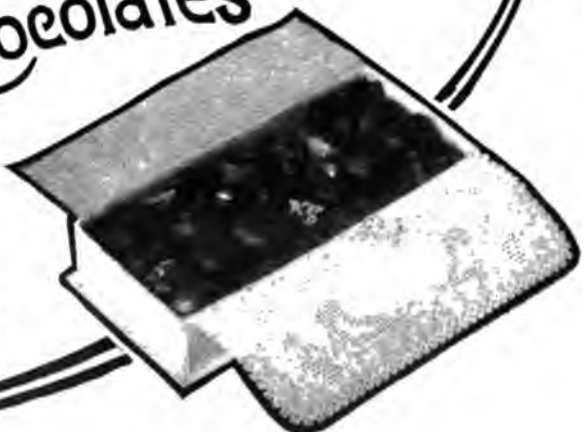
Lenox Chocolates

Their many charming flavors will delight you. Every piece, daintily covered with rich chocolate, is a sweet surprise.

Necco Sweets are sold by all dealers who sell high grade goods. If your dealer does not have them, send us 25 cents for an attractive package of Lenox Chocolates; or, better still, order one of our special \$1.00 packages in a handsome art box. Either package sent postpaid.

The best assurance of the goodness and wholesomeness of all Necco Sweets is that they more than meet every requirement of the Pure Food Law. Your attention is called also to Peerless Wafers and Necco Tablets. Try them.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY COMPANY,
Summer and Melcher Sts.,
Boston, Mass.



Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for



THE WORLD'S BEST PIANO-PLAYER THE MELODANT-ANGELUS

The best that can be said of the ordinary piano-player is that it enables the performer to give a fairly creditable imitation of the hand-playing of the average pianist. How different with the MELODANT-ANGELUS! The MELODANT-ANGELUS is the only piano-player made, by whose aid the player, even though a novice, is enabled to render any selection—popular or classical—with a musical brilliancy which astonishes and delights the person of critical musical taste.

A performance on the MELODANT-ANGELUS is as artistic in every sense and as musically perfect as that of an acknowledged master of piano-music. The delicate fingers of the MELODANT-ANGELUS bring out the best there is in the piano. The *Phrasing Lever*, *Diaphragm Pneumatics* and *Melo.ly Buttons*—all exclusive features of the ANGELUS—entirely eliminate the mechanical effect. These devices enable the player to inject *personal feeling* into the performance and to interpret any composition in the way that most appeals to him. With the MELODANT, the new device exclusive with the ANGELUS, the most artistic music is produced without thought of expression on the part of the performer.

Before purchasing your piano-player just hear the MELODANT-ANGELUS once. The music of other piano-players can no more be classed with that of the MELODANT-ANGELUS than the playing of an ordinary pianist can be classed with that of a Paderewski or a Rubenstein.

Pianos, with the ANGELUS built within the case, from \$550 upwards—the Cabinet ANGELUS, which plays any make of piano, \$250.

Write us for name of nearest representative and free descriptive literature.

Established 1876

THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.

Meriden, Conn.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for



ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
IN SPLITS

is served on Pullman and Dining Cars and on
Ocean and Lake Steamers.

Travel sickness, on land or sea, is immediately
relieved by its use. Malt-Nutrine is a tonic and
liquid food easily retained by the weakest stomach.

Prepared by

Anheuser-Busch, St. Louis, Mo.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for



America's most noted authoress writes, from her home on the Hudson, that Barrington Hall is the only coffee she has been able to drink in many years:

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Barrington Hall

'The Steel-Cut' Coffee



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COFFEE IMPORTERS

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., 212 No. 2ND STREET
OR NEW YORK CITY, 118 HUDSON STREET

Please send me free sample can of Barrington Hall Coffee and booklet "The Secret of Good Coffee." In consideration I give my grocer's name and name of magazine.

My Name and Address

Grocer's Name

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for

Mellin's Food



PERRY WILBUR WITWER, Dallas, Texas.

A
Mellin's Food
Baby

If you cannot nurse your baby, you owe it to him to give him Mellin's Food.

It isn't fair to him to experiment.

It isn't fair to him to give him some other food that agrees only fairly well.

It is easy to obtain Mellin's Food. Easy to prepare it and you know that it is the best infant food.

Send us your name and address and let us send you a Sample Bottle, free. Send us your name to-day.

Mellin's Food Company,

Boston, Mass.

for the Baby

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for

DRINK
Coca-Cola
DELICIOUS REFRESHING



Youth, Young Manhood, Age
All are benefited by Coca Cola, the metropolitan beverage which relieves fatigue and calms overwrought nerves without undue stimulation. The man of today finds Coca Cola physically sustaining, good to the taste and an aid to digestion. The classes and masses—all—enjoy

THE GREAT NATIONAL DRINK
5c Sold Everywhere 5c

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for

'Ever-Ready' 12 Bladed Safety Razor

TRADE MARK. FACE ON EACH BOX

Photo of \$1.00 SET

We guarantee with a guarantee that returns you your money after trial—that the new **"Ever-Ready" 12 Bladed Dollar Safety Razor** will shave you best of all safety razors. This means \$5.00 ones and it goes with lesser priced sorts without saying.

No other razor blade in existence is so capable of its shaving mission as the **Ever-Ready** blade and there are **twelve (12) Ever-Ready blades** in each set complete for **\$1.00**. A Million **Ever-Ready** Safety-Razors are giving that sought-for, easy, safety shave to a million users. This proves conclusively the pre-eminence of the **dollar Ever-Ready** over high priced makes or poor imitations. Each **Ever-Ready** set is complete at \$1.00, containing handsome safety frame, **12** intensely sharp **Ever-Ready** blades, handle and blade stroppler all in compact case.

You Buy Extra Blades 10 for 50c direct of us or your dealer.

You don't throw dull blades away—**Ever-Ready** blades are too good for that. You simply strop back the keen edge or exchange **10 dull blades for 10 new ones upon payment of 35 cents**. The **Ever-Ready** is least priced of all—the least priced to maintain and the finest ever.

"Ever-Ready" blades to fit "Yankee," "Star," and "Gem" frames or to add to your "Ever-Ready" set—**10 for 50 cents**.

Sold by Hardware, Cutlery, Department Stores, Jewelers and Druggists throughout America and the World.

Mail Orders prepaid upon receipt of \$1.00.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., Inc., Makers.

320 Broadway, NEW YORK

EXTRA ~ BLADES 10 for 50¢ 'Ever-Ready'

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for



The King of Hearts eats apple tarts
Each night at ten o'clock
Then smacks his lips and slowly sips
His crystal-clear *White Rock*.

Heinz Improved Tin for Heinz Pure Food



The Solderless Seam
in Heinz Improved Tin.



One of the Heinz Products
packed in the Improved Tin

Do you know that many kinds of food are better put up in tin than any other way? It keeps out the light—every housewife knows what that means. It is more economical—there being no danger of breakage. The contents after sealing can be sterilized under high temperature, thus insuring absolute purity and keeping quality. For these reasons many of the Heinz products will hereafter be put up in Heinz Improved Tin, a container that overcomes all objections to the old-fashioned can. The inside is specially prepared to resist action of fruit or vegetables, so that the flavor of the contents can never change.

HEINZ Improved Tin

is hermetically sealed by a crimping process, no solder being used. Then it is sterilized under extreme temperature, thus insuring the keeping quality of the contents without artificial preservative or adulterant.

Heinz Improved Tin is made especially by Heinz and is now being used for the following members of the 57 varieties: Preserved Fruits, Apple Butter, Cranberry Sauce, Mince Meat, Tomato Soup, Baked Beans.



are put up without coloring
matter or preservatives.

*A Handsome Booklet telling the
whole story of the 57—FREE.*

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

New York

Pittsburgh

Chicago

London

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for

Sterling Silver Spoons and Forks



IF your sterling silver tableware—spoons, forks, knives and serving pieces—are stamped with the Gorham trademark, you own the best and most famous tableware that money can buy.

Since that day, nearly one hundred years ago, when the first Gorham spoons were laboriously but carefully hammered out by hand, the Gorham Company has been accumulating knowledge, patents and manufacturing facilities possessed by no other maker.

Consider the advantages of buying Gorham tableware.

It will cost you no more than other less famous, less worthy makes.

It is the most widely used tableware in America to-day.

The noted Gorham trade mark will add prestige to your household silver and enhance its value as an heirloom more than any other mark.

No other maker of sterling silverware offers an equal variety of designs.

Gorham productions are restricted to the best jewelers throughout the country.

Consult your own jeweler. He can offer you every advantage of selection and price.

Gorham Silver Polish is the result of years of experiment. Contains no injurious ingredients. Facilitates the care of fine silverware.



The Gorham Company

SILVERSMITHS

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for



Drawn by J. A. Cahill for Cream of Wheat Co.

THE MASTER CRITIC.
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For the luxurious or the modest home,
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